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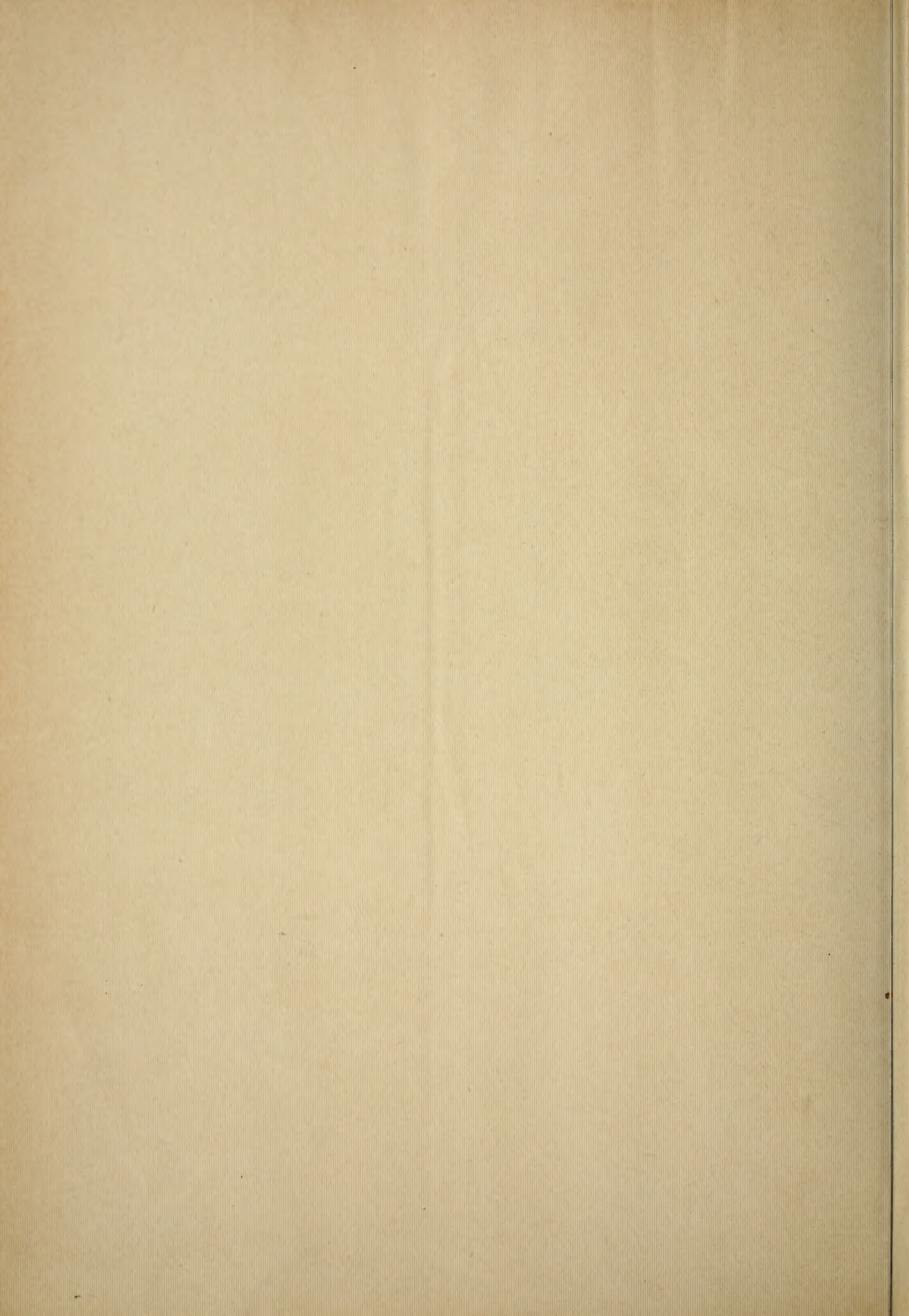
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INDEX

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INDEX—VOLUME XXIV.

X
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ARTICLES.

Abolition of Slavery Started in the South.....	570	Cook, Mrs. V. Y.	424
Active Service and Prison.....	185	Cotton Tax of the Sixties, The.....	391
Active Service of a Texas Command.....	69	Cunningham Memorial	8, 148, 293, 484
Aftermath of Prison Life at Chester, Pa.....	294	Daly, Denis, Who Knew?.....	41
Alabama (North) in the War.....	208	Davis, Jefferson—Gentleman, Patriot, Christian.....	248
Alabama—Relation of the State to the Birth of the South- ern Confederacy	201	Davis, Jeff, Artillery at Bloody Angle.....	222
Alabama, Women of, in War Times.....	225	Devotion of the Slave.....	52
Alabama's Poet-Priest	213	Dickinson, Mrs. L. T.	473
Arlington Confederate Monument.....	380	Didn't Want to Miss a Battle.....	29
Annual Address by Historian Texas Division U. C. V.....	569	Different Point of View in Battle.....	550
Ashburton Treaty, Important Features of the.....	54	Disintegration of Lee's Army.....	556
A Near Tragedy.....	556	Double Golden Wedding.....	524
A Reminiscence	284	Dowling, Rev. W. H.	523
A Tribute	425	Duke, Tribute to Gen. Basil.....	483, 485
"Banks, Mr. Commissary".....	496	Editorial Page.....	8, 56, 292, 340, 388, 436, 484
Battle of Chancellorsville—Two Viewpoints.....	28	Eighth Texas Cavalry at Bentonville.....	184
Battle of Chaustinnolla	122	Evacuation of Richmond.....	165
Battle of Dingle's Mill.....	549	Ewell, Gen. R. S.	64
Battle of Franklin, Missourians in.....	101	Exchange of Prisoners.....	74
Battle of Hampton Roads.....	305, 456	Explosive Bullets	185
Battle of Oak Hills, Mo.....	72, 487	Facts and Fancies.....	260
Battle of Olustee.....	344	Failure of the Confederacy—Was It a Blessing?...65, 112, 160	
Battle of Perryville	554	Faithful Servant—Easter Brownlee.....	476
Battle of Prairie Grove.....	16	Feats of Valor.....	25
Beauregard Monument in New Orleans.....	6	Fine Marksmen in Virginia Army.....	285
Behind the Firing Line.....	359	First Troops to Reenlist for the War.....	193, 291, 389, 399
Bentonville, Eighth Texas Cavalry at.....	184	First White House of the Confederacy.....	341
Big-Hearted Priest, A.....	182	Five-Dollar Gold Piece.....	76
Birth of a Nation, The.....	141, 237	Flags of the Confederacy.....	196, 199
Black Shadow of the Sixties, The.....	353, 401	Florida Story of War Times.....	397
Boston—Past and Present.....	484	Forrest, Where Surrendered.....	523
Boy in the Camp of Lee, A.....	405	Forrest's Cavalry, Last Review of.....	307
Boy Scouts at Birmingham, The.....	299	Four Years of War in Brief.....	444
Boy Soldier of Alabama, A.....	267	Franklin, The Other Side at.....	13
"Brave Words, My Master's".....	435	Franklin, Fourth Mississippi at.....	16
Brownlee, Easter.....	476	Fresh Soldiers	544
Buffalo, What Was a.....	140	Garland, Col. Hugh.....	551
Bullets Used in the Civil War.....	310	German Southern Patriot.....	328
Campaigns of Lee and Sherman.....	357	Gettysburg, Eleventh Mississippi at.....	410
Camp Beauregard	183	Gist Article Commended.....	89
Camp Life in the Sixties.....	394	Glassell, Lt. William T.	193
Captured at Trevilian Station.....	123	Golden Wedding, A Double.....	524
Captured Flags, Col. Hugh Garland.....	551	Government Relief for Confederates.....	140
Captured Flags Sought.....	285	Green, General, Where Killed.....	408
Captured Guns at Lone Jack.....	184	Hampton Roads Conference, Truth of the.....	249, 392
Capture of the Fort at New Creek.....	259	Hardee's Son, General.....	7
Capture of Plymouth, N. C.....	200	Hatton, Mrs. S. K.	283
Carnes' Battery, Monument to.....	140	Hickman's Brigade, Who Captured.....	29
Carpetbagger's View of the Ku Klux Klan.....	308, 454	Hidden Way to Dixie.....	494
Casualties of the Eleventh Mississippi Regiment at Get- tysburg	410	Hill at Chickamauga, Gen. D. H.....	120
Casualties—The Fourth Mississippi at Franklin.....	16	Historical Records, Unique.....	117
Causes of War between the States.....	474, 567	Hood, Lt. Gen. John B.	257
Characteristics of a Great Commander.....	235	Hood's Brigade and the "Bucktails".....	73
Charleston Light Dragoons	538	Honor Roll	442
Chickamauga, State Monuments, etc.....	90	Impressions on a First Visit to the White House of the Confederacy	438
Cockrell, Gen. F. M.	101	Imprisonment of Sidney Lanier.....	558
Coercion in 1861, Sudden Change in Northern Sentiment as to	446	In Christian Charity	388
Confederate Generals Born in the North.....	100, 148, 339, 445	Incidents of Service with the Charleston Light Dragoons.....	538
Confederate Government, Organization of the.....	427	Indian Tribes in the Confederacy.....	509
Confederate Homes	570	Indispensables, The	340
Confederate Homes of Texas.....	489	Influence of the South in the Formation of Our Govern- ment	497
Confederate Mothers—A Centenarian.....	89	Jackson at Second Manassas, With.....	557
Confederate Soldier, The.....	297, 460	Jackson in West Virginia, Stonewall.....	490
Confederate Story of Irish Wit.....	77	J. D. H. Association.....	91
Confederate Woman's Home of North Carolina.....	53	Jonas, Maj. S. A.	133
Conspicuous Feats of Valor.....	25		
Conspiracy Which Brought on War.....	436		

Confederate Veteran.

Keep the Record Straight.....	148, 339, 445	Stampeding the Bloody East Tennessee Cavalry.....	88
Kell, John McIntosh.....	380	State Monuments, Markers, etc., at Chickamauga.....	90
Kindly Deed Remembered.....	42	Stone Mountain Memorial, The.....	149
Knights of the White Camellia.....	200	Story of a Five-Dollar Gold Piece.....	76
Ku Klux Klan.....	157	Strength of the Confederacy.....	57
Ku Klux Klan, A Carpetbagger's View of.....	360	Sumter Runs the Mississippi Blockade, The.....	502
Ku Klux Klan, Judge Tourgee and the.....	454	Surgical Operation Uniquely Performed.....	427
Lanier, Sidney, Imprisonment of.....	558	Taylor, Capt. William Haymond.....	559
Last Days of the Confederacy, In the.....	329	Taylor, Col. W. H.	234
Last Review of Forrest's Cavalry.....	307	Telegraph in Warfare, The.....	506
Laurel Hill Retreat in 1861.....	169	Thirty Days' Scout on the Potomac in '62, A.....	457
Lee Anniversary, The	7	Tillman Bill in Congress, The.....	8
Lee's Confidential Letters and Dispatches.....	43	Tillman, Col. James D.....	440
Leigh, Maj. W. B.	64	Tompkins, Capt. Sallie.....	521
Lightening the Gloom of Prison Life.....	555	Treasurer of the Confederate Government.....	150
Little Things in History.....	168	Troops Enlisted in 1861 for the War.....	389
Magnanimity of a Federal Picket.....	341	True to Country and Himself.....	488
Marr, Miss Fannie—Poet.....	188	Truss, Maj. James D.....	263
Maryland Boy in the Confederate Army.....	312, 361	Truth Crushed to Earth.....	388
Memorial Day at Camp Chase.....	348	Truth Is Mighty	266
Military Operations of the Lower Trans-Mississippi Department, 1863-1864	545	Truth of History	292, 340
Missourians in Battle at Franklin.....	101	Truth Stranger than Fiction.....	476
"Mr. Commissary Banks".....	496	Tyler, John—Son of Virginia.....	4
Mobile in the War between the States.....	209	Unique Historical Records.....	117
Mobile, The Old City of.....	236	U. C. V., Commander Army of Tennessee Department.....	57
Monument to Carnes Battery.....	140	First Order of New Commander.....	343
Monument to Composer of "Dixie Land".....	52	General Orders No. 35.....	99
Morgan's Escape from Prison.....	449	Historical Committee	531
Multiplying Confederate Troops.....	100	Kentucky Confederates in Reunion.....	524
Mystery of the South.....	330	Message to President Wilson.....	243
News of Fifty Years Ago.....	436, 502	Orphan Brigade Reunion.....	389
Noble Women of the South.....	283	Patriotic Action by Confederate Veterans.....	243
North Alabama in the War.....	208	Reunion Committees, Birmingham.....	147
Northern Conscience and the War.....	486	Reunion at Birmingham, The.....	244, 340
Northern Sentiment as to Coercion in 1861.....	446	Reunion in Washington	437
North Carolina's War Governor in Statuary Hall.....	442	Union of Confederate Organizations.....	531
Northwestern Confederacy, The.....	87	"Veterans First"	191
"Old Jerry"	125, 265	Western Brigade Missouri Division.....	284
"Old Uncle Ned".....	42	U. D. C. Dept. 36, 53, 104, 152, 228, 276, 300, 370, 420, 468, 516, 532	532
Organization of Confederate Government.....	427	Convention in Dallas	532
Other Side at Franklin.....	15	Committee on Investigation, Report of.....	536
Our Dixie Land.....	188	C. S. M. A. 40, 63, 111, 156, 232, 282, 326, 375, 423, 472, 520, 568	568
Our Gallant Dead—Capt. William Haymond Taylor.....	559	S. C. V.....	84, 134, 186, 324, 376, 426, 474, 522, 566
Our Last Meeting.....	570	Vance, Gov. Zebulon B.....	442
Our Veteran Helpers.....	236	Virginia Monument at Gettysburg.....	7
Perryville, Recollections of.....	554	Wayside Hospital, A.....	339
Pinckney, Capt. Thomas.....	342	What the South Is Doing for Her Veterans.....	390
Polk at Chickamauga, Gen. Leonidas.....	17	Wheeler's Raid into Tennessee.....	10
Pot Shot	167	When General Green Was Killed.....	408
Presentation of Testaments to Zollicoffer Guards.....	9	When I Was Wounded.....	407
Prichard, Capt. William B.....	9	Where Forrest Surrendered.....	523
Ratifying the Constitution.....	439	Who Captured Hickman's Brigade?.....	29
Recollections of Perryville	554	Who Knew Denis Daly or Charles Lewis.....	41
Reenlistments for the War.....	193, 291, 389, 399	Within the Enemy's Lines.....	508
Reunited Country, This	264, 436	Women of Alabama in the War.....	225
Right of Secession, The.....	552	Wonderful Ride, A.....	28
Running the Blockade	392	Works Bill in Congress, The.....	90
Running the Mississippi Blockade.....	27	Wyeth, Dr. John A.....	267
Second Battle before Richmond.....	459	Zollicoffer Guards	9
Selma and Dallas County, Ala.....	214	POEMS.	
Semmes, Raphael	374	A Fragment	295
Sherman in War and Peace.....	295	All the White	43
Shiloh Monument Fund.....	40, 62, 137, 372, 387, 518	A Prayer	559
Simpson, Lewis E.	185	Asleep	30
Soldier Life in the Confederate Army.....	20	A Southern Hero	531
Soldier of War and Peace.....	523	A Southern Rose	267
Sons of Maryland	185	Birthdays of Lee and Jackson.....	51
South, The	385	Confederate Memorial Day	283
South in the Formation of Our Government, The.....	497	Christmas	529
South's Dearest Memory Is Her Heroes, The.....	86	Death of Stonewall Jackson.....	461
Spirit of True Soldiers.....	91	Dixie	146
Spring Hill and Franklin Again.....	138	Dixie Our Own	459
		Flag of Their Glory.....	64

Flowers on Confederate Graves.....	353
If a Soldier Meet a Soldier.....	109
In Memory of My Brother.....	182
Jefferson Davis	544
Lee	49, 137
Lee's Return to Gettysburg.....	100
Living and Dying	508
Marse Robert Is Asleep.....	3
Me and Mammy	256
Memorial Flowers	233
Memorial Ode	227
My Flags	247
My Georgia	266
My Sweetheart's Face	267
My Southland	473
Out of the Ashes.....	258
Pro Patria	255
Resurgam	289
Robert E. Lee	349
Semper Fidelis	85
South Carolina	553
"The Brigade Must Not Know, Sir".....	161
The Confederate Note	133
The Cotton Boll and Star	516
The Gray Line	244
The Heroes That Might Have Been.....	387
The House of the Long Ago.....	488
The Hymn at Bermuda Hundred.....	148
The Martyrs of the South	109
The Old South	182
The Old-Time Nigger.....	159
The Passing of the Gray.....	126
The Shining Ones	485
The Southland	144
The Valley of Memory	315
The Whole Story	184
They Wore the Gray	298
Through the Valley	268
To a Mocking Bird	304
To Keep Old Memories Green	243
To My Mother	231
Unveiling the Tyler Monument.....	5
Was It Murder?	262
Woman's Part in War.....	337

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Beauregard Monument in New Orleans	6
Birmingham—the Heart of the City.....	191
Birmingham—Roebuck Springs Golf and Country Club... ..	193
Boyhood Home of Stonewall Jackson.....	194
Camp Beauregard Monument, Proposed	183
Confederate Candle	218
Confederate Monument at Easton, Md.....	100
Confederate Museum at Richmond, Va	433
Confederate Steamer Gaines	215
Confederate Steamer Heroine	209
Confederate Ten-Dollar Bill.....	33
Confederate Woman's Home at Fayetteville, N. C.	55
Commission Given to Col. J. D. Tillman.....	140
Equestrian Statue of General Lee for Gettysburg Monu- ment	100
Fort Morgan and the Blockading Fleet.....	211
Fort Morgan after the Bombardment.....	213
Georgia's Representatives at Birmingham.....	226
Grave of Mrs. Dickinson in Confederate Cemetery at Chat- tanooga	473
Inauguration of President Davis at Montgomery.....	203
Joint Resolution of Thanks by Confederate Congress.....	291
Ku Klux Banner	157
Last Flag of the Confederacy.....	198
Me and Mammy	256
Memorial Gateway to Confederate Cemetery at Chatta- nooga	473
Military Institute at Tuscaloosa, Ala.....	86
Mississippi Ku Klux	158
Missouri Maids of Honor at Birmingham.....	395
Monument at Brooksville, Fla.....	517
Monument to Dan Emmett	52
Monument to Gen. John H. Morgan at Lexington, Ky.....	453

Mounted Ku Klux in Full Regalia.....	159
My Flags	247
Old Home of Gen. Adam R. Johnson.....	488
Past Commanders in Chief S. C. V. at Birmingham.....	377
Philippi, W. Va., Where the First Inland Battle of the War Was Fought	491
Scene on Journey to Jackson's Boyhood Home.....	492
Scene on Stage on Historical Evening—Dallas Convention U. D. C.	533
Sponsor for the South.....	192
State Capitol at Montgomery.....	206
Statue of Zebulon B. Vance in the Capitol at Washington... ..	443
Stone Mountain	149
Texas Representatives at Birmingham.....	227
The First Battle Flag.....	197
The Stars and Bars	196
The Veteran's Call.....	189
The Virginia (Merrimac) and Monitor.....	306
The Virginia (Merrimac)	305, 307
Tyler Monument in Hollywood.....	4
Unveiling Floral Design at Base of Arlington Monument on Memorial Day	379
View of Monterey, Va	491
Views of Confederate Home at Austin	189

LAST ROLL.

Agnel, John	467	Donegan, Maj. S. W.....	512
Alexander, Robert F	563	Draper, W. T	514-515
Anderson, Lt. E. M	176	Duncan, Judge C. T.	322
Ansley, R. T., Sr.	82	Durbin, William J.....	176
Arnoldsmith, Capt. Field	367	Dutart, C. J.....	177
Avery, Capt. A. B	31	Dyser, Luke J	319
Baker, Capt. W. S	418	Effert, John Henry	176
Ballentine, Col. John G	268	Elam, Capt. Thomas G.	175
Bockley, John S	322	Elam, Dr. A. L	178
Bonham, W. A	130	Elder, Thomas N	179
Borix, Randall D	561	Elam, Thomas A	364
Blackburn, Col. James	175	Ely, Dr. Foster.....	275
Blume, Frank L.....	273	Erwin, Henry C	365
Bolton, C. G	132	Fields, Charles B.	180
Bolton, W. W	81	Frazier, Capt. J. N	131
Bond, Dr. John B.....	81	Fry, Luther C	465
Boyd, Capt. W. T	514	Fussell, Capt. J. H	366
Bradley, J. Polk	270		
Brantam, J. W	33		
Brannon, Rev. P. F	180	Galt, Dr. Francis L	127
Bridges, C. C	82	Garnett, Capt. James M	316
Bradburst, Capt. D. J.....	512	Gelger, William C.....	561
Brumley, John J	414	George, L. A	369
Brooks, Mrs. N. F.....	467	Gilder, Dr. N. M.	414
Brooks, R. F. D	33	Gill, J. M	177
Bryan, St. George T. C....	275	Givham, A. H	319
Bullock, Mrs. E. M	416	Goode, Col. J. Thomas....	271
Burdette, Dr. Geo. M	34	Goodloe, Capt. D. S	273
Burch, J. C	417	Goodman, Robert T.....	273
Bynum, Turner	564	Gordon, James H	512
		Gordon, Capt. W. C.....	127
Campbell, Miss Maggie S	130	Gustine, Samuel	467
Carlsle, James A	82	Guyn, Robert N	177
Carter, A. E	562		
Cauley, William C	369	Halbert, Lt. James C.....	80
Candler, James A.....	176	Haley, M. R	413
Chastnut, Sr. James	181	Hall, Mrs. R. M. C.....	174
Chichester, Capt. A. M....	415	Hanger, J. A	514
Clendennin, J. A.....	467	Hammer, Maj. William C.	34
Collins, Dr. H. V.....	179	Hannan, E. H	270
Collins, Joshua L	320	Harden, H. C	130
Compton, Alex. H	511	Harris, Capt. John.....	560
Conrad, Major Holmes....	30	Harris, Henry G.....	321
Cosby, John D	563	Haughton, Capt. T. H....	83
Cotten, John M.....	132	Hemming, Charles C.....	364
Coyle, James B.....	366	Henry, Capt. H. W.....	271
Crook, Jerry S.....	416	Henry, Maj. Robert R....	126
Curd, Edward	319	Herrell, James E.....	369
		Hibbler, Talbot	317
Davis, L. R	318	Hillary, Thomas	275
DeLashmutt, William G....	180	Hillsman, J. C.....	465
Dillard, George	419	Hockersmith, Capt. L. D..	31
Dillon, Capt. J. R.....	466	Holmes, Charles R.....	272

Confederate Veteran.

Holmes, Capt. Francis...	323	Pinckney, Capt. Thomas...	78
Hooper, Rev. T. W.....	83	Pollock, James Dickson...	179
House, J. S.....	177	Porter, John W. H.....	369
Houston, Robert V.....	35	Price, J. C.....	467
Howell, Capt. R. P.....	419	Price, L. C.....	131
Hudnall, William A.....	318	Prowell, Capt. J. W.....	418
Hunter, Maj. R. W.....	271	Pulliam, Maj. T. J.....	415
Hutchinson, Lt. B. H.....	89	Rabb, Sr., V. S.....	34
Hyneman, D. J.....	564	Ramsey, Col. H. A.....	274
Jenkins, S. G.....	34	Randle, Prof. E. H.....	560
Jett, Thomas W.....	565	Rasin, Capt. W. I.....	466
Johnson, W. H.....	33	Redd, Capt. O. F.....	178
Johnston, Capt. J. Payne...	560	Reed, Richard O.....	463
Johnston, Capt. John Y...	513	Rhodes, Robert J.....	269
Johnston, W. G.....	417	Richards, Col. W. C.....	412
Jones, Capt. George M...	317	Richardson, Rev. E. R...	320
Joplin, James B.....	35	Richardson, R. N.....	419
Kean, William.....	462	Roberts, Duncan.....	317
Kenner, Capt. W. N.....	79	Roberts, John T.....	129
Kidd, Frank Marker.....	177	Rochelle, M. R.....	56
King, B. F.....	174	Russell, Henry A.....	464
Klyce, Capt. H. C.....	83	Rutland, Moses H.....	132
Langford, W. B.....	180	Ryan, M. A.....	511
Lark, Rev. A. H.....	272	Saussy, George W.....	510
Lasker, Morris.....	319	Sayre, Mrs. M. B.....	318
Lee, R. B. Carl.....	81	Sealand, Maj. W. H.....	563
Leeper, John W.....	414	Scott, Mrs. M. E. W.....	367
Littlejohn, N. B.....	464	Shannahan, John H. K...	414
Livingston, Archibald...	323	Shannon, Dr. James H...	564
Loggins, William E.....	32	Shelton, Marion.....	465
Lollar, D. F.....	132	Shield, Capt. John H...	565
Lunsford, T. A.....	515	Shirley, Maj. C.....	321
Malloy, Theo. F.....	271	Sienknecht, Dr. Henry...	418
Marquis, Theodore.....	131	Snell, John A.....	32
Martin, F. M.....	79	Spears, William B.....	33
Mason, James G.....	132	Spillman, Prof. W. J...	562
Mayes, P. V.....	132	Sprott, Judge S. H.....	466
MacKenzie, John Malcolm...	463	Stalnaker, A. C.....	82
McBroom, Judge James W...	181	Stephenson, P. D.....	274
McClintic, John H.....	510	Story, John W.....	368
McConnell, Alexander...	514	Strause, Capt. D. B.....	79
McCaughan, Thomas J...	513	Strider, Isaac H.....	131
McCurdy, W. A.....	565	Stuart, John B.....	128
McFerrin, John H.....	413	Sutpin, Samuel C.....	419
McGann, Capt. James I...	31	Sykes, James F.....	564
McGrew, Capt. John C...	82	Taliaferro, Maj. C. C...	174
McIntosh, W. D.....	178	Tarpley, William G.....	181
McLane, James P.....	274	Tavener, Jos. E.....	513
McLaurine, George T...	128	Taylor, Col. Walter H...	174
McLean, William H.....	180	Terrill, Capt. A. P.....	414
McMath, J. S.....	560	Thompson, G. W.....	271
Mercer, John P.....	511	Thompson, Judge J. P...	126
Miller, Houston H.....	463	Tilly, Daniel G.....	561
Mills, Seth P.....	322	Trosper, J. M.....	366
Moat, O. J.....	32	Trussell, Mrs. V. G.....	323
Moneure, Dr. W. P.....	79	Tubb, Nicholas.....	564
Morris, Mrs. S. W. B...	128	Turner, James A.....	320
Morrison, George J.....	131	Turner, James D.....	269
Moseley, Dr. E. B.....	266	Uhl, Thomas.....	179
Newman, L. C.....	416	Van Meter, William C...	176
Newman, R. M.....	365	Vesey, Thomas B.....	565
Newson, Mrs. E. C.....	562	Walling, I. C.....	272
Norton, Capt. George C...	80	Waren, Capt. J. C.....	129
Obenchain, Maj. William A...	515	Watson, Mrs. A. B.....	270
O'Brien, Robert.....	180	Weaver, Robert P.....	81
Old, Rev. James Y.....	562	Wheeler, W. W.....	32
Olds, Mrs. D. D.....	467	Whitaker, W. B.....	464
Oppenheimer, Daniel...	561	Willson, Judge J. A.....	462
Orr, Capt. John.....	368	Wilson, John.....	35
Orr, Carson R.....	415	Wirt, Capt. G. I.....	175
Orr, Carson T.....	563	Witt, John H.....	465
Overby, Basil E.....	365	Wood, Alexander.....	78
Paddison, Maj. R. P.....	178	Woodward, John W.....	82
Peacock, Capt. G. W.....	562	Young, G. Whit.....	515
Pittman, Marcus D. L...	417	Young, John C.....	273

DEATHS IN CAMPS.

Camp at Bernice, La.....	82	Confederate Association of Savannah, Ga.....	130
Camp at Carrollton, Miss.	416	Confederate Dead at Pulaski, Tenn.....	463
Camp at Charleston, W. Va.	127	A. S. Johnston Camp, Baird, Tex.....	270
Gainesville, Tex., Camp...	413	Howdy Martin Camp U. C. V.....	175
Camp at Jacksonville, Tex.	82	James Newton Camp, Eldorado, Ark.....	465
Camp Lomax, Montgomery, Ala.....	129	McElhany Camp, Pulaski, Va.....	181
Camp at Louisville, Miss.	81	Veterans of Tuscaloosa County, Ala.....	465
Camp at Victoria, Tex...	563		
Camp Cabell, Vernon, Tex.	462		
Camp Stuart, Terrell, Tex.	181		
Chickasaw Camp, Houka, Miss.....	272		
Comrades at Middleton, Tenn.....	416		

PORTRAITS.

Arrowsmith, Capt. Field...	367	Hemming, Charles C.....	364
Baldwin, Ernest G.....	134, 324	Henderson, Mrs. Carrie...	518
Ballentine, Col. John G...	268	Henry, Maj. Robert R...	126
Beasley, Col. W. F.....	7	Hibbler, Talbot.....	317
Bekley, J. S.....	322	Hillary, Thomas.....	275
Berry, R. D.....	561	Hinton, Carl.....	323
Blackwell, Miss Gladys...	395	Holmes, Capt. Francis...	325
Boyd, Capt. W. T.....	514	Hood, Gen. John B.....	257
Bradley, J. Polk.....	270	Hooper, Gen. Charles W...	194
Bradwell, I. G.....	20	Houchin, Miss Myrene...	395
Branham, J. W.....	33	House, J. S.....	177
Broadhurst, Capt. D. J...	512	Houston, R. V.....	35
Bronough, W. C.....	284	Hudnall, W. A.....	318
Brooks, Mrs. N. F.....	467	Hyneman, D. J.....	564
Brown, W. C.....	236	Jenkins, S. G.....	34
Brownlee, Easter.....	476	Johnson, W. H.....	33
Buchanan, "Uncle" Ned...	42	Johnston, Capt. J. P...	560
Buie, D. A. and D. C...	524	Johnston, Capt. John Y...	513
Burdett, Dr. G. M.....	34	Jonas, Maj. S. A.....	123
Cameron, William L.....	236	Kenner, Capt. W. N.....	79
Cary, M. D.....	135	Kernan, Miss Gladys...	192
Cockrell, Gen. F. M.....	97	King, B. F.....	174
Conrad, Maj. Holmes...	30	Lark, Rev. A. H.....	272
Cook, Mrs. V. Y.....	424	Leeper, John W.....	414
Craig, Miss Nellie.....	227	Livingston, Archibald...	323
Crawford, Miss Elizabeth F.....	227	Lunsford, T. A.....	515
Curd, Edward.....	319	Luther, Martin D.....	189
Curtis, Sr., Finley P...	353	Mackey, Capt. John A...	294
Daniel, Lee S.....	506	McCann, J. L.....	31
Davis, Jefferson.....	248	McClintic, John H.....	510
Dickson, Miss Irene.....	325	McFerrin, John H.....	413
Donegan, Maj. S. W.....	512	McLane, James P.....	274
Dowling, Rev. H. W.....	523	McNeilly, Rev. James H...	160
Du Bose, John W.....	201	McSherry, Mrs. V. F...	152
Duke, Gen. B. W.....	485	Metts, James I.....	284
Dungan, Joseph H. and Mattie.....	329	Mills, S. P.....	322
Elmore, Edward C.....	150	Moat, O. J.....	32
Ewing, Maj. E. W. R. 136,	522	Moffatt, Miss Elsie...	293
Faris, Mrs. Charles B...	276	Morgan, Gen. John H...	450
Forsyth, Miss Mary.....	408	Morrison, George J.....	131
Franklin, Mrs. H. M.....	535	Morton, Mrs. E. S.....	425
Fravel, F. R.....	187	Mosely, Dr. E. B.....	366
Garnett, Capt. J. M.....	316	Newson, Mrs. E. G.....	562
Goodloe, Capt. D. S.....	273	Norton, Capt. G. C.....	80
Gordon, Capt. W. C.....	127	Odenheimer, Mrs. C. P...	481
Gregory, Miss Jane.....	85	Olds, Mrs. D. D.....	467
Hanger, J. A.....	514	Osborne, Miss Kate.....	226
Hardee, Gen. William J...	214	Overby, Basil Earle...	365
Harris, H. G.....	321	Overman, Miss Grace...	85
Harrison, Gen. Geo. P. 57,	241	Paddison, Maj. R. P...	178
Hatton, Mrs. S. K.....	283	Pelham, John.....	208
Haughton, Capt. T. H...	83	Pinckney, Capt. Thomas...	312
		Pittman, M. D. L.....	417
		Pollock, J. D.....	179

一

Porter, John W. H.....	369	Story, John W.	368	Hardaway, Mrs. T. R....	199	Pickett, Col. W. D.....	182
Preston, Mrs. Julia Jack-		Stuart, John B.....	128	Harrison, Gen. G. P..344,	437	Polley, J. E.	73
son Christian	225	Sumpter, Mrs. Charles W.	567	Harrison, James T.....	183	Porter, John W. H.....	469
Prichard, Capt. William B.	9			Hart, C. C.	559	Posey, Mrs. M. J.....	488
Purifoy, John	223	Tarpley, W. F.	181	Hart, W. O.	427	Ratts, J. N.	349
		Taylor, Col. Walter H.	234	Hartman, Theo.	557	Price, Susan Thornton...	315
Quinn, Daniel	285	Thompson, G. W. ...	271	Hayne, Paul Hamilton..	553	Page, Mrs. A. O'C.....	39
		Thompson, Mrs. M. S...	155	Herbert, Col. H. A.....	437	Parley, John	292
Reagan, John H.....	255	Tillman, Col. J. D....	149, 141	Herring, Marcus D.....	459		
Reed, R. O.	463	Tompkins, Miss Sallie...	521	Hibber, Mrs. J. E.	84	Ratcliff, George	129
Richards, Col. W. C.....	412	Tubb, Nicholas	564	Houston, Mrs. A. M.....	165	Red, Walter E.....	484
Rhodes, Robert J.....	269	Turner, James A.....	326	Hunt, Col. B. W.	184	Roberts, Frank S.....	32
Roux, Mrs. F. S.....	517	Tyler, President John....	1	Hunter, Capt. J. T.	157	Ross, Mrs. S. E. F.	15
Russell, H. A.	464			Hude, Aug. Bachman ..	183	Ryan, Father	182, 213
Rutherford, Miss Mildred.	516	Uhl, Thomas	179	James, J. W.	72	Sanders, L. T.	16
Ryan, M. A.	511			Jennings, Arthur H.	106	Sansby, Chas. G. N.	148
		Walker, Miss Anne L.	296	Jewett, Rev. A. S.	177	Scott, D. M.	144
Scanland, Maj. W. H....	563	Walsh, Henry B.	297	John, Samuel Will.....	34	Seaborn, Adolph	537
Semmes, Admiral Raphael	563	Watson, Mrs. A. B.	27	Kieruff, Capt. S. E.	105	Sell, Joseph P.	185
Sienknecht, Dr. Henry. .	418	Wheeler, W. W.	39	Kerr, Albert	21	Shepard, E.	138
Simpson, Lewis E.....	185	Whiting, Gen. J. W.	242	Kimbrough, Mary H. S..		Shelkey, Annie Laura ..	77, 127, 265
Singer, Mrs. Louise M....	89	Willson, Judge J. A....	46	K. K. Co., Mr. H. W.	18	Shelkey, Clay	576
Shields, Capt. John H.	565	Witt, Capt. G. I.	17	K. N. Mrs. Stephen D.	188	Shipp, J. F.	335
Shirley, Maj. C.	321	Wood, Alexander	58	Keller, John S.	184	Simmons, J. W.	29
Smith, Miss Cathie Hoke	226	Yancey, William L.	109	L. M. Baker, Dr. Y. H.	5	Smith, Edward Francis L. .	87, 229
Smith, Mrs. H. G.	53	Young, Bennett	188	Long, Edw. E. T.	2	Smith, R. C.	427
Smith, Mrs. M. H.	59	Young, G. W.	113			Stanton, Clara E.	6
Stephens, Alex.	256					Stevens, James A.....	476
		AUTHORS.				Stewart, Richard D.....	20
Allen, H. D.	339	Davis, M. J.	184	Barnfield, A. W.	29, 87, 68	Stiles, John C.....	
Barelay, Hugh G. 137, 243,	531	Davis, W. H.	559	Bass, Lura W.	10		18, 41, 43, 52, 74, 100,
Barnwell, Jos. W....	342	Deck, D. M.	5	Lyne, Cassie Moncure ..	1		117, 168, 169, 207, 289
Beale, Mrs. C. P.	341	deLeon, P. M.	149, 29	Carr, John A.	58		405, 496, 556
Bean, R. T.	556	Douglas, Gen. H. T....	87			Straw, H. J.	91
Beard, Capt. Richard ...	76	Downing, Eugene	143, 1	Chapman, H. Brock	2	Stratford, T. B.	88
Blackhall, Maj. T. H. 247,	57	Dwyer, W. E.	264, 44	M. Adair, Mary	8	Sturtevant, J. N.	79
Bourne, R. G.	259	Drew, Mrs. M. E....	148	A. Clark, Chas. W.	6		
Boyer, Capt. Jos.	101	Drummond, Robert L.	47	Edison	7	Tack, George	284
Bradfield, J. O.	489	Du Bose, John W....193,	24	McGraw, W. K.	14	Tappan, Mrs. F. E.	541
Bradwell, I. G.	20	Eake, Gen. Basil....	69	McGarland, Emma	43	Taylor, Capt. H. L.	122
Broughton, John W....	299	Eckel, Alexander	89	McGarland, Jennie L. E.	69	Thompson, Gen. M. Jeff..	409
Rutler, Mrs. L. W. S.	425	Emmet, A. R.	518	McKay, Lou E.	68	Thomson, Thomas	87
		Emmerson, A. J.		McKnight, Ma. C.	8	Thomas, Lida	135
Callaway, James481	558	Ford, 141, 208, 26, 465,	454	McLendon, George T....	488	Thompson, Harry	357, 509
Capers, Col. Henry D....	159	Excerpt, Lloyd T.	454	McNelly, Jesse H.		Thayer, P. P.	268
Carmack, Edward	385	Estabrook, Willie Hubert	204	Moyle, H.	100, 105, 248	Thwaites, J. W.	
Castleberry, D. B.....	397			Mock, A. B.	496, 499	Thwaites, W. H.	47
Clayton, W. F.....	456	Flash, Harry Lynda	461	Monahan, J. K.	141	Thwaites, G. L.	92
Cooley, Florence M.	397	Ford, C. Y.	461	Alford, Capt. E. B.	148	Thwaites, Ida	54
Coleman, R. B.	599	F		Monahan, George	184	Wages, L. A.	259, 508
Collins, John L.	340	Fordyce, Col. S. W.	184	Minor, Bertha A.	196	Wat, Mrs. Mary Phelan..	255
Collins, J. S.....	89	Fry, Mrs. Anna G.	246	Armstrong, Mrs. L. G.	394	Webb, R. W.	159
Copeland, J. E.	188	Fulkerson, Thomas G.	57	Montgomery, Judge W. A.	196	Wheaton, Mrs. J. D.	208
Cooke, Rev. Giles B.....	234	Fuller, Mr. George T.	182	Moctup, Howard	24	Wheeler, Howard	256
Cox, Benj. B.	209			Nabors, W. A.	69	Wiggins, Mrs. J. B.	329
Coxe, John	197	Garland, W. H.	549			Ward, J. H.	490
Crowder, Calvin S.....		Garrison, Rev. G. C.....	47	Colburn, Dr. H. H.	29	Ward, Mrs. J. P.	516
	244, 294	Gibbons, J. R.	443	Osborne, Thomas D.....	54	Ward, Rev. E. O.	366
Crowder, Clara Humphrey	473	Gish, Grace Imogen	64, 144	Osborne, H. T.	46	Ward, W. C.	552
Cummings, C. C. 166, 294,	569	Gist, W. W.	13, 559	Osner, Mrs. Maria H.	259	Warrth, John A.	220, 287
Curtis, Jr., Finley P. 352,	401						
		Gray, P. S.	169, 545	Palmer, J. W.	461	Young, G. B. H.	
Daniel, Lee S.....	506	Hallock, Charles	494	Phelps, G. B.	312, 264		19, 56, 248, 397
Dargan, C. P.	329					Young, Robert	397

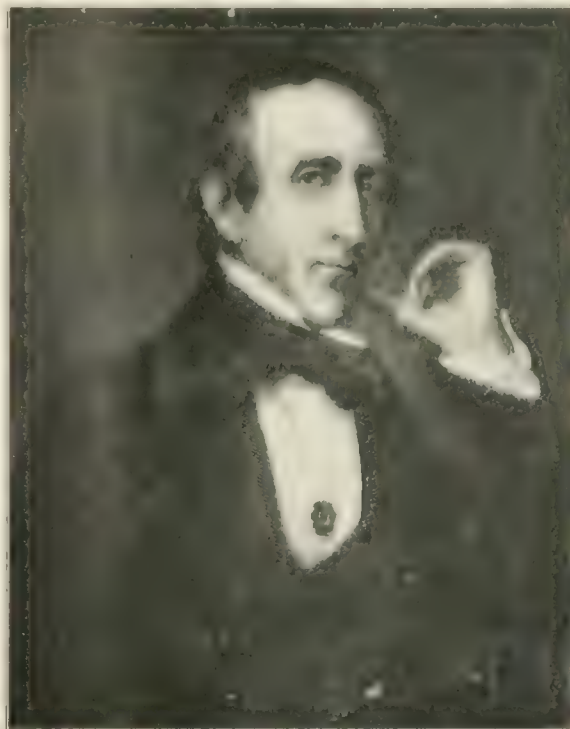


Confederate Veteran.

VOL. XXIV.

JANUARY, 1916

NO. 1



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Tenth President of the United States

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to Jefferson Davis and the War Department of the
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VOL. XXIV.

NASHVILLE, TENN., JANUARY, 1916.

No. 1. S. A. CUNNINGHAM
FOUNDER.

"MARSE ROBERT IS ASLEEP."

[General Lee, sorely fatigued by a hard day's march, sat down to rest by the roadside, where he fell into a deep sleep. His soldiers observed him as he slept and passed by with noiseless step, the warning whisper passing down the line—"Marse Bob's asleep; don't wake him." In this poem a veteran of the gray tells the incident to a friend in blue.]

Had you heard the distant tramping
On that glowing summer day!
Had you seen our comrades running
To meet us on the way!
O the wondrous, sudden silence,
The unmilitary creep,
As down the line that caution ran
"Marse Robert is asleep!"

Give me your hand, old bluecoat;
Let's talk of this awhile,
For the prettiest march of all the war
Was this rank and file,
Was the passing of that army
When 'twas hard, I ween, to keep
Those men from crying out "Hurrah!"
Marse Robert is asleep."

There lay that knightly figure,
One hand upon his sword,
The other pressed above his heart,
A vow without a word.
Two laurel leaves had fluttered down,
For flowers their vigils keep,
And crowned him, though I think they knew
"Marse Robert was asleep."

In glorious old Westminster
No monument of war,
No marble story half so grand
As this our army saw.
Our leafy old Westminster—
Virginia's woods—now keep
Immortal that low whisper:
"Marse Robert is asleep."

As we clasp hands, old bluecoat,
List, brother of the North:
Had foreign foe assailed your homes,
You then had known his worth.
Unbroken vigil o'er those homes
It had been his to keep.
Step lightly o'er the border then;
"Marse Robert is asleep."

He's mine and yours, is Robert Lee;
He's yours and mine, hurrah!
These tears you shed have healed the past
And closed the wounds of war.
Thus clasping hands, old bluecoat,
We'll swear by the tears you weep
The sounds of war shall muffled be—
"Marse Robert is asleep."

THE ASHBURTON TREATY.

A great event of this [Tyler's] administration was the Ashburton Treaty. This settled our northeastern boundary for two thousand miles and warded off the long-impending war with England. In most histories the whole credit for this treaty is given to Daniel Webster. Of course this great man should not be robbed of any of his well-earned laurels; but the President is entitled to a share of the honor. Webster himself says: "It [the treaty] proceeded from step to step under the President's own immediate eye and correction." Moreover, it may be added that one stage in the proceedings Lord Ashburton was about to give up and return to England; but President Tyler by his courtesy and suavity conciliated him and induced him to go on with the negotiation.—Dr. J. Tessie Hall

The most interesting and valuable of all American magazines is the CONFEDERATE VETERAN.—Will T. Hale, in Nashville Banner.

JOHN TYLER, SON OF VIRGINIA.

John Tyler, distinguished Virginian and tenth President of the United States, has received fitting, though long-deferred, honor from the country he served. Fifty-three years after his death the United States government has erected a handsome monument at his last resting place, in the shades of beautiful Hollywood Cemetery, at Richmond, Va., that sacred and consecrated spot where lie the ashes of so many distinguished dead. On a crest overlooking the James River and near the tomb of James Monroe, fifth President of the United States and the fourth Virginian to be so honored, this magnificent shaft blazons to the world that national recognition of one who did a noble part by his country, yet whose convictions led him to leave the Union and cast his lot with his native State when the sections became separated. President Tyler upheld Virginia in her secession, representing her in the Provisional Congress of the Confederacy, and he was also member-elect of the permanent Congress when his death occurred in 1862.

On the 12th of October, 1915, this shaft was unveiled in the presence of a distinguished gathering, representing both Houses of Congress, the Governor of Virginia, the Mayor of Richmond, and many others prominent in the public life of the State and nation. These first took part in the imposing parade which formed on Capitol Square and wound through the principal streets of Richmond, through a multitude of interested spectators, to the hallowed confines of Hollywood, where the unveiling exercises were witnessed by a large gathering. It was a striking scene. On the platform behind Governor Stuart, who presided, were members of the Tyler family, Senators and Representatives in Congress, Church dignitaries, and leading citizens of the city and State, with Mayor Ainslee, of Richmond, as master of ceremonies; and the military was represented by the Richmond Grays, the Richmond Blues, the Richmond Howitzers, and the Signal Corps of the Virginia Volunteers.

The veil was drawn by Mrs. William Munford Ellis, the only surviving daughter of President Tyler, and this was followed by the President's salute of twenty-one guns by the Howitzers. The audience was moved to applause when the handsome memorial was revealed. Rising from a granite base is the monolithic granite shaft, in front of which is a handsome bust of President Tyler on its own granite pedestal, bearing his name and the dates of his tenure of office, birth, and death. Two sides of the main shaft are carved in bas relief, one showing a life-sized figure of the republic with a shield bearing the seals of the United States and the commonwealth of Virginia, significant of President Tyler's relations with the national government and his native State. The other is a draped female figure, representing Memory, holding in one hand a laurel wreath and cultivating with the other the young tree of the republic, which during Tyler's administration began to grow and expand in an exceptional manner.

The appropriation for this monument was secured by the Virginia delegation in Congress, led by Capt. John Lamb, a native of Charles City County, who formerly represented the same district in Congress which sent John Tyler into national life, and in his eulogy at the unveiling Captain Lamb recalled the

efforts which had been made by President Tyler to prevent a breach in the Union prior to 1861 and commended the spirit which impelled him to follow Virginia in her secession.

The principal address was by Armistead C. Gordon, of Staunton, Rector of the University of Virginia and a gifted writer, and in his able tribute he brought out those actions of President Tyler which failed to meet with the approval of his fellow Virginians, as well as those others which had general approval. The conclusion of his address follows:

"Time would fail for the rehearsal here of the opinions expressed of President Tyler by men of distinction and renown. Jefferson Davis said of him that he was the most felicitous among the orators he had known; Alexander H. Stephens said that his State papers compared favorably in point of ability with those of any of his predecessors; and Daniel Webster, Henry S. Foote, Henry A. Wise, George Ticknor Curtis, R. M. T. Hunter, and a host of other great men bestowed upon him the expressions of their admiration, respect, and regard. * * *

"And now the Federal government has erected this monument over his mortal body; but the significance of the act does not lie in the cost nor in the beauty of the memorial itself. Its erection is unique in that it is the first monument to be voted by the Federal Congress to any man whose sense of duty impelled him to take sides with the South in the stormy days of secession. Viewed in this light, this memorial shaft to



THE TYLER MONUMENT IN HOLLYWOOD.

The tomb of President Monroe is to the left in background.

John Tyler is the most impressive and significant of all memorial structures in the United States; for it is the first in which both North and South have freely joined, and it stands to the world as the sign and pledge of a reunited country and a testimony that the passions of the past have perished.

"John Tyler, statesman and patriot, needs no eulogy. The austere epitome of his life and deeds can convey but an inadequate conception of his courage, his ability, his steadfastness, and his patriotic devotion to country. His dust reposes here beneath this monument, and on the page of history his fame itself is monumental. His name has been placed here alongside those of the great leaders of our epic story—of Jefferson and Madison, of Calhoun and Davis—and as long as the record of the republic shall endure he will be remembered and honored as one of its most illustrious sons."

A sketch of the life of President Tyler will be a revelation to many of the valuable service he rendered his country in one of the stormiest periods of its history—a period which demanded tactful guidance among the shoals of dissension prior to the War between the States. The following, from the Richmond Times-Dispatch, gives a broad outline of his life and career:

"John Tyler was born in Charles City County, Va., March 29, 1790. His father, John Tyler, Sr., was one of the most active and prominent patriots of the American Revolution. He was captain of a militia company, Speaker of the House of Delegates, Judge of the State Admiralty and General Courts, Vice President of the Convention of 1788, Governor, and at the time of his death was Judge of the United States District Court. As a leading member of the legislature he was instrumental in securing the passage of the resolution for calling the Annapolis Convention in 1786, as Judge he was one of the earliest to champion the overruling power of the judiciary, and as Governor he earnestly favored the cause of education. The 'literary fund' resulted from his strong representations to the legislature on the subject.

"His son, John Tyler, passed through even a greater stretch of honors. He was a member of the House of Delegates, member of the Executive Council, member of the House of Representatives, Governor of the State, Senator of the United States, Vice President and President of the United States, member of the State conventions of 1820-30 and 1861, President of the Peace Conference, member of the Provisional Congress of the Confederate States, and member-elect at the time of his death of the Confederate States House of Representatives. This is only an imperfect enunciation of his honors.

"In politics he was a consistent States' rights man and believed that the Union's only escape from civil war lay in scrupulous regard for the Constitution. Like his father, he was a strong friend of education and as Governor favored a system of public schools. As a member of the United States Congress he opposed the Missouri Compromise and other so-called national measures—protective tariff, national bank, and internal improvement—as certain to lead to ill will among the States and imperil the existence of the Union. He regarded them as sectional, not really national, measures.

"He was especially conspicuous in the rôle of peacemaker in 1833, when he suggested to Clay the principle of the compromise tariff, and in 1861, when he got up a peace conference of delegates from the States, who met in Washington. On the question of slavery, while he denied the right of Congress to intermeddle with the subject, he looked to its eventual abolition by peaceable means and strongly opposed the slave

trade. Thus as Chairman of the Senate Committee for the District of Columbia he drafted a provision for the abolition of the slave trade in the District and as President caused an article to be inserted in the Treaty of Washington (1842) for the maintenance of a squadron by the United States and Great Britain, respectively, for the suppression of the slave trade off the coast of Africa.

"As President he was a strong factor in determining the policies of the country. By his vetoes he prevented the establishment of a moneyed monopoly represented in the United States bank and by his close personal surveillance of the different departments of the government abolished all corruption and reduced the national expenditures one-fourth. He originated the system of finance known as the exchequer, which in its essential features is reproduced in the present banking reserve system, and to him is chiefly due the success of the Treaty of Washington (1842), settling the north-eastern boundary, the right of visitation, the suppression of the slave trade, and the annexation of Texas, which measure so greatly extended the confines of the Union and gave to the United States the virtual monopoly of the cotton plant. He closed the war with the Seminole Indians, settled the difficulties in Rhode Island, made the first treaty with China, and vindicated the Monroe Doctrine as to the Hawaiian Islands."

President Tyler was twice married, his first wife being Letitia Christian, of Virginia, and the second Julia Gardiner, of New York, who is buried by his side. There were seven children by each marriage. He died in Richmond January 18, 1862, and the State Assembly directed that a monument be erected at his grave; but the stirring events of war and many demands upon an impoverished treasury prevented the carrying out of this resolution.

The family of President Tyler was represented at the unveiling by two sons, Dr. Lyon G. Tyler, President of William and Mary College, at Williamsburg, and Judge D. Gardiner Tyler, also of that city, and Mrs. Ellis, the only surviving daughter. Great honor was paid to them and other connections of the family who were present.

UNVEILING THE TYLER MONUMENT

O proud old Hollywood! Thine is a sacred name
Since on thy breast sleep those well known to fame
For, like a mother gathers to her heart
The sons from whom not even death could part
Virginia stands to-day with reverent head,
Where rest the ashes of her mighty dead

Their names renowned add luster to our land;
No other State can boast so grand a band
As this old commonwealth, which proudly sees
Her patriot Presidents on Capitol's frieze;
Since union's triumph arch must ever show
Our Washington, Madison, Jefferson, and Monroe

In honoring Tyler the nation honors one
Whose course was hard and difficult to run.
He stood first among the giants of his day.
That galaxy of Webster, Calhoun, Clay.
Sleep, statesman; your service has recognition won,
The Union's tenth President, Virginia's gifted son.
—Cassie Moncreux Lyne, in Richmond Times-Dispatch

BEAUREGARD MONUMENT IN NEW ORLEANS.

The annual reunion of the Louisiana Division, U. C. V., which was held in New Orleans in November, came to a close with the dedication of the monument to Gen. P. G. T. Beauregard on November 14. This date had been set so that as many as possible of the Confederate veterans over the State should have an opportunity to attend the exercises.

To a salute of seventeen guns the veil was drawn by Miss Hilda Beauregard, a granddaughter of the General, and revealed the magnificent bronze equestrian statue of the famous Southern commander mounted on a granite base. W. O. Hart was master of ceremonies, and, following the invocation by Rev. A. Gordon Bakewell, he introduced Mr. Alden McLellan, who made an address on the work of the Association which erected this handsome memorial.

The oration was by Judge John St. Paul, son of Capt. Henry St. Paul, who was on General Beauregard's staff during the war, and he spoke at length on the career and services of the man in whose honor the monument was erected. He was followed by Capt. A. B. Booth, Secretary of the Association and now Commander of the Louisiana Division, U. C. V., who gave a history of the

Beauregard Monument Association from its inception to the culmination of its work in this dedication, which revealed the persevering efforts of its devoted members through many, many years. The Association was founded on the night following the death of General Beauregard, February 23, 1893, by members of Henry St. Paul Camp, No. 16, U. C. V., when it was agreed that the Camp form itself into a committee to consider the organization of an association for the purpose of "raising funds for the erection of a monument commemorative of the patriotic deeds and noble achievements of the great Louisiana soldier and general, Pierre Gustave Toutant Beauregard." The first money contributed to the monument fund was collected from these members and amounted to \$197.50. Of the nineteen members of the Camp at that meeting, only seven are now living, and of them Commander A. B. Booth is one.

The Beauregard Monument Association was then organized and was incorporated on the the 23d of February, 1893, and began active work for securing funds. The first officers of the Association were: Gov. Francis T. Nichols, President; Gen. William Porcher Miles, Gov. Samuel D. McEnery, and Capt. Lawson S. Davis, Vice Presidents; A. B. Booth, Secretary; John Glynn, Jr., Treasurer. The original Executive Committee of fifty when completed was: Gov. F. T. Nicholls, Gen. J. B. Gordon, Gen. W. L. Cabell, Gov. S. D. McEnery, John Glynn, Jr., Leon Jastremski, J. B. Vinet, G. O. Watts, Judge F. P. Poche, Hon. J. Numa Augustin, C. H. Hyams,

Hon. A. L. Tissot, Mayor John Fitzpatrick, W. J. Behan, Albert Baldwin, George Moorman, Col. E. B. Wheelock, Capt. Charles A. Brusle, Col. Joseph Henry, T. A. Faries, Prosper Ganel, F. T. Howard, Gen. E. Kirby Smith, Judge Albert Voorhies, John L. Rapier, Gov. Charles Parlange, Hon. T. L. Broussard, Hon. Edward D. White, Hon. Don Caffery, Jules Tuyes, Gen. Jubal A. Early, B. F. Forman, Col. J. C. Denis, Hon. Walter H. Rogers, Hon. B. F. Jonas, C. A. Harris, Gen. William Porcher Miles, Gov. Murphy J. Foster, Hon. Henry P. Kernachan, Lawson L. Davis, James Campbell, Paul Conrad, M. T. Ducros, John W. Fairfax, Jeremiah Lyons, John E. Nores, H. E. Witherspoon, A. B. Booth, U. A. Gueringer, and Joseph Demouruelle.

Of these, one, Hon. John Fitzpatrick, resigned, and only eight of the others are now living and are serving on the committee—viz.: W. J. Behan, Edward D. White, Murphy J. Foster, John W. Fairfax, John E. Nores, Joseph Demouruelle, A. B. Booth, and C. H. Hyams.

Officers were elected to serve until death, but in filling vacancies only members or honorary members were to be eligible to hold office in the Association. The Treasurer's reports showed cash receipts to May 16, 1893, of \$2,343.25. By various means

other sums were made and added to the fund until something over \$20,000 was secured. Secretary Booth said of this: "We are glad to know that over three-fourths of the money came from the people who loved and honored his memory. * * * It is not to stand as an advocate of war, but to honor duty, true patriotism and worth, such as distinguished General Beauregard."

After the exercises were concluded, the organizations of veterans representing the Soldiers' Home of Louisiana, the Army of Tennessee Department, Army of Northern Virginia Department, Washington Artillery, Camps of Veterans and Sons paraded about the monument to the inspiring strains of "America" and "Dixie." The base of the statue was banked with the floral offerings from different Confederate organizations and schools.

The monument stands at the Esplanade entrance to City Park and is a magnificent tribute to the great Louisianian and a credit to the Association erecting it.

LOUISIANA ADMITTED TO THE UNION IN 1812.—Upon the purchase of Louisiana the Massachusetts Legislature passed the following: "Resolved, that the annexation of Louisiana to the Union transcends the constitutional power of the government of the United States. It formed a new Confederacy to which the States united by the former compact are not bound to adhere."



TO THE MEMORY OF GENERAL BEAUREGARD.

VIRGINIA MONUMENT AT GETTYSBURG.

As a member of the Gettysburg Monument Commission for Virginia, Col. William Gordon McCabe, with Governor Stuart and two other resident members of the Commission, inspected the work of the young sculptor, F. William Sievers, who is making the Virginia monument for the Gettysburg battle field, and he pronounced the equestrian statue of General Lee as "true to the very life." In an article contributed by him to the Richmond Times-Dispatch he tells how the work has impressed "one of Lee's soldiers":

"Briefly, it is to my mind (and to my heart as well) one of the noblest statues I have ever looked upon, and I may add without impertinence that I have seen the best and the most famous both in Europe and in this country. As I gazed upon it long and searchingly the years seemed to roll away; and I saw once more our great captain, seated in easy majesty on Traveler, to the very life as we (now the lingering few) saw him more than half a century ago, watching the shifting chances of the fray; the well-knit, martial figure, instinct with vigor, the graceful port and carriage, the fine poise of the 'good gray head,' the easy mastery of the thorough horseman—the perfect embodiment of 'a people's hope,' the noble face stamped by the 'God of battles' with the rank that he alone can give.

"Scarcely less in the fashioning of the horse has the sculptor proved his mastery of his cunning art. Not a touch of the theatrical—just the Traveler that we knew so well—only (by reason of the dimensions of the great statue) a heroic Traveler that seems proudly conscious that he bears upon his back the weight of a nation.

"I know not how it may strike more critical eyes; but I repeat that to the eyes of one of Lee's veterans it is a wondrous counterfeit presentment of the immortal rider and his matchless steed, whose appearance in the long ago (in the land where we were dreaming) always evoked a storm of hoarse cheering as the great captain rode among the blackened guns whose thunderous plaudits were ever the welcome closest to his soldier's heart.

"The pecuniary emolument to the sculptor in this case must of necessity be small, but by this statue he has won what money can never buy—a great name for himself and the abiding admiration of a grateful people."

GENERAL HARDEE'S SON

BY REV. G. C. GARRISON, MILFORD, TENN.

Having seen a statement in the *VETERAN* in reference to the death of General Hardee's son at Bentonville, N. C., at the age of eighteen years, and having been in position to know the facts in the case through being a member of General Hardee's staff, I think it well to make a correction of this, as I am assured that young Will Hardee was never a member of his father's staff. Furthermore, his first enlistment in the army was in an artillery command, though I do not recall what battery. I remember very distinctly to have passed him day after day on our march from Charleston, S. C., to Averysboro, N. C.; that his father, Gen. William J. Hardee, transferred him to the 8th Texas, Colonel Terry's old regiment of the Texas Rangers, just a few days before the battle of Bentonville, N. C., where he was killed; and that he was then between the age of sixteen and seventeen years. He was buried at Hillsboro, N. C. I know all this to be true, because I was

at General Hardee's headquarters for the last two years of the war.

I enlisted at Camp Boon, nine miles from Clarksville, Tenn., in the summer of 1861, as a member of Company I (Capt. Bill Shepherd), 3d Kentucky (Tilghman's old regiment), and served something like two years in the infantry. I was transferred afterwards to Captain Roaun's company, Hardee's escort, in service at Hardee's headquarters the remainder of the war, and surrendered under him at Greensboro, N. C., on the 26th of April, 1865. Our company escorted him to Demopolis, Ala., to his wife's plantation, where we disbanded.

THE LEE ANNIVERSARY.

The Confederate Veteran Camp of New York will have a special meeting on the evening of January 19 at the Hotel Astor in commemoration of the birthday of Gen. Robert E. Lee. Appropriate exercises will be held, after which there will be a collation, and those so desirous can take part in an informal dance.

Col. William F. Beasley, of North Carolina, will make the address in eulogy of General Lee and will entertain the assemblage with some choice experiences and anecdotes of the war. Colonel Beasley has the distinction of having been the youngest colonel in the Confederate army and, it is believed, in the Federal army as well. The accompanying picture represents him at the age of nineteen, at which time, in the absence of his superior officers, he commanded a brigade. Ever since the war Colonel Beasley has devoted mind and heart to the welfare of the Confederate soldier whenever possible, and he



COL. W. F. BEASLEY

has been President of the North Carolina Confederate Home Association. The Confederate Veteran Camp of New York is to be congratulated on having at its special meeting the man whose gallantry won a colonel's stars and who commanded a Confederate brigade in battle before he was twenty years old.

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Founder.

Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

All who approve the principles of this publication and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to cooperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

WHAT SHOULD BE DONE THIS YEAR.

From the threshold of another year the VETERAN sends its greetings to its thousands of friends all over this great country, with the wish that this year of 1916 may bring them many blessings.

Nearly twenty-five years ago the CONFEDERATE VETERAN came into existence as a modest little publication devoted to the interests of the Confederate organizations. It has grown with the years, but is still devoted to the same interests and ever working to secure a true record of the War between the States. There is much error yet to be corrected. The sensational press is continually resurrecting myths of history. Historians do not go far enough in their research to find the truth. It is the province of the VETERAN to place these truths before them, that future generations may rightly understand the Southern people and the principles for which they fought. Its work, therefore, is not yet finished; there is much more to be recorded while there are still survivors of that mighty conflict. These records should be gathered from every community of the South. Much is being done along that line by the Daughters of the Confederacy in their history work, and they should have the coöperation of all who want the South to have her rightful place in history.

One very important thing which seems not to have had attention yet in every Southern State is in the record of troops furnished to the Confederate army. This should not be longer delayed. Every community that furnished a company or regiment should have that on record with a full list of membership. The VETERAN will help this work along in any way possible. Let each State Division of Veterans or Daughters take it up at once with the Camps and Chapters. There is no work now more important for the Confederate organizations.

FOR RELIEF OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS AND WIDOWS.

In the House of Representatives, in the first session of the Sixty-Fourth Congress, December 6, 1915, John M. Tillman, member of Congress from the Third Arkansas District, introduced the following bill, which was referred to the Committee on Invalid Pensions and ordered to be printed:

A bill to pay to Confederate soldiers and to widows of Confederate soldiers \$500 and \$30 per month during the remainder of their lives.

Whereas a large amount of money, approximating \$100,000,000, was secured and collected from the people of the South during the Civil War and the Reconstruction period that followed, from the following-named sources: First, from captured and abandoned property; second, from confiscated property; and, third, from the collection of cotton tax from eighteen hundred and sixty-three to eighteen hundred and sixty-eight; and

Whereas what is known as the "cotton tax" was illegally collected; and

Whereas the South prior to the Civil War and since that time abundantly proved her loyalty to the Union, gamely lost without murmuring four million slaves valued at \$2,000,000,000, gave to the country much in military service, and added much territory through the genius and diplomacy of her statesmen;

Whereas fifty years after the unfortunate struggle between the States there exists only a scattered remnant of the gray chivalry that rarely lost a battle, many of whom are maimed and unable to work;

Whereas it is desirable to destroy the last vestige of sectional feeling and emphasize the fraternal spirit that should obtain in a happily reunited country and to permit a generous and a just government to recompense in part the South for her losses not justified by the stern demands of war;

Whereas it is practically impossible to restore the "cotton tax" illegally collected or other property confiscated to the people from whom it was taken during and after the war; and

Whereas the surviving soldiers of the Confederacy are conspicuous and deserving representatives of said section; therefore

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That upon the passage of this act there shall be paid to each soldier who served in the Confederate army and to each widow of any Confederate soldier the sum of \$500 and that in addition to this payment such soldiers and such widows shall be paid quarterly the sum of \$30 per month each during the remainder of their lives.

SEC. 2. That this act shall be administered by the United States Pension Office.

SEC. 3. That to carry out the provisions of this act the sum of \$100,000,000 be, and the same is hereby, appropriated.

SEC. 4. That this act shall be in force from and after its passage.

THE CUNNINGHAM MEMORIAL.

Previously reported.....	\$3,042 40
Hood's Texas Brigade Chapter, U. D. C., Somerville, Tex.	2 50
Sterling Price Chapter, U. D. C., Lexington, Mo....	5 00
H. L. Grinstead Chapter, U. D. C., Camden, Ark....	5 00
Sunny South Chapter, U. D. C., Brady, Tex.....	1 00
Claiborne Guards Chapter, U. D. C., Homer, La....	1 00
Marion County Chapter, U. D. C., Buena Vista, Ga..	1 00
Mrs. Weaver, Buena Vista, Ga.....	10
Dixie Chapter, U. D. C., Slater, Mo.....	5 00
Frances Walker Chapter, U. D. C., St. Elmo, Tenn..	5 00
S. H. Mitchell, Mayslick, Ky.....	1 00
B. L. Wynn, Charleston, Miss.....	1 00
D. A. Welch, Sr., Savannah, Tenn.....	1 00
D. A. Welch, Jr., Savannah, Tenn.....	25
D. J. Hughes, Savannah, Tenn.....	25
J. J. Williams, Savannah, Tenn.....	25
C. F. Sevier, Savannah, Tenn.....	25
Mrs. I. C. Walker, Savannah, Tenn.....	25
Sterling Price Chapter, U. D. C., Nevada, Mo.....	2 50
Light Horse Harry Lee Chapter, U. D. C., Jonesville, Va.	5 00
William A. Oberchain, Bowling Green, Ky.....	1 00

Total\$3,080 75

CAPT. WILLIAM B. PRICHARD.

In San Francisco, Cal., on November 16, 1915, Capt. William Bond Prichard passed from this life into life eternal in the seventy-third year of his age.

Captain Prichard was a Virginian by birth and education. When the War between the States came on, he was a student at the Virginia Military Institute, and he was among the first of those boys to enlist in defense of the South. At first his corps of cadets was stationed at Camp Lee, near Richmond, Va., as drillmasters for the gathering forces of the Confederacy, and he was in command of his company. Later these well-trained young officers were placed in various commands; and William Prichard became first lieutenant of Company B, of the 38th Virginia Infantry, under Capt. John Roy Cabell.



CAPT. WILLIAM BOND PRICHARD.

When the latter resigned, Lieutenant Prichard became captain of the company and carried it through the campaigns of the Army of Northern Virginia, serving faithfully to the end. Captain Prichard led his company in Pickett's charge at Gettysburg. Going in forty-eight strong, only seven of them returned; and of the seven, four were injured, including Captain Prichard.

After the close of the war, he accepted the chair of Civil Engineering and Mathematics at the Virginia Military Institute, at Lexington, which position he held for several years. He then went to California, settling in San Francisco, and there pursued his profession of engineering. He was engaged for several years in planning and laying out Golden Gate Park, now world-famed. He was then made city appraiser, which office he held until failing health caused his retirement.

Captain Prichard was a gentleman of the purest type, modest, gentle, firm. He is survived by his noble wife, Margaret Johnston Prichard, the second daughter of Gen. Albert

Sidney Johnston, of beloved memory in every Southern heart, and also by a lovely daughter, Elsie Griffin Prichard, worthy in every way of such ancestry. Captain Prichard came of a remarkable family, an account of which appeared in the *VETERAN* for June, 1912. He was the eldest of eight sons, four of whom were Confederate soldiers, and his death is the first break in the family.

PRESENTATION OF TESTAMENTS TO ZOLLICOFFER GUARDS.

(From a newspaper of 1861.)

The 16th of May will be remembered with no little interest by the people of the Concord neighborhood, Wilson County, Tenn. It was the day appointed for Dr. McFerrin to meet the Zolllicoffer Guards for the purpose of presenting each member of the company with a Bible. The company was formed mainly from the families who composed the large audience assembled to witness the ceremonies of the day, and the occasion was one which naturally enlisted their deepest sympathies. The Rev. Josiah Nance, who assisted Dr. McFerrin, opened the meeting with a fervent prayer that brought home to the gallant boys the sacred character of the cause they defended and impressed them with the conviction that to successfully defend the right they must put their trust in the God of battles and not alone in their own right arms.

Before proceeding to the main object of the day, the presentation of the Bibles, Dr. McFerrin entertained the large assembly in a most effective review of the causes that have brought about our unhappy difficulties, giving a thorough and unanswerable exposition of the treacherous policy pursued by the Lincoln administration toward the Southern States. The Doctor cut both sharp and deep at times, so much so, indeed, that neither the reverend character of the speaker nor the solemnity of the occasion could restrain the outspoken enthusiasm of the boys. We all know and acknowledge the Doctor's power in the pulpit, but there are not wanting those (since last Thursday) who suspect that the stump has been cheated of a noble champion. The conclusion of the address was a beautiful and affecting exhortation to the soldiers to read daily the blessed Book they were about to receive, treasure its precepts, and trust its precious promises.

Dr. McFerrin then descended from the stand and, assisted by Mr. Nance, presented each soldier as he marched by with a handsome copy of the New Testament.

Not the least beautiful feature of the interesting occasion was the presentation of bouquets and rosettes to the soldiers by the young ladies. The company marched in double file up to the table upon which the flowers were laid and counter-marched right and left back as they were presented, each man bowing a graceful acknowledgment of the handsome gift. Messrs. Bostick and Thompson, of Nashville, being present, were called out by the crowd and made a few impromptu remarks, which were well received, after which the large assembly gradually dispersed.

Appended is a list of the officers of the Zolllicoffer Guards: Joel A. Battle, captain; William M. Clark, first lieutenant; Thomas B. Smith, second lieutenant; William M. Matthews, third lieutenant; M. M. Henkle, Jr., first sergeant; William H. Doyle, second sergeant; Benjamin F. Holland, third sergeant; John F. Guthrie, fourth sergeant; Edward L. Jordan, first corporal; Manoah H. Bostick, second corporal; William S. Battle, third corporal; John H. Jordan, fourth corporal; and one hundred privates, with Rev. John Edmundson and Rev. William Whitsett, Jr., as chaplains.

WHEELER'S RAID INTO TENNESSEE.*

BY JOHN W. DUBOSE, MONTGOMERY, ALA.

Gen. Joseph Wheeler's raid into Tennessee in October, 1863, has few parallels in cavalry campaigning. Removed from the excitement and delirium of war, many of its happenings appear incredible; and were it not for official reports of both sides, the account of it when read would be declared unbelievable and deemed the result of highly wrought imaginings.

Half a century between those occurrences and their narration only increases wonder and admiration for the exploits of those courageous horsemen, who seemed to have known neither fatigue nor fear in the pursuit and punishment of their country's foes. Viewed from either a strategic point or considered in relation to loss inflicted upon those who opposed them, this raid stands out in military history as one of the wonders of war and assigns its masterful leader and its no less masterful men to a very high place among the world's cavalry heroes. Hard riders, fierce fighters, insensible to fear, they hesitated at no undertaking assigned to them, and they never questioned, but were glad to go where their gallant leader bade them go.

Wheeler himself seemed immune from death. Engaged in two hundred battles and in six hundred skirmishes or smaller conflicts, he escaped injury. Like Forrest, he led wherever he was present, and he never hesitated to charge any line or assail any force that came his way.

A partisan cavalry leader can never know fear or hesitate. His chief hope of success is based on the surprise of his foes, and the quick, reckless dash and bold onslaught make up oftentimes for lack of numbers. A soldier who at twenty-five years of age had risen to be a brigadier general, at twenty-six a major general and commander of a corps, a lieutenant general at twenty-eight, and had achieved success and renown so great as had General Wheeler could neither be the product of favoritism nor the outcome of accidental promotion. Behind such a rapid advancement there must have been magnificent genius, coupled with the fullest improvement of every opportunity that crossed his path. He had no real failure in his career. Victory after victory came to him as if sent by a partial fate. A calm review of his life by a just and impartial critic impels the conclusion that he was one of the most remarkable men of the wonderful period in which he acted.

The battle of Chickamauga, one of the fiercest of the great conflicts of the war, was marked by an unyielding courage, a sullen and intense obstinacy on both sides. That engagement again proclaimed the determination of both sides to fight out the issues which the war involved until one or both antagonists in the awful destruction of men and resources should be unable longer to continue the struggle. The results, beyond the immediate relief from pressing invasion, certainly did not compensate the Confederate armies for the dreadful loss Chickamauga involved. Whether the Confederate leaders thoroughly improved the partial advantages gained will remain an open question; but the outcome imposed upon the Confederate cavalry new and greater labors, which all history will declare were met with a courage and enterprise that added new laurels to their hitherto nobly earned fame.

With Chattanooga still in possession and with the Tennessee River behind them, the Federal armies now were to face one of war's dreadful foes. Hunger is a most potent general

that no antagonist chieftain can ignore. Supplies for the Federal armies were to reach them either by the Tennessee River or by the wagon trains starting from points on the railroad operated from the territory north in Tennessee, and against these slow and tedious methods of feeding an army the Confederate cavalry were now turned loose to burn, scatter, and destroy.

General Wheeler was given entire command of the Southern horsemen operating in this territory. Barely twenty-seven years of age, wisely or unwisely he was given prominence over Forrest and other cavalry leaders who had on many fields demonstrated dazzling genius and exhibited sublime courage. Brave and patriotic as were the armies of the Tennessee Department, yet, as always where human ambitions and services are involved, jealousy was bound to arise; and no sixty thousand men can be aligned under a flag for any cause where some differences will not occur and where in leadership and patriotism some animosity will not arise. Some men are born to lead and some to follow, and neither in Virginia, Tennessee, nor in the farther West were the soldiers of the Confederacy exempt from these ills that ever attend army organizations. This was somewhat intensified in the Army of Tennessee, which by the summer of 1863 had developed three great cavalry leaders, Wheeler, Morgan, and Forrest. General Wheeler's youth made against him in the consolidation of the cavalry by General Bragg. His real virtues were obscured by the suggestion that his almost unparalleled advance over the older men was the result of official partiality and not the just outcome of his military skill and achievements. For a long while this unfortunate condition hampered both Generals Forrest and Wheeler. General Bragg saw the solution of this most serious problem later and removed it as far as he could; but there are those who think he unduly delayed action at so critical a period and where transcendent opportunities were at hand. With such a leader as General Forrest at the time of the October raid (which was led by General Wheeler) also turned upon the enemy's line of communication, it appeared to the men of that hour that only one result could have come to Rosecrans's army, and that would have been practical starvation and annihilation.

These personal differences were at the most acute stage when General Wheeler was assigned a difficult and almost impossible task. It is but fair to General Wheeler to say that under these trying circumstances he acquitted himself with most commendable modesty and delicate tact; and except in so far as he was required by unpleasant orders, he did nothing to add to the seriousness of the complications of the hour. He was to accomplish a Herculean task, one involving supreme risks to his own command and to General Bragg's entire army. The capture of General Wheeler's cavalry at that time meant calamitous results to the cause of the Confederacy. Reckless courage, untiring work, and supreme daring, with quickest perception and thorough comprehension of surrounding conditions, made the call upon the young general such as had never come to a man of his age before.

The events succeeding the battle of Chickamauga had placed upon all the cavalry under General Bragg demands that were well-nigh insupportable and which involved personal privations and soldierly effort which few men could endure. Both men and beasts had felt the burden of these tremendous exactions during this brief but important period. Less than two weeks had elapsed since that great engagement, and from the hour of its closing scenes the cavalry led by Generals Forrest and Wheeler had known neither rest nor release from diligent and vigilant service.

*"Gen. Joe Wheeler and the Army of Tennessee." Neale Publishing Co., New York.

Horses unshod and broken down, driven to the limit of endurance, and men illy fed and decimated by the demand of those horrible hours were allowed no season of quiet so necessary for physical recuperation. Pity for their beasts, rendered dear to them by common sacrifice and common danger, had a depressing effect upon the minds of even those brave soldiers, now well trained to the differences which war brings to every brave soul.

It was under these circumstances that General Bragg called upon General Wheeler to cross the Tennessee and destroy the wagon trains which in long white lines dotted every road north of Chattanooga and upon which for food and ammunition the Union forces were compelled to rely. Calling his subordinates and explaining to them the work that General Bragg had mapped out, almost without exception they pleaded for mercy to man and beast and for a brief season of rest before such arduous and difficult tasks were assumed. Not a few declared that it was impossible to meet such demands and that to require such service under existing circumstances was not only unwise, but inhumane.

One of General Wheeler's marked characteristics was absolute obedience to orders, and he never permitted anything short of the impossible to prevent their fulfillment. The quick answer to all these objections was a general order to his command to prepare for the raid and to cross the Tennessee River at once. In the early dawn, with less than two thousand men, he forced a passage of the river at Cottonport, thirty miles east of Chattanooga, in the face of a force twice as large as his own; and with such vigor did he press the enemy who stood in his pathway that he captured more than a hundred prisoners and brushed them aside for his chosen line as the wind drives straw from its path.

Before the shades of night came on, two brigades under peremptory orders joined him. They promptly followed in the way that he had opened, and now with three thousand eight hundred jaded horses and tired men and a limited supply of ammunition he stood alone, defying a great army both in his rear and his front and with a mighty river flowing between him and his supports and comrades.

No soldier heart ever faced more difficult conditions or assumed greater responsibility, and none ever met them with calmer courage or more cheerful complacency. His men measured up to the calls of the hour. In the past they had always taken care of themselves when beset by enemies and danger, and now under the valiant leadership of General Wheeler, sustained by their indomitable will and unfailing gallantry, they believed that in the end all would be well.

If there were hesitation and doubt, these were immediately flung to the winds. There was no time to scan the darkening horizon. Gloomy enough was the outlook if they listened to fear; but fear these gallant men had never known. Some spoke of disaster; but the orders of their superior stood out before the mind, and misgivings were quickly drowned by the prospect of vigorous action. The brave man seeing danger braces himself to face it and with resourceful powers lays his plans to avoid it. General Wheeler's pessimistic advisers pointed out the consequences of failure and gave expression to their serious fears of the result of so hazardous and so uncertain a movement. Caution suggested a turning back while the way was open; but General Roddy, with his brigade, had crossed the river some miles below, and if all the enemy should concentrate upon him they would annihilate his command. The cavalry leaders of the Confederacy were always faithful in the succor of their comrades, and no danger could deter them from going to the help of those who were

sorely pressed. Stuart, Morgan, Forrest, Wheeler, and Hampton never forgot this cardinal principle of cavalry faith, and Wheeler declared that he would not desert Roddy in this emergency because of any risk that was open before his vision; and, bidding fears begone, he ordered a forward march through the darkness of the night in a drenching rain. He had encountered a Federal regiment of cavalry, and, pushing this aside, the appetites of his men, like tigers tasting blood, were whetted for still fiercer work. On the morning of October 2, hours before daylight came, he started out in search of richer prey. One hour's ride revealed the presence of thirty-two wagons and two hundred mules and horses. There was nothing General Wheeler's command needed more than horses, and those welcome additions to his mounts were to his troopers a sure omen of greater victories. This capture was concluded before the full orb of day had come to cheer the victorious marchers. As the sun in glory rose over the mountain tops, from a lofty elevation there burst upon the view of Wheeler and his followers a panorama of beauty and joy. Twelve hundred wagons, with their covers as white as snow spread like a gleam of silver down through the valley, along the hillsides, and over the mountain ridges, were crawling along the highway, laden with supplies of the most tempting kind and weighted down with missiles of war, filled and prepared to take the lives of the men in gray, brothers of Wheeler's followers, who across the Tennessee were holding in check the Federal army invading the Southland.

To many starving men with but scant supplies in their cartridge boxes and still scantier in their haversacks and now aware of the short-delayed breaking down of the steeds they were astride, this scene presented an enrapturing vision.

But this glowing perspective had in it a gruesome and darkening setting. A brigade of Federal cavalry marched in its van and another in its rear, and, to make the work still more repellent, a brigade of infantry marched alongside its huge serpentine body, and behind the infantry rode a third brigade of cavalry, all intent upon the safe delivery of this precious cargo to the Federal army a few miles away, encamped beside the Tennessee River.

These Confederates had come out to hunt the tiger, and it was no unreasonable or traitorous thought to fear that the conditions might be reversed and at the end the tiger might hunt them. What Wheeler had searched for, Wheeler had found. The game was tempting, if dangerous to play; and when Wheeler in the past had come upon the object of his search, he had never before in all his marches and campaigns let it escape without a fight. There was neither time nor occasion for arguing with fear. True, he was outnumbered two to one; but he had never before counted these odds too great to grapple with, and so without hesitation he bade his following go in.

It was a long space, and many times the Federal guard could not protect at every point. It measured at least twenty miles. Three columns simultaneously broke in upon the slender line. The teamsters, never very brave, terrified by the shout of battle and the din of rifle and pistol shots, sought safety amidst the cargoes of the wagons or, springing from the mules, ensconced themselves in the depth of the surrounding hills and mountains and from behind stones and trees watched the struggle for the ownership of the huge train they had believed to be safe from any onslaught.

Contact with the foe had been so quick and so unexpected that neither they nor their soldier friends had opportunity for introspection to figure out just what was best to be done under the supreme scare that had without warning pressed

upon their minds. The Federal guards were not disposed to run away without a fight. They had no time to mass, and General Wheeler gave them no opportunity of combining so as to meet the fullest advantage of numbers; and in hammer-and-tong style both sides went at each other by gage of battle to determine who should have the immensely valuable train.

The Confederates were a very hungry lot, and their supply of horses was greatly limited. They greatly needed bread and something to ride, and the need of something with which to shoot gave vigor to their every movement. Hunger and the possible contingency of walking are great incentives to a horseman's fighting qualities, and for two hours the contest went vigorously on. In this case the hungriest were the gamest. They had also before their minds a well-defined fear of languishing in Northern prisons in case they failed to win, and with all this flood of thought coursing through their minds the men in gray fought with a desperation that presaged victory; and after two hours the Federal guards gave up the contest and retreated from the scene of struggle. With a thousand prisoners in the hands of the ragged, hungry, reckless Confederate soldiers, the whole wagon train was at their mercy. The victory won, the savage work of destruction was now at hand. War, always dreadful, was now to witness distressful scenes.

The imagination of countrymen and frightened teamsters magnified the number of wagons composing this immense train. Some said three thousand, some two thousand; but it certainly contained more than one thousand, not counting the sutlers, who, under the protection of this numerous military convoy, were seeking the front to realize large profits from hunger and want which depleted army supplies would pour into their capacious and avaricious coffers.

As General Wheeler had not much more than one man and a half to each wagon to be destroyed, the burning of these became a gigantic task. The story of the engagement would soon be noised about. Swift-riding couriers would carry the details of the disaster, and in a short while Federal reinforcements would be at hand to punish these adventurous and merry horsemen who, in apparent disregard of both prudence and wisdom, had journeyed so far from their supports and so recklessly undertaken to operate in the rear of a great army, which had two and a half times as much cavalry as these bold raiders numbered and enough infantry to watch and guard every ford across which they might undertake, in their return to their own army, to reach the south bank of the Tennessee.

Needed supplies were quickly pulled from the horseless wagons, rifles and ammunition were seized from prisoners or hunted in the depths of the "prairie schooner," and then the torch began its baneful work. Wagons, mules, and mounts for the victorious horsemen were safely corralled. Mules, now as the engines for handling supplies, had become contraband of war. The dumb, helpless creatures were ready to adopt the victors as their masters and, without raising the constitutional question of the relation of the States to the Federal government, would patiently take upon themselves the tasks and hunger that the new ownership would demand. They could help the enemy; they meant less to the Federal treasury; they looked with their innocent and helpless eyes into the faces of the powder-grimed captors and seemed in their docility to plead for life and service beyond the Tennessee River in the wagon train of the army that had risked so much in the change of their ownership. Selecting the strongest, the largest, and best-fed for use, the remainder were doomed to death. All things, animate and inanimate, which would help the foe

must be destroyed. The supply wagons were all fired; the ammunition wagons were reserved for later action.

The smoke of burning timbers, cotton covers, and harness sent up a huge signal that betrayed the presence of an adventurous foe and wrote upon the very heavens that fiercest destruction was turned loose. This warning could not be stayed; and so if escape was meditated, quick work must go on. The helpless brutes were led aside, and those which were not to serve the new master were condemned to a speedy death. A rifle ball at close range was driven into the hearts of the beasts or, held by the bridle, a sharp Bowie knife was drawn across their throats. The command withdrew to a safe distance. A few chosen messengers were sent to fire the wagons containing the ammunition. A feeble, flickering flame started as the Confederate destroyers ran to each wagon and touched its inflammable tops and sides, and then with a speed quickened by the fear of a fierce explosion the torch-bearers fled in haste from the coming and inevitable dangers of a combustible outbreak.

General Rosecrans, when the huge column of smoke stood out against the sky, seeming to pierce its very battlements, promptly sent out reinforcements to help the guards who had in their custody treasures of food, more valuable to his armies than a treasury filled with gold. The Confederate horsemen stood these off until eight hours had elapsed from the time of capture. The whole earth seemed to feel the vibration of the millions of cartridges that were exploding with the fierce heat, and the bursting of thousands of shells filled the atmosphere with their hissing tongues of fire and shook the earth with their ceaseless detonations.

Ere the sun, which rose in splendor upon the mighty train as it wound its way to the relief of its friends and owners, had set behind the mountain height on its western side, the savage work of destruction was accomplished. Its defenders were scattered. Its beauty had vanished. Only ashes and carcasses told the story of its greatness and its destruction. Darkness closed in about the weird surroundings, and the fateful events of the day were ended. Wheeler and his men, happy in victory, well supplied, and with a new crown of laurels, in the stillness of the night rode away in search of other and new adventures and in quest of more glory and increasing fame.

SURVIVORS OF THE VIRGINIA'S HEROIC MEN.—Frank S. Roberts writes from Washington, D. C.: "In the tribute to Benjamin Simms Herring, page 513, *VETERAN* for November, it is stated that 'he was doubtless the last survivor of the Virginia's heroic men.' In the *VETERAN* for May, 1915, is given a list of the officers, engineers, etc., of the Virginia, among them being H. H. Marmaduke, of Missouri, who was a midshipman. He is living here in Washington, D. C., and is a member of Camp 171, U. C. V., of the District of Columbia. There is another of those 'heroic men' surviving in the person of Capt. Elsbury V. White, of Georgia, now of Norfolk or Portsmouth, Va., who was an assistant engineer on the Virginia. When a boy in Columbus, Ga., before the war I knew him well—a tall, handsome young man. He and my brother, Charlie Roberts, were intimate friends. I know you do not wish to slight any one of them, so I send this to correct any erroneous impression."

Unless we can depopulate Georgia, it is useless to occupy it. * * * I can make Georgia howl.—*W. T. Sherman, U. S. A.*

THE OTHER SIDE AT FRANKLIN.

BY W. W. GIST (CO. D, 26TH OHIO), CEDAR FALLS, IA.

No one who took part in the battle of Franklin can ever forget those awful scenes of carnage. They will not fade from memory. A participant in the great historical event who has read the various conflicting reports of those high in command wants to view the whole field and note the relation of his particular command to the rest of the army. At the time no one knew what was taking place excepting what came under his own eyes. No strategic generalship was displayed on either side. Indeed, there was little chance for this. Hood inspired his officers to strike a terrific blow. Those officers inspired their men to risk everything, and their valor has never been surpassed. All who came across that open field on that November afternoon were heroes. It takes heroes to repel heroes. No battle was ever fought in which the value of the individual soldier was more manifest. He met the demands of the hour largely without orders from a superior. The bravery of both armies is the common heritage of our united country, and all are proud of it. Yet the battle of Franklin cannot be viewed by itself. It was one of a series of stirring events. The critical time for the Federal army was not at Nashville nor Franklin, but at Spring Hill.

A word concerning the army of Thomas is necessary for an intelligent understanding of the situation. During the Atlanta campaign Sherman had seven corps in his command, the Army of the Cumberland and the Tennessee each having three and the Army of the Ohio one corps. When Sherman started for the sea, he took five corps with him and left the 4th Corps and the 23d Corps under Thomas to meet Hood. Those in the ranks thought it would be a big task, and we found it to be such. Thomas had made a special request that the 14th Corps, with which he had been identified from the organization of the army, be granted him, but Sherman refused the request. Thomas went to Nashville and began hurrying up needed reinforcements. In November the 4th Corps was moved to Pulaski, and we had a few days' rest, almost the first rest of a portion of our command since the 1st of May. The two corps first came together at Columbia. Those in the ranks did not know anything about Hood's movements. When we began to move north, we naturally knew that the Confederates were advancing. There were but two major generals with the command, Stanley, commanding the 4th Corps, and Schofield, the 23d. Stanley outranked Schofield in date of commission, but the latter was given temporary command because he was the head of a department. In his book Schofield gives emphasis to the fact that he was a department commander and therefore ranked with Thomas, though his department consisted of two divisions of troops only. After throwing up temporary works at the edge of Columbia, we soon crossed to the north side of the river. The booming of cannon indicated clearly that once more we were face to face with our old antagonist.

That Hood outgeneraled Schofield at Columbia is plainly to be seen. In fact, he threw the bulk of his army practically in the rear of our army and made the situation critical indeed for us. On the 29th of November the second division of the 4th Corps started for Spring Hill to guard the wagon train and artillery. We had a forced march, and it was a little difficult for one boy of fifteen to keep up. This command, under Wagner, was Sheridan's old division. Stanley, the corps commander, was present. My regiment, the 26th Ohio, was stopped a short distance from Spring Hill to guard a road. Our company had marched as flankers, but it was not

stopped with the regiment, and it formed a part of the skirmish line east of the village. The regiment numbered only about one hundred and twenty men. Our division drove Forrest out of town. Our command was spread out in the form of a semicircle on the east side of the town, and it was really only a skirmish line. A large part of Hood's army was in striking distance and began to press our thin line back. Stanley had the artillery of the corps massed on an elevation, and it did some splendid work in shelling the advancing foe. Hood seems to have blamed Cleatham for not pressing the attack. Cox in his first book says that Hood himself should bear the blame, as he was near the head of the column and could have given the command in person. If so, Cox himself failed in a similar way the next day. Our little regiment met for a short time the attack of a line of battle and was scattered toward the pike, losing three of our orderly sergeants. In the forced march I had not been able to keep up. As I started to join the company on the skirmish line, I was pressed into service to help carry a wounded man back to an ambulance. When I started again to join my company, I was ordered by an officer to help form a line for the defense of the artillery. There were not more than a dozen of us, and our resistance would have been feeble indeed. Fortunately darkness came to our relief, and we did not fire a shot.

Parts of our scattered regiment came together after dark, and we made up two stacks of guns. I heard Stanley congratulate the captain commanding the regiment that his command had not been captured. We were then moved just east of the village and lay in line of battle. We were not allowed to talk nor to build a fire. We could see the Confederates walking around their camp fires, and they seemed hardly more than half a mile away. It was a gloomy night. I belonged to a mess of non-commissioned officers. Our orderly sergeant had been shot through the body and was left near a house on the skirmish line. Two weeks later we learned that he died that night. Soon after dark the advance of the main army reached the village on the way to Franklin. As they saw the camp fires south of town they began to fear, thinking they were about to go into camp. Word was quickly passed along the line that those were the Confederate camp fires, and silence was maintained as they passed along. The actual fighting at Spring Hill did not amount to much, but the one division under Stanley and Wagner made such a show of force that Hood did not press the fight. What that small force did at that critical time made the victory at Franklin possible. Schofield in his book says: "The gallant action of Stanley and his one division at that place in the afternoon of November 30 cannot be overestimated nor too highly praised." Had Hood won the victory there that seemed within his grasp, the reputation of Schofield, of Thomas, and even of Sherman would have gone under a cloud.

Our rest that night was not very refreshing. Before daylight we were ordered to retire quietly to the highway and march toward Franklin. According to the custom of marching armies, the command in advance one day drops to the rear the next day. So our division was the rear guard. Opdyke's Brigade was in the very rear and had to meet the feeble attacks made in the retreat. We marched as rapidly as possible, and no unusual thing happened in our part of the line. When some two miles from Franklin, we formed a line of battle, facing the south or southeast. We were not only tired, but very hungry, as we had had no opportunity to cook a meal since the morning before. We hastily built little fires and began to make coffee, but we had to fall in and change our position nearer town, as I recall. In the meantime the

Rebel cavalry appeared on a road parallel with us, and our battery sent a few shells in that direction. Later we moved back until we were about a third of a mile from our works. Soon the Confederate army appeared in battle array on the hill in front of us, and it would have been a grand sight had it not indicated a bloody conflict. We gathered what rails and logs we could find and made a low barricade. We had no intrenching tools. We knew nothing about the disposition of the troops excepting our two brigades of Wagner's Division left out in front. Opdyke's Brigade had moved back into town. Nearer and nearer the Confederates approached with the precision of dress parade, and our hearts beat rapidly. We wondered why we were not moved back to the works. It was plain that some one had blundered. Wagner has been made the scapegoat. He had his responsibility, and he was to blame in some degree; but those over him were more to blame, in the very nature of things.

Let us note the situation in town. Cox was commanding the 23d Corps. The troops were worn out by their long night march, but they soon began to build works around the edge of town to the south. The 23d Corps did not reach to the river on the right, and so Kimball's Division, of the 4th Corps, was ordered to report to Cox, and they took their places on the extreme right. Wagner's Division was also ordered to report to Cox. The artillery and ammunition train of the 23d Corps crossed the river. Wood's Division of the 4th Corps also crossed to the north side of the river, as did Stanley and Schofield. Stanley was sick, and Schofield gave attention to repairing the bridges, so the teams and army might cross more easily. Our generals thought that Hood might make a strong demonstration in front, as he had done at Columbia, and then flank us from our position.

When the battle began, Cox was in command of the battle line, consisting of the 23d Corps, two divisions of the 4th Corps, and the 4th Corps artillery. With wonderful precision the Confederate forces came forward for the conflict, their approach the widest open field that an army ever charged over. Our right flank was refused to some extent, and our regiment was on the extreme right. This brought our part of the line a little closer to the works than the others. We stood or kneeled, with loaded guns in hand, eyes to the front, watching the advancing line. The lines were within easy range of each other, but not a gun was fired from our part. We wondered why we were left out in that exposed position. At last we heard yells and firing at the left and saw that our line east of the pike had given way and was running toward the works, closely followed by the Confederates. Our whole line did the same. Lane says that five of our regiments went back with loaded guns; and I know this is true, so far as those about me were concerned. I jumped over the works just east of the locust grove near what proved to be the Carter house. Finding the works empty, we stopped, and as soon as the men seemed to be in we began to fire as rapidly as possible. Soon a cloud of smoke hung over us, and nothing was distinct.

An incident happened at this time that I now mention for the first time. We had fired several times in quick succession, and as I lifted my gun to shoot again a man jumped on the works almost directly in front of me and shouted: "Stop firing, boys; the men are not all in yet." I was a little horrified at first to think that we might have begun firing too soon and dropped my gun. Instantly there was a commotion at our left in the direction of the pike. I turned my eyes in that direction and saw the line giving way and the Confederates pouring over the works. I have wondered about the man who

jumped upon the works and am inclined to think he was not one of our men, but one of the Confederates.

Our line was carried back a few rods, and I went to the rear of the Carter house. This was doubtless about the time that Opdyke made his famous charge to restore the line. I saw nothing that looked like a charge, as those advancing had to divide in two parts to pass the Carter house. The line that I was in seemed to surge back as those at the pike gave way and then to move forward to what must have been the second line of works. The line was now restored, and there was no break in it again. Men from several regiments were intermingled, and every man knew that the supreme thing was to hold the works, and every man did his duty. Had we been in separate commands under the eyes of our own officers, we could not have done more. No battle was ever more truly won by those in the ranks. The officers did all that there was for them to do. They ran back and got us ammunition and spread it on the works before us, so that we could fire rapidly in time of need. A hundred wagonloads of ammunition were expended, giving some indication of the amount of lead that went over that field of carnage. Numerous charges were made, some say as many as thirteen, but I do not know. Frequently those who had dropped behind our works in a charge as there came a lull in the firing would ask permission to come over and surrender. We always told them: "Drop your guns and climb over." The Rebel yell would ring out vigorously as each new attack was made. Then there would be nothing heard but the continuous roll of musketry and the awful booming of cannon. The guns of the combatants almost flashed into one another's faces. Then we would yell with all the energy we could command. There was a Yankee yell as well as a Rebel yell, and we always thought we put more volume into our yell than did our opponents across the works. To me their voices seemed pitched on a higher key than ours.

Actual incidents under my observation were not numerous. I recall that the colonel of one of our commands jumped on the works and called on the line to follow him. The line was composed of men from several commands, and we knew that a charge by a small portion of the line would be absolutely foolish; that the thing for us to do was to hold the works, and we did not respond. A ball pierced the man, and he fell a few feet to my left. It was my impression that he was from a Missouri regiment, but Cox says it was Colonel Stockton, of the 72d Illinois. Stretcher bearers came from the rear and asked for the officer who had been shot. I wondered at the time how it was known back in the rear.

I saw no officer of high rank after the fight began. Cox says that he went along the line to inspect it. I saw no officer on horseback after we reached the works, but this is no evidence against their being present. There was no need of orders. It is my opinion that, after Opdyke gave orders to his brigade, if Stanley, Cox, and Schofield had mounted their horses and galloped to Nashville the battle would have terminated just as it did, except there would have been no one to order a retreat at midnight. This is no reflection upon the officers. The men in the ranks saw what was to be done and did it.

Late at night, when the firing had ceased, I was so tired that I leaned my head against the works to rest. Near midnight a picket shook me to see whether I was asleep or dead. He said: "Do you know that the army is across the river?" I did not, but I started at once for the rear. As I passed back of the Carter house I saw the line of wounded lying there. They did not seem to realize that they were soon to

be prisoners. Those slightly wounded had doubtless been removed. Almost as soon as I gained the other side of the river I met a man of my company. He had a sharpshooter's rifle and had gone back into town to mold some bullets and had taken time to refresh himself with coffee. The long and nervous strain of the battle had exhausted me completely. As I recall, I would walk about a quarter of a mile and then throw myself upon the ground and fall asleep. My comrade would let me sleep three or four minutes and then rouse me for the journey. This continued for most of the night. Toward morning I became more awake and my comrade more drowsy, and I had to wake him several times. As I marched along by a command after daylight several remarked that I must have been in the thick of the fight, as my face was black from the smoke of the guns. I soon stopped at a small stream and made a hasty toilet. It was about noon when I reached our line, drawn up south of Nashville. I threw myself upon the ground without a blanket and slept till the next day. General Schofield says that he went to a hotel about noon, went to bed, and did not awake until about sunset the next day. Commanders and privates were alike exhausted.

For years after the battle I did not know of the controversy as to the commands in the fight. When Cox's book came out in 1882, I was greatly surprised by what he had to say concerning the two brigades of Wagner's left out in front. Those who have read that account will see that my statements differ widely from his. As commandant of the line, why did not Cox order the two brigades to come in when he realized that their hasty retreat might endanger the line? He makes Wagner the scapegoat and follows him relentlessly. In his first book Cox blames Hood at Spring Hill for not giving commands directly to the divisions instead of the corps commanders. Is not Cox just as much to blame for not withdrawing these two brigades at the proper time? Schofield boasts that at the beginning of the fight from his position on the north side of the river he could see every battalion and battery in his command. Then why did he not order those two helpless brigades in? That question has been asked for fifty years. Those high in command blame the subordinate. The fact is that Wagner had in his pocket a written order to keep his brigades out there till after dark and then take them across the river. This shows that an assault was not expected. Of course Wagner was to retire if too hard pressed, but this was not experienced until it was too late to retire in order. Had the battle field extended over miles and Wagner been in an isolated place, he might have shown more caution. Once an aid came to Wagner and told him the enemy was massing. He told the aid to report the fact to Stanley. This was done when Schofield and Stanley were together. No command was sent back.

In his first book Cox says the two brigades retreated to the river and were not in the fight again. This was the first I ever heard of such a claim, and it was so far from the facts that I at once took the matter up with Cox. The two brigades lost heavily, as the "Official Records" show, and Cox accounted for this on the ground that they lost the men out in front. Even Dr. Henry M. Field, who would not have intentionally misrepresented anything, was led to write that it would have been better had Wagner sacrificed his own life out in front rather than a thousand of his men. Fortunately, neither Wagner nor many of his men were sacrificed in that place. As an eyewitness of what happened out in front and on the retreat, I know that our loss was insignificant in the advanced position. The safety of the Confederates depended upon their following us as rapidly as possible before the men in the works

opened fire. I wrote to Gov. J. D. Porter, of Nashville, who was on General Cheatham's staff and was familiar with the battle field, asking him what loss Wagner's brigades suffered out in front. His reply was that a few men were wounded, and perhaps fifteen or twenty men threw down their guns and surrendered. A little later he wrote a second letter, after he had a talk with General Cheatham, and the latter estimated our loss as even smaller. These letters are before me. They state the facts just I observed them. It certainly would have been foolish for the Confederates to stop and fire when by running rapidly they were shielded by our two brigades until they practically reached our works. Hon. H. P. Figures, of Columbia, who was a boy living in Franklin at the time of the fight, writes me that he has no recollection of seeing any Federal dead outside the works. Wagner's brigades lost heavily, but they did not lose the men in front. They could not have lost any men had they been back at the river, as Cox states. They sustained their loss in the region of the Columbia Pike, where the battle raged the hottest. Col. Ellison Capers, of the 24th South Carolina Regiment, says that in an assault on our works about ten o'clock that night his regiment captured a number of men from the 97th Ohio, of our brigade. Colonel Lane, of that regiment, was in command of the brigade at the time. Some of my own regiment were captured in the works, and one of these was at the fiftieth anniversary gathering at Franklin.

I was naturally aroused by the misstatements in Cox's book, and I wrote an article for an Iowa paper giving an account of the battle as I saw it. A copy of this article evidently fell into the hands of General Cox. In his second book on the battle he does me the honor to quote freely from my article. He recedes from his first account a good deal, but he does not give the full facts. He quotes from Captain Sexton, of the 72d Illinois, who estimates that probably five hundred of Wagner's two brigades might have been in the works. He also takes pains to state that no other officer of the 23d Corps makes the estimate so large. How did this captain come to make such an estimate? He could certainly not have done it in the heat of battle. When darkness came and there was a lull, could he distinguish commands when all the men were dressed alike? What right has Cox to ignore the official reports of the men who commanded these brigades? With considerable reluctance he admits that perhaps five hundred men of the two brigades stopped at the works and fought. Yet the official loss of the two brigades was eight hundred and fifteen! This beats all records since wars began. The trail of blood usually tells where the fighting was done and who did it. In his official report Schofield gives the loss of Wagner's entire division as 1,241. The loss in the 23d Corps was 637. Two regiments temporarily attached to the corps lost 321 more. Cox gives 990 as the loss of the 23d Corps. This varies slightly from Schofield's figures. Schofield commends Wagner highly in his report for the admirable manner in which he discharged his duties.

When I turn to the map in Cox's second book on Franklin, I am amazed to find that the two brigades which bore such an important part in the fight and suffered so much are not assigned a place in the battle line at all. Why does he not properly recognize the two brigades that lost more men than the entire corps under his command? I am also amazed to find that Schofield in the book that he wrote in later life refers to Wagner and his two brigade commanders in this unjust manner: "Those three commanders ought to have been tried by court-martial and, if found guilty, shot or cashiered for sacrificing their men and endangering the line."

And yet years later Schofield was supposed to have sufficient ability to have command of the entire army. Had it not been for the heroic action of those commanders at Spring Hill and Franklin, it is possible that Schofield would never have worn three stars on his shoulder. Was it the manly thing to try to cover up his blunder by placing the blame on three brave subordinates?

In the great loss of life and the heroic fighting of the individual soldier the battle of Franklin will hold a high place among the hard-fought battles on this continent. The armies were comparatively small, yet the brave Confederates who crossed that field of death lost more men killed in a few hours than the Federals lost at Shiloh, Stones River, Chickamauga, or Chancellorsville. They lost more than twice the number that Grant lost at Missionary Ridge. Let history record the facts and give to each command on both sides the honor due.

THE 24TH MISSISSIPPI AT FRANKLIN.

Joseph E. Whitaker, of Villa Americana, Brazil, S. A., has sent to the VETERAN the following list of casualties of the 24th Mississippi Regiment, Walthall's Brigade, in the battle of Franklin. The list has been preserved for the special benefit of the surviving members of the regiment, but is of interest to all students of that most sanguinary of conflicts. The list of killed, wounded, and prisoners was made by Mr. Whitaker by order of General Brantly. When roll was called the morning after the battle, he, a second lieutenant, was the only officer left in his regiment and a Lieutenant Jones, of the 30th Mississippi, the only one of that. Whitaker was put in command of both regiments and held the office until after the battle of Nashville, when the troops went back to Tupelo, Miss. After a hard retreat, he was sent to the hospital, Capt. Clifton Dansley taking his place.

Lieutenant Whitaker afterwards served under Johnston during the closing campaigns of the war, after the consolidation of the 24th, 27th, 29th, 30th, and 34th Mississippi Regiments. A few days before the surrender I. M. Glenn was made captain, Comrade Whitaker first lieutenant, and R. E. Cox second lieutenant of Company L. A short time after this the men were paroled and returned to their homes. The list follows:

J. R. McIntosh, adjutant of regiment, wounded in back; W. W. Thomson, captain of Company A, captured; E. Spencer, first lieutenant of Company A, captured; J. E. Whitaker, second lieutenant of Company A, slight wound, returned for duty; J. S. Ball, corporal of Company A, killed; A. K. McLeod, killed; P. G. Hillman, wounded in thigh; E. W. Jordan, wounded in hand; C. Brewer, wounded in head; S. S. Shepard, wounded in back and arm, afterwards died; I. Smith, wounded slightly in face, returning for duty; P. L. Critz, second lieutenant of Company B, killed; R. G. Phelps, sergeant of Company B, wounded slightly in leg; R. F. Owen, sergeant of Company B, captured; D. H. Conegy, killed; Van B. White, killed; J. A. Reynolds, wounded severely in arm; Tim Brown, captured; A. A. Wofford, corporal of Company B, captured; W. T. Nelms, corporal of Company C, killed; J. M. Franklin, wounded in leg and captured; J. W. Holaday, captured; C. G. Auter, sergeant of Company G, wounded slightly in hip; J. S. Williams, killed; W. Couch, sergeant of Company H, wounded and captured; G. W. McIntosh, corporal Company H, killed; T. B. Couch, captured; T. H. Gilliam, killed; G. P. Hoffman, wounded severely in head; G. W. Bean, missing; C. Butcher, wounded severely in shoulder; W. H. Clay,

wounded slightly in arm; H. F. Mosely, wounded slightly in hip; M. L. Roberts, wounded severely in head; G. W. Searcey, wounded severely in hand; E. Young, captured; J. L. Egger, lieutenant of Company D, wounded severely; B. T. McGau, wounded slightly in arm; James Baird, lieutenant of Company E, wounded by ramrod in thigh; J. C. Tucker, wounded in face and foot; G. A. Courtney, killed; W. A. Doomas, captured; B. F. Toomer, captain of Company F, killed; Robert Johnson, killed; F. M. Powers, killed; W. J. Senter, killed; D. Whitman, wounded in shoulder; W. H. Kilpatrick, lieutenant of Company K, killed; John Hill, killed; C. F. Marshall, corporal of Company K, captured; P. T. Kicpt, first sergeant of Company K, wounded in cheek; John Hill, wounded in leg and back; J. N. Furgerson, wounded in foot; T. H. Basnett, wounded in breast; R. H. Jones, wounded in side and prisoner; P. G. Hall, wounded in finger; J. Putman, wounded in head; J. Palmerton, captured; J. R. Shaw, wounded in arm (all of Company K); Joe W. Ward, captain of Company, killed; E. Morgan, wounded slightly.

INCIDENTS IN THE BATTLE OF PRAIRIE GROVE.

BY L. T. SANDERS, PLAIN DEALING, LA.

There were Federal troops under General Blount at Cane Hill, Washington County, Ark., and General Herron was on his way by Fayetteville to reinforce him. Gen. Tom Hindman, in command of the Confederate forces then near Fort Smith, becoming aware of the movements of these troops, decided to attack them in detail. Sending General Frost with some Missouri troops to attack General Blount and, if possible, hold him at Cane Hill, he, with the rest of the army, by forced march placed himself on the main road between General Blount and General Herron, our advance surprising a Federal cavalry regiment just as they were feeding their horses about daylight. Here we turned to the right, marching toward Fayetteville, reaching Prairie Grove about twelve o'clock, where we encountered the enemy, and about one o'clock the battle opened and raged fiercely until night.

General Frost failed to hold General Blount at Cane Hill; so about three or four o'clock General Blount appeared in our rear, closely followed by General Frost. General Blount signaled General Herron and was answered, and General Blount immediately moved and took position on General Herron's right, where he was soon confronted by General Frost, and a very hard-fought battle raged for about two hours.

Sometime after dark the enemy seemed to be destroying their surplus baggage by burning and from all appearances were retreating. With General Blount was the 8th Missouri United States Cavalry. This regiment was out scouting when General Blount retreated from Cane Hill, and when they returned they found their command gone; so they moved along after General Frost and somehow got into our lines at about midnight. Discovering the fix he was in, and it being very dark, the commander, simply by prudence and daring, passed on through without being molested or his presence being known, our advance pickets thinking, of course, that it was a Confederate regiment going to the front. On our way home after the surrender we met this regiment not far from Little Rock, and they joked us pleasantly about the affair.

On the battle field that day we saw a horse with one hind foot shot off below the fetlock, and the next morning we saw that horse about twelve miles away. We too had retreated during the latter part of the night, not having supplies sufficient to warrant us in following up the victory. We saw some pretty hard service in the Trans-Mississippi Department.

[Paper by Dr. Y. R. LeMonnier, of New Orleans, La., a private of the Orleans Light Horse, General Polk's body-guard, read before a meeting of the Army of Tennessee, Louisiana Division.]

We started for Alexander's Bridge. As we reached the other side of the creek I saw the courier, Fisher, by a fire warming his hands, the bridle of his horse over his right shoulder. I cried to him, "Fisher, the General wants you," and through devilment added "You are going to catch hell." He immediately jumped into the saddle and quickly rode to General Polk. I advanced to within respectful distance to where they were and distinctly heard Fisher say " " " and, having no answer, I stopped at the fire to warm my hands and did not think I was doing wrong." General Polk spurred his horse, a quick mover, and we followed at a rapid gait. We knew then by his face and his movements that something was wrong. "Ah, le quart d'heure de Rabelais!" We moved rapidly until we reached Lieut. Gen. D. H. Hill's headquarters at about 7:15, when the following conversation took place. General Polk addressing General Hill: "General, why have you not attacked?" General Hill answered: "General, my men are drawing rations, etc." "Sir," said General Polk, "this is not the time for eating, this is the time for fighting. Attack immediately; attack immediately." And without waiting for an answer from General Hill, General Polk whirled his horse around and, galloping along his line, to every man he general said: "General, attack immediately."

The mask had fallen; a terrible blunder had been made. That Bishop Polk, a man *par excellence*, of suavity of manner, should have so spoken to his first in command under him denoted a terrible strain on the man's mind; for he was, without exception, "Un chevalier de la noble école," brought up in a Parisian parlor.

My dear comrades, this is a typical narrative of what took place on that memorable occasion. May my tongue forever cleave to my palate if at this late hour of our existence I should dare to be guilty of misrepresenting a historical fact!

Let us see if facts, official documents, bear out my statement. We, the *dramatis personæ* of this great conflict, are

As soon as General Polk arrived at his headquarters, after receiving his instructions from General Bragg, the commander in chief, he issued the following order:

THE ADJUTANTS RIGHT WING, ARMY OF TENNESSEE
September 10, 1863, 11.30 P.M.

2. Major General Cheatham, on Hill's left, will make a simultaneous attack.

"3. Major General Walker's corps will act as reserve corps, and division commanders will see that their troops are supplied with ammunition before daylight.

1. command of LIEUTENANT GENERAL POLK
THOMAS M. PAGE, A. A. G.

THE LIBRARY OF THE
MAJOR GENERAL WALKER

Copies of the above orders, given to reliable carriers, were ordered delivered at once. Signals were placed at the bridge and upon the road directly opposite the camp, instructed to build fires and to be on the lookout, especially for Generals Hill, Cheatham, and Walker. These signals were at their post until 2 A.M. when General Walker and Lieutenant Reid, a staff officer at General Hill, and others had been directed to General Polk.

The orders were promptly delivered, but General Hill could not be found either at Thedford's Ford, where General Polk had been told he would be found, or along his line of battle; but in the meantime General Polk had himself delivered messages to that effect to two of General Hill's staff, which messages were received, one of them as early as midnight.⁸

In "Leonidas Polk, Bishop and General," we read at the bottom and top of pages 244 and 245, Volume II, "It appears, however, that General Polk was the only one who made any attempt to reach General Hill. The commanding general, although he had just detached him (about ten that night) from his own headquarters and assigned him to General Polk, who till then had had no authority over Hill, communicated neither this fact nor, indeed, anything to Hill until the next morning at eight o'clock, when he met him on his line of battle. It appears that General Hill was approaching army headquarters when he received General Polk's message telling him that he had been placed under his (Polk's) orders and that he wished to see him at his headquarters that night." Instead of reporting himself at one headquarters or the other, General Hill unfortunately waited until nearly 4 A.M., more than three hours, and then, passing almost through Polk's camp, accompanied by his staff, rode to his line."

At 5:30 a.m. of the 20th, General Hill not having been found, the following (duplicate) order was sent direct to General Hill's division commanders—*i. e.*, Major Generals Churne and Breckinridge—*viz.*:

"General: The lieutenant general commanding, having sought in vain for General Hill, gives you directly the following order: Move upon and attack the enemy as soon as

you are in position. Major General Cheatham, on your left, has been ordered to make a simultaneous attack.

"Respectfully, General, your obedient servant,
THOMAS M. JACK, A. A. G."

Shortly after this order was dispatched Major Lee, of General Bragg's staff, arrived and inquired about the delay in attacking. The officer was informed that, General Hill not having been found, the order had been given to his division commanders.

See statement of Capt. J. Frank Wheelless.⁸ He had been sent direct to General Cheatham, General Breckinridge, and General Cleburne and told to proceed as fast as possible. This he did and, finding General Hill with his major generals, returned with the following note to General Polk from General Hill: "I could find no courier at Alexander's Bridge and, therefore, could not find you. My divisions are getting their rations and will not be ready to move for an hour or more. Breckinridge's wagons seem to have been lost between Thedford's Ford and this place. It will be well for you to examine the line from one end to the other before starting. Brigadier General Jackson is running from east to west. My line is from north to south. General Cleburne reports that the Yankees were felling trees all night and consequently now occupying a position too strong to be taken by assault. What shall be done when the point is reached?"

On its receipt General Polk wrote to General Bragg:

"IN THE FIELD, September 20, 1863, 7 A.M.

"General: I am this moment in receipt of my first communication from General Hill, who informs me that he will not be ready to move for an hour or more, because his troops are receiving rations and because his wagons were lost last night. The attack will be made as soon as he is prepared for it.

"Respectfully, General, your obedient servant,
L. POLK, Lieutenant General Commanding.
"BRIGADIER GENERAL MACKALL, Chief of Staff, A. A. G."⁹

It will be seen that the hour is not stated on General Hill's note, while that of General Polk is dated 7 A.M. Sunrise on that day in that latitude is stated as 5:47.⁷

Captain Wheelless, on his return to headquarters with General Hill's note, met General Polk on his way to the front. The note read, General Polk continued to General Hill's headquarters, when the meeting mentioned at the beginning of this paper took place, which was between 7:15 and 7:30 A.M. General Bragg rode up at about 8 A.M. and inquired of Hill why he had not begun the attack at daylight. When told that Hill was then hearing for the first time that such an order had been issued and had not known whether we were to be the assailants or assailed, he said angrily: "I found Polk after sunrise sitting down reading a newspaper at Alexander's Bridge, two miles from the line of battle, when he ought to have been fighting."

You will notice the error in General Hill's talk to General Bragg, for he had in the meantime seen General Polk, and before this orders had been received through Captain Wheelless from Polk's headquarters. Let us stop here a minute. The assertion from General Bragg that General Polk was sitting down reading a newspaper at Alexander's Bridge is erroneous. It is so ridiculously false that I am at a loss to understand how a man of such an exalted position as the commander in chief of that magnificent body of men called the Army of Tennessee could be guilty of such misrepresentation; or is it

that his chronic dyspepsia so completely upset his intellectual faculties that he saw phantoms where all was serene? But let us follow General Bragg farther on and see if he is consistent.

In a letter written by him to Maj. E. T. Sykes, of Columbus, Miss., dated February 8, 1873, in referring to General Polk's responsibility in not attacking at daylight on the morning of September 20, he says: "This question is best answered by my official report, and I send you by this day's mail a written copy, which I must beg you to preserve and return, as it is invaluable to me. In addition to what is there said, I can now add, but would not put it in an official report, that the staff officer sent to General Polk, Major Lee, A. I. G., to urge his compliance with the orders of the previous night reported to me that he found him at a farmhouse three miles from the line of his troops about one hour after sunrise sitting on the gallery reading a newspaper, waiting, as he (the General) said, for his breakfast."

In answer to the above, I quote the footnote on page 251, Volume II., of "Leonidas Polk, Bishop and General":

"1. General Polk's headquarters were at Alexander's Bridge, located in a spot cleared of undergrowth and small trees the day before by troops temporarily camped there. No farmhouse was near. The spot was about twelve hundred yards in the rear of General Walker's line. (See map of field and statement of Captain Morris, the engineer officer who located the camp already given.) The writer saw Major Lee deliver General Bragg's message to General Polk at this camp. General Polk had then breakfasted and was preparing to mount his horse to ride to the front.

"2. The time of this interview is nearly enough fixed by the following reply made by General Cheatham to an inquiry by General Polk which was made in relation to this very interview with Major Lee: 'To the best of my recollection, I saw you at Turner's Battery about sunrise, you having, as I understood, just returned from the right of your lines.'"¹⁰

In conclusion, the following extract is given from a letter from Maj. Frank McNairy, General Cheatham's aid-de-camp: "I left General Cheatham's headquarters before daylight the morning of the battle and went to General Polk's headquarters with a message from General Cheatham to General Polk. When I got there, which was about daylight, I found General Polk and staff on their horses about-moving to the field, which they did at once. They got there before me, as I stopped to water my horse, which had not had water for twenty-four hours. When I arrived on the field, he was there. The sun was not more than up when I got to the field."

The above facts, statements, and especially orders from different headquarters prove the correctness of my assertions.

After the battle General Bragg suspended from their commands Lieutenant Generals Polk and Hill, Major Generals Hindman and Buckner, and even Brigadier General Forrest some five weeks later; but as General Polk is the subject of my narrative, I must confine myself to him. Why was General Polk relieved of his command and ordered to Atlanta by the commanding general? Was it just, honest, judicious, or was it not on the part of General Bragg a Juggernaut demanding victims for the error which he had made in not immediately pursuing and following the demoralized and routed army of General Rosecrans to Chattanooga? Our headquarters, after the second day's fight, were on the field of battle under the broad canopy of heaven in an open field, where night caught us after the defeat of the enemy. The moonlight on that eventful night was so bright that, in the

words of General Polk, "one could almost have picked up a pin on the ground." At 8 P.M. word came that the General wanted a drink of water. Not a drop was to be had anywhere. Albert D'Aquin and I started in search of the precious liquid. On and on we went, knowing not where. It seemed to me that we were in the great Desert of Sahara and that our search would never end; but, thanks to the beautiful moonlight, we spied at a distance what we thought was a group of men. Going in that direction, we heard human voices, and when we came to the spot we had reached the goal of our ambition. Here was a well, but how to get at its bottom was the question. I reached it by my comrades letting me down, holding me by the hands, when, lo and behold! its bottom was full of Yankee canteens filled with water. I mention this to recall how certain events will engrave themselves on memory, never to fade, never to be forgotten. Now, if we could find this well, these canteens at its bottom, thanks to that beautiful moonlight night, do you not see how easy it would have been to pursue the enemy into Chattanooga?

Again, if General Polk had been guilty of such infamy as imputed to him by General Bragg—to wit, waiting for his breakfast while reading a newspaper at a farmhouse instead of attacking the enemy—it was General Bragg's duty immediately to place General Polk under arrest and order him away from the field of battle. Not having done so, he became *ipso facto*, *particeps criminis*. General Polk during the two days' fight and the following night, I assert most positively, having been present all the time, never entered a farmhouse. There was none about.

In "Cleburne and His Command," by Capt. Irving A. Buck, pages 135-137, we read: "Bragg replied that there was no more fight in the troops of Polk's wing. He seems not to have known that up to that time, 2:30 P.M., Cheatham's Division and a part of Liddell's had not been in action that day. (D. H. Hill's 'Battles and Leaders.') Absence from the field and consequent lack of knowledge of the true conditions as to Polk's wing is the only way to account for this unjust and untrue aspersion upon the troops who, by their magnificent fighting, had so pressed the Federals' left as to make the brilliant movement by Longstreet's wing the great success it was. And the heroic fight they afterwards made * * * entirely disproves the commanding general's opinion that there was no more fight in them."

From a letter from General Longstreet to Gen. D. H. Hill, dated July, 1884, in "Battles and Leaders," page 659, footnote, we extract: "It is my opinion that Bragg thought at 3 P.M. that the battle was lost, though he did not say so positively. I asked him at that time to reinforce me with a few troops that had not been so severely engaged as mine and to allow me to go down the Dry Valley road so as to interpose behind Thomas and cut off his retreat to Chattanooga, at the same time pursuing the troops I had beaten back from my front. His reply was that he had no troops except my own that had any fight left in them and that I should remain in the position in which I then was. After telling me this, he left me, saying: 'General, if anything happens, communicate with me at Reed's Bridge.' Rosecrans speaks particularly of his apprehension that I would move down the Dry Valley road." ("Cleburne and His Command," page 136.) "From this it would appear that, of all the large body of gallant men, this commander was the only one whipped." ("Ibid," pages 136 and 137.)

I particularly recommend for reading Chapter IX. of "Cleburne and His Command." It tells what this splendid

body of men, the Army of Tennessee, thought of its commander and incidentally gives another example of Mr. Davis's unfortunate penchant for a favorite. You will learn something of us, of how gallantly we fought under one in whom we had reason to have lost all confidence and who so little appreciated the victories we won for him. Here at Chickamauga in less than eighteen months General Bragg flagrantly violated the sound military proposition he had injected in his report of the battle of Shiloh—viz.: "In this result we have a valuable lesson by which we should profit: never on a battle field to lose a moment's time, but, leaving the killed, wounded, and spoils to those whose special business it is to care for them, to press on with every available man, giving a panic-stricken and retreating foe no time to rally, and reaping all the benefits of a success never complete until every enemy is killed, wounded, or captured."

In Lieut. Gen. Richard Taylor's "Destruction and Reconstruction," page 100, we read of General Bragg, whom he knew very well: "He furnished a striking illustration of the necessity of a healthy body for a sound intellect. Many years of dyspepsia had made his temper sour and petulant, and he was intolerant to a degree of neglect of duty, or what he esteemed to be such, by his officers. * * * Feeble health too unfitted him to sustain long-continued pressure of responsibility, and he failed in the execution of his own plans."

With such facts known, we can now account for General Bragg's erratic conduct and his wholesale suspensions of his best generals at Chickamauga. Let me here state that the suspension of General Polk was disapproved at the seat of government, Richmond, and that Christian gentleman, the Episcopal Bishop of Louisiana, a graduate of West Point, was reinstated in his command.

"To err is human" is a saying as true as it is old and as old as the existence of man, who has always erred and ever will in this world of deception and misgivings. Therefore the above lines are not intended to detract from General Bragg's qualities. Let us not forget the services he rendered to the country in the war with Mexico, in the battle of Buena Vista, when he was young and healthy, under the very eyes of General Zachary Taylor (father of our Gen. Dick Taylor), subsequently President of the United States. In his "Destruction and Reconstruction" Gen. Dick Taylor says: "General Bragg died recently (1876) in Texas. I have rarely known a more conscientious, laborious man. Exacting of others, he never spared himself, but, conquering disease, showed a constant devotion to duty; and, distinguished as were his services in the cause he espoused, they would have been far greater had he enjoyed the blessing of health."

¹ "Leonidas Polk, Bishop and General," Volume II., page 24.

² "Official Records, War of the Rebellion," Volume XXX., Part 2, pages 58-60.

³ "Official Records, War of the Rebellion," Volume XXX., Part 2, pages 57-64-110.

⁴ *Ibid*, page 140.

⁵ "Official Records, War of the Rebellion," Volume XXX., Part 2, page 61.

⁶ See footnote, "Leonidas Polk, Bishop and General," Volume II., page 249.

⁷ See footnote, "Leonidas Polk, Bishop and General," Volume II., pages 249, 250.

⁸ "Battles and Leaders of the Civil War," Volume III., page 653.

⁹ "Leonidas Polk, Bishop and General," Volume II., page 251.

¹⁰ "Official Records, War of the Rebellion," Volume XXX., Part 2, page 63.

SOLDIER LIFE IN THE CONFEDERATE ARMY.

BY I. G. BRADWELL, BRANTLEY, ALA.

When the war broke out in 1861, I was a small boy going to school in Bainbridge, Ga. The crack military company of the town immediately offered their services to the Governor of the State and became a part of the 1st Georgia Regiment. Then another splendid company was organized and went away. After this other influential citizens raised companies, and it seemed that every available man and most of the larger schoolboys had enlisted. Those of the smaller set who had not done so now began to feel lonesome and wanted to go to the war before it should end without their having any part in the "fun."

In our little town Capt. G. W. Lewis, who had come from Tennessee a few years before, had a tailor shop, and at that time he was adjutant of the county militia. Having a desire to distinguish himself, he undertook to raise a company for service in the Confederate army. He hired a two-horse wagon and driver, a negro man to cook, secured an old tent and a couple of drums, and with these he started out on a tour of the county to induce the few who were yet at home to join his "company."



I. G. BRADWELL.

School was now out; and as we were spending a very dull summer vacation, this scribe and other boys of his age and size, attracted by the sound of the drum and the free and easy time in camp, fell in and became a part of the company. We went over a great part of the county (Decatur); but there were very few enlistments, and it looked as if all our drum-beating would result in failure.

At this time Mr. Augustus Bell, a prominent citizen, was also trying to raise a company, which made it more difficult for Captain Lewis; so he proposed that they unite their men and thus form a company large enough to be received in the regiment then organizing. This was done, and in November the little band, composed of small schoolboys out for a frolic, old men better suited for consuming rations than fighting, and a few first-class men, started to Savannah, Ga., where the regiment was to be mustered into service. But our captain misunderstood the order and took us to Brunswick. Seeing that I could not be persuaded not to go, knowing how frail and delicate I was, and having no confidence in my personal bravery, my father finally gave his consent, after telling me of some of the hardships and suffering I would have to endure and making me understand that if I ran under fire I must not come back to his house any more, as his family had never been disgraced by cowardice. Sam, the faithful carriage driver, had hitched up and was waiting at the gate to take me and my baggage to the nearest railroad station, thirty-six miles away. A servant girl was sent upstairs to get my blanket, while my step-mother and another servant prepared my lunch. When the blanket came and the girl was told to fold it up, my father said: "She shall not; let him do it. Let

him learn now that he will have to fold his own blanket every day and spread it on the wet ground and sleep on it." I later realized how true was all my father had said. But I hopped into the carriage as if I were going to a picnic.

At the station I found the captain and the other men, who had trudged all the way on foot. When we detrained at Brunswick, Captain Lewis drew cooking utensils and rations for the company and said to the men: "My servant has been doing the cooking for you all this time, but you will now have to do that for yourselves. Select your messmates, about five or six to the mess." When this was done, the cooking implements and rations were issued to each mess, and we all set about preparing our first meal in camp.

While all were giggling and quarreling over who should be chosen to constitute each mess, I took my place some distance away to observe what was said and done, not wishing to impose myself on any of them, as none was any kin to me or had any special interest in me. I observed two men standing some distance from the wrangling crowd, talking quietly to each other. One of these was a Mr. A., a handsome young newspaper man; the other a Mr. T., a farmer and a somewhat older man, with a young family at home. When I had about concluded that I would be left out, Mr. T. beckoned to me and said: "We had decided not to have anybody in our mess but this Dutchman, Elbert Haendl. He can do our cooking, and we can forage around at our leisure while he does the work. But you are a good boy. I know your brother Tom and your father. We'll take you, but will not take anybody else." This pleased me very much, and I promised to do my part. Some one proposed that we draw straws to ascertain who should cook supper. This was done, and the lot fell on Mr. T. and myself. Now, I had never cooked a meal in my life and knew absolutely nothing about it, but supposed that Mr. T., being a man of family, had some knowledge along that line and would tell me what to do. When I asked him, he said very abruptly: "Build a fire." I hadn't noticed until then that he was under the influence of liquor. Our three days' rations of meal, flour, and bacon were spread out, and Mr. A. said he did not think he could eat such coarse food; so he and Haendl set out to search the town for something better. They eventually returned with a demijohn of old black molasses that must have been ten years old.

When ordered to build the fire, I hustled around and in a few minutes had collected a great pile of sticks and had a fire ten feet high, which lit up the whole camp. Mr. T. said: "That's too big a fire; put it out." I smothered the fire somewhat and asked him what next. He was standing with his coat off and his shirt sleeves rolled up, and he told me to put on our big kettle filled with water, as he wanted to make biscuits. Then he told me to put our flour in the mess pan. He said he would fry our meat. This he sliced up and put into a long-handled frying pan. The steam by this time was issuing from the spout of the kettle, and he told me to take it off and pour the water into the mess pan on the flour. This I proceeded to do, asking him to tell me when I had enough. He looked on in his drunken stupor until I had poured the last drop of the steaming hot water into the pan, and when I had done so the flour was in little hard round lumps from the size of a buckshot to that of an egg. When he saw what I had done, he said: "You've ruined it." I took our corn meal and poured it into the thin hot batter and tried to beat it with a spoon into the consistency of paste, but the hard round lumps remained intact. In the meantime I had put our oven on the fire and had it red-hot. Into this I poured

the mixture and soon had burned a thick black crust on the bottom and numerous yellow perforations through it. Our bread for three days was a complete failure. Mr. T. put the frying pan on the fire, while I was busy with the "biscuit"; and a blaze lit into it and ran up five feet high, lighting up the whole camp and attracting the attention of everybody. The whole company began to laugh and guy him, and some holloed: "Spit on it, spit on it." He now became furious and upset the whole thing in anger, losing our meat in putting out the fire. It was very effective, but we fasted for the next three days.

I now saw that I should have to learn to do the cooking for the mess. We stuck together in peace and harmony as one family, while the other boys were continually fighting and quarreling among themselves as long as we remained in Georgia. The next spring we were sent to Virginia and placed under Stonewall Jackson. Mr. A. made a splendid soldier. He was shot dead at my side on the heights overlooking Marye's Heights May 4, 1863. The same day Mr. T. had part of his hand shot off, but survived the war. Poor Haendl was captured, put in prison, and starved until he was a mere skeleton. When exchanged and released at Richmond, Va., where he had access to something to eat, he died and fills a grave marked "Unknown."

HOW WE WERE ARMED.

When our regiment was forming, the officers, to induce the men to enlist, promised to arm them with Enfield rifles imported from England as soon as they should be mustered in. But these they did not have, and the men were inclined to rebel; but all returned to camp from the barracks in Savannah, where they took the military oath, and continued to drill with the old shotguns and squirrel rifles with which they had left home. Sometime after this the government sent wagon-loads of pikes to arm the regiment. This came near causing great trouble, and the officers did not attempt to compel the men to take them. Finally the regiment was armed with old smooth-bore muskets which had done service in previous wars, and with these we were armed when sent to Stonewall Jackson in June, 1862. When we got there, our camp was near the railroad station, where there was a great pile of new Springfield muskets that had been left on the numerous battle fields by the Federals and picked up by our men, and we were told to exchange our old guns for these. We were armed with these new Yankee muskets when we first opened fire on the enemy on June 27, 1862, in the great battle of Cold Harbor, where General McClellan's splendid army was defeated. The wonderful events of that historic day made a great and lasting impression on my mind. The dreadful roar of the cannonade, the incessant roll of small arms, and the dead and wounded men and horses can never be forgotten.

But I must tell something more of our stay at Savannah. Here we were drilled four hours every day and were thoroughly trained for the duties which we were expected to perform later on. But our confinement in camp and daily guard mount, dress parade, and rigid discipline grew extremely monotonous, and we all longed for freedom; so when orders came to pack up and get ready to take the train for Virginia, the officers found it impossible to exercise any kind of restraint, and we made the camp that day and night a veritable pandemonium. The younger set went wild with delight, but some of the older and more thoughtful applied for and got transfers to other commands which remained on the coast of Georgia and Florida. Each soldier that night took an inventory of his belongings, laying aside those things which

he considered indispensable, and when we "tall in" the next morning, packed up for our twelve-mile walk to Savannah, we looked like a regiment of foot peddlers. We had not proceeded far in the hot sun when we began to unload. This continued until we took the train in the city.

In due time we arrived at Petersburg, Va., where Colonel Evans received orders to proceed to the Valley of Virginia. When we got there we found the other five regiments, which constituted our brigade under Gen. A. R. Lawton, awaiting us. The appearance of General Jackson's army equipment and his soldiers, who had performed such wonders, was a revelation to us, who had been bottled up in camp so long, with the greatest abundance to eat, nice floored tents to sleep in, plenty of clean clothes to wear, and no marching or fighting to do. Near our camp was a park of artillery which had lately been taken from the enemy in the desperate battle at Port Republic a few days before. The bullet marks and the blood-spattered guns showed the nature of the fighting at the hands of the Louisiana "Tigers," then commanded by Gen. "Dick" Taylor. The army horses were lean and showed the effects of hard service. The few tents we saw and the wagon sheets seemed to have been dragged through pools of mud and water. But the soldiers! How lean and ragged, yet how game and enthusiastic! And when they stood up in line on dress parade under the tattered colors, their regiments were not larger than companies. Our new brigade of six thousand men was as large as half of Jackson's whole army, and I am sure he felt proud of us that morning, a few days after our arrival, as we marched by him to join Lee at Richmond. He had spent the previous night at a beautiful country home, and he and the ladies of the household and their servants came down to the road to see his new soldiers pass by. He stood on the bank of the road dressed in a new uniform, with his arms folded, and as we passed, marching in fours, he watched each quartet with the eye of an eagle.

But I must tell you why we left the Valley of Virginia and how we appeared so suddenly and unexpectedly to General McClellan on his right wing when he and Lincoln were expecting an attack on Washington from the Valley. After our arrival Jackson made demonstrations in the Valley with his cavalry, which indicated an early advance in that direction with reinforcements which could mean nothing but the taking of Washington. Lincoln had a big army there to guard him and his capital. Jackson and Lee wanted then kept there while Jackson marched his army rapidly to Richmond to join Lee and crush McClellan. We had been with Stonewall but a few days when trains began to arrive. These consisted of stock cars, box cars, platform cars, and all kinds. We were packed inside and on top of them and dispatched about twenty miles, when we were detrained, and the cars went back for others. We kept the line of the railroad on foot through woods and fields and across streams until it came our turn to ride again. By this means we were soon at Hanover Junction and Ashland, as far as we could go by railroad. Here we could hear the distant thunder of Lee's guns, which had already engaged the enemy in anticipation of our arrival.

OUR FIRST ENGAGEMENT.

While we were packed in box cars like sardines, before we reached Hanover Junction a soldier put his head out and saw a blue-coated soldier standing behind a tree observing our trains loaded with reinforcements for Lee's army. No doubt

he was one of McClellan's advance pickets thrown out to make observations and report.

McClellan was begging Lincoln to send the army he had at Washington to reinforce his right wing, and, anticipating this, he had extended his cavalry pickets to Hanover Junction to meet them, although Lincoln and Stanton had never consented to do so. If this had been done, Richmond would have fallen despite the combined armies of Lee and Stonewall Jackson, and the war would have been over in 1862.

After detraining at Ashland, we started on our march to join in the fray then in progress twenty miles or more away. As we hurried on in that direction the heavy sound of artillery became "nearer, clearer, and deadlier than before." Our officers were pushing us to the limit and keeping every man in place, except those who went with our canteens to get water. One young man came back to us with his load of fresh water, and as he handed it around he said: "Boys, they've been fighting down yonder in the woods. I saw a lot of cannon left there and dead men dressed in blue lying around." They marched us until late that night in order to reach the battle field next morning as early as possible, as General Jackson had promised General Lee to have us in line at daylight the next morning to begin the grand attack all along the line on the enemy's position; but at 10 P.M. we were still miles away and so exhausted that we had to bivouac. Before we reached our temporary resting place, we were halted in a sunken road flanked on one side by a forest which extended its branches over the road and increased the darkness of the place. On the other side were a low rail fence and a field which sloped gradually to a boggy swamp, some two hundred yards away.

Being worn out by our hard march, all soon fell asleep, while some one was looking for a place where we could spend the few remaining hours of the night in rest. We were squatting and sitting in every position in the road, when suddenly something came sweeping over us like a roaring wind and knocked some of our men out of their places, and everybody awoke completely panic-stricken. Most of the men began to scramble up the bank on the left to reach the open field beyond. Being small and not so strong as the others, I was hindmost in my attempt to follow, and during the scramble a rail struck me across the head. This was a knock-out blow, and I lay prostrate for some time. Upon regaining consciousness I picked up my gun and found the road deserted. Not knowing what to do and being entirely deserted, I clambered up the bank, loaded my gun, and awaited events. I heard a man walking in the woods on the other side of the road and went down into the road again to meet him. It was Sergeant A., my messmate, one of the bravest men that gave his life for the Confederacy. He was extremely mortified at what had happened and felt that our regiment had been disgraced by such conduct. Our captain and second sergeant came from the woods later on, and then the orderly sergeant and those who had fled to the swamp came back. The regiment was reformed, and we marched away to our bivouac as if nothing had happened.

As I was spreading our blankets on the ground Sergeant A. voluntarily made a speech to our men, and as well as I remember he said in part: "Comrades and fellow soldiers, to-night you have disgraced yourselves by your conduct in running away from an unseen enemy without making an attempt to fight; but to-morrow will be fought the greatest battle that ever shook the American continent, and you will be called on to show to the world whether you are cowards

or brave men. I hope every one of you will help to redeem this disgraceful conduct." He then fell down by my side, and we were soon sound asleep, while the boom of the distant cannon continued.

What it was that passed over us and created the panic is still a mystery. Some said it was General Lawton and his staff riding over us to see what effect it would have; others said it was our herd of beef cattle; but I cannot say, as I was half asleep at the time, and it was all over so quickly. Many funny things were done by individual members of our command on this occasion; but the stirring events which followed in such rapid succession soon caused us to forget this great stampede in the many hardships and dangers through which we were called to pass and in which many passed to the great beyond.

The next morning, when the light of the new day was making its appearance in the east, our old musician sounded the reveille as a signal to take our places in ranks and resume our march. The day was clear and warm, and our officers kept us on the move at "quick time" until afternoon, when a staff officer, who had ridden forward, returned and informed our general that the engagement had been in progress all the morning; that General Lee so far had made no impression on the enemy's works and had gotten the worst of the fighting, and to bring his men to the front at "double-quick," as we were needed there. The order was given, and we started in a trot; but many of our men soon became exhausted and dropped out.

We were now about two miles from the fighting, and every soldier who did not want to die with a greasy deck of cards in his pocket lightened his load that much. I remember that the roadside was strewn with these old packs of cards which had afforded so much pleasure to their owners when we were so pleasantly situated in our beautiful camps at Savannah. Our ranks thinned rapidly now, and by the time we reached the place where our line was to form there were very few present. Colonel Evans halted us and gave us a few minutes to catch our breath after our long run and to allow the stragglers time to come up and resume their places in the ranks. As we filed to the left on the edge of the field to form, we found there a long line of dead Mississippians on the ground, with blankets thrown over their faces. I then remembered my father's admonition; and although dreadfully frightened at what I saw and heard, I stepped boldly into the front rank and preferred to appear brave when some of my comrades plainly showed their feelings. Colonel Evans then told us that we were now going into battle and to take off everything but our cartridge boxes and canteens of water, and a guard would be placed over our belongings until after the battle. We were new soldiers and green enough to believe this, and accordingly we made a great pile of our knapsacks. We never saw them again. The guard said the day after the fight that a quartermaster's wagon come along, and the officer with it dismissed him and took charge of the goods.

In our front as we stood here was a wide level field, and beyond this the timber in a boggy creek (Powhite) obscured from our view the progress of events; but the white smoke arising and the thunder of the artillery indicated very plainly where we would strike the enemy. Across this field came cannon balls, skipping and striking the ground and cutting up all kinds of antics. Artillery horses, with their harness flapping and dangling about them and with the blood gushing from their wounds, could be seen flying wildly to

some place of safety. The bodies of dead horses and disabled caissons dotted the field and showed that the enemy had been driven that morning from this position to his chosen ground beyond the creek. During the few moments we were allowed to remain here I began to wonder why I had volunteered, against my father's and my teacher's advice, to come here to be killed like a dog when I might have remained at home in peace and plenty; but I dismissed this thought and asked the Almighty to shield me from the missiles of death and keep me from all harm. This silent prayer was answered; for, although my comrades were shot down all around me and the ground dug up and plowed by the iron and leaden hail, I escaped unharmed. I have ever since been a firm believer in God's merciful providence.

On the march that morning from our bivouac our regiment was the last of the brigade. General Lawton had ridden forward, and as the regiment arrived he threw them forward singly *en eschelon* on our right and to the left of A. P. Hill, supported by Longstreet, who was fighting with the greatest gallantry to dislodge the enemy from his almost impregnable position at Gaines's Mill, far to our right. When we reached the scene, our five other regiments were already engaged, and the 38th, next to us, was immediately in front of the Hoboken Battery, bearing the brunt of the battle, as they were in the open field and unprotected, while the other regiments were driving the enemy through the woods with comparatively small loss. Colonel Evans and the other field officers, mounted, ordered us to move forward; and as we did so he drilled us as if we were only on parade until we reached the margin of the creek, which we found to be a tangled mass of briars and undergrowth. Here he stopped us a moment to catch breath again and told us to lie down. He took a small Bible out of his breast pocket after he had dismounted and read while we rested. As we fell down a shell from the battery on the other side of the creek came cutting the air just over our heads and plunged into a marshy place back of us, lifting a great quantity of mud and weeds many feet high and spattering us with it. This shell just missed our company, and I saw its effect and felt that the gunners would make short work of us when we made our appearance in the open. Colonel Evans replaced his Bible in his pocket, drew his sword, and in his familiar voice said: "Attention, battalion!" Every man rose, and he ordered us to move forward.

We were soon through the thicket; and as we plunged into the muddy water, full of dead men and horses above, many of our men fell prostrate in it and began to drink. When we got across, our clothes and shoes were dripping mud and water. Just ahead of us was a long line of South Carolinians, lying flat on their faces, holding the position until we should come. When they saw us they called: "Come on, boys; walk right over us." This we did, as the ground was covered with their bodies and there was nowhere else to step. A short distance up the hill we were out of the woods, where the enemy's infantry and artillerymen could see us. They immediately opened on us with their long-range rifles, while we could do nothing with our muskets, and our men were cut down all about me. The first ball struck a young soldier in Company E named Simpson, who cried in anguish: "O boys, they've shot me!" Then to my right a young man fell, then another and another.

At this the older men of the regiment called out to our field officers that we could not stand that and that we must take the battery on the hill in front of us, in full view ex-

cept for the cloud of white smoke around it. With this they dashed forward, without orders, with a hideous yell. We were soon within range of their infantry, and the whole regiment opened fire. The blue line broke immediately, falling back on their battery, shooting all the while; but our men were determined to drive them from the field, capture the battery, which had already decimated the 38th, and put a stop to its destruction. This we were doing very nicely and effectually when Colonel Evans, who had never been under fire before, fearing that in our enthusiasm and the confusion we would penetrate too far into the enemy's line without support on our left and all be killed or captured, ordered us to halt. This we absolutely refused to do and continued our drive. Finally he and our brave old lieutenant colonel got ahead of our men and tried to stop them; but still they pushed on, driving the enemy, yelling and shooting, regardless of what they said or did. Colonel Evans succeeded in stopping Company E by threatening to strike them with his sword if they did not stop and obey his orders, and then the other companies did so.

This was the most unfortunate thing that could have happened to us. Up to this time we had lost comparatively few of our men. The enemy, only a few yards in our front, took refuge in a sunken road near the battery and had all the advantage of us, being well protected, while we were in the open and exposed. Here our loss was heavy. If let alone, we would have made short work of the battery on the hill and saved the lives of many of our brave men.

We remained here in this exposed position until our supply of ammunition was about exhausted and the sun was setting, when we were ordered to fall back; and as we did so we saw that our general had brought four regiments of the brigade from the right, where they had been engaged, and had formed them far to our left, so as to strike the enemy on the flank. They came across the open field as if they had been on parade, while the battery loaded and shot with great rapidity, tearing great gaps in their ranks. But on they went to the very mouths of the guns, which the gunners stood by to the last. Our men immediately turned these on the enemy, now flying from the field, and the great battle of Cold Harbor, June 27, 1862, was fought and won by the Confederates at great cost. So badly crippled was our army in this engagement that it could never fight so well again. While Jackson thus fell on McClellan's right and crushed it, Hood broke his center at Gaines's Mill, where A. P. Hill and Longstreet had fought until the afternoon with the flower of the Southern army and had failed. McClellan's army was well supplied with the best modern artillery and ammunition without limit. The former he always had well posted, and the latter he did not spare. His soldiers were devoted to him and fought well.

GOING OVER THE BATTLE FIELD.

The next day our captain gave me permission to search for a schoolmate and comrade who had been shot and left in front of the battery. This gave me an opportunity to see the effects of the fighting. After I had found him and returned, we were ordered to fall in and march by the battery on the hill. The captain lay on the ground with his thigh bone shattered and protruding from the wound. His handsome face showed that he was suffering greatly. A wounded soldier had placed sticks upright in the ground around him and spread a mosquito net over him to keep off the flies. His dead and wounded soldiers lay about the guns where they

had fallen the day before; but the dead and wounded horses presented a horrible spectacle and one never to be forgotten. These were all splendid specimens of the equine race, and it seemed to me a great pity that these poor dumb creatures had thus lost their lives in a contest in which they could feel no interest. Some with a leg shot entirely away and others with a great gap ripped in their sides, with their entrails dragging on the ground, were peacefully grazing on the young, tender clover as if there were nothing the matter with them. Poor creatures! They all had to be shot to put an end to their misery. How cruel is war and how unnecessary! When will mankind learn better?

We soon came to the Chickahominy River and found all the lowlands on each side flooded and the bridge over which the remnants of McClellan's broken fragments of an army had crossed during the night afloat in the muddy water. His whole force on that side would have fallen into the hands of the Confederates that night if General Jackson had pushed them, for they were completely broken up and disorganized, with a swollen river and flooded swamp between them and their main army on the other side. But instead of doing so he contented himself by throwing shells into them from the high ground and letting them have time to cross to their friends on the other side to fight us again at Savage Station, White Oak Swamp, and Malvern Hill. Here, as on other occasions, by some oversight our generals threw away the fruits of our hard-won victory. It seems that it was not the will of Divine Providence for us to win, however much we punished our enemy.

We crossed the river on the floating bridge, which the Federals in their great haste to get away did not take time to destroy, and found a great many soldiers from our own State lining the road. All of them were rejoicing over our victory and told us that they had recaptured their colonel, who had fallen into the hands of the enemy. This seemed to do them more good than anything else, as he must have been a very influential citizen at home. But we pushed on through swamps and over hills, with the sound of battle ever ahead; over roads made almost impassable by McClellan's retreating army. There was every evidence that his army was badly demoralized. We saw dismantled army wagons, dead animals, and dead men everywhere over the twenty-five miles of our pursuit. In one place I saw a team of splendid mules with their throats cut, lying beside the road. This had been done to prevent their falling into our hands. The cavalry picked up a great many men and horses and took them to the rear.

Finally our advance, consisting of men who had taken little or no part in the previous fighting and who were the flower of the South, came up with the enemy at Malvern Hill. This hill had a commanding view of the surrounding country in every direction except one. The approaches to it from the west and north were open and offered no protection to our men. McClellan had selected this place to make his last stand. Here he had collected all of his artillery, perhaps not less than one hundred and fifty pieces, and all his infantry. When our men found them there awaiting us, they formed immediately and advanced across the field in the most gallant style, although the artillery tore great gaps in their ranks, and the United States fleet of gunboats opened a deadly fire on them also. But they pushed on until they reached the foot of the hill, where they were somewhat protected. They charged up this and, in spite of the lines of infantry in the rear of the guns, silenced them. Some of the

men, sure that they had won out, jumped astraddle of the guns and waved their hats in triumph. But the fire of the fleet in the James River and that of the infantry was so hot that they were compelled to fall back. This was late in the afternoon and was repeated four times, until late in the night, when they claimed they held the hill; but I cannot vouch for this, as I am sure the enemy the next morning held at least a part of it.

How many field guns they had on the hill and how many in the fleet I cannot say positively; but when my command arrived there that night the noise was appalling and completely drowned the rattle of small arms. The heavens were lit up with the glare from the fire of guns and the bursting shells. Like a poor dog fighting for existence, the Federals were making their last desperate stand here, where they had every advantage over their relentless and gallant foes. The fighting continued until late in the night, and the enemy withdrew toward Harrison's Landing, leaving a rear guard to hold the place until morning. Our brigade and regiment in the darkness made their way through the tangled swamp and briers to the north and east of where the main fight took place, but only a part of the command was ordered forward. These did some fighting and lost a few men. My own regiment stood in line of battle a short distance in front of a Federal battery awaiting orders to advance; and as none came, we unfolded our blankets and fell down and in a few minutes were sound asleep. But before we did this a Federal officer rode up and in a loud and angry tone commanded the battery to be moved.

The next morning three companies of our regiment and some men from other regiments of the brigade were formed to the right and opened a skirmish fight with the rear guard on the hill near the Malvern house. This did not last very long, when a white flag went up, and we ceased firing, and then men of both sides began picking up the wounded. We, the skirmishers, were allowed to break ranks, and I had a fair chance to see some of the battle field. In the woods where Colquitt formed his command for the charge behind logs and big trees his men were lying dead everywhere. In the darkness of the night and the furious cannonade these poor wounded fellows had sought refuge and died for want of attention. In the open field our dead lay as they had fallen up to where the Federal batteries had stood on the brow of the hill. Here the ground was strewn with the blue-coated enemy, many of whom were mangled horribly by the heavy shells from the fleet in the James River. The gunboats killed more of their own men than of ours. The explosion of those big shells scattered in fragments the bodies of those they struck. Hands, arms, legs, and other parts could be seen scattered here and there where they were thrown in the fearful fighting the night before. Some of their field guns were still there and were on that part of the hill, I suppose, which our men claimed to hold after the fourth assault. In this fighting our artillery had no show. The Federal batteries assembled on this commanding elevation concentrated their one hundred and fifty guns on any of our batteries as they attempted to take position and knocked them to pieces in a moment.

It was, indeed, a bloody repulse for our army. Some one again made a grievous mistake here. All the remnants of that splendid army, now broken up and dispirited, collected here in a chosen position, with the fleet at their back for support, decimated our advance divisions, and in the darkness of night made their escape under the guns of the fleet

along the banks of the river. The next day Gen. J. E. B. Stuart, with his cavalry, followed them and found them huddled up on the banks of the river, surrounded by high hills. Instead of conveying this information to General Lee, who could have put a hundred guns in position and destroyed the remnant of our enemy, he in his ardor opened fire on them with his little light batteries. McClellan now woke up to the serious situation and took position on the hills, and our greatest opportunity was lost to us. Thus it seemed that Divine Providence again intervened and turned the scales of fortune against us.

CONSPICUOUS FEATS OF VALOR

BY J. W. TROWBRIDGE, ANDERSON, S. C.

In sending an account by General Bratton of the closing scene of an attack made by the Federals on our line of works on the Williamsburg road below Richmond October 27, 1864, I shall also give an account of the engagement from the time the Yankees came in sight to their final repulse and capture.

The division, composed of Hood's old Texas Brigade, Law's Alabama Brigade, Bratton's (Jenkins's old brigade) South Carolina Brigade, Benning's and Tige Anderson's Georgia brigades, commanded by Gen. C. W. Field, came over from Petersburg on the 26th and encamped about two miles from the battle ground of the next day. Early on the morning of the 27th General Field sent for me and Sam Watson, who had been detailed from Company F, 1st Texas Regiment, as scouts, and put into our hands two Whitworth long-range rifles which had been sent to division headquarters to be tested for accuracy. As we took the rifles the General remarked that he heard distant firing in our front, and we might find an opportunity to test the guns. We started at once in the direction of the firing, and after we had gone something over a mile the firing became very distinct. We quickened our pace and soon came to the works that crossed the Williamsburg road, and right here was enacted the most gallant deed of the war that came under my own observation. We found in the works a lieutenant and twenty men of the Virginia Home Guards. These were holding in check a strong skirmish line of Yankees that extended over a front of at least two hundred yards or possibly three hundred yards. The lieutenant had deployed his men behind the works; and while they were keeping up a brisk fire, he was running up and down the works, shouting at the top of his voice, giving orders as if he had command of a regiment of men. Watson and I joined in the row with our long range guns at short range.

There were two depressions in our front running parallel to our works about a hundred yards apart. Men lying down in either of these depressions could not be seen from our works. The enemy's skirmishers advanced to and over the first depression and started over the second; but this lieutenant and his gallant little band drove them back, and they lay down in the depression, unable to move either backward or forward. For a while the firing ceased on both sides. The officer went back of the works a few yards to a point where he could look over our front. In a few minutes he came back and reported a solid line of Yankees advancing in line of battle, extending right and left as far as he could see. Very soon the line of battle reached the first depression. The lieutenant commenced his tactics again, and a brisk fire was kept up by our side. The Yankee line wavered a little, but

got into the first depression. As they were some time in this depression, we supposed they were reforming their line that had got out of order. The lieutenant said: "Boys, I am afraid there are too many for us; but if you will stick to me, we'll die right here, for it won't do for them to get these works." Just then we heard the old familiar yell, and, looking to our right, we saw the old Texas Brigade coming down the works at a double-quick. The lieutenant threw up his hat and said: "Glory to God, we are saved!" Now, if this officer and his handful of gallant Home Guards had not stood to the rack, the Yankees would have captured the works, and it would have cost thousands of lives to retake them.

The old brigade was halted and in a short time was ready for business. The Yankees now moved out of the first depression, and as they came over the rise we made it so hot for them that most of them fell back. The others came into the second depression with the skirmishers, and there they all stayed until they were brought out as prisoners. My recollection is that all of this command were captured. I saw five stands of colors brought by where I was stationed, and I heard of others. The other brigades of the division came in behind the Texas Brigade, and some of them took part in the fight.

SIX HUNDRED CAPTURED BY ONE

The following account of a very remarkable exhibition of courage and valor was given by General Bratton:

"The most conspicuous feat of personal valor and skill that came within my knowledge during the war of secession was achieved by an officer of my brigade on the 27th of October, 1864.

"In the severe and constant fighting of that campaign my staff, as well as line, suffered, and it was necessary to fill the places of the wounded officers of the line.

"To meet such demand Capt. J. Banks Lyle, of the 5th South Carolina Regiment, was then, and had been for some time, rendering efficient service on the brigade staff. On the morning of the above date the enemy were in heavy force on the north side of the James and assailed our works with more or less vigor at various points, extending their attacks to and beyond the Charles City wood. In the afternoon his cavalry assaulted our works on the Williamsburg road, held by our cavalry, and were driven off. Field's Division of Infantry was promptly moved to the Williamsburg road in anticipation of the assault by infantry, which followed, pushing our cavalry still farther to the left, my brigade under its senior, Colonel Walker, occupying the line across the road and in position to meet and repulse it. In their retreat a number of the enemy took refuge in a wash, or gully, which ran through a depression in the field some three or four hundred yards in front of our line, nearly halfway to the enemy's line. Captain Lyle saw that they were whipped and would surrender if called on to do so. He so reported and asked permission to advance the skirmish line and take them. His request was refused; but, convinced as he was that they would escape, simply because they were not invited to surrender before night came to cover their retreat, he determined to attempt their capture. He went to the skirmish line and tried to get volunteers, and, failing in that (all were willing to go if ordered), he started alone. He had not advanced many paces before two men called out, 'Hold on, Captain; you shan't go by yourself,' and moved out with him. They had gone but a short distance when Captain Lyle concluded not to subject his brave little force to the danger of possible error of his judg-

ment, but to use their aid without risk to them. He had observed an officer trying to arouse the collapsed spirit of his men in the gully and, halting his volunteers on the crest overlooking the position, ordered them to open fire on the officer and put a stop to his harangue, while he advanced alone over the open field in full view of Fields's Division on our side and the whole force of the enemy on the other side. He was recognized by his own brigade; but those of the other brigades, misapprehending his conduct, fired on him at long range so heavily that the dust stirred by the bullets falling around him almost concealed him from view. This continued until word could be passed along the line stopping it. This, of course, served to attract the attention of all to him as he approached the gully in which the enemy were concealed. In full view of friend and foe he accomplished the capture and made them file out without arms and move on to our lines. There was great enthusiasm and excitement on our side. Men all along the line of the division mounted the works with exclamations of admiration and inquiry, 'Who is he?' etc. The enemy did not seem to understand it at first and took no part until they saw the prisoners filing into our works, when they opened a battery on the scene, which contributed to the general excitement, but was especially effective in hurrying the movement of the prisoners into our works. The number of officers and men captured was about six hundred, with three stands of colors and swords by the armful.

"This is the substance of a report made to me on my return to the brigade a few days after the incident occurred and on which I based and forwarded a recommendation for Lyle's promotion. Major General Fields, who witnessed the close of this stirring scene, not only indorsed but warmly urged it on the ground of 'benefit to the service' in his entire division, adding what he himself saw of the remarkable feat. But our army was being worn away and reduced in numbers daily. There were no vacancies. All of our positions were held by officers of courage and experience, and our condition was not favorable to giving rank for any feat of valor, not even for one so conspicuous and extraordinary as this. The recommendation for promotion was for this reason perhaps shelved.

"This, though the most wonderful, was by no means the first of Captain Lyle's feats of valor. They, together with his personal disregard for danger, had made him in the brigade a reputation for general recklessness; but his recklessness was entirely personal. No officer was more careful for his men in looking to their comfort or shielding them from unnecessary risk. So far as they were concerned, he exercised real prudence, but it was the prudence of which only a brave man is capable. He was highly endowed with what are called 'battle instincts,' and, relying implicitly on his intuitions of the conditions of the enemy, he acted on them whenever he had authority to do so. Hence his successes are apparently rash and reckless enterprises. His intelligent courage and peculiar adaptability to fighting attracted my attention and influenced my selection of him for service on the staff. I shall only add that in that service he more than filled the measure of my expectations.

"I have made this plain and simple statement, a just appreciation of this crowning feat of a career of heroism, to call attention to the time and place and circumstances of its achievement. Our army had been forced behind its works around Richmond and Petersburg, and its operations for months were confined to their defense, which taxed to the utmost its courage and fortitude. With constantly diminishing resources, we were reduced to a steady, dogged defense. To

the common eye there was literally no field for enterprise of valor and skill for our army or any position of it or any individual in it and had not been for months when this startling and astounding feat was performed in the open light of day, in the open field, and in full view of opposing lines. * * *

"My statement is the summary of reports from various sources, from General Fields down to the privates who witnessed it. He was on the eve of leaving for home, having secured a leave of absence to get married. He brought to me a little cavalry carbine the evening before he left and informed me that he had not turned it over to the government, as was our rule with captured property, and why he had not done so. When about halfway through with the capture, a Federal officer, some distance up the line, was indignantly berating his men for surrendering to one man and urging them to kill or capture him. It was the crisis of the undertaking (for he was in their power if they could only be brought to realize it) and must be met promptly. Throwing down his trophies and picking up a carbine which had been lost in the retreat of cavalry, he advanced promptly and directly on the officer, presenting the carbine and threatening to blow his brains out if he did not surrender. He yielded; the capture was completed without further trouble. Fortunately, the carbine was not loaded, but neither your father nor the Yankee knew it. He slung the carbine on his shoulder and held it till I came.

"His duties precluded the idea of his using it in the public service. He had no excuse for appropriating it and brought it to me with the above statement. I received it and told him that I would relieve him of all responsibility for it, but concluded to rob the government myself and begged him to present it to his bride for me as my wedding present.

"He was so bashful and blushing at the mention of his bride that I doubted if he comprehended fully the nature of the transaction and carried my message straight. But he retained the carbine, and my appropriation of it for him is the only recognition of his conduct that he ever received except general increase of admiration for his daring by his comrades. The colors and other trophies I never saw, but on inquiry learned that they had been turned in by a Georgia brigade (Anderson's) that got credit for them temporarily: but if my recommendation for promotion, indorsed by General Fields, is among the war papers, three stands of colors are on record as captured by him. I cannot recall what troops were captured further than that they were a portion of those who had handled us so roughly about a month before at Battery Harrison."

The hero of the incident, Capt. Joseph Banks Lyle, was born in 1829 near Winnsboro, S. C., graduated A.B. from South Carolina College in 1856, and has devoted his whole life to education, except during his four years' service to the Confederacy, having been principal and proprietor of the Limestone (S. C.) Male Academy prior to and subsequent to the war of secession. In 1870 he removed to the West and conducted large schools successively at Paris, Tex., and Caddo, Ind. Ter. He served on the staff of Gen. Micah Jenkins and of General Bratton and was captain of Company C, 5th South Carolina Volunteer Infantry. He was nine times wounded with balls, shell, and saber, once having his skull broken. The rifle with which he effected the capture of the six hundred Yankees was a seven-shot repeating Spencer carbine, with which the Federal cavalry was armed.

RUNNING THE MISSISSIPPI BLOCKADE.

BY WILL H. TUNNARD, SHREVEPORT, LA.

In unearthing these notes, written daily during the memorable struggle of 1861-65, the mind of the writer dwells on a period subsequent to the desperate and heroic defense of the city of Vicksburg in May, June, and July, 1863.

In September, 1863, the remnants of the garrison were being congregated at Enterprise, Miss., in parole camp. The larger proportion of the 3d Regiment of Louisiana Infantry had gone west of the Mississippi. All the companies, save A, Iberville Grays, and K, Pelican Rifles, of Baton Rouge, hailed from parishes in the Trans-Mississippi Department—viz., Morehouse, Caddo, Natchitoches, Caldwell, Winn, and Carroll.

On September 21, 1863, Capt. Ben W. Clark, assistant adjutant general on Gen. H. W. Allen's staff, and Nolan Clark appeared in the camp and announced that they wanted five volunteers to accompany the staff in running the blockade of the Mississippi River, which was being rigidly enforced by a close patrol of Federal gunboats. Maj. H. F. Springer, of the 3d Louisiana Infantry, detached on special duty by the Confederate States, was in the party with thirty thousand rounds of fixed ammunition and \$1,500,000 Confederate money to convey across the river. He was a blockade runner. The whole party consisted of Gen. H. W. Allen, Capt. B. W. Clark, Capt. T. K. Fauntleroy, of the artillery, and Major LaSalle and Maj. H. F. Springer.

On September 26, after an interview with General Allen, five men of the 3d Louisiana Infantry volunteered to accompany the party west of the Mississippi. At eight o'clock the next morning they were thirty-five miles away from Enterprise and parole camp. Then began a memorable journey replete with incidents, exciting episodes, and hairbreadth escapes. For nearly a month the blockade runners were dodging about the Mississippi swamps, endeavoring to effect their purpose. They had a light no-top ambulance, a skiff mounted on wheels, and an army wagon loaded with the money and ammunition. They successively passed through Shubuta, Ellisville, Williamsburg, Mt. Carmel, Monticello, across Pearl River, through Summit, Liberty, Woodville, Fort Adams, and other points. Like a hard-pressed fox, they doubled on and crossed their trail.

On the night of October 7 the party left Col. J. Hunter's hospitable mansion, below Waterloo, and plunged into the swamps along the banks of the river. Every attempt to cross the stream was made at night. That night it was as dark as Erebus. The party was unusually nervy, because they thought their mission was about to be accomplished. They crossed Buffalo Bayou, caught a glimpse of Old River, and plunged into a dim swamp road, where the giant trees hung heavy with the pendent gray moss and sentinel outstretched arms obscured the stars and made the night a rayless, inky-hued blackness. The wheels of the vehicles were swathed in cloths, and a silence as profound as death was observed.

A reconnaissance by Major Springer after a halt revealed a gunboat in close proximity and the marines actually landing. The horses were hastily detached and the ambulance left standing near the trail. The animals were urged into flight in a mad gallop by the drivers to escape capture. Their flight over the soft ground concealed their movements. The horses and most of the party eluded the enemy.

The writer, who had Captain Fauntleroy's red artillery

cap hid under his gray jacket, Capt. B. W. Clark, Major LaSalle, and one or two others were surrounded by the marines, but were undiscovered in the darkness. The word was passed in a whisper to scatter, slip out if possible, and each make his way back to Colonel Hunter's place. Captain Fauntleroy's cap was disposed of by being thrust into a convenient hollow log and left to an undisturbed repose. The bearer luckily managed to escape in the darkness unchallenged.

The tread of the Federal bluecoats was plainly heard. The advantage was on the side of the Confederates, whose presence was undiscovered and who were free to act as circumstances offered. They eventually made their escape by "the skin of their teeth." The ambulance escaped observation. The party, excepting two, eventually reached Colonel Hunter's by 1 A.M. Captain Fauntleroy reported just before dawn; but Captain Clark, who wore a long army overcoat, arrived the next day, having gotten lost in the swamps. He was finally piloted out by a negro, to whom he gave a \$100 bill. Recounting his thrilling experiences, Captain Clark said he had passed the picket line with a Yankee sentry, holding a cocked revolver in his hand ready to shoot the bluecoat if he was discovered and then attempt to escape. His long coat and the darkness concealed his identity, the sentinel mistaking him for a Federal officer.

The Federals raided the Barclay place, adjacent to this spot, destroyed his boat, and carried him off prisoner as a suspect. They had discovered the trail made by the blockade runners. This locality became too hot for the safety, comfort, and health of the party, and they speedily moved to a point between Rodney and Waterproof.

On the night of October 20 they bivouacked in the grounds around Oakland College. The next morning in the gray of the dawn, a dense fog hanging over swamp and stream, shutting in every object with its white shroud, the boat was launched above Waterproof, the plunder loaded into it, the wheels taken off of the ambulance, the body and gear of which were put on the boat, the oars muffled, and, swimming the horses, the party dared their fate in the heavily laden craft. The entire party—Gen. H. W. Allen, Capts. T. K. Fauntleroy and Ben W. Clark, Majors LaSalle and Springer (of his staff), A. J. Perry, J. R. Nash, J. D. Webb, F. D. Tunnard, and W. H. Tunnard, of the 3d Louisiana Infantry—successfully made the trip. Landing and loading up the ambulance, the general and his staff hastily drove through an adjacent lane into the sheltering woods. Scarcely had they disappeared from view when a gunboat came by, and the enemy was watched from behind the levee by the five paroled soldiers. They were left to take care of themselves, now that they had safely crossed the river.

Strapping their knapsacks on their backs, they took up their long march to Alexandria, La., on Red River. Successively they trudged through the Tensas swamp, along Choctaw Bayou, crossed the Tensas and Bayou Louis, also the Ouachita and Little Rivers, and eventually reached Alexandria October 25, travel-worn, sore, and weary from their steady, forced march almost day and night for five days.

This episode portrays the daring and perseverance of that soldier-statesman and idolized Louisianian, Henry W. Allen. He endured the hardships, dangers, and privations of that memorable blockade-running with the rest of the party. It was his last trip, presumably, across the Mississippi before he went to Mexico at the surrender and gave up his life in that country, unconquered, true to principles to the last, the

hero and martyr to the cause he loved and to the people he honored, loved, defended, and sustained. Henry W. Allen was of that exalted character and sterling caliber that immortalize the hero and give to the centuries the halo that glorifies the true martyr—an honored citizen, a brilliant statesman, the idolized executive, the fearless, brilliant, brave, and daring soldier.

BATTLE OF CHANCELLORSVILLE—TWO VIEW-POINTS.

WITH PARENTHETICAL AND CONNECTIONAL REMARKS BY
JOHN C. STILES, BRUNSWICK, GA.

GENERAL HOOKER'S VIEW.

"April 30, 1863.—It is with heartfelt satisfaction that the commanding general announces to the army that the operations of the last three days have determined that our enemy must either ingloriously fly or come out from behind his defenses [which he did] and give us battle on our own ground, where certain destruction awaits him [or us].

"May 3.—We have had a desperate fight yesterday and today, which has resulted in no success to us. I do not yet despair. My troops are in good spirit, and no general ever commanded a more devoted army.

"May 6.—The major general commanding tenders to this army his congratulations on its achievements of the last seven days. If it has not accomplished all that was expected, the reasons are well known to the army [no doubt]. It is sufficient to say they were of a character not to be foreseen or prevented by human sagacity or resource. The Army of the Potomac will give or decline battle whenever its interest or honor may demand. By our celerity and secrecy of movement, our advance and passage of the river were undisputed, and on our withdrawal [also with celerity] not a Rebel ventured to follow. The events of the last week may [possibly] swell with pride [to bursting] the heart of every officer and soldier of this army. We have added new luster [?] to its former renown [McDowell, McClellan, Pope, and Burnside]. We have made long marches, crossed rivers [a-going and a-coming], surprised [and been surprised] the enemy, and when we have fought him [too proud to fight on the afternoon of the 2d] have inflicted heavier blows than we have received. We have no other regret than that caused by the loss of our brave companions, and in this we are consoled by the conviction that they have fallen in the holiest cause [God save the mark!] ever submitted to the arbitrament of battles."

General Hooker was undoubtedly a windy orator, but still we of the South must have the very kindest feelings toward him for his action when the Confederate prisoners were in retaliation put on short rations. When he ascertained that the "damned Rebel officers" at Johnson's Island were eating rats, he immediately, without consulting the authorities, had their food put back on the old basis.

GENERAL LEE'S VIEW.

"With heartfelt gratification the general commanding expresses his sense of the heroic conduct displayed by officers and men during the late arduous operations under trying vicissitudes of heat and storm. You attacked the enemy in the depths of a tangled wilderness again on the hills of Fredericksburg, and by the valor that has triumphed on so many fields you forced him once again to seek safety beyond the Rappahannock. While the glorious victory entitles you to the praise and gratitude of the nation, we are especially called

upon to return our grateful thanks to the only Giver of victory for this signal deliverance he has wrought. It is, therefore, earnestly recommended that the troops unite on Sunday next in ascribing to the Lord of hosts the glory due unto his name. The army and country alike lament the absence for a time [if it could have been that only, a different story would be told of Gettysburg] of one to whose bravery, energy, and skill they are so much indebted for success."

If General Lee had a fault as a soldier, surely his recommending or advising, instead of ordering, was it.

"A WONDERFUL RIDE."

CONTRIBUTED.

On the 27th of December, 1862, Barton's Brigade, of Stevenson's Division, arrived at Vicksburg and was dispatched to the trenches, about two and a half miles northeast of the city. The brigade was too close to the enemy to be relieved in the daytime, and it was placed in a lane, and the men were sheltered behind a rail fence that ran parallel with a skirt of woods. The enemy were in a thick forest full of undergrowth and screened from Confederate view. The Federals got the range, and now and then shot and shell plowed the ground and through the ranks of the brigade.

Gen. S. M. Barton and Lieut. Col. R. M. Young, commanding the 40th Georgia, were watching the shells of the enemy. One struck the fence and exploded, killing several soldiers and covering H. C. Hunt, a stripling of the command, with earth. At this juncture General Barton deemed it wise to communicate with General Pemberton, and he asked for a volunteer to take a message to Confederate headquarters. Volunteers were not very numerous; but H. C. Hunt offered to undertake the hazardous and perilous work, and he was furnished with a horse.

Capt. R. F. Patterson, a member of General Barton's staff, owned a splendid blooded Kentucky horse. It was brought from behind the bluff, and young Hunt mounted with his dispatch and entered the road parallel with the enemy's lines for a mile and a half. This was the only way by which he could reach General Pemberton's headquarters. Apprehending the purpose of the messenger, the Federals opened a furious fusillade. Now and then a shell dropped about the horse and rider to remind them both that the enemy had seen them. It required ten minutes to make the trip, and almost every step of the way subjected young Hunt to the enemy's fire. Bullets plowing through the earth filled the pathway with dust, but the bold rider was not dismayed and rode on until he reached General Pemberton and delivered the message.

A brave volunteer, he won the admiration of his comrades. Some years since an inquiry was made by one who witnessed this act and wished to know the name of the gallant soldier, but it was not given at that time. His modesty hid from the world the splendid story of his valor and immeasurable courage.

DIXIE BOOK OF DAYS.—The "Reconstruction of the South" was, on the part of the people of the North at large, simply that which in national life is more than a crime, a blunder. On the part of the leaders who planned it and carried it through, it was a cool, deliberate, calculated act violative of the terms on which the South had surrendered and disbanded her broken armies.—Thomas Nelson Page.

WHO CAPTURED HICKMAN'S BRIGADE?

BY J. N. SUMPTER, COMPANY G, 11TH VIRGINIA INFANTRY.

After reading an article in which it is claimed that Gracie's Brigade of Alabamians captured Hickman's Brigade in the battle of Drewry's Bluff, May 16, 1864, I feel impelled to make this correction in justice to our history and to my old comrades of the 11th Virginia Infantry.

On the 8th or 9th of May, 1864, our brigade, William R. Terry's, returned from North Carolina, where we had been assisting General Hoke in the capture of Plymouth, Little Washington, and the investment of Newbern, which latter place we would have taken but for the fact that our iron-clad, the Trent, got aground at Kinston. General Hoke, thinking that the attempt to take this place with our land forces alone would be at too great a sacrifice, abandoned the attempt, and we were ordered to return to Virginia. We took possession of the intrenchment in the rear of Winchester and Drewry's Bluff on the 9th. I think, under command of Gen. Braxton Bragg. General Beauregard came over from Petersburg on the night of the 14th by way of Chesterfield Courthouse and took command. Extra ammunition was issued on the 15th and everything gotten in readiness for an advance against Gen. B. F. Butler's army, which had taken position in our front.

We broke camp at about two o'clock on the morning of the 16th and marched in the direction of James River until we got to the Petersburg and Richmond river road where it crossed Falling Creek. We crossed this stream and formed line of battle on the right of the road and moved forward to near the crest of the hill, halted, and lay down in reserve for Gracie's men. We had lain there but a short time when the 11th and 24th Virginia were ordered forward to relieve Gracie's Brigade, which had engaged the enemy in our front. In going forward we met a number of Alabamians coming out, and they seemed to have been badly worsted. One of them, an officer, said: "Hurry up, boys; they are tearing us all to pieces." We moved forward until we came to the edge of the woods, where we found Gracie's men having a warm time, and their ammunition was almost exhausted. We opened ranks for them to pass through, and as soon as our front was clear of the Alabamians we went to work to give the boys in blue the very best we had. I do not know how "Old Spoony's" boys liked the amusement we were giving them; but I do know well that if our hand had been ordered to play I should have suggested their playing "A Hot Time in the Old Town," for old Ben's boys made it red-hot for us for about an hour.

General Terry, becoming tired, as he said, of the way things were going, ordered the 1st and 7th to charge their lines, which they did with a rush and that old hair-raising yell. They broke their lines and came sweeping down the line. The 11th and 24th were ordered forward, and we went with that same old yell. We found the enemy completely demoralized, and right then and there Terry's Brigade captured Hickman's Brigade. I do not know what became of Gracie's Alabamians, as the people in our front kept me too busy to be looking around to see what they were doing on other parts of the line; but I suppose they were somewhere on the line doing their duty, as Alabamians knew how and always did. But they did not capture Hickman's boys. Old Buck Terry's boys did that—the 1st, 7th, 11th, and 24th Virginia—and the next day the 17th marched to Richmond, with all four of the regimental colors of Hickman's Brigade drooping beneath our glorious Southern cross.

DIDN'T WANT TO MISS A BATTLE.

BY J. W. SIMMONS, MEXIA, TEX.

I belonged to Company E, 27th Mississippi Regiment, Walhall's Brigade. In the battle of Murfreesboro we had a position in the battle line across the Warrington Pike. The engagement began at daybreak on our extreme left, and at first we could just hear the roar of musketry, interspersed with artillery. The firing came nearer and nearer as our troops advanced, and it was plainly to be seen that a general engagement was on hand; and what the fate of each one would be before night no one could tell.

The suspense before an engagement is always more trying on the nerves than the actual battle. About nine o'clock in the morning a youthful Confederate, equipped as a soldier, approached our captain, saluted, and said: "Captain, I have just returned from a wounded furlough and cannot find my command. This battle is on, and I want to join your company for the present." The captain, turning to the orderly sergeant, instructed him to give the young man a position on the left of the company. In a few minutes we were ordered to advance over the breastworks, through the old field, and to charge the enemy, who was in heavy force in the cedar brakes beyond. This we did in grand style, driving them and capturing some artillery and many prisoners. I do not know that we bore the heat and burden of that day any more than other commands, for there were honors enough those days for all to get some if they would only go after them, but I do know that the command that found it any hotter than we did must have found it awfully hot, notwithstanding it was a cold day. The official report shows that the 30th Mississippi Regiment, Walhall's Brigade, lost two hundred men on one acre of ground. It also shows that of the thirty-two pieces of artillery captured that day Walhall's Brigade captured fourteen of them.

Late in the afternoon, after we had driven the enemy about one mile, we were relieved by Breckinridge's Division, that had not been engaged. On calling the roll, we found that our company had lost eight killed and one lieutenant missing. In the confusion he had been killed, no one knew where, but he was found that night.

Our young recruit, like the true soldier he was, held the position assigned him through all of that bloody day's work, and when it was over, he applied to the captain again, asking for a certificate to show his officers how he had put in the day. The captain turned to the orderly sergeant and said: "Give this young man a certificate and word it as strong as the English language can make it and have every officer in the company to sign it." This they gladly did, as all had seen how bravely he had stood at the front all day. I am sorry not to be able to recall his name and command. I can never have known them, as that was a very busy day. But my recollection is that he was a Tennessean. Tears were in our eyes and running down his cheeks as we all bade him good-by, and, although we were strangers, we felt as brothers in one common cause; for while we had risked our lives together, I have never heard of him since that day. If he came through the war, I guarantee that he made an honest living and a good citizen, as did all true Confederates.

THE ALABAMA.—What a wonderful history was hers! A single ship matched against one of the mightiest navies of the world, yet keeping the ocean in defiance of all pursuit for two years!—*Timrod*.



ASLEEP.

BY MRS. A. O'C. PUGH.

[This poem was inspired at the grave of the late Mrs. Magnus Thompson, President Stonewall Jackson Chapter, U. D. C., of Washington, D. C., and is dedicated to her memory.]

Asleep where the crimson twilight reflects the oak's red leaves;
At rest 'neath the broadening acres once rich in golden
sheaves;
At peace with her brothers, waiting near her own dear soldier
dead,
Who lived and died years past for the cause she loved and led;

Where the river's gentle flowing in soft monotone agrees
To the attitude of mourning of the weeping willow trees;
Where the silence, deep and throbbing, lives to wrap in loved
embrace
The frail and empty casket long ennobled by God's grace;

Where beneath the blue rotunda of God's universe so great
All that's left us of poor mortal's flesh-and-blood estate
Lies asleep now—where the silence and the fragrant soft night
winds
Sweep on across fair Arlington's home of holy shrines.

And where, over in the sunshine, from its scintillating points
The figure, bronze and noble, of the South glows and anoints
With its passion, deep and passive, this good woman, this
sweet wife,
While its melody artistic sings her eulogy through life!

But she's left us yet a sentiment whose sweet aroma clings
With fervid fastness ever through changeless glows of springs;
A sentiment she lived for and loved and loved so long
As "Dixie" lives, immortalized in story and in song.

And perhaps we'll hear the echo of those heartbeats, now
asleep

In the inspiration given, in the promises that keep,
To filter through the centuries unborn, as strong again,
And live untarnished ever in the hearts of Southern men.

CHEVY CHASE, MD.

MAJ. HOLMES CONRAD.

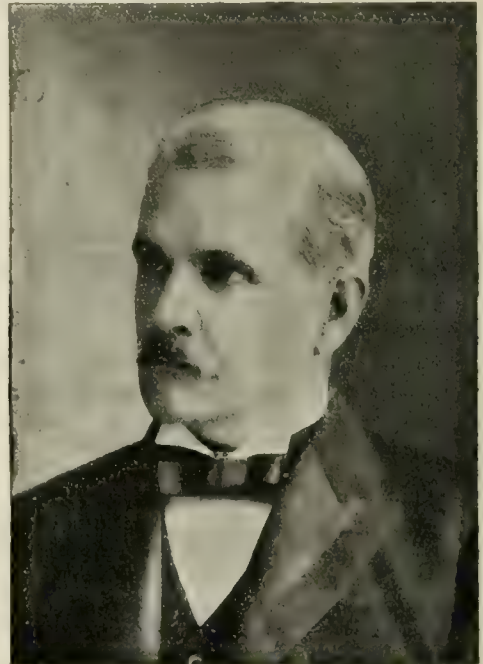
Maj. Holmes Conrad, the noted constitutional lawyer of Virginia, one of the few remaining old-time Virginia counselors, died at his home, in Winchester, in the seventy-sixth year of his age. He was for three years Commander of Camp No. 171, U. C. V., of the District of Columbia, and was greatly loved and esteemed by his Confederate comrades.

Major Conrad had been before the public eye of the nation for many years, first as Solicitor General of the United States

during the second administration of President Cleveland. He had also served as Assistant Attorney-General of the United States, and in these capacities he handled many important cases for the government. After retirement from government service he continued to practice his profession in Washington. He was a warm personal friend of President McKinley, and was also highly appreciated by President Roosevelt who selected him as special counsel for the government in the Post Office Department fraud cases.

Major Conrad's last appearance before the United States Supreme Court was in April of this year, when he represented Virginia in her noted case against West Virginia.

Major Conrad came of a family prominent in the affairs of Virginia. He was born in Winchester January 31, 1840, and was educated at the old Winchester Academy, at the Virginia Military Institute at Lexington, and at the University of Virginia. Upon the outbreak of the War between the States he enlisted as a private in Company A, 1st Virginia Cavalry, and in 1862 he was made first sergeant. He was transferred later on to the 11th Virginia Cavalry, becoming its adjutant, and in 1864 he was made major and inspector general of the cavalry division under Gen. T. L. Rosser.



MAJ. HOLMES CONRAD.

In addition to being an active and successful lawyer for many years, Major Conrad was also identified with many public and private enterprises in Winchester.

Major Conrad was the last of five brothers who saw active service in the cause of the Confederacy. The eldest, Dr. Daniel Burr Conrad, a surgeon in the United States navy, resigned and entered the Confederate navy; Powell Conrad was in the engineering department of the Confederate army; Charles Frederick Conrad served as a private in the 11th Virginia Cavalry; and Frank E. Conrad served as a private in the famous battery commanded by Col. R. Preston Chew.

Major Conrad was twice married and is survived by his second wife, three sons, and three daughters.

CAPT. ALFRED B. AVERY.

Capt. Alfred Benton Avery, for ten years in the government service on the Isthmus of Panama, died there in October, 1915, at the age of seventy-nine years. He was born in Newport, Ala., and spent his boyhood in that vicinity. In 1859 he was married to Miss Harriet Beale, of Columbus County, Ga., and then located at Tuskegee, Ala. When the War between the States came on, he was one of the first to answer the call to arms and was made a captain in the 45th Alabama Regiment. He was wounded twice, but each time returned to his command and fought bravely until the last year of the war, when he was taken prisoner at the battle of Franklin, Tenn., sent to Johnson's Island Prison, and held until the close of the war. He then engaged in business at Meridian, Miss., until 1902, when he joined his son, James Avery, in Oakdale, Pa., and in 1905 he and his son went to the Isthmus of Panama in the service of the government.

Captain Avery was an honorary member of the local Post of Veterans of Foreign Wars at Cristobal and was the only Confederate veteran living on the Isthmus. His death occurred at the Ancon Hospital, and a delegation from the Post accompanied his remains to Cristobal, where the funeral services were held and his body laid to rest in Mount Hope Cemetery. The flag-draped coffin was borne to the cemetery on a gun carriage, and over his grave a volley was fired and the bugle sounded the "last call." Of the four pallbearers, one had seen service in China, one in Cuba, one in the Philippines, and one was the son of a veteran of the War between the States. In the escort were several young soldiers of the Sons of Veterans, with Major Grove, Chief Quartermaster of the Panama Canal.

Captain Avery is survived by his wife, son, two daughters (Mrs. John Barnes, of Montana, and Mrs. E. A. Ramsey, of Monroe, N. C.), and one grandchild (Mrs. H. Irl Johnson, of Sheffield, Ala., President of the Mildred Lee Chapter, U. D. C.).

CAPT. L. D. HOCKERSMITH.

The death of Capt. L. D. Hockersmith, in April, 1915, removed an interesting figure, for he was the last survivor of those daring raiders of Morgan's who made their escape from the prison at Columbus, Ohio. Of the whole seventy who were in that prison at the time, only two now survive—Gen. Basil Duke and Ex-Governor McCreary, of Kentucky.

Captain Hockersmith was born in Lawrenceburg, Ky., but went to Louisville when a few years old; and at the age of twenty-two he located in Madisonville and there plied his trade as a brick mason, becoming one of the best of his calling. When the war came on he went to Tennessee and joined John Morgan's command. He was at first a third lieutenant, but later was made captain of Company C, 10th Kentucky Cavalry. He was one of the guard of honor at the marriage of General Morgan to Miss Ready, of Murfreesboro. He followed Morgan in that noted raid into Ohio and was captured, with the greater part of the command, and taken to Johnson's Island, but later sent to Columbus, where the officers were confined. It was Captain Hockersmith who discovered that there was some sort of passageway under the prison, and he started the work of cutting through the cement floor with an old case knife. The plan worked all right, the men taking turns in working at night until an opening was made into the old tunnel, and their escape was easy.

Captain Hockersmith was not only a brave soldier, but it is perhaps as a citizen that his life shines out best. He had been a devoted member of the Methodist Church for more

than sixty years and was a Mason and Shriner. No man who ever lived in Madisonville was more genuinely loved and respected by all.

CAPT. JAMES L. MCGANN.

It is my sad privilege to announce to the remnant of that gallant throng who once marched so proudly beneath the Stars and Bars that another of their comrades has dropped from the ranks and joined the colors in the march triumphant on the other shore. The bugle has sounded its requiem, and the drum has beat its last tattoo over all that was mortal of

James L. McGann.

He was born on the 17th of January, 1840, and died October 12, 1915. He celebrated his majority by enlisting as a soldier in the Confederate army and served as a member of Barteau's 2d Tennessee Regiment, Morton's Battery, Bell's Brigade, Jackson's Division, Forrest's Cavalry. He was personally engaged in the battles of Parker's Crossroads, Okolona, Fort Pillow, Memphis, Brice's Crossroads, Harrisburg, Johnsonville, Franklin, Athens, Sulphur Trestle,



CAPT. J. L. MCGANN.

Iuka, Corinth, Bay Springs, Hood's Raid, Scottsville, and Gainesville. No soldier who followed the dauntless Forrest through his campaigns needs any one to attest to his courage or vouch for his loyalty. To be of Forrest's command was to laugh at danger and defy privations.

To the end of his life James McGann was true to the principles for which he fought. The Confederacy was a cause sacred to him, and its memories were among his most cherished recollections. In politics he was a Democrat of the old-time variety. He went astray after no new fads, no modern inventions of the catch-vote kind. As a citizen he was modest and retiring, as chivalrous and courteous as a Bayard, demanding that respect from all which he extended to all. He was a truthful man, scrupulously honest, loyal to friends as he was to principles. Having lived a life of seventy-five years in this community, he left it without a reproach upon his name. As a husband and father he was an example that all might follow. For years before her death his wife was an invalid, and during this time he waited upon her with a tenderness and devotion that was the admiration of all who saw it.

Captain McGann lived his life without ever having been confined to his bed by sickness, and when his end came he died without pain or fear of the future. He laid him down to his last sleep like "one who wraps the drapery of his couch about him and lies down to pleasant dreams."

With sincere regard for the friendship that existed between us, it is in sadness that I place this humble tribute to his memory.

[J. W. Reid, Franklin, Tenn.]

WILLIAM W. WHEELER.

William Watie Wheeler answered the last roll call at Sallisaw, Okla., February 15, 1915, after a prolonged illness. On the following day his remains were taken to Fort Smith, Ark., and interred in Oak Cemetery, where rest the ashes of many others of his kindred. His funeral services at Sallisaw were largely attended, all the business houses of the town being closed, and there was a large concourse of friends and acquaintances at the final services in Fort Smith, which were conducted under the auspices of the B. P. O. E. He was a member of Joe Wheeler Camp, No. 1800, U. C. V., of Sallisaw, and the Knights of Honor, also a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South.



W. W. WHEELER.

William Wheeler was born in Fort Smith, Ark., in 1847. His father, Judge John F. Wheeler, was a native of Kentucky, who went to the old Cherokee Nation in Georgia early in the last century, emigrating westward when the Cherokees were driven from their homes in that country. His mother was Miss Nancy P. Watie, a sister of Brig. Gen. Stand Watie, the famous Cherokee soldier, who rendered the Confederate government such efficient service in the Indian Territory and Western Arkansas during the War between the States. He was also a close kinsman of L. B. (Hoolie) and James Bell, both of whom rendered distinguished service in General Watie's brigade.

William Wheeler's tender years prevented his entering the Confederate army when hostilities began, but two years later he joined the command of his uncle, General Watie, and served with it until the end. His brother, John C. Wheeler, also served with the same command. Upon his return from the army he followed various occupations for about ten years, when, at the instance of the people of Fort Smith, he entered the lists for political favors. In 1876 he was elected township constable, serving practically without opposition for four years. Later he was made chief of police and held that position for four years. He rendered efficient service in the conduct of both offices. About twenty years ago he removed to Sallisaw, Cherokee Nation, and became an important factor in the development of that city. He engaged for a number of years in fruit-growing and stock-raising, and at the time of his death he was interested in various enterprises.

In 1868 Mr. Wheeler was married to Miss Emma C. Carnall, daughter of Col. John Carnall, one of the pioneers of Western Arkansas, who survives him with eight of the nine children born to this union, all of whom are respected citizens of Sallisaw. His sister, Mrs. Argyle Quesenbury, is the sole survivor of a family of eight, and her husband also served for four years under the Stars and Bars.

Mr. Wheeler had a large circle of friends and acquaintances,

and those who knew him best loved him most. His success in life was unusual, but his ambitions were unselfish and his modesty most admirable. As a man he was true, capable, and honorable, the highest type represented by that word of signal, simple praise—gentleman.

JOHN A. SNELL.

John A. Snell, of Columbus, Miss., died at his home, in Columbus, on October 12, 1915. He was born in Lowndes County in 1846 and spent his boyhood days on the farm. His parents were of the old-fashioned type and reared their children to fear and love God and to be kind to their brother man. In the early part of 1863, while a boy of only sixteen years, he left school and responded to the call of his country, enlisting in Company I, 6th Mississippi Cavalry Regiment, Forrest's command. From that date he was in active service until July 14, 1864, when he was wounded in the battle of Harrisburg, near Tupelo, Miss., losing a leg, which was shot away by a shell while his command was charging the enemy's breastworks.

When quite a young man he was united in marriage to Miss Mattie Bryant, of Lowndes County. They moved to Columbus, and for many years he was engaged in the mercantile business there. His life was an honorable and useful one. He was a consistent member of the Presbyterian Church and was loved and respected by all who knew him. Several times he was chosen by his fellow citizens to positions of honor and trust, and at the time of his death he was a member of the city council. He died, as he had lived, a Christian gentleman, at peace with God and man.

I offer this tribute to the memory of the friend of my youth, my comrade in arms, and my associate day by day for the past forty years.

GEO. D. HARRIS.

ORVILLE J. MOAT.

Orville J. Moat was an honored member of Camp No. 171, U. C. V., District of Columbia, for many years. He died September 17, 1915, in the city of Philadelphia, leaving a sorrowing widow, Mrs. Ella B. Moat, now residing in Baltimore, who was Treasurer of the Arlington Memorial Fund of the Robert E. Lee Chapter, U. D. C., of the District of Columbia, for a long while.



ORVILLE J. MOAT.

Comrade Moat was a member of Company B, 4th Tennessee Cavalry, C. S. A., and took part in all of the great battles fought in Tennessee, Georgia, and the Carolinas. He had been appointed on the general staff of the lieutenant general commanding Forrest's Cavalry Corps at the late Reunion at Richmond, Va., with the rank of Colonel and A. D. C.

J. W. BRANHAM.

J. W. Branham was born at Eatonton, Ga., July 27, 1841, and died on July 30, 1915. He was the oldest son of Walter R. and Elizabeth Flournoy Branham and spent most of his life at Oxford, Ga. He volunteered from his county in April, 1861, at twenty years of age, and remained throughout the



J. W. BRANHAM.

war. Joining the Macon Volunteers, 2d Georgia Battalion, he went with his company to Norfolk and was in the battles of Malvern Hill, Rapidan, near Fredericksburg, Gettysburg, and in many engagements around Petersburg. He was also in the fighting around Savannah, and for a considerable time he was drillmaster there. He was made colonel of his regiment, though he never received his formal commission. He was

a member of the same company as the famous Georgia poet, Sidney Lanier, who played the flute beautifully. Mr. Branham sang well, and these two with their music brought much cheer and joy to their comrades around the camp fire. Comrade Branham had been a member of Jefferson-Lamar Camp, U. C. V., of Covington, Ga., since its organization, and his comrades feel their loss deeply. He was a brave soldier in the war and just as brave in peace. Because of his bright, noble, cheerful, and rare spirit he had many friends in all parts of the State. He was a consistent member of the Methodist Church from childhood.

[By Capt. N. C. Carr, of Jefferson-Lamar Camp, U. C. V.]

WILLIAM B. SPEARS.

William Booker Spears died on October 4 at the Old Masons' Home, near Shelbyville, Ky. He was next to the oldest Mason in Kentucky. "Uncle Billy," as he was called, was born in Springfield, Ky., April 5, 1825, and was a son of the late David H. and Elizabeth Gibbons Spears. In 1864 he joined the Masonic order when but twenty-one years of age. Upon the outbreak of the War between the States he joined the forces of the Confederacy and fought throughout the war. Comrades say that the Southern cause had no braver nor more loyal soldier than Billy Spears, known to his fellow soldiers as "Tobe." He was a member of Company A, 16th Kentucky Infantry, which was a regiment of the famous Orphan Brigade, whose charge at Stones River rivaled in bravery and reckless daring the charge of the "Old Guard" at Waterloo. Upon the conclusion of the war he returned to Springfield, where he made his home until March, 1911, when, because of his advanced age, he entered the Masonic Home at Shelbyville.

Mr. Spears was married to Miss Mary Jane Hundley, who was his faithful wife and constant companion until her death, fifteen years ago. Both were devoted Christians, and largely through their efforts the Methodist Church of that community was kept alive.

R. P. D. Brooks.

R. P. D. Brooks, better known as "Dick" Brooks, son of Walker and Sarah Brooks, of Coweta County, Ga., was born January 10, 1841. He enlisted in the Confederate army in April, 1862, as a member of the 12th Georgia Battalion, under Captain Harvey and Major Capers, and was in continuous service until the second battle of Cold Harbor, when he was shot through the lungs. The wound was so severe that it was thought he could not recover; but he was cared for by his comrade, William McMillan, until he could be removed to the field hospital and given proper attention. He was thought to be dead and left there when the wounded were sent off, but later, when discovered to be still living, he was sent to the hospital in Richmond and finally became able to go home. For fifty years he survived that desperate injury, but was never strong. His death occurred on October 27, 1915. Six crippled old comrades were his pallbearers, each with his stronger hand to the casket, the other grasping a stick—a pathetic sight. And so he was led to that rest which means no more waking to suffering, the rest that is promised to him who has "fought the good fight."

W. H. JOHNSON.

W. H. Johnson was born July 1, 1841, and died September 17, 1915, in the Turner Hospital, in Meridian, Miss., where he had gone a few days before for a surgical operation. He enlisted in the Confederate army July 1, 1861, as a member of Company I, 8th Mississippi Regiment. He was twice wounded, was captured in the battle of Franklin, Tenn., and was in prison at Camp Douglas, Chicago, Ill., at the sur-



W. H. JOHNSON.

render of General Lee. He got back home July 1, 1865. He was a true and loyal member of Jasper County Camp, U. C. V., and attended all the meetings as long as he was able.

Comrade Johnson was married to Miss Mary McMillan in 1867 and settled on a farm. He was successful and accumulated some property. He had the respect and confidence of all who knew him, both white and black; was generous to a fault

and never failed to aid the helpless and indigent. He was truly a Christian gentleman and a loyal member of the Baptist Church. He was happy in all his domestic relations, was a tender and devoted husband and a kind, indulgent father to three devoted daughters. He was for many years an honored member of the Masonic fraternity, and at his own request the last sad rites of his interment were pronounced in the beautiful burial ceremony of that order. He was laid to rest in Fellowship Cemetery in the presence of a large concourse of people by that order.

Peace be to thy ashes, brave, true, and loyal friend and comrade of fifty years!

[M. A. Ryan, Rose Hill, Miss.]

SHERWOOD G. JENKINS.

Sherwood G. Jenkins died at his home, in Nolensville, Tenn., October 27, 1915. He was born near Nolensville April 14, 1843, and lived there all his life, except for the four years in the Confederate army. In his seventeenth year he enlisted in the famous Company F, Starnes's 4th Tennessee Cavalry. He was commissary sergeant and always had plenty to eat for his company. It is needless to say that he was a true soldier, brave yet gentle. There was no part of his life of which he was more proud than the time spent in the Confederate army. On May 10, 1865, he surrendered and was paroled at Washington, Ga., with others of Dibrell's Division who had escorted President Davis to that point. When he returned home, it was to face the common lot of the Confederate soldier—poverty.



S. G. JENKINS.

In March, 1870, he was happily married to Miss Charlotte Fowlkes, who survives him, with three sons and five daughters. He was a devoted husband and father, and as a friend he was loyal and true. With his business ability, industry, and pluck, he accumulated a competency of which any one might be justly proud. He was one of the promoters of the Bank of Nolensville and its president at the time of his death. Truly, he was what is known as a "self-made man." He was an honored member of Company F Association and attended its last annual meeting on September 8, 1915. He was also a charter member of Troop A, of Nashville, by which command he was buried.

MAJ. WILLIAM C. HAMNER.

Maj. William Clifton Hamner, of Water Valley, Miss., died on December 23, 1914, in Memphis, Tenn., where he had gone for hospital treatment. He was born in Holly Springs, Miss., July 26, 1842, and at the outbreak of the War between the States he enlisted in the Southern army, serving through the struggle with honor and courage as a member of Morgan's command. He left his college at LaGrange to enlist. After the war he entered the clerical service of the Illinois Central Railroad of Water Valley and was one of the leading and substantial citizens of that community. He always stood high with the management of the interests he served and in the estimation of his people, being the type of man who made friends and held them by that spirit of manliness so characteristic of his life and conduct. For many years he had been a consistent member of the Presbyterian Church. He was laid to rest in Oak Hill Cemetery at Water Valley.

Major Hamner was married to Mrs. Hattie W. Longstreet, of Oxford, Miss., and is survived by his son, Judge W. N. Hamner, of Greenwood, and a stepson, David Longstreet, of Chicago; also by two sisters, Mrs. Sallie Nannally, of Birmingham, Ala., and Mrs. Louise Collins, of Water Valley.

VIRGIL S. RABB, SR.

The life of any man is of great benefit to the community in which he lives if his efforts are directed toward its advancement and he is honest, upright, and progressive. Such a man was Virgil S. Rabb, Sr., a native of Fayette County, Tex., until his removal to Smithville some two years ago. He was born on February 15, 1839, the son of John and Mary Crownover Rabb. His grandfather, William Rabb, was born in the Keystone State, but at an early date removed his family to near St. Louis, Mo., on the Illinois side of the river, where he erected a water mill for grinding flour. He ran it successfully, sold out, and moved to Washington, Ark., and from there in 1822 to Texas, going with Austin's colony. He first located on the west side of the Colorado River and built a water mill on Rabb's Prairie, getting the stones from Scotland and the rest of the material from New Orleans.

Virgil Rabb was educated at Rutersville College, Texas, and in 1862 he joined the Confederate army as a member of Company I, 16th Texas Infantry. He was made third lieutenant of his company, which served in the Trans-Mississippi Department, and he took part in the battles of his command in Louisiana, except when he was on leave of absence. Later he was made captain of his company by general promotion and was honorably discharged from the army at Hempstead, Tex. After his return home he engaged in milling and farming until 1884, when he removed to LaGrange and engaged in the lumber business. Later he was at West Point, Winchester, and Smithville in the same business.

Comrade Rabb was married in 1869 to Miss Dulcie Kennedy, and to them were born eight children, five of whom survive. His death occurred at his home, in Smithville, on October 23, 1915.

DR. GEORGE M. BURDETT.

Dr. George M. Burdett was born in Wilkes County, near Washington, Ga., January 5, 1838, a son of James and Margaret McKinney Burdett, and the family is an old and prominent one of Southern Georgia. He graduated from the Augusta Medical College in February, 1861. In April, 1861, he enlisted in the Confederate army at Crawfordsville, Ga., and was made a corporal of Company D,

15th Georgia Regiment, at its organization. The command was ordered to Virginia in October, 1861, and Dr. Burdett was made assistant surgeon and served on hospital duty with the 1st Georgia at Richmond, Va., remaining there for nine months. He was then assigned to field duty as assistant surgeon with Col. Snowden Andrews's battalion of artillery, afterwards

Carter Braxton's battalion, Colonel Andrews having been disabled. Dr. Burdett was under Stonewall Jackson for two



DR. G. M. BURDETT.

and a half years. His full service in the Confederate army was four years and one month. He was made full surgeon with the rank of major in the fall of 1864.

After the surrender of the Confederate forces, Dr. Burdett went to Lenoirs (now Lenoir City), Tenn., and was connected with the Lenoir brothers' interests until 1890, when the Lenoir Manufacturing Company went out of business. He then resumed the practice of his profession. The call of suffering always found him ready and willing to administer relief, even at his own personal inconvenience and without compensation always, for he did a great amount of charity practice. He was a life member of the East Tennessee Medical Association and was known as a most efficient surgeon of the Southern Railway for eighteen years.

In June, 1873, Dr. Burdett was married to Miss Eliza H. Lenoir, daughter of W. H. Lenoir, and to them were born eight children—two sons and six daughters—all surviving him. Dr. Burdett and his wife were known far and wide for their Southern hospitality. He was a man of strong convictions and expressed them forcibly, yet his kindly feeling for humanity and his pleasant greeting made him many friends. His last years were happy with his children and grandchildren. Of the latter, there are seventeen.

After a short illness, he died on November 5, 1915. By his request, his burial was conducted by the Masonic fraternity, Avery Lodge, No. 593, of Lenoir City, of which he was a member. Truly of this faithful soldier and upright citizen it can be said that he was never found wanting in any relation of life.

JAMES B. JOPLIN

James Benjamin Joplin was born near Lynchburg, Va., September 10, 1838, and there his youth and early manhood were spent in the prosperous days of an ante-bellum civilization. At the outbreak of war he entered the Confederate army as a private soldier in the 2d Virginia Cavalry under Col. T. T. Munford, and in his service he represented the highest type of soldier. He was several times offered an officer's commission, but his innate modesty kept him in the ranks as a private soldier. He followed Stuart until his death and then Fitzhugh Lee until the close of the war. After he had fought for his people, he returned to help them fight a war against poverty and distress. Those days of so-called "peace" called more loudly for men than had the days of awful war. During the dark days of Reconstruction, of racial strife, of lawlessness and poverty he left Virginia and moved to Tennessee. Near Franklin he met and married Miss Julia Bradley, like himself, of high lineage. They went to Alabama and settled near the little town of Gurley and later became residents of the town until his death, August 18, 1915.

James Joplin was a man of the most lovable disposition, the soul of that courtesy which means kindness of heart. He was a most approachable man and took great interest in the welfare of younger men. His quaint sense of humor and disposition to look on the bright side of life made him an enjoyable companion. He was a member of the Methodist Church and was esteemed by all his fellow men, regardless of creed, for his many virtues. He was a devoted husband, father, and grandfather. It was beautiful on that August day when he was laid away in "God's Acre" to see the people of his home town and the surrounding country unite in paying his memory respect and honor. He lived a long and useful life, and as ripe grain ready for the harvest his noble and just spirit left its earthly tenement for one that is eternal.

ROBERT V. HOUSTON.

Robert V. Houston was a Confederate veteran, and his old comrades never had a more helpful friend nor one who did more to make life pleasant for them. In the meetings of his Camp he made the most obscure member feel that all barriers between comrades were burned away by the fires of fellowship and good will. He had a kindly word, a helping hand for the unfortunate comrade. His heart was big, and his



R. V. HOUSTON

comradeship and good cheer will long be missed.

Mr. Houston was a native of Monroe, N. C. and the only son of the late H. M. Houston, one of the most prominent citizens of his county. He was born in 1848 and was but a boy when he joined Capt. C. M. McCauley's company, 10th Battalion of North Carolina Artillery. He was not only a good soldier and a kind companion to his comrades in arms, but a

prominent man in civic life, having been mayor of Monroe for a number of years. He also represented his county in the legislature and ever stood for the things that tended to the progress and betterment of his community. He was educated in the best schools of his section, and his fine mind and great sense of humor made him welcome in any circle.

Mr. Houston was twice married, his first wife having been Miss Lessie Covington, daughter of Maj. D. A. Covington, a prominent citizen of Union County. Of this union there are three sons and two daughters surviving. His second marriage was to Miss Nannie Stroud, of a prominent family of South Carolina and great-granddaughter of the distinguished soldier and minister, Rev. Humphrey Hunter, of Mecklenburg fame. She survives him, with a son and two daughters.

His death occurred at his home, in Monroe, on January 17, 1914, and as a soldier of the cross he met the last great enemy, death, unafraid.

[By some unfortunate circumstance this notice did not have attention at the proper time and appears now as tribute due an honored patron and friend of the VETERAN.—EDITOR.]

JOHN WILSON

"Uncle" John Wilson, for almost a quarter of a century one of the best-known residents of Elkins, W. Va., died there on November 15, 1915, after a lingering illness. He was born in Hardy County July 25, 1832, and served in the Confederate army as a member of Company B, 11th Virginia Regiment, Rosser's Brigade, Butler's Division, Hampton's Corps. After the war he conducted a hotel at Moorefield for many years and some twenty-two years ago went to Elkins and purchased the Randolph, which he conducted successfully for a number of years. Later he resided in Philippi for a short time, and for the past few years he had been connected with his sons in the management of the Wilson Hotel. The surviving children are three sons and a daughter.

United Daughters of the Confederacy.

MRS. FRANK G. ODENHEIMER, *President General.*

MRS. J. H. STEWART, *First Vice President General.*

MRS. L. M. BASHINSKY, *Second Vice President General.*

MRS. LULA A. LOVELL, *Third Vice President General.*

MRS. F. M. WILLIAMS, *Recording Secretary General.*

MRS. W. F. BAKER, *Corresponding Secretary General.*

MRS. C. B. TATE, *Treasurer General.*

MRS. ORLANDO HALLIBURTON, *Registrar General.*

MISS MILDRED RUTHERFORD, *Historian General.*

MRS. JOHN W. TENCH, *Custodian Cross of Honor.*

MRS. W. K. BEARD, *Custodian Flags and Pennants.*

"Love Makes Memory Eternal."

THE PRESIDENT GENERAL'S MESSAGE.

My Dear Daughters of the Confederacy: May my first greetings to you in this joyous new year spread far and wide and carry to one and all the deep appreciation I feel of the confidence you have placed in me by making me your President General! With your help and coöperation, I pledge myself to do all in my power to merit your trust.

We all read in the November CONFEDERATE VETERAN how necessary it is that we now make every effort to sustain and support it. It is our official paper, and its pages are always open to us. Let us do what we can to get some of those necessary five thousand subscribers and show our appreciation of the man who devoted his life to the upbuilding of it and left it as a heritage to us.

In the future all money raised for work undertaken by the United Daughters of the Confederacy as a body must be sent to the Treasurer General, Mrs. C. B. Tate, Pulaski, Va., with the exception of that raised for the Arlington and Shiloh monuments.

The Daughters of the Confederacy badges are to be procured from the Second Vice President General, Mrs. Elizabeth B. Bashinsky, Troy, Ala.

Mrs. Magnus Thompson, Honorary President of our Association, a Daughter of the Confederacy in very truth, fell peacefully asleep in Washington last month. She was termed the "Mother of the Confederacy" in the District of Columbia, she having organized the first U. D. C. Chapters there. She organized the Division in 1904 and originated and sent out the first call for a meeting to organize the Arlington Confederate Memorial Association.

Congress is now in session, and Senator Works, of California, will introduce the bill offered by him last session in aid of indigent and afflicted Confederate men and women. Although a Union veteran, he was the first prominent public man to advocate that they be given a national home to be supported by the government. This patriotic and philanthropic action entitles him to our sincere regard and should endear him to all of us. That gallant Confederate, Gen. Albert Estopinal, will reintroduce the bill in the House. So, offered by veterans of both armies, it may aptly be styled "the bill of the blue and the gray." While the friends of the measure are sanguine that it will pass both the Senate and the House with probably no opposition, still we, dear Daughters, should do all we can in aid thereof; hence I ask you to write to your Senators and Congressmen, as many of you did last session, and urge them to assist in the speedy passage of the bill. Our veterans are all old men now and many of them afflicted and indigent. The States are taxed beyond their means to aid them. The condition of some of our dear old women is indeed pitiable. A national home for both sexes will be a boon.

The U. D. C. are unanimously in favor of the bill; so are General Young, Commander in Chief, and practically all the veterans, as well as the Sons of Veterans, but none more heartily than many Union veterans. The measure is not a charity, but, as our beloved ex-President, Mrs. Cornelia Branch Stone, of Texas, has aptly said, "our equity." The South since 1865 has cheerfully paid her *pro rata* of over five billion dollars to provide pensions and national homes for Union veterans; so now, when one of their representative members, Senator Works, desires to reciprocate in a degree, we would be both churlish and ungrateful to show want of appreciation. Let us, therefore, impress upon our Senators and Representatives that the Confederate element approves of the bill and urge them to support the measure and work for its speedy passage. The last days of our men and women of the sixties should be made as happy and comfortable as possible.

It is with regret that I have been unable to answer your many letters of kindly good wishes. These letters are very dear to me, and the answers are graven deep in my heart, from which the echo loudly rings: "God bless you every one!"

Faithfully yours, CORDELIA POWELL ODENHEIMER,
President General U. D. C.

GREETINGS FROM THE OFFICIAL EDITOR.

With the remembrance and inspiration of the recent Convention at San Francisco, when Western hospitality was at its zenith and when fine work for the past year was reported by Divisions represented, new vigor and interest in matters referring to the work of the Daughters of the Confederacy are evidently uppermost in all minds in this beginning of another year. It is but natural to expect the U. D. C. department of the VETERAN to teem with news from the different States.

The General Convention at San Francisco saw the culmination of the magnificent administration of Mrs. Daisy McLaurin Stevens as President General, and coupled with the widespread admiration for her personally was that endearing feeling toward her from her Daughters because she had fulfilled her mission so well and left the general order better in every way than when she first assumed the duties of chief executive of one of the largest organizations of women in the world.

Fortunate, indeed, was this order to have given them as their new President General, Mrs. Cordelia Powell Odenheimer, of Maryland, whose ability as an executive is so well known. Mrs. Odenheimer is a brilliant woman, endowed with much that will fit her for her high office, and she has the tenets of the U. D. C. close to her heart. The prospects for a brilliant administration are before her, and under her wise

ruling it may be forecasted that success awaits all that are working to perfect the many things tributary to the results sought by the Daughters of the Confederacy.

The editor in chief has changed her residence to Atlanta, Ga., and her street address is but temporary. Address her at 61 West Harris Street, Apartment No. 1, until further advised.

Again it is necessary to ask Division editors to refrain from sending long articles, as they cannot be used, and it is difficult for the editor in chief to use her judgment as to the most important news contained therein. It is better to send short items each month.

Wishing every Daughter a bright and joyous new year and with continued faith in them that they will aid in making the department for the future one of interest, redounding to the good of the order, I am, with love and loyalty,

LILIAN C. PERKINS, *Editor U. D. C. Dept.*

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA DIVISION

BY MRS. TAYLOR O. TIMBERLAKE, STONEWALL JACKSON CHAPTER
NO. 20, WASHINGTON, D. C.

The Daughters of the Confederacy in the nation's capital are very proud of the opportunity to tell the VETERAN'S readers of the splendid work we are doing under the able leadership of our President, Mrs. Maude Howell Smith. We have just held our eleventh annual convention, which voiced the deep regard in which our President is held by our Division by unanimously reflecting her. The following officers were elected: President, Mrs. Maude Howell Smith, Dixie Chapter; First Vice President, Mrs. Frank Elmore, A. R. Lawton Chapter; Second Vice President, Mrs. Belle C. Riley, R. E. Lee Chapter; Recording Secretary, Miss Alice Theobald, Winnie Davis Chapter; Corresponding Secretary, Miss Hattie Bowie, Stonewall Jackson Chapter; Treasurer, Miss Ida Hill Bowie, Winnie Davis Chapter; Registrar, Mrs. Roberta Von H. Voland, R. E. Lee Chapter; Historian, Mrs. Wallace Streater, R. E. Lee Chapter; Recorder of Crosses, Mrs. Gustavus Weber, Stonewall Jackson Chapter; Parliamentarian, Mrs. James Eslin, Stonewall Jackson Chapter; Auditor, Miss Isabel Sinclair, R. E. Lee Chapter; Custodian, Miss Virginia Griffith, Winnie Davis Chapter; Chaplain, Mrs. Stephen Earl R. E. Lee Chapter; Directress of the Mildred Lee Chapter, Children of the Confederacy, Mrs. S. H. Ford.

The afternoon session, which was opened by the singing of "Dixie," was taken up with the reports of Division officers, Chapter presidents, and committee chairmen. The evening session was opened with the singing of "Maryland, My Maryland" as a special compliment to our new President General, Mrs. Odenheimer, who honored us with her presence. Her delightful address was concluded with a stirring appeal for preparedness, which so enthused the convention that Mrs. Smith was directed to call a special meeting to discuss preparedness and draw up suitable resolutions on the subject. Mrs. Odenheimer was then presented with flowers by the Division, which were accepted in her own gracious manner.

The one shadow over the convention, brightened only by the glowing example of her Christian life and unselfish devotion to the beloved cause, was the absence of our dear late Honorary President, Mrs. Magnus S. Thompson, who departed this life on November 7, 1915. Impressive funeral services were held in the Confederate Memorial Home, which was so near and dear to her heart and for which she labored so untiringly and unselfishly. She was laid to rest in Arlington

Cemetery. Memorial services were held at the Home Sunday evening, December 5, when addresses were made by Mrs. F. G. Odenheimer, Mrs. Maude Howell Smith, and Capt. Fred Beall, Commander Camp of Confederate Veterans. At Mrs. Smith's suggestion the last words of Mrs. Thompson to our Division President, "Do something big for the Home this year," were adopted as our motto, and as a memorial to her each Daughter is pledging herself to raise a stated amount to be applied to the debt on the Home.

Cannot each Daughter in our great organization take to heart these inspiring words of this noble Daughter of the South and "do something big this year"? Do it, dear Daughters, for one of the many beautiful causes for which our United Daughters of the Confederacy stands.

SOUTH CAROLINA CONVENTION.

BY AGATHA A. WOODSON

The South Carolina Division held its nineteenth annual meeting with the Edward Court Chapter, of Aiken, November 17-19, 1915. Many beautiful addresses were made during the sessions, and our reports evidenced much improvement along all lines of Chapter and Division activity. According to these reports, South Carolina stands second in historical work, the impetus for which is due to Miss Mary B. Poppenheim's initial work; second in Honor Roll work, and second only to Virginia in both of these, Virginia with her three hundred Chapters; third in subscriptions to Shiloh, although she has no sons buried there; third in her subscriptions to Arlington; and fifth in her subscriptions to the Davis fund. Her *per capita* tax rate is sixth, and yet she stands seventeenth in order of holding office on the Executive Board. She is one of the oldest States in U. D. C. work and has had representation on the General Board for only three years. Hence, with a feeling that she deserved better recognition, when the name of Miss Mary B. Poppenheim, of Charleston, was proposed by Mrs. C. E. Graham, of Greenville, as a candidate for President General in 1917, the applause was loud and long. South Carolina could find no Daughter better fitted to fill this high office, nor could any State show a woman who has done more than Miss Poppenheim in the interests of the United Daughters. She has served South Carolina as President and Historian and for years has been director for South Carolina for the Shiloh Monument Committee. She is Chairman of the Scholarship Committee, and under her wise leadership many new scholarships have been secured. So South Carolina thinks that her candidate is exceedingly well fitted for the office.

Among the other business transacted by the Convention was a much-needed revision of our State constitution. This was to make it more perfectly accord with the general constitution.

One important decision was to have the President appoint, on recommendation of the State Historian, one Historian for each district in the Division, who shall form the Historical Committee, with the State Historian as Chairman. This is a wise measure, as each of these will have charge of the historical work in her district, and the State Historian will be relieved of much work.

Election of officers resulted in the choice of the following: President, Mrs. J. L. McWhirter, Jonesville; First Vice President, Mrs. John Cart, Orangeburg; Second Vice President, Miss Mary Williams, Yorkville; Third Vice President, Mrs. A. G. Sinclair, Bennettsville; Fourth Vice President, Miss

Birdie Smith, Greer; Recording Secretary, Mrs. J. W. Mixson, Union; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Walter Duncan, Aiken; Treasurer, Mrs. W. H. Cely, Greenville; Historian, Mrs. C. McC. Patrick, Anderson; Registrar, Mrs. T. R. Tremmier, Spartanburg; Recorder of Crosses, Mrs. M. J. Perry, Lancaster; Auditor, Mrs. Anna C. Ancrum, Camden.

The next meeting of the Convention will be held with the William Wallace Chapter, of Union.

VIRGINIA DIVISION, U. D. C.

BY MRS. GLASSELL FITZHUGH, CHARLOTTESVILLE.

Virginia Division, U. D. C., sends hearty greetings to sister Divisions and wishes for each of them a most prosperous and successful new year.

Albemarle Chapter, No. 1, is waxing warm and enthusiastic over establishing a memorial fund "from the dead to the living veterans." Hearty responses have been made to the appeal. A plan is now on foot to organize an auxiliary Chapter.

J. E. B. Stuart Chapter, of Staunton, has placed handsome Virginia State flags over the two public schools. It has now ordered its third flag for the Deaf and Blind Institute, located at Staunton. This is one of the most flourishing and wide-awake Chapters in our Division.

I have the great privilege and pleasure of announcing that Virginia won the Raines banner, offered by the U. D. C. for the best historical work last year. By the efforts of Mrs. J. E. Alexander a new Chapter, known as Welby Carter Chapter, has been organized at Upperville, with Mrs. Sophie Carter Richardson as President.

On November 1, 1915, a most enthusiastic gathering met at the beautiful home of Mrs. Ogle Taylor, at King George Courthouse, and formed the King George Chapter, with twenty-four members, Mrs. Frank Taylor being made President. Much interest was manifested, and we have every reason to hope for a flourishing Chapter there.

Another new Chapter was organized at Fredericksburg, with thirty-six charter members, taking for its name Marye's Heights Chapter, electing Mrs. John T. Goolrick President.

The fourth new Chapter was formed December 3, 1915, drawing its members from Tinkling Springs, Stuart's Draft, and Fishersville. The name C. R. Mason was adopted, thus paying a just tribute to the great hero of the Confederate war, Jackson's bridge builder. It was through his wonderful ingenuity in this respect that General Jackson was enabled to make those forced marches which immortalized his name.

The junior auxiliaries in our Division are becoming an important factor. To these Junior Chapters is offered a flag, the last flag of the Confederacy, to the Chapter formed this year having the greatest number of members; and to the one doing the best historical work, a State flag.

The annual Grand Camp of Confederate Veterans of Virginia met in Fredericksburg this year. One of the most pleasing features of the reunion was the trip to the different battle fields—Chancellorsville, Wilderness, Todd's Tavern, Bloody Angle, and Spottsylvania Courthouse. A marker was placed and dedicated at the old home of Commodore Matthew Fontaine Maury during the reunion. A brilliant reception and many other entertainments were given under the auspices of the Fredericksburg Chapter, Daughters of the Confederacy. The parade was a long and interesting line, Veterans, Sons, Daughters, sponsors, maids, and school children taking part. The reunion closed with praise for the splendid hospitality and patriotism displayed by the city of Fredericksburg.

THE PITTSBURGH CHAPTER.

A Chapter of Daughters of the Confederacy has been organized in Pittsburgh, Pa., with twenty-five charter members. It is No. 1605 in the general organization and is the third Chapter now in the State of Pennsylvania, the other two Chapters being the Dabney H. Maury Chapter, which has heretofore belonged to the Virginia Division, and the Philadelphia Chapter, of which Mrs. Frederick Oates, the founder of the Pittsburgh Chapter, was formerly President. Mrs. Oates met with other ladies at the home of Mrs. George Frederick Fletcher and perfected the organization of the Chapter. The officers are: President, Mrs. George Frederick Fletcher; First Vice President, Mrs. John Pryor Cowan; Second Vice President, Mrs. Charles C. Bunton; Recording Secretary, Mrs. Frederick Marshall; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. F. C. Barrington; Treasurer, Mrs. Harry P. Easton; Recorder of Crosses of Honor, Mrs. E. V. Emmert; Registrar, Mrs. J. Morgan Hall; Historian, Mrs. Fanny L. Huff; Chaplain, Rev. Robert Nelson Meade.

The next meeting of the Chapter will be held on January 19, and it will be a social occasion, with an honor guest to speak.

HISTORIAN GENERAL'S PAGE.

MILDRED LEWIS RUTHERFORD, ATHENS, GA.

["Historical Sins of Omission and Commission," address delivered at San Francisco, is now ready for distribution. Send postage; one cent per copy. All material for State Historians will be sent express collect unless otherwise directed.]

A NEW YEAR'S GREETING.

Another year is before us, Daughters of the Confederacy, with all its hopes, aspirations, and possibilities. We must use the days wisely and well in collecting and preserving the history that is so valuable to us.

The work of the past year has shown a marvelous advance over former years, for the reason that there has been a systematic study of history by the majority of the Chapters, and greater interest than ever before has been manifested by individual members in securing reminiscences from veterans and collecting clippings from old newspapers that have been hidden away for years. These clippings have been sent to me as precious legacies in order that I may file and preserve them in the volumes prepared for the U. D. C. The trust reposed in your Historian General is greatly appreciated.

The San Francisco Convention gave me permission to take to the Confederate Museum at Richmond, Va., the fifty volumes now ready just as soon as they are properly indexed, so that historians may secure these verified truths concerning the South which we have been enabled to collect.

There is much material on hand sent by Chapters which is not on the authorized size of paper and consequently will not fit the binders. It is greatly desired that some one will donate a sufficient amount to have this matter typewritten, so that it can enter history. Some State volumes will lack material to fill them, while other States will possibly have material to fill two or three extra volumes.

I wish to thank you for again honoring me as your Historian General, and I ask your hearty coöperation to make this last year of service in this office the best I have yet had. I must also express thanks to the veterans for valuable assistance in my work. God bless and keep them long with us! If we can only arouse the same interest in collecting and preserving history on the part of the Sons of Veterans and keep

the children's interest alive, we shall accomplish great things this year.

At San Francisco and at Thomasville, when our Georgia Division met, I urged that every Daughter of the Confederacy should become a subscriber to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN. This magazine has been the greatest agent we have had for preserving and disseminating Confederate history, and the present management is keeping it up to the highest ideals of the past. In it this year will be found messages from the Veterans, messages from the Daughters of the Confederacy, messages from the Sons of Veterans, and monthly programs of study for the Children of the Confederacy, as well as for the Daughters. Put this magazine into every home, every school library, and every public library in your State. This would be a monument most after our Mr. Cunningham's desire.

A happy New Year to one and all—a year filled with great prosperity and peace and a year filled with earnest activities in seeking after truth!

RITUAL FOR U. D. C. AND C. OF C. IN HISTORICAL STUDY OF PROGRAMS.

RESPONSIVE SERVICE.

Leader: "We have met together, our Heavenly Father, to study and to discover the truth of history. Keep out of our hearts all bitterness, knowing that bitterness engenders strife; keep out of our minds all narrowness, knowing that narrowness weakens character; keep out of our hearts all injustice, knowing that injustice is sinful. May we measure ourselves by thy measuring rod and give to all their due fully, freely, and fairly!"

All: "Lord, who shall abide in thy tabernacle? who shall dwell in thy holy hill? He that walketh uprightly, and worketh righteousness, and speaketh the truth in his heart. He that slandereth not with his tongue, nor doeth evil to his friend, nor taketh up a reproach against his neighbor. In whose eyes a vile person is contemned; but he honoreth them that fear the Lord. He that sweareth to his own hurt, and changeth not. He that putteth not out his money to usury, nor taketh reward against the innocent. He that doeth these things shall never be moved." (Ps. xv.)

Leader: "Let the words of our mouths and the meditations of our hearts be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, our Rock and our Redeemer. Amen."

U. D. C. PROGRAM, JANUARY, 1916.

LEE AND JACKSON.

Part I. Robert Edward Lee (January 19, 1807-October 12, 1870).

1. Inherited characteristics of Robert E. Lee, anecdotes of home life.

2. Whence came his power as a leader of men?

3. Tell of his influence as a teacher.

4. Give tributes paid him as a Christian and scholar.

Reading: "Marse Robert Is Asleep."

Part II. Thomas Jonathan Jackson (January 21, 1824-63).

1. Contrast the early training of Lee and Jackson.

2. Whence came Jackson's power as a leader of men? Why called "Stonewall"?

3. Give tributes to him as a Christian soldier and scholar.

4. Relate the circumstances of his death and how it changed the fortunes of war.

Reading: "Stonewall Jackson's Way."

References: "Life of General Lee" (Fitzhugh Lee), "Reminiscences of Lee" (J. William Jones), "Christ in the Camp" (J. William Jones), "Life of Thomas J. Jackson" (Henderson), "The South in the Building of the Nation" (Volumes I., VII., IX., X., XI., XII. Sold by J. S. Clark, Birmingham, Ala.), "The Library of Southern Literature" (Volume XIV Sold by Martin & Hoyt Company, Atlanta, Ga.).

U. D. C. PROGRAM, FEBRUARY, 1916.

RECONSTRUCTION DAYS IN THE SOUTH.

(Answers to be found in address of Historian General at San Francisco, Cal., "Historical Sins of Omission and Commission," pages 25-29.)

1. "Condition of the North and South at the close of the War between the States." Cook.

2. "Plunder of the Eleven States." Voorhees.

3. "The Unconstitutionality of the Fifteenth Amendment." Chicago Chronicle.

4. Charles Francis Adams's views in regard to Reconstruction policies.

5. Necessity of the Ku-Klux Klan. Reference: "The Ku-Klux Klan" by Miss S. E. J. Rose, West Point, Miss.

C. OF C. PROGRAM, JANUARY, 1916.

ROBERT EDWARD LEE, JANUARY 19, 1807-OCTOBER 12, 1870.

1. Describe Stratford, General Lee's home. Tell something of his father and mother, with anecdotes connected with his boyhood.

2. Give the names of his brothers and sisters and relate some incidents connected with them in the home.

3. Describe Cumberland Island and how it was associated with the Lee family.

4. Tell what you know of Robert E. Lee's school days and name some of his teachers.

5. Give some incidents connected with his life at West Point, his life as an engineer, and his life as a soldier in the Mexican War.

6. Give his reason for joining the Confederate forces instead of remaining with the Union army.

7. Tell all that you can find about his camp life and Christian influence over his soldiers.

8. Why did he surrender? When did he surrender? Where did he surrender? Relate the myth about the apple tree.

Reference: "Life of Robert E. Lee" Williamson. B. F. Johnson & Co., Richmond.

C. OF C. PROGRAM, FEBRUARY, 1916.

THOMAS JONATHAN JACKSON, JANUARY 21, 1824-63.

1. Describe Clarksburg, W. Va., Jackson's home town.

2. Contrast the early training of Lee and Jackson.

3. Give some anecdotes of Jackson's home life as son, husband, and father.

4. Tell all you know of his school days and teachers.

5. Whence came his great faith in prayer?

6. Tell of his Sunday school for the negroes. Was Jackson a slaveholder?

7. Give some experiences as a teacher.

8. Tell how he died and what effect his death had upon the Confederate cause.

Reference: "Life of Thomas J. Jackson." Williamson. B. F. Johnson & Co., Richmond, Va.

CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

NEW ORLEANS, LA., November 27, 1915.

Dear Friends and Coworkers: With the beginning of a new year let us stop and reflect on the past; let us count His mercies. They are numerous; but the greatest of all is that peace, blessed peace, reigns over our united country.

The Confederated Southern Memorial Association has reason to be proud of its achievements during the past year, and we are looking forward to great results from our united efforts during 1916. For many of our Associations this will be a jubilee year, marking the fiftieth year of organization. This glorious distinction belongs to nineteen of the Associations—namely: Gainesville, Ala.; Americus, Athens, Atlanta, Columbus, and Madison, Ga.; New Orleans, La.; Vicksburg, Miss.; Raleigh, N. C.; Charleston and Columbia, S. C.; Fredericksburg, Petersburg, Portsmouth, Oakwood, Richmond, Hebrew Ladies' (Richmond), Hollywood (Richmond), Spottsylvania Courthouse, and Winchester, Va. Is there not reason to be proud of such a record? Fifty years of uninterrupted effort to preserve the history of that cause for which our fathers, brothers, husbands, and sons shed their precious blood!

To those faithful women "whose annual tribute for fifty years has expressed their enduring grief, love, and reverence for our sacred dead" we bow our heads in loving gratitude. Can that cause be called a "lost cause," since its memory has inspired such patriotic devotion through all these years?

This jubilee year of 1916 promises to be one of great activity for the Confederated Southern Memorial Association. You are aware that we have decided to place a tribute in the Red Cross Memorial Building, in Washington, D. C. Our offering to this building will be a chair, to be known as the President's chair and occupied by the President of the Red Cross Society, who is likewise always the President of the United States. Would it not be a grand idea for all the jubilarians to celebrate the date of their organization by helping to raise the sum which is necessary for this memorial offering?

What have you done for the memorial to the late Mr. Cunningham, the founder of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN? Do not forget that in his will Mr. Cunningham made your organization one of the trustees of that valuable publication. We owe this to his memory, to ourselves, and to the Southern people at large to make every effort to support the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, and this can be done only by increasing the number of subscribers. Let me urge each Memorial Association to become a subscriber to the VETERAN, beginning with the month of January, 1916. In each issue there is a message from memorial women. Subscribe to the VETERAN, so that you will be in touch with your own members. This appeal, or request, is made in a special manner to such Associations as will celebrate their golden jubilee in 1916. No greater tribute can be offered to the memory of Mr. Cunningham than this, and to honor his memory is to honor your Associations and their fifty years of work in the Confederate cause.

Let us unite and determine to make this our jubilee year one of unremitting effort to cancel all obligations and to start the next half century with the same zeal and enthusiasm which has characterized the years gone by.

To one and all, jubilarians and near-jubilarians, I wish a happy, prosperous, and peaceful year.

MRS. W. J. BEHAN, *President General.*

SHILOH MONUMENT FUND.

REPORT OF MRS. ROY W. MCKINNEY, TREASURER, FROM
SEPTEMBER 18, 1915, TO NOVEMBER 24, 1915.

Alabama: W. T. Hodges Chapter, \$1; Pettus Roden Chapter, \$1; Virginia Tunstall Clay Chapter, \$5; Florence Chapter, \$5; R. E. Roden Chapter, \$3; Sophia Bibb Chapter, \$2; Barbour County Chapter, \$2; Dadeville Chapter, \$1. Total, \$20.

Arkansas: Memorial Chapter, Little Rock, \$25; Robert E. Lee Chapter, Conway, \$5; John B. Gordon Chapter, Paragould, \$1; Robert W. Shaver Chapter, Black Rock, \$2.50; T. J. Churchill Chapter, Little Rock, \$5; Sidney Johnston Chapter, Batesville, \$5; Pat Cleburne Chapter, Hope, \$5; Lonoke Chapter, \$2.50; Magnolia Chapter, \$6.25; DeWitt Chapter, \$2.50; John E. Dow Chapter, Atkins, \$1.50. Total, \$61.25.

California: R. E. Lee Chapter, Los Angeles, \$5.

District of Columbia: A. S. Johnston Chapter, \$5; Mrs. Jennie L. Munroe (personal), Washington City, \$5. Total, \$10.

Florida: Annie Seabring, Jacksonville, \$5; Confederate Gray Chapter, Leesburg, \$5; Mrs. W. F. Gwynn (through Letitia A. Nutt Chapter), Fort Myers, \$5; John Hunt Morgan Chapter, Green Cove Springs, \$2; General Loring C. of C. Chapter, St. Augustine, \$3; Dixie Chapter, St. Petersburg, \$3; Winnie Davis Chapter, C. of C., Jacksonville, \$5; Inverness Chapter, \$1; Dickinson Chapter, Ocala, \$5; Stars and Bars Chapter, Greenwood, \$2; Mrs. Rogers (personal), Jacksonville, \$1; Olustee Chapter, Arcadia, \$2; Letitia A. Nutt Chapter, Fort Myers, \$2; Annie P. Seabring, Jacksonville, \$5; Kirby Smith Chapter, Gainesville, \$10; Mary Custis Lee Chapter, Clear Water, \$2; Mrs. Raux (through Chapter), Brooksville, \$1; interest, 20 cents; Anna Jackson Chapter, Tallahassee, \$5; Father Ryan Chapter, Bartow, \$5. Total, \$69.20.

Georgia: Atlanta Chapter, \$25; Sylvania Chapter, \$5; Oconee Chapter, Dublin, \$3; Adeline Baum Chapter, C. of C., Dublin, \$2; Tharman of Upton Chapter, Thomaston, \$2; Chickamauga Chapter, Lafayette, \$1; Helen Plane Chapter, Canton, \$2; Lucy Garnett Chapter, C. of C., Sylvania, \$3; Charlotte Carson Chapter, Tifton, \$2.50; Pelham Chapter, \$3; R. E. Lee Chapter, Douglas, \$2; Willie Hunt Smith Chapter, Barnesville, \$2; Liberty Chapter, Flemington, \$2; Chapter A, Augusta, \$10; Fannie Gordon Chapter, Eastman, \$5; Hawkinsville Chapter, \$4; Cedartown Chapter, \$1; Joe Wheeler Chapter, Stockbridge, \$1; Turner County Chapter, Ashburn, \$1; Habersham Chapter, Clarksville, \$1; Sidney Lanier Chapter, Macon, \$25; Americus Chapter, \$5; Wallace Edwards Chapter, Butler, 50 cents; R. E. Lee Chapter, College Park, \$5; Larkin D. Watson Chapter, Jackson, \$2.50; Monroe Chapter, \$2.50; Mary Brantley Chapter, Dawson, \$5; Bullock County Chapter, Statesboro, \$10; J. D. Franklin Chapter, Tennille, \$5; Julia Jackson Chapter, C. of C., Atlanta, \$10; Kennesaw Chapter, Marietta, \$2; Alexander Stephens Chapter, Crawfordsville, \$1; Annie Wheeler Chapter, Carrollton, \$1; Bartow Chapter, Cartersville, \$2.50; L. P. Thomas Chapter, Norcross, \$3; Douglasville Chapter, \$2; Agnes Lee Chapter, Decatur, \$5. Total, \$164.50.

Kentucky: Avery Winston Auxiliary, Lexington, \$1; City National Bank (through Paducah Chapter), Paducah, \$150; Mrs. H. P. Field (in memory of her brother, William S. Alexander, who was killed at Shiloh), Louisville, \$5; Mrs. William Pusey (through Ben Hardin Helm Chapter), Elizabethtown, \$5; Mrs. L. E. Williams (for autograph of Jefferson Davis sold to Mrs. Thorpe), Louisville, \$5. Total, \$166.

Louisiana: Mrs. Peter Youree (personal), Shreveport, \$100; Shreveport Chapter, \$25. Total, \$125.

Mississippi: McComb Chapter, \$10; McComb citizens, Pike County, \$15.50; McComb U. D. C. (personal donations), \$10.75; Magnolia citizens, Pike County, \$8.75; Summit citizens of Pike County, \$5; Camp 226, U. C. V., Amite County, \$5; veterans and friends of Amite County, \$6.50; Corinth Chapter, \$70; Stonewall Jackson Chapter, Swan Lake, \$3; Charles E. Clark Chapter, Beulah, \$2.50; Kosciusko Chapter, \$3; A. S. Johnston Chapter (Mrs. Hudson), \$25; Durant Daughters, \$5; Dr. Zeno S. Goss Chapter, \$5; George B. Shelby Chapter, \$5; cash, 50 cents. Total, \$182.50.

Missouri: John B. Gordon Chapter, Sedalia, \$2; Sterling Price Chapter, Nevada, \$5; Emmett McDonald Chapter, Sedalia, \$5. Total, \$12.

New York: Mary Mildred Sullivan Chapter, New Mrs. M. M. Sullivan (personal), \$5; Mrs. F. G. Bork (personal), \$60. Total, \$115.

Ohio: Stonewall Jackson Chapter, Cincinnati, \$5; Robert E. Lee Chapter, Columbus, \$2; A. S. Johnston Chapter, Cincinnati, \$10; Dixie Chapter, Columbus, \$5. Total, \$22.

Pennsylvania: Philadelphia Chapter, \$25.

South Carolina: Francis Marion Chapter, Bamberg, \$5; St. Matthews Chapter, \$5; Graham Chapter, Dorchester, \$5; Edward Croft Chapter, Aiken, \$5; Arthur M. Gault Chapter, Georgetown, \$5; Stephen Elliott Chapter, Beaufort, \$3; Calvin Crozier Chapter, Newberry, \$20; Ellison Capers Chapter, Florence, \$5; Abbeville Chapter, \$5; O. M. Dantzler Chapter, St. Matthews, \$3; J. K. M. Lee Chapter, Darlington, \$10; Pickens Chapter, \$1; M. C. Butler Chapter, Columbia, \$10; Hampton-Lee Chapter, Greenville, \$5; William Butler Chapter, Easley, \$5; R. E. Lee Chapter, Andersonville, \$3; John Hanes Chapter, Jonesville, \$2.20; Spartan Chapter, Sumterville, \$1; Savannah Valley Chapter, Lowndesville, \$1.50; Mrs. J. L. McWhirter (personal), Jonesville, \$5; John C. Calhoun Chapter, Clemson College, \$5; William Wallace Chapter, Union, \$5; Fort Sumter Chapter, Greenville, \$5; post cards sold by Mrs. J. L. McWhirter, \$2.70; commission on family record charts, 45 cents; Micah Jenkins Chapter, Waterbury, \$5. Total, \$118.85.

Tennessee: E. V. Allen Chapter, Dayton, \$5; Zollicoffer-Fulton Chapter, Fayetteville, \$3; Johnson City Chapter, \$5; Shiloh Chapter, Savannah, \$25. Total, \$38.

Texas: Col. R. B. Levy Chapter, Longview, \$5; R. E. Lee Chapter, Houston, \$25; B. E. Bee Chapter, San Antonio, \$5; T. C. Cain Chapter, Bastrop, \$1; Mollie Moore Davis Chapter, Tyler, \$1; Capt. T. F. Rudgeley Chapter, Bay City, \$5; Texarkana Chapter, \$1; Hannibal Boone Chapter, Navasota, \$2.50; Allen Sanford, Jr. (in memory of his mother), Waco, \$5; R. E. Lee Chapter, Houston, \$15; John M. Jolly Chapter, Marlin, \$2.50; Floresville Chapter, \$2.50; Pearl Witt Chapter, McGregor, \$1; Mrs. H. O. Seastrunk (personal), Tyler, \$1; Tom Green Chapter, Brenham, \$5; Mary West Chapter, Waco, \$10. Total, \$87.50.

Virginia: Mrs. M. L. Semple, \$10.71; Washington and Lee Chapter, Kinsale, \$10; Bristol Chapter, \$2.86; Mildred Lee Auxiliary, Martinsville, \$5.25; Chesterfield Juniors, Richmond, \$2.50; Mildred Lee Auxiliary, Martinsville, \$9.75; Sussex Chapter, \$1; Culpeper Juniors, \$10; Albemarle Chapter, \$2; Grand Children's Chapter, Richmond, \$5; Henry A. Wise Chapter, Cape Charles, \$4.50; Tazewell Chapter, \$3. Total, \$66.57.

Washington: Mrs. Kate Dalton Smith (personal), Tacoma, \$5; Ella K. Trader Chapter, \$2.35; Mildred Lee Chapter, Spokane, \$5. Total, \$12.35.

West Virginia: Parkersburg Chapter, \$10; Martinsburg

Chapter, \$50; McComb Chapter, \$50; St. S. Huntington Chapter, \$50. Total, \$50.

Wisconsin: Mrs. Johnson, for Milwaukee, \$5.

Contributions from Chapters, \$25; contributions, \$100; total, \$125.

Interest, \$100.

Expenses of Mrs. White and Mrs. Henderson to inspect model, \$67.18; Treasurer's bond, \$150; third payment to F. C. Hubbard, sculptor, \$4,000. Total disbursements, \$4,217.18.

Total income and balance, \$4,217.18.

Total income in cash at Treasurer at the report, \$20,000.

Total disbursements, \$4,217.18.

Total in hands of Treasurer at the report, \$20,000.

WHILE CHARLES LEWIS WAS IN THE HANDS OF THE ENEMY

By CHARLES LEWIS, JR., of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN.

While a prisoner of war in Memphis Lieut. Col. A. J. Woods, C. S. A., was murdered by Lieut. Charles Lewis, U. S. A., under the following circumstances:

Charles Woods had paid Lewis to aid him in escaping, but when he had succeeded in getting out of prison, Lewis had him rearrested, and, fearing, I suppose, that Woods would inform on him, he went to the prison and told Woods was being shot through the back during his flight.

After hearing of this outrage, the Confederate commissioner at Memphis, Mr. Richard Ford, took the matter up with the Union authorities and received the answer that Lewis had been condemned by a court-martial to be "hanged by the neck until dead," but that, unfortunately, he had escaped and, according to reports, had hastened to Richmond, tendered his services to the Confederacy, was given a commission as a lieutenant of cavalry, and an account of the death of his fellow prisoner, which received at Fredericksburg, had been presented to all the veterans.

Mr. Ford's explanation of this commission was: "I have never been able to locate the man who killed the man named Charles Lewis, but I have heard of it being done and he has changed his name."

"Watson's Official Directory of Officers of the United States Army" shows Charles Lewis's record as follows: "Sergeant 2d Dragoons, second lieutenant 2d Cavalry, September, 1861. Sentenced to be hanged, but escaped, joined the Confederate States army, and rose to the rank of colonel of cavalry in that service. His proper name was Denis Daly."

The report of Lafayette Guild, medical director of General Lee's army, shows thirteen casualties only among the cavalry in the battle of Fredericksburg, and these were wounds to enlisted men; so the colonel that Lewis succeeded did not die of wounds received in this battle, and this disposes of that part of the story.

I have carefully gone over all sources possible, including the Journal of the Confederate Congress, but cannot locate either Charles Lewis or Denis Daly as ever having been an officer in our service. However, it is possible that he might be under another name. My idea is that the Union authorities connived at Lewis's escape and tried to hush the matter up by trumping up the story of his joining the Confederacy, but I should be very glad to know positively; and if any of our survivors can prove or disprove this affair, I wish they would communicate with the VETERAN to the end that what they know may be published and some light thrown on the subject.

A KINDLY DEED REMEMBERED.

[From an address by Robert L. Drummond, of Auburn, N. Y., who served in the 111th New York Infantry.]

On the 22d of February, 1865, with thousands of others, I was released from the Confederate prison at Salisbury, N. C., and started on the way to Goldsboro, then the parole camp of the Confederacy. Two of my comrades and I pledged one another solemnly to stand together as long as life lasted, and the poor fellows begged of me to take them both North or bury them decently by the way. Those unable to walk at all were to be taken on the cars; but as this looked like being left behind, most of them insisted that they could walk. We made but little progress the first day and that night camped in a piece of woods. Here I made my comrades a bed of brush, and for the first time in four months they did not lie on the bare ground. In the morning I found that I could scarcely stir and became alarmed for the condition of my patients. I was not long left in doubt and forgot my own troubles in contemplating theirs, which were pitiable in the extreme. I got them finally to their feet, but found to my dismay that the march of the day was begun, that we were left behind, and I began to consider the situation. Just here occurred an incident which is worthy of mention.

While wondering what to do a company of Confederate officers, apparently an officer of some importance and his staff, came dashing round a turn in the road. The one in command carried under his slouch hat the face of a man and a gentleman. As he and his brother officers came to where we stood he suddenly reined his horse to a standstill, gave us a searching glance, and in military but friendly tones inquired why we were there. I told him that my comrades were sick, that they were entirely worn out by the march of the day previous, and that I had promised not to leave them under any circumstances as long as they lived. He listened quietly, then turned to me abruptly and said: "And what about you?" I told him I was not sick, but simply starved. He turned and looked at the members of his staff. I fancied I could see him trying to keep down something rising in his throat. Then, suddenly turning to me again and pointing in a certain direction with his sword, he said: "See here, my boy, right over there is a railroad depot. You get your comrades there if you can; but before you come in sight of it you get a large cane, and when you are there be 'right smart lame,' and I think they'll take all three of you on board the cars." Then with a kindly glance at me he clapped his spurs to his horse's flanks and galloped out of sight.

I looked at the boys again, neither of whom said a word; neither did they say anything when they saw me go a short distance away, pick up a large stick, take the weaker one by the arm, and motion to the other to follow in the way indicated by the officer. When we reached the depot, I made no claims to being well, and, stick and all, we were taken on the top of a freight car moving in the direction of Goldsboro.

So strong was I in spirit at this time that I felt my face flush at what at first glance appeared to me, and may to you, as a deception; but when, after a ride by land and by sea of a thousand miles and upward, I brought these same boys back safely to their homes in Old Cayuga, I felt the mists coming before my own eyes and on a spring morning awoke from weeks of delirium to find myself lying in my own bed at home with the angelic face of my dear mother, tears of joy in her eyes, looking down in my own. She told me that the war was ended, of the scene at Appomattox, and that the old flag floated again in its supremacy over the whole land; and

when she held before my face for the first time a small mirror and I saw that during the long and weary months of imprisonment and suffering my hair had actually changed its color, I realized more fully than before the force of the question of the kind Confederate officer, "And what about you?" and realized that he was giving me fatherly advice rather than advising me to practice deception. I have always regretted that I did not learn the name of this officer; and if he or any of his staff is living, I should be glad to hear from him.

Since that time I have done more than one Southern boy a favor, remembering the noble face and knightly bearing of this officer in gray. By a strange coincidence I once defended a boy from that very locality and had the satisfaction of sending him home to his mother, not as a convicted felon, but as one freed from even the imputation of guilt or dishonor. The young fellows may call it sentiment—a thing very essential to a lawyer's success—but all through the case I saw a Confederate officer sitting on his horse and asking me the question, "And what about you?" The letter from the mother of my young client at the end of his trial was worth more to me than money.

[Inquiry of Mr. Drummond as to why these prisoners were making their way to the parole camp without guards brought the statement that they did start under guard; but there was little need of it, as all they wanted was to know the location of the parole camp and kept steering for it by night and day. So the guards soon relaxed their vigilance and let them go as they pleased.]

"OLD UNCLE NED."

In tribute to one of that fast-passing generation of faithful slaves of the South, Mrs. F. C. Fox, of Amarillo, Tex., writes sympathetically of "Uncle" Ned Buchanan, of Harrison County, Tex., who died some months ago, after a long illness. Uncle Ned was purchased by his master, Col. Rene Fitzpatrick, at Talbotton, Ga., in August, 1834, when only one year old, from Young H. Greer, of Baltimore, Md., and the

record of this sale is still in the family. After the war Uncle Ned became a prosperous farmer in Texas, owning his own farm, and was highly respected for his honesty and integrity. He was a member of several Confederate associations and proudly wore the badges of the W. P. Land Camp, No. 621, U. C. V., Ross's, Ector's, and Granbury's Association, and Com-



"UNCLE" NED BUCHANAN.

pany A, 3d Texas. Mrs. Fox writes further: "The old antebellum negroes have nearly all crossed the river, and when I meet one of the Old South I feel inclined to lift my hat. No people were more loyal to the South during the war than the negro slaves. As a rule, they were all right; but the present generation presents a problem yet to be settled. Uncle Ned was of the old generation and a credit to himself."

ALL THE WHILE

BY J. R. GIBBONS, BAUXITE, ARK.

We are growing old, you tell us
Every year.

We are more alone, you tell us,
Every year.

We can win no new affection
We have only recollection,
Deeper sorrow and dejection
Every year.

Yes,
We know our sun's declining
Every month
But we are not repining
Every month.
But with stout hearts, brave and true,
And a willingness to die,
While remaining still with you
Every month.

The grave is nearer, nearer, nearer
Every day,
And our friends grow dearer
Every day;
But the silken cord that binds us
To our loved ones here reminds us
Of its weakness, yes, reminds us
Every day.

Comrades,
We'll strike our tents below
Very soon,
And pitch in heaven's glow
Very soon.
In the shade of Jackson's trees
We'll be greeted by the Lees,
If our Heavenly Father please
Very soon.

GENERAL LEE'S CONFIDENTIAL LETTERS AND DISPATCHES

COMMENT BY JOHN C. STILES, PEKIN, N. W. ILL.

Through the patriotism of a Southern gentleman, Mr. Vymberly Jones De Renne, of Savannah, Ga., there has been given to the South a priceless treasure in the heretofore unpublished confidential dispatches of Gen. Robert E. Lee to resident Davis for the years of 1862-65. Of course we of the South—and, I might truthfully add, any one in the United States—who has read of General Lee needs nothing more to convince him of the General's glory both as a warrior and as a citizen; but his letter in regard to an article in the Charleston Mercury blaming General Heth for the failure at Gettysburg is worth reading, and I shall take the liberty of reproducing it from Mr. De Renne's collection:

"Mr. President: Your note of the 27th inclosing a slip from the Charleston Mercury relative to the battle of Gettysburg is received. I much regret its general censure upon the operations of the army, as it is calculated to do us no good either at home or abroad. But I am prepared for similar criticism;

and, as far as I am concerned, the remarks fall harmless. I am particularly sorry, however, that from the partial information and mere assumption of facts injustice should be done any officers and that occasion should be taken to asperse our conduct, who, of all others, are most free of blame. I do not fear that your position in the confidence of the people can be injured by any such attacks, and I hope that the official reports will protect the reputation of every officer. These cannot be made at once; and in the meantime, as you state, much falsehood may be promulgated. But truth is mighty and will eventually prevail. As regards the article in question, I think it contains its own contradiction. Although charging Heth with the failure of the battle, it expressly states that he was absent, wounded. The object of the writer and publisher is evidently to cast discredit upon the operations of the government and those connected with it and thus gratify feelings which ought to be put to rest. The true nature of such attacks would, I think, do more harm than good and would be just what is desired. The delay that will necessarily come in receiving reports has proved me to make for the information of the Department, a brief outline of operations on the army, in which, however, I have been unable to state the position of troops or officers. It is sufficient to show what was done and what was not done. No blame can be attached to the army for its failure or to myself for what was projected by me, nor should it be censured for the unreasonable expectation of the public. I am alone to blame in perhaps expecting too much of the power and valor. It, however, in my opinion, achieved, under the guidance of the Most High, a general success, though it did not win a victory. I thought at the time that the latter was practicable. I still think that if all things could have worked together it would have been accomplished, but with the knowledge I then had and in the circumstances I was then placed, I do not know what better success I could have gained. With my present knowledge, and could I have known that the attack on the last day would have failed to drive the enemy from his position, I should certainly have tried some other course. What the ultimate result would have been I cannot tell. Our loss has been very heavy, that of the enemy is proportionately so. His crippled condition enabled us to retire from the country comparatively unmolested. The unexpected state of the Potomac was equally embarrassing.

With prayers for your health and happiness and the recognition by your gratified country of your great services,

R. E. LEE."

The following is from the issue of June 1, 1862, in the *Mercury* telegraph in reference to the book:

"The reader will be struck with the thing how General Lee was at all times pleading for men and for their subsistence, and neither was forthcoming; and how General Lee had to refer every detail to Richmond. How hampering all this was to the genius of such a man as General Lee! Even General Lee could not win victories and overcome losses unless recruits and supplies were furnished him. He so often warned Mr. Davis that he could not be responsible for the outcome unless his troops were reinforced and fed.

"The introduction to this book, by Mr. Freeman, who edits it, is itself a remarkable one. From this introduction I quote: 'The thirty-four months covered by this correspondence subjects the character of Lee to every test by which the heart of man may be tried. . . . From June 2, 1862, to April 1, 1865, General Lee attained and rounded a cycle that occupied Napoleon from Arcola to Waterloo, and he tasted much of the sweet and most of the bitter that fell to Frederick the

Great during his long years of warfare. And from it Lee emerged aged and worn, already in the shadow of the grave, but a stronger, nobler man than when he consecrated his sword to the service of Virginia and assumed command of her little army. His St. Helena at Lexington was more glorious than his Austerlitz at Chancellorsville. . . . The sufferings he endured were worth all they cost him in the example they gave the South of fortitude in disaster and courage in defeat."

THE REAL JOHN BROWN.

JOHN BROWN, SOLDIER OF FORTUNE. A Critique. By Hill Peebles Wilson.

In this volume of four hundred and fifty pages we have a most important contribution to the story of the man and his deeds which did so much to hasten the War between the States in 1861-65. It is a searching investigation of the life and motives of John Brown made by one who started his investigation with admiration for Brown as "the only Kansan whose fame was immortal." But the result of his painstaking search was to reveal his quondam hero as a hypocrite in religion, an adventurer in politics, a swindler in business, a horse thief and a murderer among his neighbors, and a traitor to his country. The author has gone through all of the numerous eulogistic biographies of Brown; but he specially criticizes three, Ridpath, Sanborn, and Villard, though he devotes the most attention to Villard's book, "Fifty Years After." And he convicts them all of falsehood, evasion, garbling or suppression of evidence, invention of facts when actual facts did not fit their theories. In a word, by the most unscrupulous special pleading they seek to justify, palliate, or cover over the crimes of their hero.

When malignant fanaticism determines to glorify a character which is the exponent of its theories, the embodiment of its ideas, and the agent of its purposes, there is no limit to the insidious and dishonest means it employs, while professing to righteousness and God's service. And probably no more strenuous effort of this kind has ever been made than that to exalt John Brown, of Osawatomie, into a saint, hero, and martyr for truth and justice. Tubs, barrels, even hogsheads of whitewash have been used to adorn and disinfect his memory, until many good men and high officials of State have been deceived and have given sanction to the falsehoods.

In addition to the many volumes of eulogistic literature, the pulpits of many Northern cities and poets and philosophers of New England placed the gallows on which John Brown was hanged as sacred as the cross of Jesus Christ. The State of New York dedicated his home as a shrine of patriotism, and the gentle and amiable President McKinley lent the sanction of his presence and his tears to the occasion. The State of Kansas erected his statue in her capital, a tribute to his services to the State. She also set a park as a memorial at the scene of some of his murderous exploits, and that was dedicated in an address of glorification by that strenuous egotist, President Roosevelt. The soldiers of General Sherman marched on their campaign of pillaging and burning to the inspiring strains of "John Brown's body lies moldering in the grave, but his soul is marching on." And finally, by order of Mr. McKinley's Secretary of War, the bodies of John Brown's fellow convicts were disinterred and buried with the honors of war as a rebuke to the State of Virginia, which had hanged them.

This book is a thorough, searching, patient, and fair analysis of Brown's character and deeds, tracing his life in business, in

which he was a complete failure and dishonest withal, through his murderous and thieving exploits in Kansas, done for utterly selfish ends, but covered with the pretense of service to the cause of Kansas and abolition, through his futile attempt to arouse insurrection among the slaves and drench the South in the blood of white men, women, and children, and establish a negro republic with himself as president, to the final tragedy at Charlestown, which ended a career of fraud and violence and embalmed him in the hearts of all haters of the South. The story of his life shows a man of strong intellect, of iron will, of great courage, inspired by intense selfishness, and with a warped conscience which made the Almighty responsible for and a partner in his crimes. His Puritan training made him familiar with the Bible, and he had a remarkable aptness in citing Scripture to justify his misdeeds. His letters to his family are specimens of good English and pious exhortation. Yet some of those who knew him best doubted the sincerity of his faith in the God of the Bible.

It would be impossible in the limited space of the *VETERAN* to give even a brief abstract of this very valuable contribution to the history of this most tragic period of our country's life. Incidentally it vindicates the action of the Southern States in their effort to be free from the abolition propaganda, although there are some statements with which we as Southerners cannot agree, for it is written by a Union man. We wish that every Confederate Camp and every Chapter of the United Daughters of the Confederacy could have a copy of this book in its library. We are striving for a true history of our great war and its causes, and this book will help much to that end. It can be obtained from the author and publisher Hill P. Wilson, West Palm Beach, Fla. Price, \$2.50. I think to any of our Confederate organizations there would be a discount.

JAMES H. MCNEILLY.

MEMORIAL SERVICES BY CAMPS.

The holding of memorial services by Camps, U. C. V., was inaugurated by the Albert Sidney Johnston Camp, at Beaumont, Tex., last April, when a meeting was held and a program prepared for a special memorial service on Sunday evening, May 23, in the First Christian Church of that city. Seats were reserved for the veterans, who were well in attendance, as well as the local military and Boy Scouts, Sons of Veterans, Daughters of the Confederacy, and Daughters of the American Revolution. The programs consisted of music selections and patriotic addresses, with the "roll call of the dead" of the Camps since its organization in 1888. In the closing remarks the pastor of the Church made a touching talk to the veterans. The institution of such a service as this is peculiarly appropriate in the U. C. V. organization, which is being depleted so rapidly by death, and this annual memorial service is a tribute and reminder of those who once took active part in the life of their Camp.

Since its organization the total membership of A. S. Johnston Camp has been two hundred and five. Death has removed eighty-nine of them, and others have withdrawn to the number of thirty-nine, thus leaving a roll call of seventy-five members at present.

In the account of the memorial services by Pat Cleburn Camp, of Waco, Tex., page 559 of the December *VETERAN*, an error was made in giving the location of the Camp as Austin, Tex., when it should have been Waco. It is No. 2 U. C. V.

WHAT OUR FRIENDS SAY.

Clement Saussy, Savannah, Ga.: "Inclosed find my subscription for the coming year. My! but the dear old VETERAN gets better as the days go by. The article of Fannie E. Selph on the 'Emancipation Proclamation' is so concise and so well written that to one whose people had a large plantation with many slaves it takes me back to the good old days of my boyhood, and I can testify to every bit of her article regarding the happy days among the negroes on the old plantations, for I was there. And they certainly were faithful to us while we were in the army."

Frederick Rogge, National Soldiers' Home, Tennessee: "Although I fought on the other side of the fence, I certainly approve the principles of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, for its founder was a loved and loving man, never confined by the narrow borders of one side or the other, but simply great-hearted, fair, and just. That is the way I stood up the late J. A. Cunningham when Corporal James Tanner introduced me on a Decoration Day in the Soldiers' Home at Johnson City, Tenn. The CONFEDERATE VETERAN deserves a much larger circulation than it has; but apparently our younger generation is losing interest in our great family strife of half a century ago."

W. M. Minshall, Warrensburg, Mo.: "I hope it may live long and never waver in the good cause of the South and the dear old veterans. I love the VETERAN and have been reading from the start and expect to continue to the end."

J. D. Hanaker, Strasburg, Va.: "You are rendering good service to the cause. I am hoping you will be abundantly sustained for many years."

L. H. Quirollo, Washington, D. C.: "I enjoyed your comments in the last edition in regard to the good work the VETERAN is doing. I do wish you would publish a few lines urging the Sons of Veterans to read your magazine. You have no idea what a pleasure it is for me to read some of the stirring deeds of our fathers."

L. G. Stringfellow, Sanford, Fla.: "Find inclosed check for \$——. I should be glad to send as many hundred dollars. You have my sincere best wishes in the good work you are doing in keeping the Southern cause on the pages of history."

J. W. Young, Tampa, Fla.: "I am well pleased with the VETERAN. It is a fine one, and I prize it above all other magazines that come to my house. I am not a veteran myself, but would like to say that I am the son of one."

W. A. C. Smith, Seaside, Fla.: "I am well pleased with the VETERAN. It is a fine one, and I prize it above all other magazines that come to my house. I am not a veteran myself, but would like to say that I am the son of one."

A. J. Julian, Gainesville, Ga.: "I congratulate you and the managers in the splendid get-up and contents of each number."

Mrs. Julia W. Fletcher, of Tampa, Wash., writes: "The VETERAN grows better with each number. I long to have it live."

C. C. Grace, Screven, Ga.: "I have been a reader of the VETERAN a long time and do not want to be without it."

C. McIlwain, Denton, Tex.: "I have been reading it for a long time. I like it better than any magazine I can get."

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Abe Coplin, of Okemah, Okla., wants to know where he can obtain a copy of the book, "Belle Boyd; or, The Confederate Spy."

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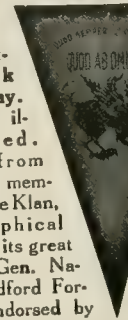
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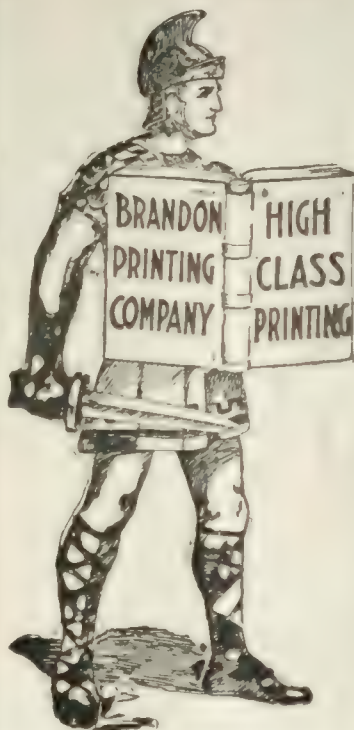
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James A. Phirl, 813 South Second
Street, Louisville, Ky., wants to learn
something of the death and burial of Dr.
Thomas Ashford, surgeon of the 7th

Florida Regiment. He went to Florida
when Bragg's troops invaded Kentucky.
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The Future of the Veteran

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Col V Y Cook

Dec 16

The Confederate Veteran, Nashville, Tenn.

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LIEUT. GEN. STEPHEN D. LEE, CHAIRMAN, MISS.

Commander-in-Chief United Confederate Veterans. Born in Charleston, S. C., September 22d, 1817. Captain Corps of Artillery, C. S. A., March 16th, 1861. Major, Nov. 1861. Lieutenant Colonel, November, 1862. Colonel, December, 1862. Brigadier General, November 6th, 1862. Major General, August 21st, 1863. Lieutenant General, June 23d, 1864. Was a member of the Arlington National Military Park Commission.

SEE INFORMATION CONCERNING PORTRAITS ON LAST PAGE.

EVERY CONFEDERATE VETERAN, WHETHER HE WAS AN OFFICER OR A PRIVATE, SHOULD HAVE HIS PORTRAIT IN THIS BOOK, HIS WARTIME PORTRAIT AND HIS PORTRAIT OF TODAY.

For full information, address WILLIAM E. MICKLE, (Adjutant General U. C. V.)
EDITOR-IN-CHIEF
New Orleans, La.

CONFEDERATE VETERANS



WILLIAM E. MICKLES, NEW ORLEANS, LA.

Born in Columbia, S. C., October 31, 1846. Entered Confederate service (17 years old) August 20th, 1864, as private 3d Ala. Infantry, A. N. Va. Served until close of war. Member of Vet. C. S. Cavalry, Camp No. 9, U. C. V., New Orleans, La. Adjutant General United Confederate Veterans.



BRIG. GEN. CLEMENT A. EVANS, C. S. A.
ATLANTA, GA.

Born in Stewart Co., Ga., Feb. 25, 1833. Entered Confederate Service Spring of 1861. Enlisted Private, promoted Major 1861. Colonel 1862. Brigadier Gen., 1864. Acting Major Gen., 1864-65. Colonel 31st Ga. Regiment, Commanded Division of Gordon's Corps A. N. Va., at Surrender at Appomattox C. H., April 9, 1865. Member Atlanta Camp 159. Maj. Gen., Ga. Div., U. C. V., 10 years; now Lt. Gen., Army of Tenn. Dept., U. C. V. State Official.



VIRGIL V. COOK, EIMO, ARK.

Born at Boydsville, Graves Co., Ky., Nov. 14, 1848. Entered Confederate Service, July 27, 1863, (15 years old). Private, Co. E., 12th Ky. Cavalry. Transferred, March 27, 1864, to Co. H., 7th Ky. Mounted Infantry, Forrest's Cavalry. Surrendered May 16, 1865. Former Major-General, Arkansas Division, United Confederate Veterans.



BENNETT H. YOUNG, LOUISVILLE, KY.

Born Nicholasville, Ky., May 25, 1843. Entered Confederate Service October 1862 as a Private, afterwards 1st Lieutenant, 8th Ky. Cavalry, Gen. John H. Morgan's command. Served to close of war. Commanded St. Alban's Raid. President Kentucky Confederate Home. Maj. Gen. Commanding Ky. Div., U. C. V.

CONFEDERATE VETERANS



LIEUT. GEN. JOSEPH WHEELER, WARRENTON, ARK.

Born Augusta, Ga., September 10th, 1837. Died January 25th, 1906. 1st Lieutenant Artillery, U. S. A., April 3d, 1861. Colonel 19th Ala. V. Cavalry, September 29th, 1861. Brigadier General, October 10th, 1861. Major General January 20th, 1862. Lieutenant General February 28th, 1862. Member of Congress, 1881-1882. Major General U. S. A., until Spanish American War, 1898. Member Confederate Veterans' Association, Comp. No. 171, Washington, D. C.



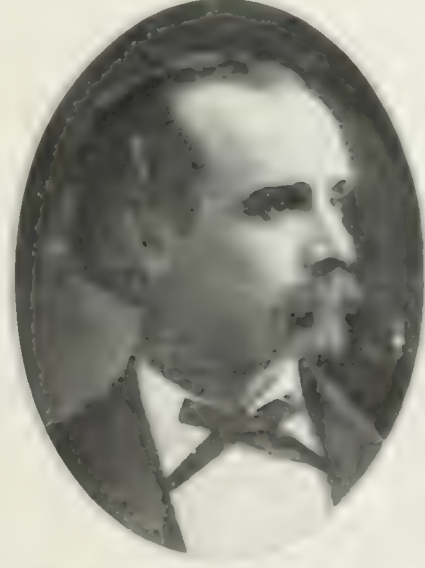
MAJ. GEN. FITZHUGH LEE, NORFOLK, VA.

Born in Germany, Va., November 14th, 1810. Died April 28th, 1870. 1st Lieutenant 1st Regt. U. S. A., March 10th, 1831. Lieutenant Colonel 1st Virginia Cavalry, March 1862. Brigadier General, July 22d, 1862. Major General, August 1st, 1862. Governor of Virginia, 1881-1882. U. S. Cavalry, 1882-1883. Major General U. S. A., 1883-1884. Spanish American War, 1898.



BRIG. GEN. WILLIAM LEWIS CABELL, DALLAS, TEX.

Born Danville, Va., January 21st, 1827. Member Quartermaster's Department, U. S. A., April 2d, 1861. Brigadier General March 4th, 1862. Commanded Dept. of White River, Arkansas, March, April and May, 1862. Texas Brigade, May 1862. Arkansas Brigade, October 1862. Arkansas Cavalry Brigade from February, 1863, until captured on Price's raid at Mines Creek, Kas., 1864. Prisoner at Johnson's Island and Fort Warren until August 28th, 1865. Lieutenant General, Commanding Texas Mississippi Department United Confederate Veterans, 1897.



BRIG. GEN. GEORGE W. GORDON, MEMPHIS, TENN.

Born in Georgia, U. S. A., October 1st, 1829. Colonel 11th Tennessee Regiment of Infantry, December, 1862. Brigadier General U. S. A., August 1st, 1864. Commanded Confederate Horse and Cavalry, No. 28, U. C. V., Memphis, Tenn. Major General, Commanding Tennessee Division United Confederate Veterans.

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Editor-in-Chief

WILLIAM E. MICKLE

(Adjutant General United Confederate Veterans.)

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BECAUSE, by turning its pages you will be able to see the War Records and gaze on the faces of the men who commanded, and who were commanded, and who followed the Confederate Flag to the furthestmost limits. And if the picture be of the war period, it will preserve the features of our "boy soldiers."

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WILLIAM E. MICKLE,

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HIBERNIA BANK BUILDING.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

Confederate Veteran.

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NO. 2

LEE

APRIL THE NINTH, NINETEEN FIFTEEN

"Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you."

IN SILENT peace the stainless marble lies
Within the shadow of the sacred shrine
Beloved of Southern hearts; white-browed doth shine,
As hallowed light that falls from heaven-lit skies,
The grandeur glorified that never dies,
But deeper, brighter glows as years decline,
And human virtue, by God's grace divine,
Transcends defeat in War's brave-fought emprise.

Pure soul! Thy loyal Southland, of its love
For thee, disdains to wound thy patient heart,
Recalling to thy thought that April day.
Such tenderness and faithful ward above
Thy dust doth loving reverence impart!
A Northron's laurel on thy brow I lay.

Conceived by a Northerner while standing by the stainless marble in the Lee Memorial Chapel at Lexington, Va., on the birth anniversary of Appomattox. The South that day was silent, one must believe, not at remembrance, but at the feelings of him who, had he been living, would have been reminded by no true Southerner of the sad surrender of his army.

—Rev. A. W. Littlefield, Needham, Mass.

MONUMENT TO THE COMPOSER OF "DIXIE LAND."

Appropriate to the year of 1915 was the erection of the handsome memorial stone over the grave of Daniel Decatur Emmett in the cemetery of Mt. Vernon, Ohio, for it marked the hundredth anniversary of the birth of the man who gave to our country the ringing melody of "Dixie," the song destined to become the inspiration of a nation and whose stirring strains should be heard on her battle lines. Feeling that the genius which produced such a song had not received due recognition, Mr. James Henry Lewis, a wealthy citizen of Ashtabula, Ohio, had this stone erected at his own expense. The tablet is of "imperial blue" Vermont granite, eight feet high and ten inches thick, of artistic design and workmanship, with the following inscription:

"To the Memory of
DANIEL DECATUR EMMETT,
1815-1904.
Whose Song,
'Dixie Land,'

Inspired the Courage and Devotion
of the Southern People and Now
Thrills the Hearts of a Reunited Nation."

When on that rainy Sunday afternoon away back in 1859 Daniel Emmett composed the rollicking song for his band of minstrels, he little realized that fame waited on his pen, such fame as leads to immortality. Had he been inspired by the feeling that moved Francis Scott Key to write the "Star-Spangled Banner," who can say what would have been his



TO HONOR "DIXIE'S" AUTHOR.

reward? "Let me write the songs of a nation, and I care not who makes its laws," was said understandingly. Even though the song was not written with a high purpose, the composer of "Dixie Land" was appreciated even in the community where he was born and died, and more than one effort was made to raise a fund for the erection of a monument to his memory. Such a movement was started in Mt. Vernon some years ago, but without success. Mr. Al G. Field was a devoted friend of "Uncle Dan" in his last years, and it was his dream to help carry through such a movement, which he started with his own contribution to the late editor of the *VETERAN*, S. A. Cunningham; but at the time it was not feasible to undertake it, and the plan was not taken up again. Mr. Field gave generously of his means and influence to make "Uncle Dan's" last days comfortable.

This patriotic action of Mr. Lewis will be approved generally, and all who know anything of the authorship of "Dixie" will be glad that its composer has not been left to lie in an obscure and unmarked grave.

THE DEVOTION OF THE SLAVE.

John C. Stiles, of Brunswick, Ga., takes this tribute from "Four Years under Marse Robert," by Maj. Robert Stiles:

"Not often have I come in contact with relations more beautiful than existed in some cases between young Southern masters in the service and their slave attendants. These latter belonged for the most part to one of two classes; either they were mature and faithful men, to whose care the lads' parents had committed them, or else they were the special chums and playmates of their young masters' boyhood days and perhaps had attended and waited upon them in college.

"My first cousin, William Henry Stiles, Jr., captain in the 60th Georgia Infantry, of which his father was colonel, was wounded late in the evening of the battle of Fredericksburg; but the casualty was not generally known, probably because the surgeons finding him on the field, after a hurried examination, pronounced his wound mortal and added, 'We are sorry to leave you, Captain, but we have all we can do,' to which he replied: 'Certainly, gentlemen, go and attend to the men; but you are mistaken about me. I haven't the least idea of dying.' So they left him. Neither his father nor any member of his company was aware of his locality; but there was one faithful soul to whom he was more than all the regiment. If his master continued missing, the world was empty to him; and so in cold, darkness, and sadness he searched every foot of the ground the regiment had fought over till at last he found him. Then the faithful slave wandered about until he got from the bodies of the dead blankets enough to make a warm, soft bed, carefully lifted his master onto it, and covered him snugly. He then managed to start a fire and got water for him, and finally, most important of all, he got from the body of a dead Federal officer a small flask of brandy and stimulated him carefully. About daylight the doctors came again and, surprised to find the captain alive, made a more careful examination and found that the ball had passed entirely through his body just between the upper and lower vital parts, but that he would have died from exposure had it not been for the faithful love that refused to be satisfied until it had found and provided for him."

I shall add that my uncle's wound was received on the night of December 13; and although the bullet in going through struck a toothbrush and scattered bristles all through his body, it is said that twelve days later he was able to walk unaided up to the third story of a house in Richmond.

CONFEDERATE WOMAN'S HOME IN NORTH CAROLINA.

The formal opening of the Confederate Woman's Home of North Carolina at Fayetteville in November, 1915, was made a notable occasion by an elaborate program in the dedication exercises following a brilliant reception, in both of which many prominent personages of the Old North State took part. This is a State institution, built at a cost of something over \$16,000, and the furnishings cost \$4,500. It was located at Fayetteville through the raising of a special sum of \$1,200 outside of the State appropriation, this sum being secured through the efforts of Mrs. Hunter G. Smith, a charter member of the J. E. B. Stuart Chapter, U. D. C., of that city, and her associates. To Mrs. Smith is due credit for inaugurating the movement to have such a home for needy women who had passed through the war period of the South and deserved a haven of rest in their declining years. She brought this matter before the U. D. C. Convention at Goldsboro and was made chairman of a committee to begin the undertaking. In 1911 the first bill was introduced into the legislature for an appropriation, and at



MRS. HUNTER G. SMITH.

succeeding sessions additional appropriations were secured for the building and its maintenance. A board of directors was appointed by the Governor, of which the late Col. Ashley Carter, of Clayton, was chairman until his death. He was succeeded by Col. James A. Brown, of Newbern, who has been much interested in the work.

This home is a well-constructed building, commodious and comfortable in every way, built with the thought to make the inmates happy in the closing of life. Many of the rooms are long furnished as nurseries for invalids. The infirmary, a perfect up-to-date hospital apartment with all modern facilities and accessories, has been provided as a tribute to a memorial to her mother and is called "The Julia Robetian Beale Infirmary," and the donor has omitted nothing that would help to make nurses happy.

The living room has been furnished by the family of Col. Ashley Carter, of Clayton, and is a room to the first chairman of the board of directors. The room is elegant, cheerful and beautiful in its appointments. The furniture is of massive walnut with legs of dark green velvet, and is a beautiful reminder of one who in his last days gave of his time and best efforts that the home might be a reality.

One of the most appreciated gifts to the home is the violin presented by the James B. Hines Chapter, G. D. R., of the Confederate, at Rock Mount, which was the senior Chapter of the State last year.

After the supper and a song by the ladies, the guests, the presentation exercises were begun, with Colonel Bryan as master of ceremonies. Mayor Gibbs, of Fayetteville, made the address of welcome to the city and the home. The formal acceptance of the home was by Lieutenant Governor Daughtridge for the State, Gen. James F. Mann, of Wilmington, now Commander of the North Carolina Division, U. C. V., made a happy talk in appreciation for what had been accomplished. As Secretary of the board of directors, Col. J. A. Turner, of Lenoir, made a report on the building and paid special tribute to Mrs. Hunter G. Smith for her wonderful accomplishment. Through her efforts the home has



CONFEDERATE WOMAN'S HOME AT FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.

unceasingly until her work was crowned in this dedication of the home. Mrs. Hunter is First Vice President of the North Carolina Division, U. D. C., and has held other important State offices. She is the daughter of a brave Confederate soldier, Maj. B. C. Gorham.

IMPORTANT FEATURES OF THE ASHBURTON TREATY.

BY LYON G. TYLER, LL.D., PRESIDENT OF WILLIAM AND MARY COLLEGE.

In the *VETERAN* for January, 1916, there appears an extract from Dr. J. Lesslie Hall's writings regarding the part played by President Tyler in the Treaty of Washington, popularly called the Ashburton Treaty, negotiated with Great Britain when Daniel Webster was Secretary of State, in 1842. I believe it is generally recognized that no treaty made by any other administration from the beginning of the government to the present time ever settled so many difficult and perplexing questions and that none stands so high as a monument to the extraordinary skill of those who brought it about. Dr. Hall calls attention to the agency of President Tyler as apart from that of the Secretary of State, but he hardly goes far enough. Perhaps a more detailed statement might not be uninteresting even after this great lapse of time. Of course as the President and his Secretary acted cordially together, each making and receiving suggestions, no perfectly accurate distribution of the credit can be made.

They proceeded by informal conferences. Questions were discussed between the President and Webster, and after an agreement was reached Webster discussed them with Lord Ashburton. Sometimes the advice of the whole Cabinet was taken. After these conferences, the subject matter was reduced to writing and submitted to the President for his final corrections, which were often of the most important character. Thus "from step to step and day to day," to quote Mr. Webster's own words, the negotiations proceeded "under the President's own immediate supervision and directions."

In a letter written in 1858 Mr. Tyler said: "You are aware that the negotiation with Lord Ashburton was conducted without protocol or letter. The letters were written after agreement and each submitted to me and received my corrections."

One of the differences settled by the treaty was the north-east boundary line, from the river St. Croix to the Rocky Mountains. This question came down from the treaty of peace in 1783, and all preceding administrations had failed to solve it. It became involved in all kinds of complications and perplexities, and at last, in 1828, it was referred to the decision of the King of the Netherlands. This potentate, being a practical man, determined that a precise line according to the terms of the treaty was impossible, and in 1831 he submitted to the nations concerned a conventional line which he deemed fair to both the United States and Great Britain. Mr. Tazewell, the senior Senator from Virginia, Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations, submitted a report indorsing the award and concluding with a resolution advising President Jackson to accept it. A motion was made to strike out from the resolution all after the word "resolved"; and while Mr. Tyler, the other Virginia Senator, voted against the motion, Mr. Webster, voicing the wishes of Massachusetts

and Maine, who stood for the full extent of the American claim, voted in its favor.

The award was not accepted by the Senate, and the old methods of explorations and surveys were again resorted to in the vain attempt to locate points, lakes, and highlands not sufficiently defined in the treaty of 1783.

Things had gotten to the fighting point between Maine and New Brunswick at the time Mr. Tyler assumed the reins of government, in 1841. Before this time Mr. Webster had come over to the opinion expressed in the vote of Mr. Tyler in 1831, that the boundary was determinable only by compromise, and the main difficulty to settlement was over when a government prepared to accept this idea as a basic one came into power under Mr. Tyler; for the British government appears to have been long of this view, antedating the award of the King of the Netherlands. The chief remaining difficulties proceeded from the personal factors in the negotiations. Maine and Massachusetts, whose consent was necessary to the treaty as involving their boundaries, were represented by commissioners who were disinclined to make concessions. Then the freedom of action of Lord Ashburton, the British Minister, was very much limited by his instructions. And Mr. Webster too is represented as having "his unreasonable, ungracious, and difficult moods." Under these circumstances, when disputes were frequent, the President's happy manners and abundant tact were in great request. Repeatedly the President intervened to bring the parties together, and he never failed to smooth the way for a pleasant renewal of diplomatic intercourse.

On one occasion especially there was a deadlock, and Lord Ashburton seriously contemplated throwing up the negotiations and going home, when war would probably have resulted. In this unhappy state of affairs President Tyler sent for the British negotiator; and Mr. Curtis, Mr. Webster's biographer, states that it is "a fact which Mr. Webster always acknowledged that President Tyler's address in persuading Lord Ashburton to remain was most skillfully and happily used." After much hard work a line was finally agreed upon as far as the Rocky Mountains, which was confessed as more to the interest of the United States than the award rendered by the King of the Netherlands.

This disposed of the chief question in dispute. Two other subjects were included in the treaty, and the first of these related to the right claimed by England of visiting American ships for the suppression of the slave trade. This pretended right was distinguished from the right of search as being confined to merely a so-called "visit" to ascertain whether a ship flying the American flag was a British ship carrying slaves and seeking to disguise its nationality. In practice the two "rights" could not be distinguished, and many hardships were entailed on American shipping by the action of British captains. This question was of long standing, and no progress had ever been made on either side toward a settlement until Mr. Tyler's administration. Now the question was put at rest by what was called "the cruising convention" of the treaty, which stipulated that each nation should keep a squadron on the coast of Africa to act in coöperation for the search of vessels suspected of carrying slaves.

This article, which was in strict coincidence with the President's views as expressed in his annual message of December 7, 1841, that the United States was capable of enforcing its own laws against the slave trade by its own power and authority, was placed in the treaty, as the President says, "upon my own suggestion."

The other subject included in the treaty was the extradition of persons accused of committing certain enumerated crimes. The necessity of some such stipulation had long been recognized, and there was no particular credit due either the President or Webster for its authorship.

There were, however, three other questions, all of dangerous tendency, which, though not included in the treaty, are, nevertheless, to be considered a part of it. They were discussed and their principles settled in a correspondence which accompanied the treaty.

The first of these was the case of the *Caroline*, employed in 1837 by Canadian rebels and their sympathizers in the United States for conveying supplies from New York to Canada. This case involved the questions: (1) The sanctity of the American territory, which the British authorities in Canada violated in destroying the *Caroline* on the American side of the Niagara River, and (2) the trial of Alexander McLeod in New York for the death of an American while McLeod was supposedly engaged in the British expedition sent out to destroy the *Caroline*.

The published letters of Mr. Tyler show that he took an active personal part in the settlement of this difficulty. He conducted a correspondence with William H. Seward, the Governor of New York, which sets out very lucidly the relations of the government to the trial of McLeod; and in his message December 7, 1841, he explained the rules governing the sanctity of a foreign territory. These rules were now reaffirmed by Mr. Webster in his correspondence with Lord Ashburton and admitted by the latter, who expressed the regret that "some explanation and apology" for the invasion of the United States resulting in the destruction of the *Caroline* "was not immediately made." The question of damages to individuals was referred to future arrangement, and the arbitrators appointed under the treaty of 1853 decided that neither the owners of the *Caroline*, on the one hand, nor Alexander McLeod, on the other, had any just claims for damages.

The second question whose principle was settled in the correspondence was that of the *Creole*. The *Creole* was an American ship which sailed from Hampton to New Orleans with a cargo of domestic slaves. On the way the slaves revolted, killed the person in charge of them, overpowered the crew, and forced the pilot to convey them into the British port of Nassau, in the West Indies. Here the authorities, instead of assisting the crew in obtaining control of their ship, entered on board and aided the escape of the negroes. As shown by his corrections of Lord Ashburton's proposed letter on the subject, it appears conclusively that to the President is due the admission of the principle according to which full damages for the escaped slaves were awarded to the slave owners by the arbitrators appointed under the treaty of 1853. In the published letter of Lord Ashburton it is admitted that a merchant ship, which on the high seas is held by international law as a part of the national territory, did not lose this character if it came into a foreign port by "accident or by violence" and that "any officious interference" of the port authorities with affairs on board was unjustifiable. Now, the letter of Lord Ashburton, as first submitted to the President, did not have the words "or by violence," which were the only words that met the case under consideration. These words were inserted by the President.

The third question involved in the correspondence was the old one of impressment that brought about the War of 1812. This was directly called to the attention of Mr. Webster by the President in a note of May 8, 1842. "Would it be pos-

sible," he wrote, "to induce Great Britain to abandon her claim to impress seamen in time of war from American vessels? It would add luster to your negotiations." As in the cases of the *Creole* and the *Caroline*, Lord Ashburton had no authority to make a treaty stipulation on this question; but while stating the differences in the idea of allegiance existing between the laws of the two countries, he distinctly acknowledged in his correspondence that the execution of the claim of England was attended with the risk of injury to others and that "some remedy, if possible, should be supplied." In the reply of this government the rule was announced which should hereafter stand, that "in every regularly documented American merchant vessel the crew who navigate it will find their protection in the flag which is over them." This doctrine Great Britain has ever since respected.

Finally, the President played an important part in shaping matters for the action of the Senate. Mr. Webster was in favor of submitting the three subjects of the treaty to the Senate in separate conventions for separate ratification, but the President overruled him in this; and there can be little doubt that the large vote given to the ratification of the treaty was largely due to the union of the three questions which it embraced and which appealed with different force to the different sections of the Union. Possibly no one of them separately might have received the sanction of the Senate on account of the prejudices attending the subject matter.

Shortly after the treaty was ratified by the Senate Mr. Webster expressed his acknowledgments to the President in the following words: "I shall never speak of this negotiation, my dear sir, which I believe is destined to make some name in the history of the country, without doing you justice. Your steady support and confidence, your anxious and intelligent attention to what was in progress, and your exceedingly obliging and pleasant intercourse both with the British Minister and the commissioners of the State have given every possible facility to my agency in this important transaction."

In November of the next year (1842) he wrote as follows: "In the late negotiation with the English envoy I acted, of course, by the authority and under the direction of the President. If the immediate labor devolved on me, the constant supervision and final sanction belonged to him." Some years later Webster again wrote: "Nor shall I cease to remember his [Tyler's] steady and really able coöperation in, as well as his official sanction of, my own poor labors in the Treaty of Washington."

Finally, John C. Spencer of New York who as Secretary of War at the time was fully cognizant of all matters, wrote as follows not long after the treaty was ratified: "It is bare justice to the President to say that in the negotiation of the various, and some of them exceedingly complicated, provisions of the recent treaty his suggestions and advice were frequently of the most important character and facilitated the labors of the distinguished negotiator on the part of the United States, and that to those suggestions and to the readiness with which he devoted himself to the task of assisting in the removal of the difficulties and to the constant, steady, and firm support which he rendered to the American representative may justly be accorded much of the success which crowned the negotiations."

"For this is the light of the days that be,

From the years of war and an age of grief;

The whiteness of truth that spirits see,

The beauty of life with the olive leaf."

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Founder.

Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

All who approve the principles of this publication and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to cooperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

THE BIRMINGHAM REUNION.

Gen. Bennett H. Young, Commander in Chief U. C. V., calls the annual Reunion, to be held at Birmingham, Ala., for May 16-18, 1916.

FOR RELIEF OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

The bill to provide homes for Confederate veterans, known as the Works Bill, has again come before Congress, having been reintroduced by Senator Works, of California, that eminent humanitarian who was the first Union veteran to advocate a home for destitute Confederate men and women to be supported by our common government. This bill, with some modification and changes from its first form, is given on page 90 of this number of the *VETERAN*, though it needs no introduction to our readers, having been thoroughly exploited in these pages in the early part of 1915. The bill has aroused great interest in the South and has been commended by all the Confederate organizations. It is also favored by the best class of Union veterans, and it really seems the most practical of all efforts that have been made to secure government aid for indigent Confederates. It is in no sense a pension measure, but provides a means for using property which the United States Inspector General has advised being abandoned, there being too few of the inmates to justify its being kept up for their benefit.

To insure the passage of this bill, its friends throughout the South should write their members of Congress to support the measure. It has the indorsement of such men as Senators Bankhead, Thornton, and White, who were Confederate soldiers, and also Senators Williams and Swanson. The five Representatives of the House who followed the Stars and Bars have heartily favored the measure. It was introduced in the House by General Estopinal, of Louisiana, and was supported by Messrs. Stedman, Talbott, Taylor, and Harris.

A late report shows that the Commissioner of Pensions in his report for 1915 estimates that there are less than 800,000 Union veterans and widows now living. There are, perhaps, 200,000 Confederates of both sexes left. For the widows only four States provide a home—Mississippi, Missouri, Oklahoma, Texas, and perhaps Kentucky—and many veterans prefer to endure deepest poverty rather than be separated from their wives. This bill introduced by Senator Works provides for the admission of both husband and wife, and in other respects it is a humanitarian measure, by which the government will be enabled to return to the people of the South a part of its obligation to that part of the country.

Friends of the measure everywhere, write to your Senators and Representatives to give it their support.

A MISTAKE IN AUTHORSHIP.

An unfortunate error was made in crediting the article on "Wheeler's Raid into Tennessee," appearing in the *VETERAN* for January, page 10, to Dr. John W. DuBose, of Alabama, instead of to the rightful author, Gen. Bennett H. Young.

The unsigned manuscript had been in the office for some time and was thought to be from Dr. DuBose's book on "Gen. Joseph Wheeler and the Army of Tennessee." A letter from him disclaims the authorship, and he adds: "I doubt not the real author of the graphic account of this heroic and splendid achievement of General Wheeler will come to claim his own. If Longstreet had executed Bragg's part, made for him in support of Wheeler on that occasion, Rosecrans would have been without ammunition or supplies. The cavalry part of the Confederate war should be separately accounted for by history. The prowess of the Confederacy in war can be understood only by such a recital. There has never been cavalry equal to it in the annals of the world's wars."

General Young also wrote of the error, calling attention to this article's being Chapter IV. in his book on "Confederate Wizards of the Saddle," his tribute to those daring leaders who developed the cavalry of the Confederate army and made it so effective. In his "Foreword" General Young says that "the book is written with the bias of a cavalryman"; but in recounting the accomplishments of this arm of the service he shows that "the marvelous endurance of the men who followed Forrest and Stuart and Morgan and Hampton and Shelby and Green and McCulloch and Price has never been equaled. Storms and floods had no terror for them. No enemy was safe from their avenging hand, and no vigilance could defy their enterprise. There were no alarms in any work for these brave and tireless riders. Single riders and even small troops of cavalry had made marches of a hundred miles in a day; but it remained for generals like Wheeler, Morgan, Forrest, Stuart, Hampton, Shelby, Marmaduke, and Green to demonstrate the potency and tremendous value of cavalry in war and lengthen the possibility of a day's march."

That this error has helped to call special attention to a book which has added so much to our historical records in bringing out the value of the cavalry department of the Confederate army, with due credit to its daring leaders, will mitigate the fault in having allowed such an error to be made. The article on "Wheeler's Raid into Tennessee" is but one of the many interesting chapters which "make up a great history of great leaders and valiant soldiers."

AN APPRECIATED LETTER.

BIRMINGHAM, ALA., December 30, 1915.

Editor of the Veteran: It is exceedingly gratifying to the lovers of the history of the Southern Confederacy to be eye-witnesses monthly of the evidence that the scheme of the *CONFEDERATE VETERAN* is active, efficient, and reliable, with the noble scheme of its foundation in working order.

In the annals of historical literature the *VETERAN* is the most unique in design and the most satisfying to the elements of truth. Plutarch had the same idea forward, but did not have the opportunity controlled by the *VETERAN*.

At the beginning of your calendar year I venture to congratulate you, bringing to you my best wishes now and forever.

JOHN WITHERSPOON DUBOSE.

STEPHENS MEMORIAL SCHOOL.—In the article regarding the effort to establish a school in memory of the beloved Alexander H. Stephens, of Georgia, who aided so many young men to obtain an education, it should have been mentioned that the movement originated with Judge Horace Holden some years ago. It is now hoped to make this the leading work of the U. D. C. of that State.

COMMANDER ARMY OF TENNESSEE DEPARTMENT, U. C. V.

Gen. George P. Harrison, lieutenant general commanding the Army of Tennessee Department, U. C. V., is one of the last surviving generals of the war. He began his military career on January 3, 1861, in the siege of Fort Pulaski and shortly thereafter was made commandant of the Georgia Military Institute. In May, 1861, he rejoined his regiment in Virginia. In less than a year he was elected colonel of the 5th Georgia State Troops and later was made colonel of the 32d Regiment of Georgia Infantry. While only a colonel he commanded a brigade from July, 1863, until the winter of 1864, when he was elected and confirmed as brigadier general. He was prominent in the defense of Charleston and alternated with Generals Hagood and Colquitt in the command of Fort Johnson. He was in the assault in July, 1863, on Fort Wagner, where he manifested great ability as well as great valor. He commanded the Confederate prison for Federal soldiers at Florence, S. C., where twenty-five thousand prisoners were gathered. In recognition of his kindness to these prisoners when Savannah surrendered to the Federals, by special order of the Federal commander the temporary home of his family was protected.

It was in the battle of Olustee, Fla., in February, 1865, that General Harrison, then in command of one of the two brigades that composed the Confederate forces under General Piegan, won just distinction. For the Federals this was one of the bloodiest battles of the war. The percentage of mortality among the Federals was very great, and the forces of Generals Piegan, Colquitt, and Harrison pre-

vented the capture of a large part of the State of Florida and its subjection to Federal rule. It had been the intention of the Federal government to overrun one-half of Florida and organize it into a separate State, as was done in the case of Virginia and West Virginia. General Harrison was engaged in all of the battles in South Carolina, and finally at Bentonville, in North Carolina, he took a conspicuous part and won from his superiors highest commendation. He was wounded both at John's Island and in the battle of Olustee, and his horse was killed under him during the last conflict.

Immediately after the war he was elected commandant of orders of the University of Alabama and served for one year. In the practice of law he became both prominent and successful, and in political life he was one of the ablest defenders of the highest interests of the people of Alabama. A member of the Constitutional Convention in 1875, subsequently State Senator, and then President of the State Senate, he was elected delegate to the National Democratic Convention in 1880. Hon. W. C. Cates having died, General Harrison was elected to fill out his unexpired term and also held office in the Fifty-fourth Congress. His name is one of the most honorable in the history of the Confederate period. He had just passed his eightieth birthday when the war closed. He served from the beginning to the end of the war in Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, and Florida, and was among the strongest fighting generals of the service. Brave of heart, strong of conviction, true to all the best interests of his people, he has been honored in many ways. For many years he was Commander of the State Division of Alabama, U. C. V., and again he was elected Commander of the Army of Tennessee Department, U. C. V., in his attendance upon all the meetings and seeing his Confederate comrades in every capacity. He has won the love and respect of all surviving Confederates. No living general has had wider service, won greater honors, or done more for the cause of the Southland than General Harrison. He has been most recognized for many years as one of the leaders in the United Confederate Veterans' work and has received, as well as deserved, the highest honors which have been bestowed upon him.

STRENGTH OF THE CONFEDERATES

BY THOMAS C. JOHNSON, NEW HARTFORD, TENN.

The rosters of Confederate troops that have been gotten up by some Southern States show that there were more troops in the Confederate army than have been estimated. These rosters of companies and regiments are deceptive and make the total much larger than it really was. I had five brothers in the Confederate army, and the six of us served in eight companies. On the farm during ours there were three Johnson boys who enlisted and served in six companies and five different regiments. Tom Johnson first joined Company C, 29th Tennessee Infantry, served his twelve months, and at the reorganization of that regiment left that command and joined Company A, 64th Tennessee Infantry, served awhile, and was then sent to the hospital. On leaving the hospital he met with a company of the 1st East Tennessee Cavalry Regiment, which he joined, and was surrendered with this company by Johnston in North Carolina. We should all like to know how many men were in the Confederate service, but complete rosters of different companies would increase the number at least twenty-five per cent over our real strength.



GEN. GEORGE P. HARRISON.

United Daughters of the Confederacy.

MRS. FRANK G. ODENHEIMER, *President General.*

MRS. J. H. STEWART, *First Vice President General.*

MRS. L. M. BASHINSKY, *Second Vice President General.*

MRS. LULA A. LOVELL, *Third Vice President General.*

MRS. F. M. WILLIAMS, *Recording Secretary General.*

MRS. W. F. BAKER, *Corresponding Secretary General.*

MRS. C. B. TATE, *Treasurer General.*

MRS. ORLANDO HALLIBURTON, *Registrar General.*

MISS MILDRED RUTHERFORD, *Historian General.*

MRS. JOHN W. TENCH, *Custodian Cross of Honor.*

MRS. W. K. BEARD, *Custodian Flags and Pennants.*

"Love Makes Memory Eternal."

FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.

My Dear Daughters: It is a great pleasure to have the opportunity of greeting you each month and to acknowledge through the columns of this our official organ the many kind expressions and letters that I receive from you. I intend in the future to give you as full an account as I can of what we are doing and what we propose to do in our organization. I find on coming in closer touch with the work that we are accomplishing wonders in U. D. C. lines. Let us accomplish more this year than ever. Look to your educational work, go to your schools, and watch the histories that are being used. Pay off every cent that is due on our beautiful monument at Arlington, then turn shoulder to shoulder and raise the necessary money to pay for our Shiloh monument when it is turned over to us. Mrs. A. B. White, the director general of the Shiloh monument, is most enthusiastic about its magnificence and expects to see it unveiled within a year. No monument could ever be erected great enough to express our veneration for the men who fought for our Southland; but these two sentinels, one at Arlington and one at Shiloh, speak of the loving memory the Daughters of the Confederacy have for these heroes.

By the action of the Savannah Convention the invitation was accepted to place a window in the Red Cross Building in Washington. This building is to be a memorial to the women of the sixties, and it will be completed in the spring of this year. The cost of the window placed by the U. D. C. will be five thousand dollars. Mrs. A. McKimbrough, of Greenwood, Miss., is chairman for this committee, and it is necessary that Division and Chapter Presidents at once take up the raising of funds for this purpose in their States.

It gives me pleasure to tell you that the splendid address, "Historical Sins of Omission and Commission," delivered by our Historian General in San Francisco, is now ready for distribution. I urge you to send at once the necessary postage (one cent each) for copies to Miss Mildred Rutherford, Athens, Ga. These addresses are looked forward to year after year as charming bits of true history, and this year's completes a most valuable file. In the interest of truth in history every Daughter should see that one of these copies is not only in her own household, but in the schools and libraries of her community.

Mrs. Elizabeth Bashinsky, of Troy, Ala., as our Second Vice President General, is by the New Orleans rulings also the Custodian of Badges. These badges are \$3.75 each without the bar and \$4.50 with the bar. I am telling you this because the question is often asked me where to get them and how much they cost. I am quite sure every Daughter will find joy in being the possessor of one and pride in being able to wear it.

CORDELIA POWELL ODENHEIMER,
President General U. D. C.

THE OFFICIAL BADGE.

TROY, ALA., January 10, 1916.

My Dear Chapter Presidents and Daughters: As Second Vice President General U. D. C. and Custodian of the U. D. C. Official Badge, I should very much appreciate your effort and influence in urging members of your Chapter and other U. D. C. friends to secure these badges.

It seems to me that every Daughter would feel that she must avail herself of the privilege that is hers and wear our U. D. C. badge of honor, recognized wherever seen as a symbol of the valor, loyalty, self-sacrifice, and dauntless courage or our Confederate ancestry.

It is my earnest wish to make this a record-breaking year in the sale of badges. Will not you and your members help make this wish come true?

I have a full supply of badge permits, which I shall be glad to send upon request; and orders for badges, with and without the bar, will be filled by return mail.

Hoping to have the pleasure of serving you frequently during the coming year and with all good wishes, I am,

Yours sincerely,

ELIZABETH B. BASHINSKY,

Second Vice President General U. D. C., Custodian U. D. C. Official Badge.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA DIVISION.

BY MRS. T. O. TIMBERLAKE, STONEWALL JACKSON CHAPTER, NO. 20.

The District of Columbia Division feels just a little better acquainted with the VETERAN readers this month, and we do hope that as the months go by you will learn to love us and have an interest in our activities, as we through our close affiliation and our VETERAN acquaintance have from time to time been much interested in and loved the many sister Divisions.

One of the many gracious courtesies which have been extended our Division is the invitation to Mrs. Maude Howell Smith, our President, to be a special guest of the Philadelphia Chapter at its banquet January 19 in honor of Mrs. Frank G. Odenheimer, President General.

At the presentation of "The Battle Cry of Peace" and the reception the same evening given by the D. A. R. in Continental Memorial Hall our Division President was invited by Mrs. William Cumming Story to assist in receiving and was in the receiving line.

Mrs. Drury Conway Ludlow, First Vice President of Stonewall Jackson Chapter, No. 20, is now its acting President. There will be no election until November to fill the vacancy created by the death of our late President, Mrs. Magnus S. Thompson.

Robert E. Lee Chapter, No. 644, held its last meeting December 28 at the Confederate Memorial Home. Following the regular order of business, Mrs. Wallace Streater, Chapter Historian, presented many interesting facts concerning our great leader, Robert E. Lee. Music and refreshments were also enjoyed. The Chapter is planning a reception to the local veterans to be held the latter part of January.

The baby Chapter in our Division is the local Winnie Davis Chapter, organized in the fall of 1911 by Mrs. Marion Butler, and its membership is composed of young girls in the Division, only the young unmarried women being eligible to



MRS. MAUDE HOWELL SMITH,

President District of Columbia Division, U. D. C., Member of Supreme Council, the President General.

this Chapter. Its members are most active in all benefits and entertainments of every kind given by the Division or any of its Chapters. In addition to its charitable work, the Winnie Davis Chapter enjoys a round of social activities during the year. At the January meeting on the 26th the following new officers were installed: Miss Nell Rose Baggett, President; Mrs. W. H. Thrall, Miss Catharine Carroll Bowie, Miss Josephine Saunders, Vice Presidents; Miss Asha Wells, Recording Secretary; Miss Mary Key Compton, Corresponding Secretary; Miss Helen Griffith, Treasurer; Miss Jane Dodge, Registrar; Miss Alice Theobald, Historian; Miss Lena Wilkins, Parliamentarian; Mrs. E. Buchanan, Custodian.

The Division gave a benefit card party at the Cairo on Friday afternoon, January 14. Many prominent women in Washington took a deep interest in this affair, and as patronesses its success, both social and financial, was assured.

U. D. C. IN NEW YORK CITY

The Mary Mildred Sullivan Chapter, U. D. C., of New York City, held its annual meeting on December 6, 1915.

In her report the President, Mrs. Algernon Sydney Sullivan, whose ripe judgment and wise counsel have for four active and eventful years guided the destinies of the Chapter, dwelt upon the fact that during the past year this Chapter had entered a field of constructive activity in combining its educational and memorial work. In memory of its deceased associate member, James Rice Buford, a veteran of Company A, 31 Virginia Cavalry, it has through the generosity of its First Vice President, Mrs. Elizabeth Ann Phillips, endowed in George Peabody College for Teachers, Nashville, Tenn., summer school scholars to the tune each summer of a teacher from Brunswick County, Va., Veteran Buford's birthplace.

The tenure of office of Mrs. Sullivan and Mrs. Phillips having expired by constitutional limitation, they were elected Honorary Presidents of the Chapter, and the following active officers were elected: President, Mrs. Livingston Rowe Schuyler; First Vice President, Mrs. Silas F. Catchings; Second Vice President, Mrs. Lucy Randolph Cantley; Recording Secretary, Mrs. John J. Lordan; Corresponding Secretary, Miss Anna Catchings Therrel; Treasurer, Mrs. Francis Edwards Hill; Registrar, Mrs. Eugene Frayer; Historian, Mrs. William Ward Childs; Recorder of Crosses, Mrs. William H. Williams.

The 6th of January, the fourth anniversary of the organization of the Chapter, was celebrated according to custom by a reception at the home of Mrs. Livingston Rowe Schuyler, founder and incoming President of the Chapter.

SOUTH CAROLINA DIVISION

Since the Division convention in Aiken, November 18 and 19, most South Carolina Chapters have held meetings and heard reports from their delegates of the proceedings of that body. These representatives returned to their homes filled with fresh enthusiasm for the work of the organization and have urged upon the various Chapters the necessity of co-operation in all of the endeavors of the order.

The John Hanes Chapter, at Jereyville, has the honor of giving to South Carolina Division its new President, and in token of its appreciation of her and of the position she fills the Chapter recently tendered to Mrs. McWhorter a brilliant reception.

It is noticeable that in their December programs a number of Chapters have heard talks or papers describing a Christmas before the war. These recollections will be valuable history sometime and are well worth preserving.

The two Chapters in Columbia planned a real Christmas tree for the veterans living at the Soldiers' Home in that city. Now in the closing of life it is a beautiful thing to revive in the old hearts memories of long ago, and some of the happiness of those far off days comes back again when they stand once more around a Christmas tree, their very own, and receive into gnarled, knotted, and trembling hands Christmas gifts from the good patron saint of children, old as well as young.

An Anderson Chapter sent yuletide cheer, arranged in attractive style, to the Anderson County Home for Indigents.

In all of the Chapters the study of history, especially of the South and of their own State, is a part of the monthly work. One Chapter has planned for the coming year to make the

lives, characters, and deeds of Confederate generals their theme. Another takes up Southern poetry. In one local history is a greatly enjoyed feature, and much valuable information which would otherwise have perished with the older generation has been preserved.

Some Chapters are represented at the Woman's Auxiliary to the Southern Commercial Congress in Charleston and are the recipients of many charming social attentions in that most hospitable city.

THE MISSISSIPPI DIVISION.

BY MRS. NETTIE STORY MILLER, EDITOR.

Great interest is manifested among the Daughters of the Mississippi Division for the preservation of the old capitol, and all energies are being exerted for this purpose. Earnest appeals have been sent to all senators, representatives, State officers, and men of great influence, asking them to support the bill when it is presented to the legislature. Mrs. Virginia Redditt Price, the capable President of the Division, will be given an opportunity to address the legislature when the bill comes up for consideration and will make a strong plea for the restoration of this historic building. The old capitol is so closely interwoven with the history of Mississippi and her great statesmen, so intimately associated with the birth of Mississippi as a Confederate State, the Secession Convention having been held within those walls, passing that historic document, the "Secession Ordinance," thus severing Mississippi from the Union. For years the U. D. C. have been very active in this patriotic work and will put forth every effort to preserve the building.

Ringed resolutions demanding the preservation of the historic old Statehouse, now crumbling to ruin and decay, have been adopted by the United Confederate Veterans, Daughters of the Confederacy, Sons of Veterans, Federation of Women's Clubs, other patriotic and civic societies, and they are determined that the ancient building shall not be destroyed.

The Mississippi Division feels very deeply the death of the beloved ex-President, Mrs. Lucy Green Yerger, of Greenville, who so faithfully discharged the duties as Chairman of the Maintenance Fund, and Miss Mary Harrison, President of the Stephen D. Lee Chapter of Columbus. These dear Daughters never failed in devotion to the work of our cause, which they so dearly loved and to which they gave their best years. Many deeds might be told of the lives they so beautifully lived.

To Miss Alice Lamkin, of McComb Chapter, comes great reward for her untiring efforts as a member of the Shiloh Monument Committee, for through her splendid work she has personally collected \$90, and her Chapter is first in donations to the Beauvoir Monument Fund.

THE OHIO DIVISION.

BY MRS. MAY DUDLEY TAYLOR.

The Albert Sidney Johnston Chapter of Cincinnati was hostess to the Ohio State Convention, U. D. C., in that city October 19-21. The Ohio Division consists of six Chapters—the R. E. Lee and the Dixie, in Columbus; the Alex H. Stephens, of Cleveland; the Gen. Joe Wheeler, of Dayton; the Stonewall Jackson and the Albert Sidney Johnston, of Cincinnati—and the State officers and delegates from each of these Chapters were in attendance. Mrs. J. B. Doan, President of the hostess Chapter, had not limited her efforts to make the convention a success, and it was one of the very best we have ever held in the State.

On Historical Evening (Tuesday) the ladies in the receiving line were costumed in gowns of ante-bellum days—some over a hundred years old—and their quaint style was very becoming to all. The address of welcome by Mrs. Doan was responded to by Mrs. W. B. Sells, State President. Mrs. John L. Shearer gave a most excellent paper on "The Women of the Confederacy." Groups of songs by gifted artists made up a delightful evening, and at the close of the entertainment delicious refreshments were served.

On Wednesday morning the convention proper opened, and the short sessions of business were devoted mainly to revising the State constitution. In the afternoon an auto ride through the handsome suburbs of the city was given the delegates and officers. The cotton ball was held that evening, the beautiful ballroom of the hotel being decorated in red and white and with real cotton bolls. The feature of the evening was the ever-lovely dancing of the minuet and Virginia reel by eight beautiful young girls and men in costumes of ante-bellum times. Most of the guests were in cotton gowns, though there were many gorgeous costumes.

Reports from officers and delegates on the year's work marked the closing day of the convention. One of the chief topics was the important motion, which was carried, to make grand-nieces eligible to membership. The election of officers came next in order and resulted as follows: President, Mrs. W. B. Sells, Columbus; Vice Presidents, Mrs. E. Nelson High and Mrs. D. W. Smith, Cincinnati, and Mrs. Robert Lindsey, Cleveland; Recording Secretary, Mrs. Edward Winslow, Cincinnati; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Marcus Crocker, Columbus; Treasurer, Mrs. A. L. Rose, Columbus; Registrar, Mrs. John Dorsey, Cleveland; Custodian and Historian, Mrs. Estabrook, Dayton; Correspondent of the Ohio State Division to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, Mrs. May D. Taylor, Cincinnati.

This closed the convention. The invitation extended by the Gen. Joe Wheeler Chapter to meet in Dayton next October was enthusiastically accepted. Dayton has the smallest Chapter in the Division, but its members are full of energy and ambition.

The Albert Sidney Johnston Chapter of Cincinnati is a few months over two years old and now has a membership of fully sixty, with a long waiting list. You dear sisters of the sunny Southern States may congratulate your Northern sisters on such progress, having to battle with so much prejudice here.

FROM THE HISTORIAN GENERAL.

BY MISS MILDRED LEWIS RUTHERFORD, ATHENS, GA.

The speech "Historical Sins of Omission and Commission," U. D. C. and C. of C. programs for 1916, and the open letter to State Historians and Chapter Historians where no Division exists are ready; and if material for historical study has not been received, it is your State Historian's fault. The Historian General sends out a postal asking what they need and if it is to be sent by freight or express collect. In answer to that card sufficient material is sent to her for all Chapters in her State. To her the members of Chapters apply if she does not send to them their share. It is the part of the State Historian, at the expense of the State Division, to mail to the Chapter Historian this matter for the historical work.

All Chapter Presidents should order copies of the speech from the Historian General for every member of their Chapters (one cent per copy). The supply of programs and open letters is limited and can be secured only from State His-

torians. It is earnestly urged by the Historian General that the programs prepared by her shall be used in the Chapter work. This concerted action will bring about great results. Both U. D. C. and C. of C. programs are bound in one pamphlet this year for economy's sake. Preserve your programs carefully. Take the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, for in it also each month will be the two programs, with suggestions.

U. D. C. PROGRAM FOR MARCH, 1916.

WHO BURNED COLUMBIA?

(Answers to be found in "Historical Sins of Omission and Commission," pages 23 and 24.)

Ritual.

1. Give Sherman's official report at time Columbia was burned. (Pages 23, 24.)
2. What order had Gen. Wade Hampton given before leaving Columbia? (Page 24.)
3. Who testified that no cotton was burning when Confederate troops left the city? (Page 24.)
4. What did the aid-de-camp of Sherman say about this? (Page 24.)
5. What testimony does Dr. Joseph LeConte give in his autobiography? (Page 24.)
6. Why was Sherman forced to retract what was said in his official report?
7. Who demanded an investigation? (Page 24.)
8. What did Whitelaw Reid say of the burning of Columbia? (Page 25.)

Reading, "The Burning of Columbia."

"Carolina! Carolina!" Henry Timrod.

C. OF C. PROGRAM FOR MARCH, 1916.

RITUAL.

1. Who first organized the Children of the Confederacy (1) in Virginia, (2) in North Carolina, (3) in Georgia?
2. How many auxiliaries are there now in the South?
3. Where was the first C. of C. Conference held? How many delegates?
4. Has your auxiliary a United States flag? Are you taught to honor it as our nation's flag? Can you sing the "Star-Spangled Banner"?
5. Do you know who wrote it and when? Give a sketch of his life.
6. Has your auxiliary the four Confederate flags? Do you know when and why they were changed? Can you recite Father Ryan's "Furl That Banner"?
7. Has your auxiliary a State flag? Do you know what it means and when adopted?
8. Do you know the difference between the United States seal, the Confederate seal, and your own State seal?
9. What do you do for the veterans that are still with you?
10. Will you not this year work to have the pensions for veterans increased? Ask your directress to tell you how to go about this.

For the history of the Virginia C. of C., write to Mrs. F. A. Walke, Norfolk, Va.

For the history of the North Carolina C. of C., write to Miss Georgia Hicks, State Historian, Faison, N. C.

The State minutes will give the number of auxiliaries.

The first State Conference C. of C. was held in Atlanta, Ga., in 1912, Miss Elizabeth Hanna, Directress; Mrs. Walter D. Lamar, State President.

THE BURNING OF COLUMBIA.

When the news of Sherman's approach reached Columbia, S. C., in February, 1865, the mayor of the city sent the following communication to General Sherman:

"MAYOR'S OFFICE, COLUMBIA, S. C., February 17, 1865.

"To Major General Sherman: The Confederate forces have evacuated Columbia. I deem it my duty as mayor and representative of the city to ask for its citizens the treatment accorded by the usages of civilized warfare. I therefore respectfully request that you will send a sufficient guard in advance of the army to maintain order in the city and protect the persons and property of the citizens.

"Very respectfully your obedient servant,

T. J. GOODWYN, Mayor."

Colonel Stone, who received the mayor's communication, said he could not answer for General Sherman; but he would assure him that the safety of the citizens and protection of the property could be promised while under his command, and he felt sure that General Sherman would confirm this promise. Subsequently General Sherman did confirm it and told the mayor that night: "Not a finger's breadth, Mr. Mayor, of your city shall be harmed. You may lie down to sleep, satisfied that your town will be as safe in my hands as if wholly in your own." He added: "It will become my duty to destroy some of the public buildings, but I will reserve this performance to another day. It shall be done tomorrow, provided the day be calm."

With this assurance Mayor Goodwyn retired. But scarcely had the troops reached the head of Main Street when the work of pillage began. The soldiers were orderly and under complete control of the officers when they first entered the city, proving that, had the officers so desired, they could have prevented the pillage. General Sherman, at the head of the cavalry, rode through the streets with his officers. They saw the robbery going on at every corner and yet made no effort to prevent it.

There is no doubt that the burning of Columbia had been planned before the army left Lexington, S. C. General Kilpatrick, one of Sherman's generals, said in Lexington on February 16: "Sherman will lay it [Columbia] in ashes for his heart." One of his lieutenants wrote to Mrs. McCord: "My theme bleeds to think of what is threatening. Leave the town; to go anywhere will be safer than there." The leader of a squad of men said to W. H. Orchard that night: "If you have anything you wish to save, take care of it at once, for before morning this town will be in ashes. You watch, and you will see three rockets go up soon." Within an hour three rockets did go up, and fires broke out at that signal in all parts of the city at the same moment. The soldiers of General Sherman declared that the rockets were the appointed signal of a general conflagration. By five o'clock in the morning of February 18 more than two-thirds of the city had been destroyed. The soldiers pierced the hose with their bayonets to prevent any effort to extinguish the fire. Why did not General Sherman and his officers prevent this if it was not done with their full approval or rather by their direct command?

Gen. Wade Hampton, when he saw General Sherman's official report, asked that he should be allowed to vindicate himself. He said: "It is due to history, if it is not to me, that the falsehoods of General Sherman in reference to the destruction of this city should be exposed. In his report he

says: 'I disclaim on the part of my army any agency in this fire, but, on the contrary, claim that we saved what of Columbia remains unconsumed. And without hesitation I charge Gen. Wade Hampton with having burned his own city of Columbia, not with malicious intent, as the manifestation of a silly Roman stoicism, but from folly and want of sense in filling it with cotton and tinder. Our officers and men on duty worked well to extinguish the flames. Gen. Wade Hampton, who commanded the rear guard of the cavalry, had, in anticipation of our capture of Columbia, ordered all cotton, public and private, to be moved into the street and fired to prevent our making use of it.' There is not one word of truth in this statement except that 'Gen. Wade Hampton commanded the rear guard of the cavalry.' I did not order any cotton moved into the street and fired. On the contrary, I represented to General Beauregard the danger to the town by firing the cotton on the streets. I left the city as Sherman's column entered it, and I assert and can prove by thousands that not one bale of cotton was on fire when he took possession of the city. His assertion to the contrary is false, and he knows it to be so. * * * He shall not with impunity make me the scapegoat of his sins. For his deeds history will brand him as a robber and incendiary and will certainly 'damn him to everlasting infamy.'"

ALEXANDER STEPHENS MEMORIAL SCHOOL.

Six years ago a movement was started to build in Crawfordville, Ga., a school for the higher education of poor boys and girls, the institution to be a memorial to one the whole South loves to honor, Alexander Hamilton Stephens. As every one familiar with the life of this great and good man knows, Mr. Stephens received his education through a loan, returning every penny to his benefactor when he was in position to do so. This will be the principle of the Stephens Memorial School. Students enter the class to which they may be assigned, remaining until graduation, paying no board or tuition. After they finish school and secure positions, they are to pay ten per cent of their salary until the sum used toward their education has been paid. Any poor boy or girl of the right kind of material will be only too pleased to receive an education in this way.

Judge Horace Holden, of Athens, a native of Crawfordville, is the father of this movement. As has been before stated, it was six years ago that Judge Holden requested the Georgia Division, U. D. C., to consider the question of establishing this school. It was received with enthusiasm; but at the time the Division was paying a pledge of \$10,000 to Rabun Gap Mountain School, a memorial to Gen. Francis Bartow, and could not undertake the erection of this memorial.

Last spring the Georgia Division petitioned the State legislative bodies to build the school as a branch of the State university. (Liberty Hall, the home of Mr. Stephens, on the grounds of which is also the Stephens High School, is owned by the Stephens Monument Association, which, in the event of the passing of the bill, was to turn the entire property over to the State.) The bill was passed, but unfortunately an amendment provides that the State must not support it. It is possible that the legislative bodies may take more favorable action at the next session, but the uncertainty is too great. Mrs. Frank Walden as chairman of the Scholarship Committee of the Georgia Division, U. D. C., has received in less than one year eight hundred letters from Georgia boys and girls seeking free scholarships and over nine hundred from other Southern States in the same period. "And now," says

Mrs. Walden, "we who are interested shall never cease our efforts until the last nail has been driven. Children all over our beloved Southland are begging for what is being denied them, an education, and we'll never reach them except through institutions of this kind."

In all probability every Chapter of United Daughters of the Confederacy will want to contribute toward the establishment of one of the most fitting and worth-while memorials ever attempted by any association. Several individual contributions have already been pledged, and Augusta Chapter, U. D. C., took the initiative by pledging \$500. R. E. Lee Chapter, C. of C., of Augusta, has promised \$100.

Editors of Southern newspapers are writing strong editorials in its favor. Many contributions are expected, and the corner stone of this splendid memorial should soon be laid.

SHILOH MONUMENT FUND.

REPORT OF MRS. ROY W. MCKINNEY, TREASURER, FROM
NOVEMBER 24, 1915, TO JANUARY 17, 1916.

Arkansas: Hot Springs Chapter, \$5; Miss Donohue (personal), Little Rock, 50 cents; B. H. Holmes Chapter, For-
dyce, \$2.50. Total, \$8.

California: James Le Conte Chapter, Berkeley, \$5; J. E. B. Stuart Chapter, Riverside, \$5. Total, \$10.

Georgia: Quitman Chapter, \$5; Lexington Chapter, \$1; Fitzgerald Chapter, \$2; Morgan County Chapter, Madison, \$10; Covington Chapter, \$2; Commerce Chapter, \$1; Oconee Chapter, Dublin, \$2. Total, \$23.

Kentucky: Miss Mabel Weaks (post cards), 25 cents.

Mississippi: Miss Alice Lamkin, member of Mississippi Division Shiloh Committee, \$22.05; Mrs. Sarah Dabney Eggleston (personal), Raymond, \$5; Stonewall Jackson Chapter, Swan Lake, \$5; B. F. Ward Chapter, Winona, \$5; Bolivar Troop Chapter, \$5; Private Taylor Rucks Chapter, Greenville, \$5; Hattiesburg Chapter, \$2; Corinth Chapter, \$1.15. Total, \$50.20.

New York: New York Chapter, \$50; Mrs. F. G. Burke (personal), New York, \$60. Total, \$110.

Oklahoma: Clement A. Evans Chapter, Tulsa, \$8; Stonewall Jackson Chapter, McAlester, \$2. Total, \$10.

Tennessee: Fort Donelson Chapter, Dover, \$4; Mrs. A. B. White (post cards), Paris, \$4.35; Old Hickory Chapter, Dickson, \$5; John Sutherland Chapter, Ripley, \$2; Murfreesboro Chapter, \$5; F. M. Walker Chapter, St. Elmo, \$10; Col. R. P. Lake (personal), Memphis, \$5; a Christmas gift for Shiloh from a friend at Jackson, \$5; A. B. Ellis (a Shiloh veteran), Capleville, \$2; Gen. J. C. Vaughan Chapter, Sweetwater, \$5; Forrest Chapter, Brownsville, \$5; Gen. H. C. Meyers (personal), Memphis, \$2; Sam Davis Chapter, Morristown, \$5. Total, \$59.35.

Commercial-Appeal: Neely Chapter, Bolivar, Tenn., \$5.

Texas: Jeff Rogers Chapter, Cameron, \$2; Mrs. William Owens, \$1; Miss Maggie Candian, 50 cents; Mrs. W. E. Wood, 50 cents; Mrs. W. H. Rivers, \$1; William Owens Chapter, \$1; Captain Wade, \$1; Mrs. Emma Dean Edmonson (personal), Mart, \$1; Little Miss Emma Dean Edmonson, Mart, 50 cents; Mrs. Christenson (personal), Houston, \$1; Mrs. J. F. Burton, Houston, \$1; Mrs. Fred C. Fox (personal), Amarillo, \$1; Katie Daffan Chapter, Denton, \$1; Floresville Chapter, \$2.50; a friend, 50 cents; Sterling Price Chapter, Rotan, \$1. Total, \$16.50.

Total collections since last report, \$292.30. Refund to Hariman (Tenn.) Chapter, \$1; to Mrs. White, \$159.15.

Total at last report, \$24,274.61. Total to date, \$24,406.76.

Mrs. W. J. BEHAN, *President*
New Orleans, La.
Mrs. JOHN E. MAXWELL, *Treasurer*
Pensacola, Fla.

MISS DAISY M. L. HODGSON, *Recording Secretary*
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113 Third Street South, Richmond, Va.
MRS. VIRGINIA FRENZER B. ALL, *Post Laureate*
1045 Union Avenue, Memphis, Tenn.

Confederated Southern Memorial Association

VICE PRESIDENTS

ALABAMA—Montgomery, Mrs. J. C. Lee
ARKANSAS—Fayetteville, Mrs. J. G. Side Welch
FLORIDA—Pensacola, Mrs. Horace L. Simpson
GEORGIA—Atlanta, Mrs. A. M. D. Wilson

LOUISIANA—New Orleans, Mrs. James Dwyer
MISSISSIPPI—Vicksburg, Mrs. E. C. C. C. C.
MISSOURI—St. Louis, Mrs. G. K. Warner
NORTH CAROLINA—Raleigh, Mrs. Robert H. Jones

SOUTH CAROLINA—Charleston, Mrs. S. C. Beckwith
TENNESSEE—Memphis, Mrs. Charles W. Frazier
VIRGINIA—Fayetteville, Mrs. S. M. Davis

Next Convention to be held in Birmingham, Ala.

THE CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

A PARTIAL LIST OF ITS ACTIVITIES.

The Confederation was formed in Louisville, Ky., in May, 1900, with the hearty and unanimous indorsement of the United Confederate Veterans in convention assembled. Gen. John B. Gordon, Commander in Chief. There are seventy Associations affiliated. At least twenty of these Associations date their organization back as far as 1866 and will this year (1916) chronicle fifty years of active and continuous service. The Confederated Southern Memorial Association meets annually at the same time and place as the United Confederate Veterans. The order for its convention is always included in that of the U. C. V., thus giving an official status.

Now, what has the Confederated Southern Memorial Association accomplished?

It contributed largely to the fund for the Jefferson Davis monument in Richmond, Va. (See General Order No. 263, October 11, 1901.)

It was the Confederated Southern Memorial Association that offered a resolution to make June 3, the anniversary of the birth of Jefferson Davis, Southern Memorial Day. (See General Order No. 287.) By this action the States of Louisiana, Tennessee, and Mississippi have adopted June 3 as Confederate Memorial Day and made it a legal holiday.

The Confederated Southern Memorial Association started a movement to have a picture of Jefferson Davis placed in every school in the South. (See General Order No. 80.)

In 1907 the Confederated Southern Memorial Association, in convention assembled in the city of Richmond, Va., passed a resolution to adopt suitable measures to have the name of Jefferson Davis restored to Cabin John Bridge, Washington, D. C. (See General Orders No. 13 and No. 21, June 14, 1900.)

At Chattanooga, Tenn., in 1913, in convention assembled, the Confederated Southern Memorial Association passed a resolution to memorialize Congress for the return of the cotton tax. The committee then appointed has done and is doing excellent work, determined to persist until success crowns its efforts.

The Confederated Southern Memorial Association rendered valuable assistance to Gen. Stephen D. Lee and Dr. Samuel E. Lewis, of Washington, D. C., in procuring the favorable passage of the Foraker bill. (See extract from letters of General Lee and Dr. Lewis and General Orders.)

The Jefferson Davis Monument Commission, of New Orleans, was the largest contributor to the Jefferson Davis Home Association.

The Confederated Southern Memorial Association is on record as protesting against the use of Ellison's history and books of that class in the schools throughout the South.

In 1915 the Confederated Southern Memorial Association agreed to donate a very handsome chair to the Red Cross Memorial Building at Washington, D. C. The chair will be placed in the Assembly Hall and will be designated as the President's chair.

This does not include the magnificent local work which is being done day after day, month after month, by the individual Memorial Associations. It would take too much time and space to enumerate this line of work; but the Memorial women are active and faithful to their trust, as will be seen by the constant care bestowed upon the monuments erected by them years ago.

The beautiful custom of placing flowers on the graves of our heroic dead originated with a Memorial Association—viz., the Ladies' Confederate Memorial Association of Columbus, Ga. To-day we allude to Memorial Day as the "Sabbath of the South." It should never be spoken of in the South as Decoration Day; that term is for our Northern brethren.

In Charleston, S. C., there is a monument to the first victims of torpedo, or submarine, warfare erected by the Memorial Association of Charleston, S. C. This is worthy of note at this particular time, when submarine warfare is so disastrous.

Where in the whole country will you find a grander piece of work than the Confederate Museum in Richmond, Va.? This is under the care of the Confederate Memorial Literary Society, one of the affiliated associations of the Confederated Southern Memorial Association. The Ladies' Confederate Memorial Association of New Orleans, La., has to its credit the naming of three parishes in the State in honor of Jefferson Davis, Beauregard, and Henry Watkins Allen, the war Governor of Louisiana. So it is that each and every Memorial Association has done and is doing noble work. They are a faithful band of women, accomplishing great deeds and ever ready and willing to do all in their power to honor the cause so dear to Southern women.

Respectfully submitted,

Mrs. W. J. BEHAN, *President General*

TO VICE PRESIDENTS C. S. M. A.

Mrs. J. Enders Robinson, 113 Third Street South, was appointed Press Chairman for the C. S. M. A. at the Richmond Convention. Vice Presidents are earnestly requested to send her material to be used monthly on the C. S. M. A. page of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN. Do not delay. Have the matter in her hands by the first of each month.

MRS. W. J. BEHAN, *President General*

FLAG OF THEIR GLORY.

BY GRACE IMOGEN GISH.

It hangs on the wall,
Where soft shadows fall,
The golden light streaming
From skies that are gleaming,
And seems by its magic the past to recall.

They're marching away,
Those soldiers in gray,
With music's loud pealing,
Their stern thoughts revealing,
And high in the sunshine this banner asway.

At last, filled with woe,
Now homeward they go,
Brave, tattered, undaunted,
Their country fear-haunted.
And see! o'er the silence the old flag bends low.

Ah! soft folds, e'er wave
In sunshine to lave;
Keep fresh thy sweet story,
Flag of their glory,
Who gave of their lifeblood their fair land to save.

GEN. RICHARD S. EWELL.

Richard Stoddart Ewell was born in Washington, D. C., February 8, 1817. He was graduated at West Point in 1840 and was promoted to brevet captain in the Mexican War. He was advanced to that rank regularly in 1849 and served in the United States army until the spring of 1861, when he resigned and joined the Confederate forces. He was at once appointed lieutenant colonel and on June 17 of that year was made brigadier general. With his brigade he held the extreme right of the line in the great battle of Manassas. In October, 1861, he was promoted to major general. He helped to make Jackson famous in the Shenandoah Valley. With his division at Cross Keys, General Ewell defeated Banks at Winchester, Va., on May 25, 1862. As senior major general under Stonewall Jackson he was eminent throughout his Virginia campaigns. At Grovetown, Va., on August 28, 1862, he was so severely wounded in the knee that amputation of a leg became imperative.

Handicapped as he was with only one leg, he returned to field service in May, 1863, and was promoted to the rank of lieutenant general. He was assigned to the command of the Stonewall Jackson Corps in the Army of Northern Virginia, Jackson having fallen in the meantime at Chancellorsville. He made brilliant achievements as a corps commander, capturing four thousand prisoners, with a large army store, while sustaining a loss of two hundred and sixty-nine men. He was conspicuous in the great battle of Gettysburg. His horse was shot under him, and by the fall he was too badly injured for further active service. Yet he commanded the defenses of Richmond at the last; and after the evacuation of that city he commanded his corps in the action at Sailor's Creek, where he was made a prisoner.

Gen. Richard Taylor in his charming book, "Destruction and Reconstruction," now out of print, writes freely of General Ewell, of his merits and his eccentricities. He states in that book:

"I had abundant opportunities for studying the original character of 'Dick' Ewell. After a long silence, he would suddenly direct his eyes and nose toward me with: 'General Taylor, what do you suppose President Davis made me a major general for?' * * * On two occasions in the Valley of Virginia, during the temporary absence of Jackson from the front, Ewell summoned me to his side. * * * Ewell was always afraid some one would get under fire before him.

"At the close of the war General Ewell married Mrs. Brown, a daughter of Judge Campbell, a distinguished Tennessean, who represented the United States at the Court of St. James when she was born. She was a kinswoman of General Ewell. He brought her to New Orleans, where I hastened to see him. He took me by the hand and presented me to 'My wife, Mrs. Brown.'"

General Taylor concludes: "Dear Dick Ewell! Virginia never bred a truer gentleman, a braver soldier, nor an odder, more lovable fellow."

PERSONAL RECORD OF MAJ. B. W. LEIGH.

Sometime ago the VETERAN was sent an interesting old letter written by Maj. B. W. Leigh, of the 2d Corps, Army of Northern Virginia, just after the battle of Chancellorsville and describing from a personal and intimate standpoint the military movements before and after the battle, going into the full circumstances of the wounding and death of Stonewall Jackson.

Major Leigh was a gallant officer, and the official records of the war repeat many commendations of his bravery. He was killed at Gettysburg, his death being graphically described by Gen. John R. Geary, commanding the 2d Division, U. S. A. General Geary's report makes record of one of the last charges of the great battle, when Johnson's Division was hurled against Greene's breastworks, only to be disastrously repulsed. "The commanding officer of a regiment," says the report, "raised the white flag, when Maj. B. W. Leigh, assistant and adjutant general of Johnson's Division, rode forward to order it down and fell, pierced by a dozen balls, his body remaining in our possession."

Major Leigh's letter was written to his wife, whose interest he could trust through the full and intimate details of the great events of which he was a part. It is written in a fine, clear hand and closely covers twenty foolscap pages. The portions of the letter of greatest interest are those describing the death of Stonewall Jackson. Major Leigh as a member of Gen. A. P. Hill's staff was in the little party that rode out beyond the Confederate lines on the fatal eve of Chancellorsville to get a better knowledge of the enemy's position. He was one of the few who knew of the disaster in time to go to General Jackson's aid after he was shot, and he helped carry the litter through the distressing fire that imperiled every step of the way; and when the firing grew for a time so terrific as to make further progress impossible, Major Leigh, together with James Power Smith, lay on the ground by General Jackson to protect him as well as he could from the shots that fell like hail. The letter describes the whole of the perilous journey back to the lines and to the hospital and gives the last details of the General's illness and death. Major Leigh's overcoat and gloves were stained with Jackson's blood, says the letter, and would have been kept as sacred relics except for their wearer's constant need of them.

THE FAILURE OF THE CONFEDERACY—WAS IT A BLESSING?

BY JAMES H. McFILLY, D.D., NASHVILLE, TENN.

It is over half a century since the beginning, in 1861, of the greatest civil war of modern times, if not of all time. After four years of fiercest conflict and unparalleled heroism, endurance, and sacrifice, the struggle ended with the Confederate States devastated, their property destroyed, their social and labor systems utterly overthrown, and their governments in the hands of their bitterest enemies. The war cost the lives of more than half a million men and the disabling of probably a million more. The cost in money was at the least six thousand millions of dollars, and, in addition, the United States government has expended nearly four thousand millions of dollars in pensions.

Now that the passions engendered by war have in a measure subsided and a new generation has come upon the stage, the question arises, Does the result of the war in the lives and condition of the people compensate for all the sacrifices made to preserve the Union? Was the failure of the Confederate States to win their independence a benefit and a blessing to the whole country, including the Confederate States themselves? Observe that I say not "to dissolve the Union," but "to win their independence." For if they had won, there would still have been a Union of such States as chose to remain united.

Now, in answering this question it is natural for the triumphant side in the contest to claim that their triumph was a blessing to the whole people of both sections and a great step forward in the progress of civilization. And this is reiterated from pulpit and platform, in magazine and newspaper, in philosophic essay, and in light novel, until there is a fixed conviction throughout the North and largely in foreign lands that the effort of the South to establish a separate government was a crime, excusable only by ignorance and sincerity on her part, and that if she had succeeded it would have been the greatest calamity, a hindrance to liberty and religion, a bar to the progress of civilization. And so the defeat of the Confederate States and the victory of the North are held forth as the greatest blessing to humanity.

SOUTHERN MEN THANKFUL FOR DEFEAT.

But it is becoming quite common for Southern speakers and writers to express in strong terms the opinion that the defeat of the effort to establish a Southern Confederacy was a blessing to the South. At the frequent patriotic gatherings in which men of the North and the South meet, where the blue and the gray come together to mingle in friendly intercourse, the meeting is made the occasion of loud professions of loyalty to the Union by Southern men who congratulate the country and render devout thanks to God that the Federal armies triumphed and that the South was by force of arms compelled or coerced to remain in a Union which the large majority of her people had repudiated.

These men claim that they are the truest friends of the South, proud of her traditions, and inspired by her highest ideals. Many of them were brave and faithful Confederate soldiers who sacrificed freely for the Confederate cause. But they claim that their minds have been freed from prejudice and that they can look back over the history of the war and judge it in the calm light of reason. No one doubts their

sincerity; but there is great reason to doubt that they represent the majority of the surviving soldiers who did the fighting and labored and suffered for the cause. Indeed, I do not believe that they have the sympathy of the mass of the Southern people whose fathers and mothers passed through the fiery ordeal of destruction and reconstruction inflicted on them by the conquerors. They cannot believe that those sacrifices and those grand heroisms were endured and wrought for the sake of a false and ruinous theory which was contrary to God's law and to human rights.

Yet in the exuberance of their loyalty to the Union and devotion to the old flag these apologists for the past assure our Northern brethren that the Southern people have experienced a change of heart, and in their exceeding joy to be in the Union, they see the mistake they made in warring against the "best government the world ever saw." Yet these orators go farther and declare that the majority of the Southern people would regard with gladness the idea that it would have been a good thing for the Confederacy to succeed. It is true that they give no credit for sincerity and for courage in maintaining the cause and feel that we are not entitled upon that score to the gratitude for our success. But surely if we withhold our aid and comfort from being in the midst of a civil war at such times, which we do, if their claims are true, and if that war was a just gift of effort to stay the progress of Federal domination, then our sincerity and courage only become foolish and useless things.

Again, these apologists for the South would excuse us because we had been taught in the name of the Federal Constitution and we honestly thought that we were right in upholding and fighting for that plea. But this apology changes that our teachers were guilty of misinterpreting the Constitution. Yet our teachers were the very best who framed the Constitution, the greatest men our country has produced—Jefferson, Madison, Mason, and other most patriotic leaders of our people.

After all the excuses these orators and writers make, and after all their splendid tributes to Southern heroism, the impression made by such speeches and writings on any thoughtful Northern mind must be, that we are well walled that our blind devotion to a false theory of government led us to make the tremendous but vain sacrifices of a needless war.

Of course the logical inference from this view is that the Union and North was justified in forcing us to remain in the Union and in putting down what they call a "rebellion" even at the fearful cost of all the blood and treasure expended in thus imposing their government on an unwilling people. And so they insist that we should rejoice and be glad that our errors were corrected even at such cost.

THE SPANISH WAR VOLUNTEERS.

In many cases these speakers are so eager to show that we see our great mistake in the War between the States that they point to the free volunteering of Southern men in our late war with Spain as proof of our loyalty and devotion to the Union, which no one now questions. But it is spoken of in such terms as to make one think that this loyalty to the Union now was meant to conciliate the North and to express our repentance for our past disloyalty. This is accompanied by the usual flood of gush about the blue and the gray marching shoulder to shoulder and keeping step to the music of the Union.

It is true, happily true, that the bitter feelings engendered by the war are rapidly passing away, and we are devoutly thankful that time has softened the asperities of speech and the harshness of judgment which kept the sections apart so long. Now each side can give the other credit, not only for honesty of conviction, but for sincere patriotism founded on a reasonable interpretation of a Constitution which admits of different explanations of its intent. Now the South, while still believing that her interpretation was right, can accept the result of the war as a settlement of the controversy and as a successful revolution, setting up a government different from the old, and she can work in harmony with the North for the success of the new government. Her sons who fought for the Confederacy can with perfect sincerity give loyal service to the new Union now established and yet believe that the method of establishing it was wrong. Indeed, it is their solemn duty to make the best of the new order of things, just as God's chosen people of old were commanded to pray for and seek the blessing of God on the city to which they were carried captives (Jeremiah xxix. 7).

The late appointment of two Confederate soldiers, Wright and Dickinson, to important Cabinet positions in the administration of the government by that party which has hitherto jealously excluded the South from any influential place in the government certainly indicates a gratifying change of sentiment in that section where doubt as to our loyalty has been for years the excuse for our exclusion.

And no doubt the economic conditions which join Northern and Southern men in developing the resources of the country have been potent factors in removing the misunderstandings of war and Reconstruction days.

THE SOUTH UNREPENTANT.

The excessive protestations by Southern men of delight over our failure and of thankfulness that we are all again under one flag seems to me to misunderstand and to misrepresent the feelings of the mass of the Southern people; not only of those who passed through the war, but of their descendants, who form the body of the present South. For while those who were actors in the great drama are rapidly passing away, yet their children and their grandchildren, who inherit the noble heritage of principle bequeathed by them, heartily believe that they contended for sacred rights guaranteed to them by the original Constitution of the United States and that they fought for the true principles of civil liberty. And to every observant and thoughtful mind it must be still an open question whether the triumph of a centralized government over the checks and balances of sovereign States has not introduced evils and dangers that threaten the very foundations of civil order. Our people accepted defeat with manly fortitude and patient resignation to the Divine will. They endured with dignified contempt the corrupt reign of the carpet-bagger, the scalawag, and the negro. They maintained their integrity for ten dreadful years of Reconstruction by Northern armies sent to force negro equality upon them. They answered not the falsehoods that were published as history, by which the conquerors sought to justify the brutalities of their war upon us. They set themselves with courage and industry to repair the waste and desolation of their country. They endeavored in good faith to adapt their lives to the new and strange conditions imposed on them.

But they never believed, and do not now believe, that material success and prosperity are tests of righteousness or that, because unlimited resources of men and munitions of war can triumph over a weaker government, therefore the weaker government was wrong and should have submitted without a conflict. Might does not make right, and our people felt that they fought for the right as it was guaranteed to them in the Constitution of their fathers; and, as Gen. Robert E. Lee expressed himself, they would have been false to duty if they had done otherwise.

Believing thus, that the South fought for the preservation of the original Constitution, I am bound to believe that the triumph of the Union was the overthrow of the Constitution, which was the bond of Union and was the forcing upon us of a government essentially different from the only one that could have been accepted by the States when they entered the Union. And I believe that this new government was in direct violation of the foundation principle of civil liberty, as announced in the Declaration of Independence, that governments "derive their just powers from the consent of the governed."

But the Southern people, having done their utmost to preserve their rights under the original Constitution and having been overpowered by brute force, could only surrender and yield to the arbitrament of war. In accepting the new order they now feel bound in honor to be loyal to the new government. It has become their government by the terms of capitulation, and they are duty bound to strive to make it a benefit and a blessing to all the people. Recognizing the difficulties and the dangers that threaten us under our new conditions, we should endeavor to ward off the evils and to make our government a real promoter of liberty and as far as possible to remedy the ruin brought by our defeat.

DEFEAT A CALAMITY.

I cannot think that I am in the minority of Southern men, especially of the generation which supported the cause of the Confederacy, when I express my conviction that the failure of the Confederate States to win their independence was a calamity, not only to the South, but to the whole country and to the cause of constitutional government. In other words, it destroyed the very foundations on which alone a federated republic can be established, and it introduced a centralized government which is not adapted to our immense area and diverse interests and which will ultimately result in the despotism of the plutocrat or of the proletariat unless some way be found to restrain the aggressions of greed and to satisfy the just demands of the toiling masses.

Whatever may be the immediate and tangible material and intellectual advantages brought about by the establishment of a Union different from the original compact, it is yet too soon to estimate the permanent results—political, industrial, social, and moral—of a revolution so radical on the life and character of a people. Admittedly that revolution has brought upon the whole country the most difficult problems any people ever had to solve. They are problems that hold in themselves tragic possibilities of industrial, social, and race conflict and which are ever coming to the front in every part of the country and causing volcanic eruptions of hatred and crime.

The fact that in the forum of war the decision was adverse to the South is constantly adduced as proof that God by his providence set the seal of his condemnation on her cause as wrong, unjust, wicked. The Southern people are held up as rebels against God in resisting the United States government

and their system of slavery denounced as "the sum of all villainies," for which God took vengeance on them, not only by freeing their slaves, but by desolating their homes and devastating their land. In a word, our defeat was the punishment for our sin.

TEACHINGS OF SCRIPTURE AND HISTORY.

Is it true that calamities, afflictions, and defeats are God's testimony to the wickedness of those who suffer or to the injustice of the cause for which they suffer? Let us look to the teachings of God's Holy Word and of history to learn the truth. It seems clear to me that God's hand is in every event of human life and that he sends or permits affliction; and he guides, controls, and limits all to carry out his own infinite purposes of righteousness and mercy. But they are not punishments for special sins, nor are they condemnation of the cause for which the sufferers stand. On the other hand, they may be intended to bring out more distinctly the principles at issue in the conflict or to emphasize the need of God's help to sustain the right.

In the Old Testament there are records of God's chosen people led into captivity by heathen conquerors. But that fact did not prove the heathen to be right in the causes of conflict nor that the Israelites were upholding a bad cause. Again, in the New Testament our Saviour taught that those Galileans whose blood Peter mingled with their sacrifices were not sinners more than the complacent Pharisees, who boasted of their righteousness. Much less did that terrible calamity to the victims of Pilate's powerful rage prove the tyrant to be right and the victims wrong. (Luke xiii. 1-3.)

Turning to history, the awful sufferings endured by the low countries at the hands of the brutal Alva and the cruel Spanish legions in the conflict for civil and religious liberty in the sixteenth century did not prove their cause to be wrong. Nor did success prove that gloomy tyrant Philip II. of Spain to be Heaven's favorite in his persecutions which crushed out liberty in his vast dominions. Nor did the assassination of his great opponent, William the Silent, prove that he was under the wrath of God which executed vengeance on him. Louis XIV. in France in the seventeenth century was successful in driving out the Huguenots and uprooting Protestantism. Was that proof of God's favor to him, and was it the just punishment of his refractory subjects? No. God sometimes—yea, often—allows the right to be persecuted and defeated in order to test the devotion of his children to righteousness for its own sake. Job would cling to his integrity though he were slain for it. So also should we.

Often men in the pride of their own wisdom assume the prerogative of the Almighty Judge of all the earth and pronounce judgment of condemnation where he has not condemned. In their purpose to establish their own theories of truth and justice they trample on the most sacred relationships and disregard the plainest principles of humanity and right. They set up their own conscience against God's Word, and, as the old abolitionists did, they demand "an anti-slavery God, an antislavery Bible, and an antislavery Constitution."

Then, God in his all-wise providence may allow them to carry out their plans so that their false theories may bring forth their legitimate fruit of ruin, an object lesson of the danger in listening to man rather than to God.

Not only in the name of liberty, as Madame Roland said, but in the name of justice, the most hideous crimes are com-

mitted, crimes that bring evils far greater than those they abolish.

When England was glorying over Waterloo and the fall of Napoleon as a victory for liberty, Robert Hall wrote: "The clock of European civilization was set back fifty years." The great preacher meant that England's victory, or rather the victory of the Allies, was riveting the shackles of despotism only the more firmly on the nations of Europe. So the triumph at Appomattox fixed the fetters of a relentless commercialism on the American people.

THE REASONS FOR GRATITUDE.

The grounds upon which we are called to be thankful for the success of the Union and the failure of the Confederacy are mainly reducible to three. They are: (1) The abolition of slavery; (2) the overthrow of the doctrine of State sovereignty, involving the right of secession; and (3) the wonderful material development of the South. The first is moral and social; the second is political and civic; the third is economic and industrial. And it is assumed that each of these is a real blessing to the whole country and that none of them could have been realized if the Confederate States had been successful.

We shall, therefore, consider these consequences of the war as accomplished facts and examine the question whether they are really the blessings they are held to be, and especially whether they are blessings sufficient to compensate for the cost of them. And we shall also consider the probable effect of Confederate success on the condition of the negro, on the relations of the States to the general government, and on the development of the resources of the South; also the effect on the character of the people of the South.

WAS EMANCIPATION BEST?

By Northern and British writers and speakers the emancipation of the negroes is emphasized with endless glorification as the grandest and most beneficent result of the war. It is considered as a moral, political, and economic blessing, which removed a stain from our civilization, a curse from our life and character, and a hindrance to our progress.

For the negro it is claimed that he is delivered from a cruel and unjust bondage which degraded his nature and treated him as a brute. And it is said that now he is free to develop his manhood as he may choose, a right justly due every human being.

For the white man it is claimed that he is released of a great burden of responsibility and from the constant temptation to oppress a weaker race and, above all, that he is delivered from a system sinful and demoralizing in its nature.

Now, in considering the benefits, real or imaginary, of emancipation we are not dealing with slavery as it has existed among other peoples and as existing among other races. But we are dealing with the slavery of the negro, who was part and parcel of a domestic system and as he was held to service by a white race of high Christian character. While there were cruel and unjust masters, they were the exceptions; and while there were features of the system that allowed cruelty and hardship yet the effort was general to mitigate these evils. We are to remember too that the harsh features of the system were exaggerated by prejudice and falsehoods often uttered by those whose own sections maintained a system of so-called free labor more oppressive and degrading than was ever known in the South.

Still every candid Southern man will freely admit that there were serious evils connected with the system and that the best condition for a human being who is fitted to exercise it is liberty, and the desire for liberty is one of the noblest sentiments of man's heart. None were more anxious than many slaveholders to remedy the evils and to make the bondage a blessing to the slaves.

But the question that pressed upon the South when emancipation was urged as the remedy was complicated by conditions. Were the evils so inherent in the system that they could be eradicated only by destroying the system itself? Could the natural desire for freedom be met and satisfied only by freeing the negroes absolutely from all control by a master? Considering the nature of the negro, could his highest and best characteristics be best developed in freedom rather than in some form of subjection to the white man? On the other hand, would emancipation as demanded by the abolitionists bring with it greater evils to both races than a system of slavery with the confessed evils eliminated? Would it be possible for two races as widely different as Anglo-Saxon and Ethiopian to live together on terms of political equality under the same government without a constant war of races? The whole question of the relationship of the two races was one of the most difficult ever presented to a Christian people. And it was a question not to be solved by appeal to general principles of abstract right; but it required consideration of actual conditions for which we of the South were not responsible, conditions which were brought about by the action of the North as much as of the South and inherited by us.

The problem was far more momentous for the South than for the North. If the negroes were emancipated, they would necessarily remain in the South as a mass, and their numbers would bear a very considerable proportion to the number of whites. Admitted to equal political privileges, they would not only threaten the supremacy of the white race in the government, but they would imperil the civilization and material progress of the country. It would be exceedingly difficult to preserve purity in public and official life, for which the South had been noted, and at the same time to secure to the inferior race all the rights, privileges, and development to which it would be entitled as partaker of a common humanity. For this mass of ignorant negroes would be the ready tool of the demagogue and the corruptionist.

ABOLITION AGITATION.

This was the problem that required for its solution all the wisdom, firmness, patience, and kindness that could be exercised by the men of both sections. But the Puritan conscience of New England had accepted a theory of human rights which regarded slavery as "the sum of all villainies," a heinous sin against God and a crime against man. There began in that section and was carried on a crusade of the bitterest abuse of slaveholders, of vituperation and calumny against the institution of domestic slavery in the South. Yet New England traders had been the most active agents in introducing slavery in America in the early history of the country. Of course this bitterness aroused resentment, and it became impossible to settle the questions involved in the calm light of reason, and the result was the most terrible war of modern times and the abolition of slavery. It is complacently claimed that half a century of emancipation has shown that the fears and hesitancy of the Southern people were all unfounded and that

the evils of freedom for the negro were imaginary. Indeed, it is held that the freeing of the negroes and the removal of the "curse of slavery" from the country justified all the sacrifice of life and treasure which the war cost and that the sufferings and humiliations of the South as a consequence of emancipation were the just punishment for its sin in holding human beings in bondage.

Is it demonstrated that the apprehensions of Southern men were foolish excuses for their holding on to their slaves? The end is not yet. Confessedly the negro problem is still one of the most portentous ever faced by any people. And while every lover of his country will pray for a safe and just solution, yet I believe that Puritan fanaticism has by the success of the Union armies placed the South over a volcano which may explode at any time and hurl forth its fiery lava streams and its poisonous gases to spread over and destroy the last traces of our kindly civilization and desolate our fair land with the horrors of a war of races. Or, more terrible still, it may result in the degeneracy of the white race by mingling its blood with the inferior race, which would be the legitimate outcome of the fanatical theory of rights.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S INTERPRETATION.

As to the true interpretation of God's purpose in the war and in our defeat, it is held by the abolitionists that Mr. Lincoln expressed it most clearly in his second inaugural. In that address with rather hysterical rhetoric the President said: "If all the wealth piled by the bondsman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk and every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid by another drawn with the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said: 'The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.'"

This charge that the wealth of the South was the fruit of the unpaid labor of the negroes was one of the oft-repeated indictments of our system of slavery. Yet a New England author of ability, a professor in a great university, who quotes this utterance with approval, has the candor to say in another part of his book: "A very considerable portion of free laborers have never been able to earn more money or to acquire more property than is demanded by the actual and pressing needs of daily existence common to all mankind—the need of food, clothes, and lodging. Now, there can be no question that in return for their services the Southern slaves generally had these needs supplied. They were fed, they were clothed, they were lodged. What is more, they were lodged, fed, and clothed, to all appearances, rather better than they could have lodged, fed, and clothed themselves on any wages which they could have earned." (Prof. Barret Wendel's "Liberty, Union, and Democracy," pages 154, 307. Scribner's.)

I believe that a fair examination would show that no working class the world over was better paid for unskilled labor. Several years ago, while on a visit in Belfast, Ireland, I was entertained by a noted abolitionist. He asked me to tell him what the negroes had to eat and to wear. When I told him, he seemed astonished and said: "No common laborers in this country are so well provided for." I had occasion also on my travels in Europe to see something of the mode of living and the general lack of comfort among the peasantry, especially in Southern Europe, and it was my conviction that the slaves of the South never lived so poorly. A negro would have starved on the wages of these laborers in Italy.

(Continued in March number.)

ACTIVE SERVICE OF A TEXAS COMMAND.

BY W. A. NABOURS, FUSCOIA, TEX.

On the 19th of August, 1861, there gathered in the town of Cameron, Milam County, Tex., one hundred men, all unmarried with the exception of four. After the farewells we began our journey to Richmond, Va. With some on horseback and in wagons, we traveled seventy-five miles to Brenham, the nearest railroad station. Some of the boys were merry and singing, some impatient to meet the enemy on the field of battle, while others seemed to realize that they were entering upon a very serious undertaking.

Arriving at Brenham, we made arrangements for transportation to Houston, where we were mustered into the Confederate service, and in a day or two we were furnished tents and other necessary camp supplies. The port of Galveston being blockaded by United States war vessels, we could not go to New Orleans by steamer, so we had to take the land route from Houston to Beaumont, walking most of the distance thence to Niblett's Bluff, La., by steamboat. From there our only means of transportation were Creole carts, which we had to force into service. The natives hid their oxen and avoided us in every way possible. But we finally got together enough carts to carry our baggage, and we followed our way through a low, flat country of pine woods and marshes, sometimes wading in water from four inches to waist deep. It did not seem difficult to find a place above water to make our beds at night. It was then that the hardships of a soldier's life began for us. On to Lake Charles, New Iberia and Lafayette, where we met some wealthy French who were kind and wished us Godspeed. From Benavides Bay to New Orleans we went by railroad, and from there to Grand Junction, Chattanooga, Knoxville, Bristol, Launchburg and Richmond, which we reached without the loss of a man. This good fortune was not to continue, however; for sickness began at once, and our boys died at a frightful rate.

We were soon quartered at Camp Bragg on the York River Railroad, and began active drill service, thus learning some of the demands that would be made on us by our superior officers. In a short time we were organized into a regiment known as the 5th Texas Volunteer Infantry. The colonel appointed was not liked at first appearance, and soon after his arrival in camp his horse's mane and tail were shaved off close. The colonel declined to continue in command, so Col. J. J. Archer was appointed to command the 5th Texas and soon went with us to the front on the Potomac near Dumfries, Va., and into winter quarters. There many of our comrades sickened and died. We were not engaged in any battle during our stay at this place, but one night soon after our arrival the "long roll" sounded, and we hurriedly fell into line in the road, which was about four inches deep in red clay and just soft enough to be in the worst stage possible for walking. We were ordered to "Right face! Forward! March!" And such a march! We could not see the man just in front and sometimes would run against him, when we would stop and wait awhile. Then we would realize that we had been left by the man in front, so there was another rush to catch up again. Thus we wearied for several hours, finally being ordered "out of the road on the pine straw under the trees and rest." In a short while a squad of cavalry came along, going in the direction of our camp. These were our officers with their aids, and we were called into line and ordered to march to camp. Then it was we learned that our commander was drunk, and the cursing began. One soldier remarked: "This is all right; we are now making history."

We remained at this camp until the latter part of winter, when we moved to near Fredericksburg, remaining there for a short while, and then on by Richmond down to Yorktown, doing sharpshooting and picket duty until General Johnston evacuated this point. Our command formed the rear guard for Johnston's army until we reached Williamsburg. We moved on up to Eltham's Landing, where the enemy had a large force for the purpose of cutting off a portion of Johnston's army. Our brigade was placed in position in front of this force, and a part of it was engaged in a severe contest, repulsing the enemy. This was our first battle. As soon as Johnston's rear guard had passed we were withdrawn from our position and hurried on in double quick time. Passing Johnston's rear guard we marched across the Chickahominy near Richmond and rested for a few days. Then came the battle of South Point. Our regiment was under fire and completely exposed, but not seriously injured in this battle.

A few days after we were ordered to Richmond, and there we formed the rear for Sherman's army in June. When we reached Stanton, Jackson had begun the advance out of the Valley and was on his way to Richmond with his whole army for the purpose of cutting the railroad there, thus preventing the advance movement of Richmond. We found Jackson had come back to Richmond, passing the enemy's picket line, and then moved on to the front. Late in the evening Jackson's signal gun was fired, notifying him that Lee was in position. A messenger General Lee sent to the general at Mechanicsville, which was about thirty miles from Richmond, reporting the advance from their position. The next morning the attack was commenced on the fortifications at Gaines's Mill. Our regiment was ordered to march out to the attack by the enemy, and some were killed in doing this work and were captured. Late in the afternoon we moved on the double track, and the enemy were ordered to follow at their own risk. They replied during the day. The prospect looked gloomy. Our command had suffered from all the fighting in a close and hard battle, but all were apparently strong except one who said, "I wish you were here, for you will all be killed." One of our comrades replied, "Shut your mouth, you coward, or I will shoot you." When we went into battle, which shells and Minie balls were flying. After the enemy had been driven from the field and our army in a battle disintegrated, the 5th Texas was ordered to march by Capt. J. C. Rogers, the assistant adjutant general, back far to the front, and not knowing where the other regiments of our brigade were, he thought it advisable to lead back near to where we had spent the winter. In doing so we came face to face with the 5th Texas Infantry, with orders being Captain Rogers ordered the regiment to surrender. He said he would to an officer in command of the 5th Texas, drew his revolver and ordered him to surrender at once, which he did, giving up his sword and pistol. Also ordering his men to "Ground arms." Captain Rogers then detached two men to take the entire regiment to the rear.

The next day Longstreet gave battle at Fair Oaks. Our regiment was in some other slight engagements during the Seven Days' Battles, after which we retired in the direction of Culpeper Courthouse for the purpose of recuperating. There we drilled and rested for a time, soon getting in fine shape for more active service. Receiving orders to cook three days' rations and get ready to march in short order, we again followed Jackson, but now in Longstreet's Corps. This was one of our hardest marches during the war. We marched night and day, stopping only long enough to get a little sleep and rest, for about three days and nights, finally reaching

Manassas in time to save Jackson, who was depending on us. After burying our dead and caring for the wounded, we moved on across the Potomac into Maryland, camping on the Monocacy a day or two and then moving across South Mountain to Hagerstown. In a short while we were ordered back to South Mountain, where a part of our army was engaged in battle. We formed the rear guard from this point to Antietam, or Sharpsburg, where we halted in the evening to await the attack of the enemy. All sick and barefoot soldiers were sent on across the Potomac, and I was in this squad. After the battle General Lee withdrew his entire army across the river without an attack by the enemy. We camped a few days near Martinsburg, then on to near Winchester for a few days' rest. We were next marched hurriedly across the mountains to Culpeper.

After remaining at this place a few days, we went to Fredericksburg and built cabins for winter quarters. Our command was not in the heavy fighting of the battle of Fredericksburg. In the latter part of winter we were moved to Falling Water, near Richmond, and during this time the battle of Chancellorsville was fought, in which Jackson was wounded. We were ordered to their assistance, but the battle was won before we got in. Shortly after we went down on the coast to Suffolk, and there we did skirmishing, sharpshooting, and picket duty, finally returning to Richmond and on to near Orange C. H., where we were drilled and prepared for the Pennsylvania campaign.

We marched across the Blue Ridge Mountains into the Shenandoah Valley and to the Potomac, crossing into Maryland early in the morning. We marched entirely across the State in one day and camped in Pennsylvania that night. General Hood had his tent erected near a fine farmhouse. Some of our soldiers caught some chickens, and the lady complained to General Hood, who replied: "You would not complain if you could see how your soldiers have done over in Virginia. You cannot find a fowl or a hog in traveling fifty miles where your soldiers have been." As our soldiers were marching along the road near this camp an old lady hailed one and asked him where he got his knapsack. The soldier told her that he took it from a dead Yankee at Chancellorsville. On the side of the knapsack was the name of its former owner, regiment, and company in large letters. The old lady replied: "That was my son." The soldier stopped at once, took his own things out, and gave it to the lady, who seemed to appreciate it very much.

Our return from Gettysburg was by moderate marches and without any special trouble from the enemy. We recrossed the Potomac into Virginia and finally arrived near Fredericksburg, where we enjoyed a much-needed rest. After recuperating for a short while, Longstreet's Corps was ordered to Bragg's army in Georgia; so we were soon off by rail on flat cars and in box cars and reached Resaca, Ga., in due time. We went into camp late in the evening and received rations and orders to cook enough for three days and be ready to march by morning. This we did and arrived late in the evening at a bridge on the Chickamauga, where we found the enemy's pickets, drove them away, and crossed the creek. We were soon in line of battle and met the enemy in a sharp conflict. We lay in line of battle all night. Early on Sunday morning we were moved to the right and ordered forward to attack the enemy. We lay on the battle field all day Monday, and thus for the want of energy on the part of our commander we lost nearly all of the fruits of an important victory, which cost many lives.

On Tuesday we moved slowly on to Chattanooga, giving the

enemy plenty of time to get into the fortifications and prepare for our coming. We remained there doing picket duty for quite a while and getting into some light skirmishes. I was on detail to help in the first work on the summit of Lookout Mountain, preparing for a battery, which was placed on the summit overlooking the river. Before the battle of Missionary Ridge, Longstreet's Corps was ordered to Knoxville. We met the enemy near Loudon and drove them before us with but little trouble, they taking refuge in the fortifications at Knoxville, which we besieged for several days and finally attempted to take by storm, but failed, McLaws's Division suffering terribly. Failing to capture Knoxville, we withdrew to Strawberry Plains and Morristown and went into winter quarters; but before winter was over we moved back to our old position in General Lee's army, the troops going by rail. I was detailed as wagon guard and went with the wagon train. We reached the Wilderness one day after the battle. Here our command suffered severe loss. We went on to Spottsylvania Courthouse and took part in every day's fighting. We lost considerably, though we were not in the Bloody Angle of the greatest slaughter.

We continued to move from here and met Grant at every advance. At Cold Harbor we were in a terrible assault by the enemy, but inflicted tremendous loss on them, with comparatively small loss on our part. We next moved to James River, below Richmond, then to Petersburg, remaining there sharpshooting and skirmishing for some time; then returned to the north side of James River, engaging in skirmishes and considerable battles every few days. Most prominent among them was the defense of our line from Fort Gilmore to New Market Heights. Notable were the repeated charges made by the negro troops on our line at Deep Bottom, where we had only one man every five yards in our works, but were well guarded in front by *chevaux-de-frise*. The negroes charged in solid phalanx time and again, but were repulsed on every occasion with great slaughter. We were then ordered to move in haste to the right, as Fort Gilmore was seriously threatened, and hurried in double-quick time along our line of breastworks in the direction of that fort; but when we got in sight we could see the enemy moving into the fort in column, so we had to fall back to the next line of works, which was very close to Fort Gilmore. Here we were attacked by the artillery, infantry, and sharpshooters, and at this point was exhibited some as desperate fighting as was done any time during the war. Night put an end to the conflict, and during the night our lines were established, and we help them until they broke on the south of Petersburg, which caused us to evacuate Richmond.

From our position on the north side of James River we moved to Petersburg and retreated from there with Lee's army to Appomattox, forming the rear guard part of the time. It was there that we saw General Lee for the last time. He passed our camp after the surrender on his way to Richmond with his escort.

All was now over. Our company had been in service three years, eight months, and nine days. During that time we had looked to a commander to direct us each day and provide for us, but now we had no leader. Each was for himself—no food, no money, no clothes—one thousand miles from home, in a country devastated by war.

Not giving a thought to the unfriendly population of East Tennessee, and as soon as we got our parole, my comrade, Nance, and I started for Lynchburg, where we got something to eat—bacon and hard-tack—and then hurried on. Just out of town we were halted by a sentinel, made to show our

paroles, and permitted to pass on. When we were out of sight of a Yankee soldier we kindled a fire, broiled some bacon, and had a splendid meal, as we thought then. It had been a long time since we had enough of anything to eat. We traveled on westward for a day or two, at last reaching the home of an old Virginia gentleman named Burney, where we were entertained splendidly. After a good breakfast the next morning and when our haversacks were filled, the old gentleman saddled his old horse and carried our baggage to the main road, then bade us Godspeed.

We continued our journey, and all went smoothly with us until we passed Bristol, Tenn. At a crossroads village we went to one of the residences and asked for something to eat; but when we said that we were Confederate soldiers, that General Lee had surrendered, and that we were trying to get to our homes in Texas, the man said: "No d— Rebel can get anything here unless it is a Mine bullet." While he was talking thus a stranger came up on foot, wearing a Confederate lieutenant's uniform, and took up the Confederate cause, returning the abusive language with compound interest. It appeared that he had formerly lived in that community. We moved on and traveled till late in the night, sleeping in the woods some distance from the road. While walking quietly along the next day we met a squad of fifteen or twenty Federal soldiers, who stopped us and demanded our paroles. After looking at them they gave them back to us, but took our blankets and canteens and told us to march on.

The next incident was near Greeneville, East Tennessee. Late in the evening we met three Union cavalrymen, who asked who we were, where we were going, and demanded our paroles. Searching our pockets, they took every little trinket we had, even to a gutta serena ring made by a soldier and worth about two cents. Then they said they believed they would kill us anyway, but one of them said, "No, not now", so they let us pass on. It was near sundown and only a mile or two to Greeneville. As we pushed on we saw numerous camp fires in the timber to the right of the road, and I suggested that we go to them and ask protection of the officers, but my comrade objected. At last he concluded to go with me to the camp fires, and as we walked up to the biggest and brightest fire near we were looked at with astonishment by some half a dozen soldiers. Then one of them said, "Hello, Johnny! What are you doing here?" Telling him I should like to speak to his commander, he called a lieutenant, to whom I told just what had happened to us that evening and asked permission to stay by the fire that night, which he gave, and promised protection. They gave us supper and allowed us to sleep in the bunk of two men then out on duty. The lieutenant asked very particularly about the men who had treated us so badly that evening, and we learned that there was a squad out hunting for them.

On our way to Greeneville next morning we were passed by a squad of cavalry with three men wearing handcuffs and chains, the same men who had abused us. We went to the quartermaster's office in Greeneville to try for transportation to Knoxville; but they had no orders to give us transportation and advised us to get on the train that was soon to go out to Bull's Gap, and perhaps we would not be called on for fare. We got to Bull's Gap all right, and from there we went on top of a box car to Knoxville. We went into town to try again for transportation. The quartermaster's office was upstairs; so I went up, while my comrade waited in the street. I found a negro in the office. On telling him what I wanted, he asked for my parole and then said they had no orders to

give a "d— Rebel" transportation or anything else. I returned and found my comrade very much excited. He said some one had been clubbing a returned Confederate soldier whose home was in Knoxville, and all seemed to be excitement. We thought we had better get out of the town. We started out on foot to Murfreesboro, but finding a freight train loaded with wagons and teams and several teamsters going to Chattanooga and perhaps to Nashville, they allowed us to get on top of the box cars with them. We found those men generous and kind. They advised us not to leave the train at any of the stations, as there were guards at all of them made up of home guards, who were sure to abuse us. These teamsters were old veterans that had been wounded in battle and were glad to serve only as teamsters.

When we got to Chattanooga, our Yankee friends advised us to stay with the train until they could let us know when it would go on. After a long and anxious wait, it moved on. We reached Murfreesboro the next morning early, and after daylight we started for the home of my comrade's sister, Mrs. W. B. Owens, and got there in good time for breakfast. Her husband was a Primitive Baptist minister. Just imagine how I felt, clad in rags, almost barefooted, dirty and unshaven, in the beautiful home of a nice family. Though I looked like a vagabond, I was proud that I had been a Confederate soldier. The good people of the community came to our relief with clothing. Two elderly sisters brought a nicely tanned calfskin, and a shoemaker in the neighborhood made us each a pair of shoes out of it. Besides Rev. W. B. Owens and wife and the two Misses Owens, some of these good people were Judge Phillips, and two daughters, Miss Johnson, and others.

After resting a few days, my comrade, C. P. Nance, decided to visit his parents, who were then living on Duck River, in Lincoln County, Tenn. Their former home was near Nashville, but the Federals had burned them during the war. The family loaded the family into a government wagon, without any household goods whatever, carried them outside of their home near Duck River, and unloaded them by the roadside, leaving their home in possession of their negro slaves. The family that at home was composed of the father and mother, one crippled son, and two daughters. Two sons had been killed in the war. The trip was made without special money, and we made the journey slowly. A company of moving, and two of the moving firms were trailing around. They had decided to stay there until the crop was gathered and go back home in the fall. The father and mother, as well as the lame boy, died before the year was out.

The eldest and youngest of the girls decided to go back to Murfreesboro with us; and as this gave us four passengers for a single buggy, we took time about in riding. When we came to the old home, Miss Mary Nance and I went by in the buggy, while my comrade and the other sister walked on. Some of the old negroes were still on the place and seemed to be delighted to see Miss Mary. One old woman said, "Lord, 'a' Missy, Miss Mary, I am so glad to see you! Is dis your husband, Miss Mary?" Miss Mary said: "Yes. How do you like his looks?" The old woman looked me over and said: "I 'spect he'll sorter do."

OFF FOR TEXAS.

Making arrangements to go on our way to Texas, Rev. Mr. Owen took us to Nashville, where my comrade had many relatives. Two days later we took a steamboat down the Cumberland River. Our government transportation was steerage, of course; but when we reached Paducah and went aboard the

St. Patrick, bound for New Orleans, some of the cabin passengers had us assigned to berths in the cabin and treated all right. About one hundred miles below Cairo, Ill., sometime in the night we were awakened by a terrible jar of the boat and screams of women. Jumping out of bed, I saw a number of people rushing toward the front of the boat. One very old man was in his night clothes only and barefooted, but he was carrying his clothes and making tremendous strides for safety, while crying aloud: "All is lost!" Dressing quickly, we took our little belongings and hurried to the front. The prow of the boat was just striking the bank, and the deck hands soon made it fast to near-by trees. We learned that our boat had been in collision with another boat, the Missouri, coming up the river; but no leak had been made. We remained cabled to the bank until daylight and then went back up the river to Cairo, were transferred to another boat, and started again for New Orleans, where we arrived in due time; and in a day or two we shipped on the Thomas Spark for Galveston, which we reached after a very slow and unpleasant experience—no shade, no shelter, just out on open deck.

From Galveston we went to Houston by rail, thence to Navasota, then by foot to Dr. Morrison's, in Robertson County, then on muleback to Fort Sullivan, in Milam County, then by horseback to Cameron, reaching there June 26, 1865. My first thought after getting home was to arrange at once to get out of the country to Central or South America. There was talk of a party organizing in the county to go to one of those countries, and at first I intended to go; but after seriously considering it all, I concluded that I could not afford to desert my country and people, that I was in honor bound to stay and share their fate, whatever Reconstruction might bring.

BATTLE OF OAK HILLS, MO.

BY J. W. JAMES, ALPINE, TEX.

It has been claimed that the brigade of General McBride won the battle of Oak Hills, or Wilson's Creek, in Missouri, on the 10th of August, 1861, which was fought by the forces under Generals Lyons and Sigel on the one side and Generals McCulloch and Price on the other. While McBride's Brigade, with their flintlock muskets and coonskin caps, did good work, other troops had as good commanders and did as much. Not the least among them was the brigade commanded by General Weightman, of Price's command. The brigade was composed of three regiments commanded by Colonels Elliott, Hearst, and Clarkston. I belonged to the first-named regiment.

On that memorable morning we were encamped about mid-way between where Sigel attacked the Texas Camp and where Totten took position with his battery. Our camp was on a ridge extending east and west and covered with large oak trees. Some of the men were eating breakfast, and others had none to eat. I was among the latter. The first intimation that we had of an enemy's being near was the boom of artillery to the north of us, and a round solid shot struck a tree in our camp, but did no damage.

General Weightman's headquarters were close by, and he mounted and rode to the head of our line, gave the order, "Forward!" and started straight for the battery that had opened on us. Colonels Hearst's and Clarkston's regiments fell in with us and completed the brigade. Within a very few minutes after the battery to the north opened on us the Texas camp to the south of us was attacked by infantry and artillery.

This showed how accurately Generals Lyons and Sigel had timed their movements. It was a complete surprise to us. We were surrounded and attacked. They had selected their positions and had us at every disadvantage. What were our generals thinking of, and what was our cavalry doing to allow this? Before our brigade had advanced very far, a courier rode up to General Weightman with orders for him to send a regiment to the fighting to the south of us. Colonel Elliott's was sent; and though we went at a double-quick, we never caught that fight, and the distance was not much more than half a mile. The Texans whipped Sigel and drove him from the field before you could say "Scat."

Our regiment now returned to our brigade, which we found opposing General Lyons's center. The left of our line was in front of Totten's Battery, and the fighting was very close and furious. Many of our men had double-barreled shotguns, and ten men in the company to which I belonged went into the battle without guns, but it was not long before they got them. When we got there, we were assigned a position at once and were soon as busy as the rest. General Weightman was killed leading the first charge. Adjutant Gordon was shot in the leg, but did not quit the field. Col. Tom Whitfield's horse fell with him and hurt him badly. Our brigade held this position until Lyons's lines gave way, and the victory was ours. The point of ridge in our front was afterwards known as "Bloody Point."

General Weightman commanded a section of howitzers in the war with Mexico, and at the storming of Chapultepec he plugged the muzzle of one of the Mexican guns with a solid shot. In the battle of Carthage, Mo., fought on the 5th of July, 1861, General Weightman's brigade contributed more to the success of the day than any other troops. In the battle of Oak Hills I noticed very little straggling, and it seemed to me that each command performed well the duties assigned to it, whatever the State they hailed from, and I do not think any particular command is entitled to all of the laurels.

The loss of General Weightman was indeed a calamity. His judgment was good, he was kind to his men, and no braver man could be found. I write this to assist in a humble way to perpetuate the memory of General Weightman, who was cut down almost at the beginning of the great struggle. We were surprised, and little or no generalship was displayed. It was no more nor less than a rough-and-tumble fight, and there is not much credit due except to the private soldier.

General McBride commanded Missouri troops and was under the orders of General Price, who fought General Lyons. General Sigel commanded the Dutch troops; and, with all due respect to General McBride, I am puzzled to figure out at what time during the engagement his command got mixed up with the Dutch troops, when, from all the information that I have been able to get, the Dutch troops under Sigel had been driven from the field by the Texas and Arkansas troops hours before the battle was decided.

KILLED AT FARMINGTON.—The following comes from Scott D. Davis, Lewisburg, Tenn.: "Two soldiers who were wounded in the battle of Farmington, October 7, 1863, are buried in Marshall County, Tenn. Jim Kesterson lived at Mayfield, Ky., died at Mr. Needham Wiggs's, and was buried at Beth-birei. Jessie Harrison was shot in the leg and died at Mr. John Ray's, near Lewisburg. He is buried in the Talley graveyard, on the Mooresville Pike. I have never seen this published, and it may be of interest to some of their relatives or friends."

HOOD'S BRIGADE AND THE "BUCKTAILS."

BY J. B. POLLEY, FLORESVILLE, TEX.

Tell the truth and shame the devil. — *SAY*

In the "Reminiscences of a Private," published in the December number of the *VETERAN*, there appears on page 349 a statement that should not in the interest of truthful history go unchallenged and uncorrected. My attention has been called to it by the following letter from Capt. R. J. Harding, a resident of Jackson, Miss., and for more than one term the efficient sheriff of his home county:

"My Dear Joe Polley: I see in the *CONFEDERATE VETERAN* what purports to be the reminiscences of a member of Harry T. Hays's Louisiana brigade. In these reminiscences it is said: 'After resting a few days we were hastily ordered to reinforce General Lee at Richmond, Va. Reaching Lee's left on the 26th of June, 1862, we formed him on the flank and, as we advanced our brigadier general, Harry T. Hays, galloping at full speed across our front, shouted in that piercing tone: "Louisianians, the famous Pennsylvania Bucktails are behind breastworks at the top of Vander hill! Hood's Texas Brigade has been repulsed by them! Louisianians, remember Butler and New Orleans, remember your sweet hearts, your wives, and your mothers! Will you go to the crest of that ridge? Will you go?"' The brigade answered as one man:

"Now, this is a mistake out of which I lift Hood's Texas Brigade never gave back one inch after he gave the command 'Forward!' No Louisianians were in sight, and Harry T. Hays never said that Hood's Texas Brigade had been repulsed. The 4th Texas won the most glory in that battle and it is proper that one of its members should publish an emphatic denial of the statement made in these reminiscences. If you care to do it, I will send you Stonewall Jackson's report of the battle at Gaines's Mill, or Gaines's Heights, or Gaines's Farm, made to General Lee, and signed, 'J. T. Jackson.' In that report Jackson says the 4th Texas, under the personal lead of General Hood, was the first Confederate command to pierce the enemy's lines at Gaines's Mill."

Captain Harding was one of the most gallant troops of the 1st Texas Regiment of Hood's Texas Brigade, was its commander in the battle of Chickamauga, and was never absent when fighting was being done. When, after the battle at Sharpsburg, where the 1st Texas held Hooker's Corps at bay until it lost eighty-three per cent of the one hundred and twenty-five men it carried into a non, a distinguished English colonel, then a guest of General Lee, smiled somewhat scornfully at sight of the ragged backs of its officers and privates. General Lee said to him: "Never mind their backs, Colonel; the enemy never sees that part of their anatomy."

The reminiscences under criticism are a truth verging on the date when General Hays shouted that Hood's Texas Brigade had been repulsed. If it was really on the 26th of June, 1862, then General Hays was "talking through his hat," for on that day the Texas Brigade was engaged in no real battle save that in which its advance guard of skirmishers indulged while clearing the way for the brigade to march from Ashland to a stream known as the Totopotomoy. Arriving at this creek about the middle of the afternoon, the Texas skirmishers (I was one of them myself and so speak from personal knowledge) discovered that the bridge across was in flames and that a considerable force of the Federals on the farther bank from us was doing its best to insure its complete destruction. While a squad of us who had come together at a point in the

road about four hundred yards from the bridge were shooting at such of these Federals as came in view, General Jackson, alone and unattended, rode up to us and suggested that we raise our sights, the enemy being at a greater distance from us than we thought. Adopting the suggestion, we fired a couple of volleys and then advanced with a rush to the bridge, the Federals taking flight before us. The flooring of the bridge had burned away, but the stringers were not yet seriously damaged, and as these men could not cross the stream and thence, unopposed, went on to the crest of the hill beyond.

When the Texas Brigade, which was leading the advance of Jackson's command that day, overtook us, we moved steadily on, meeting no opposition and lost no time. Dark night fell. Hood's corner in McClellan's army, then, before midnight we were joined by the other regiments under Jackson's command. As the Texas Brigade had all the afternoon and cleared the way before them, I cannot understand how they could have done any fighting that day and, even if all have made a charge upon the enemy from which Hood's Texas Brigade had been repulsed. Nor do I find in the Virginia volume of Confederate Military History, Volume III, prepared by Maj. Gen. Hays and giving a detailed account of all the battles fought in Virginia and during the expedition, any mention of a battle fought on June 26, 1862, by the command known as Lee's Army. As I have said, I do not believe that the first of Jackson's command, as that day, Hood's Texas Brigade, in the first half of the afternoon.

But let me conclude this article by saying that I am mistaken in the date and position of the battle that occurred on the 26th of June, 1862, the first day on which any of the troops under command of Jackson fought a battle more serious than a skirmish. That day was the year of McClellan's army. When that army was defeated on the 26th of June, 1862, Hood's Texas Brigade did not follow us on and, as I have said, Harry T. Hays's command, then known as Lee's Army, it bore to the right until, after midday, it reached the position in which I have said it was that it was our extreme right in its command and to the left of Pender's Brigade, then under Longstreet, on the southern front. I am sure, Harry T. Hays, on the left of Hood's Brigade was Pender's North Carolina Brigade. When Hood's Brigade was killed and lost, but I do know that it was a battle near the Texas Brigade, presumably it was a battle two miles to the left of the Texas Brigade.

Since I have this article I find the very same mistake of meeting and engaging for an hour or more with Col. W. L. Langford, then a long time commander of the 4th North Carolina, in Pender's Brigade. During and after the days in the cause of the South he was never more killed and being in the cause of our great Master and country being a Presbyterian minister and a great efficient one. When I told him of General Robert Lee's command, he said to me, "I know that Pender's Brigade during the battle on the 27th of June, 1862, took position in Jackson's line immediately to the left of Law's Brigade, which was the only command in line between Pender's and the Texas Brigade and that Hays's Brigade was not in the line anywhere near Pender's." I quote Colonel Lowrance by his permission.

The Texas Brigade did not take an active part in the battle of the 27th of June until the afternoon was well spent. Then General Hood ordered it forward. The advance of the 1st and 5th Texas, Hampton's South Carolina Legion, and the larger part of the 18th Georgia—the regiments which, with the 4th Texas, composed the brigade—was through the heavily timbered swamp out of which flowed into Chickahominy River

what is known as Powhite Creek. The 4th Texas and one or two companies of the 18th Georgia, although fronting and attacking the stronghold of the Union lines, had comparatively open ground to move over; and, therefore, this part of the brigade advanced much more rapidly than the other part of it could possibly do and thus, as Captain Harding expresses it, "won the most glory." If in the charge that the Texas Brigade made that day on the stronghold of the Federals it encountered the "famous Pennsylvania Bucktails" or was repulsed by the Bucktails or any other Federal command, its members were as unconscious of the fact as history is silent about it.

Readers of this will please remember that I am not trying to rob the gallant Louisianians of Hays's Brigade of a single one of their justly won laurels. All I wish to accomplish is to preserve untarnished those as justly and honorably won by Hood's Texas Brigade. Uncontradicted, the statement by Comrade Roby that on the 26th of June, 1862, Gen. Harry T. Hays shouted to his brigade as he rode across its front, "Louisianians, the famous Pennsylvania Bucktails are behind breastworks on top of yonder hill! Hood's Texas Brigade has been repulsed by them!" will be accepted by thousands of the readers of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN as proof that the Pennsylvania Bucktails did repulse Hood's Texas Brigade.

In conclusion, let me say that, since Comrade Roby made so patent a mistake as to the date of the incident, it is more than likely that he was also mistaken as to the name of the command which General Hays said had been repulsed by the Pennsylvania Bucktails. The conviction that he did make a mistake in the name is forced upon me by the fact that until Gaines's Mill the Texas Brigade had gained no such reputation as would justify General Hays in calling upon his men to do what the Texans had failed to accomplish. True, the Texans had at Eltham's Landing, or West Point, on the York River, during the retreat of Joseph E. Johnston's army from Yorktown, killed and wounded a hundred or more of Franklin's Corps of Federals and driven the rest of it back to their transports and the protection of their gunboats and thus prevented the capture of our immense train of baggage, supply, and ammunition wagons. In this engagement the 1st Texas bore the brunt of the fighting and lost more heavily than any other regiment. The other regiments did more or less effective skirmishing, but lost only a few men. That was on May 7, 1862. At Seven Pines, on the last days of May, 1862, the Texas Brigade, although under fire the greater part of the time, did not come face to face in deadly encounter with any line of battle. With only these small services to its credit and with other brigades in the army which had won great distinction, why should General Hays have asked his command to outdo it? Argument on this point, however, is needless, the fact being that never during the War between the States was Hood's Texas Brigade repulsed by the "famous Pennsylvania Bucktails."

CAPT. ED GAMMON.—J. L. Henry writes from Dayton, Tenn.: "Was he the youngest captain in the Confederate army? He was just sixteen and commanded a company in the 1st Tennessee Cavalry. On the morning of his death his company and ours were sent to bring on the fight, and just below the town we encountered the Yankees, and Ed was killed. I was with Captain Gammon at Piedmont and many other places besides Morristown, and I can say that, in addition to being the youngest captain, which I guess he was, a braver boy or man never lived than Ed Gammon."

EXCHANGE OF PRISONERS.

BY JOHN C. STILES, BRUNSWICK, GA.

It is of no use to try to disguise the fact that the name of U. S. Grant will go down in history (and rightly, too) as that of a great general, if for nothing else than bringing the War between the States to a successful finish for the Union side. I am sure that we of the South must have the kindest feelings toward the General for his generous treatment of General Lee's army at Appomattox; but the suffering and death of every wretched prisoner, not only in the Andersonville "hell hole," but everywhere North and South, after October 15, 1864, is directly chargeable to U. S. Grant, and the "Official Records" prove it without a shadow of a doubt, as the following will show:

Grant to Butler, April 14, 1864 (Series XI., Volume VII., page 50): "Until examined by me and my orders thereon are received by you, decline all further exchanges."

President Davis to Confederate Congress, May 2 (page 103): "The prisoners held by us are perishing from the inevitable effects of imprisonment and homesickness produced by the hopelessness of release from confinement. The spectacle of their suffering augments our longing desire to release from similar trials our own brave men who have spent so many weary months in a cruel and useless imprisonment."

Robert Ould to Mulford, August 10 (page 578): "You have several times proposed to exchange prisoners, officer for officer and man for man, and this proposal has heretofore been declined by us, we insisting on the delivery of the excess on either side upon parole. In view, however, of the large number held now by both sides and their suffering, I now consent to deliver the prisoners held by the Confederacy, provided you agree to deliver an equal number, with the understanding that those who have been in captivity longest will be the first delivered."

Grant to Butler, August 18 (page 606): "On the subject of exchange I differ with General Hitchcock. It is hard on our men held in Southern prisons not to exchange them, but it is humanity to those left in the ranks to fight our battles. Every man we hold when released on parole or otherwise becomes an active soldier against us at once either directly or indirectly. If we commence a system of exchange which liberates all prisoners taken, we will have to fight on until the whole South is exterminated. If we hold those caught, they amount to no more than dead men. At this particular time to release all Rebel prisoners would insure Sherman's defeat and compromise our safety here."

Grant to Seward, August 19 (page 614): "We ought not to make a single exchange nor release a prisoner on any pretext whatever until this war closes. We have got to fight until the military power of the South is exhausted; and if we release or exchange prisoners, it simply becomes a war of extermination."

Grant to Stanton, August 21 (page 662): "Please inform General Foster that under no circumstances will he be authorized to make exchanges of prisoners of war. Exchanges simply reënforce the enemy at once, whilst we do not get the benefit of those received for two or three months and lose the majority entirely."

D. C. Anderson, of Ohio, to President Lincoln, September 4 (page 768): "I find everywhere the most intense feeling of dissatisfaction at the policy of the administration relative to the suffering of our prisoners at Andersonville. The people here were and are your warmest friends and labored earnestly to fill your call for volunteers, very many urging their own

sons to enlist. The authenticated accounts of their sufferings have brought several gray-haired mothers to their graves and others to the insane asylum. Fathers and mothers who wept but yet thanked God for such noble sons when they fell gloriously on the battle field have sickened and fainted under the consuming suspense and burning anxiety caused by the long imprisonment and ineffable suffering of other sons, compelled to endure more than the horrors of the Inquisition in that terrible open pen. They are naked, without shelter day or night, starved, eaten by vermin, the filthiest of water, no soap, no blankets, sickening, dying, rotting as they stagger and fall to rise no more. Many hoped and prayed long, waiting for your strong arms to come to their aid; but they have sunk into despair and insanity. Those who have died found such graves as no man would put a dog in. Now, is it to be wondered at that these good fathers and friends should manifest dissatisfaction? Your failure to comply with the Rebel proposition to a mutual exchange increases this dissatisfaction. Dr. Steele says: 'If anything could be more cruel than the Rebel treatment of our sons, it is the criminal neglect shown by our authorities.' All hold you responsible. O, for God's sake interpose! It is crushing the patriotism out of the poor prisoners and embittering hundreds of thousands of their friends. It is everywhere considered the refinement of cruelty. We know that you can have them exchanged if you give your attention to it. It is simply murder to neglect it longer."

Halleck to Grant (August 27, page 685): "I have directed General Canby to permit no more exchanges. To exchange their healthy men for ours, who are on the brink of the grave from their hellish treatment, of course gives them all the advantage. Nevertheless, it seems very cruel to leave our men to be slowly and deliberately tortured to death. But I suppose there is no remedy at present."

Robert Ould to relatives and friends of Confederate soldiers confined in Northern prisons (August 31, page 704): "Seeing a persistent purpose on the part of the Federal government to violate its own agreement, the Confederate authorities, moved by the suffering of the brave men who are so unjustly held in Northern prisons, determined to abate their fair demand, and accordingly on August 10 I made the offer to Major Mulford to exchange man for man until the supply was exhausted, to which offer no satisfactory reply was given. So deep was the solicitude which I felt in the fate of our captives in Northern prisons that I determined to make another effort. In order to obviate any objections which might technically be raised as to the person to whom my communication was addressed, I wrote to Maj. Gen. E. A. Hitchcock, who is the Federal Commissioner of Exchange, residing in Washington City, making the same offer that I had previously made to Major Mulford. Receiving no answer from General Hitchcock, I took the matter up with Major Mulford and received the following reply: 'I have no communication on the subject from our authorities, nor am I yet authorized to make answer.' I have repeatedly offered to give ten Federal captives for every Confederate soldier whom the enemy will show to have been wrongfully exchanged. I have thus set before you the action of the Confederate authorities in relation to a matter which lies so near your hearts and how it has been received by the enemy. The fortunes of your fathers, husbands, sons, brothers, and friends are as dear to those authorities as their persons are precious to you; and I have made this publication not only as an illustration of Federal bad faith, but also that you might see that your government has spared no effort to secure the

release of the gallant men who have so often confronted death in the defense of our sacred cause."

Lee to Grant, October 1 (page 906): "With a view to alleviate the suffering of our soldiers, I have the honor to propose an exchange of prisoners belonging to the armies operating in Virginia."

Grant to Lee, October 2 (page 909): "I could not accept your proposition further than to exchange those prisoners captured within the last three days and who have not yet been delivered to the commissary general of prisoners."

Stanton to Grant, October 15 (page 988): "It is the desire of the President that no effort consistent with the national safety be spared to effect the release of all in captivity to the Rebels, and the subject is committed to you with full authority to act in the premises as you shall deem right and proper."

Grant's testimony before the Committee on the Conduct of the War, 1865. "I did not deem it advisable at first to the men who had to fight battles to reinforce the enemy with thirty or forty thousand disciplined troops. The suffering said to exist among our prisoners South was a powerful argument against the course pursued, and I so felt it."

FIRST EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION

THE DECEMBER VETERAN has a most interesting article on the Emancipation Proclamation issued by President Lincoln on January 1, 1863; but it is not generally known that a premature one had been promulgated by that ardent lover of the South, Gen. D. Hunter, on May 9, 1862. This, however, covered only the States of South Carolina, Georgia, and Florida. The instrument reads thus: "The three States of South Carolina, Georgia, and Florida, having taken up arms against the United States, it becomes a military necessity to declare them under martial law. Slaves and martial law in a free country are altogether incompatible; therefore the persons in these three States heretofore held as slaves are declared free."

The trap (on account of political reasons) not being ready to be sprung, the President disavowed this proclamation, and the aforesaid general was given to understand that the President reserved this right, to be used at his own discretion.

FIRST TROOPS THROUGH THOROUGHFARE GAP.

In the VETERAN for December Captain Hill, of the 5th Texas Regiment, states that his regiment of Hood's Brigade was the first Confederate organization through Thoroughfare Gap on the evening of August 28. While there is no doubt in the world that Hood's Brigade would have gone through first if it had been so ordered, the captain himself admits that they started to go through Hopewell Gap, but countermarched to Thoroughfare Gap and then went through. Now, the official records show that General Lee ordered D. R. Jones's Division to make the advance; and General Jones chose Anderson's Georgia Brigade, consisting of the 1st Regulars, 7th, 8th, 9th, and 11th Regiments, from that State for the job. As this brigade had quite a spirited affair with the enemy before driving him out, this again disproves Captain Hill's statement, as he says that his regiment went through without firing a gun. Again, Hood, in his report, says: "After a spirited engagement with them by D. R. Jones's troops on the evening of the 28th, our forces were able to bivouac for the night beyond the Gap." Therefore the Georgia Brigade, led by the 1st Regulars, was undoubtedly the first command of Confederate soldiers to pass through Thoroughfare Gap on this

occasion. I think that any man who went through the war with Hood's Texans (certainly one of the finest fighting units of our army) has gathered for himself enough glory to last the rest of his days; and, therefore, I trust that the brave captain will pardon me for my interest in my native State.

THE STORY OF A FIVE-DOLLAR GOLD PIECE.

BY CAPT. RICHARD BEARD, IN NASHVILLE BANNER.

Col. James M. King for many years was a wealthy and highly respected citizen of Rutherford County, Tenn. When a young man, during the War of 1812, he enlisted as a soldier in General Jackson's army and was in General Coffee's brigade on the flank of the army in the battle of New Orleans, which received the first fierce onset of the British troops. When young King started to the war, his father gave him a five-dollar gold piece, which he brought home on the conclusion of peace between England and this country. On the eve of his marriage to a young girl of Rutherford County he gave her the coin, and she kept it sacredly from 1815 to the breaking out of the war in 1861.

Colonel King's five sons enlisted in the Confederate army and were with it to the end, in 1865. Three of these boys, T. M. King, Charlie King, and J. M. King, Jr., enlisted in Company I, 1st Tennessee Regiment, and were familiarly known as the "King boys," and no braver or better soldiers ever went into a battle. In May, 1861, the 1st Tennessee went into a camp of instruction at Camp Cheatham, in Robertson County, and there Tom King was granted a furlough to go home. When he was about to return to his regiment, his mother gave him with her blessing the gold piece that she had kept so sacredly for forty-six years, knowing that there would be dark days ahead of him when he might need it sorely.

About the middle of July, 1861, this regiment, with the 7th and 14th Tennessee, was ordered to Virginia. I belonged at that time to the 17th Tennessee. We were ordered to Manassas; but owing to some delays on the way, especially at Knoxville and at Haynes Station (now Johnson City), we failed to get there in time for the battle. We passed through Bristol, on the Virginia and Tennessee line, the day after that great event; then on to Lynchburg, where we saw a number of wounded brought from the field; then on to Charlottesville, where we found the dormitories of the Virginia University filled with wounded, most of them young men and boys, the very flower of young Southern manhood; then on to Staunton, one of the most beautiful and aristocratic little cities of the State; then to Millboro Station, the terminus of what is now the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad. There we disembarked and entered on General Lee's campaign in Northwest Virginia, a campaign that tested the mettle of the untried volunteers who were engaged in it; but, on account of the mountainous character of the country, it was unfruitful of any beneficial results to the South.

From Millboro Station we crossed the mountain and made our first night's encampment at Warm Springs, a beautiful and celebrated watering place, now in West Virginia. During the day Charles King became ill, and his brother Tom went to the home of Mrs. J. T. Lockridge, in the village, and asked if his brother could spend the night in her house. "Yes," said she. "Bring him here, and I will take care of him and as many more of your comrades as I can accommodate."

Mrs. Lockridge had two beautiful little daughters about six and eight years of age; and as these were the first South-

ern soldiers they had seen, the girls enjoyed their coming and became especially fond of Tom King, who was a pleasant and genial young soldier. As the brigade was about to start the next morning on its march through the mountains, Tom King went to Mrs. Lockridge to compensate her for entertaining himself and his friends; but she refused to take anything, saying: "My husband is a member of the Virginia Legislature, an ardent Southern man. I am in full sympathy with him, and I can never think of charging a Southern soldier for anything that I can do for him." But Tom was not satisfied and sent her a note, inclosing the sacred five-dollar gold piece and asking her to give it to her youngest daughter as a token of his remembrance of her kindness.

We then took up our march through the mountains, and after passing Huntersville and crossing the Greenbrier River we came into a perfect wilderness, where for many months we did not see the face of a woman. We became hungry for the sight of one. I remember that the brigade was ordered to a place called Mingo Flats, the 1st Tennessee in front and the 7th and 14th following, and in going down the hillside we saw a log cabin on the roadside in the valley below. As we passed, a wooden blind was thrown open, and a comely Virginia lass, with sleeves rolled up above her elbows (she was evidently just from the washtub), looked out on the passing show. At the very sight of her the 1st Tennessee started a yell that was taken up by the 7th and 14th, and it echoed and reechoed through those mountains. The Rebel yell on the battle field was not a circumstance to the one we gave that day. The girl was evidently highly gratified by the demonstration made in her honor.

After this campaign was over we were transferred to the Valley under Stonewall Jackson and made with him that fearful winter campaign, through the snow and ice of the mountains, to Bath and Romney, starting out on it January 1, 1862. Shortly after this the 1st Tennessee was transferred from Virginia to the army under Albert Sidney Johnston and made its record in all the battles in the West, from Shiloh to Bentonville. With the surrender of Gen. Joseph E. Johnston's army at Greensboro, N. C., Tom King and his two brothers received their paroles, went home, and took up the thread of life where it had been broken off four years before. Tom King still lives at a ripe old age, highly respected and esteemed. In 1886 he was elected Circuit Court Clerk of Rutherford County and served for two terms.

He had ceased to think of the gold piece that he had left with the little girl in Virginia; but Mrs. Lockridge never considered that she or her daughter owned it, and she determined to return it to him if she could ever find him. In July, 1896, the city recorder of Murfreesboro received a note from her making inquiry for Tom King or his nearest relatives, and upon receipt of his reply she wrote the following letter:

"DRISCOLL, W. VA., August 17, 1896.

"Capt. T. M. King: For over thirty years I have endeavored in many ways to gain the information so courteously given me a few days ago by your city clerk. My daughter once wrote to your county clerk, but received no reply. The resolve to make one more effort was strengthened a few weeks ago while my daughter and I were looking over some mementoes of the past, among which was your note, which I had preserved, giving the name of the regiment and company to which you then belonged. Thus was the idea suggested which has met with gratifying success. The almost historical coin is still in my daughter's possession. In the lapse of years

and connecting associations it has become almost as much an heirloom in our family as it must be in yours. When, after you left on that morning in May, 1861, I opened your note containing thanks for overestimated deeds, which I was ever ready to offer to brave soldiers, these words, 'Given me by my mother when I left for the war,' found a responsive echo in my own heart, and I could almost imagine I heard her voice asking me to guard this parting gift, the last offering of a mother's love, as she in true Spartan spirit yielded her loving treasures to her country's call. Then I determined to cherish the relic and when the horrors of war were over to restore it, if possible, to the original owner. Remembering that it was given in trust for my youngest daughter, I knew I had no right to appropriate it without her consent; but when in childish innocence she often wished to spend it, I gave her its face value in greenback to spend as she wished, intending, if I failed in finding the original owner, to give it back to her when she could better appreciate its value. My efforts being futile in the former case, I presented it to her on the day of her marriage, September 4, 1884, to L. H. Herold, but added the request that she would never part with it unless the sternest necessity demanded it. And although misfortunes have overtaken her, as well as me, since the death of my husband, she has never yielded to the temptation of parting with it, ever sharing with me the feeling that there may be those living who have a prior claim to it. And now that we have succeeded in our efforts to find them, my daughter only awaits your address and direction how to send it, by mail or express.

"Very truly your friend,

MRS. J. I. LOCKRIDGE."

This was Tom King found at last and the coin returned to him. He has given it to his son, J. Moore King, who prizes it above any other property that he is blessed with, and it will be kept in the family as long as there is a descendant of T. M. King.

AN OLD CONFEDERATE'S STORY OF IRISH WIT.

BY ANNIE LAURIE SHARKEY, ST. LOUIS, MO.

Tommy Logan was a typical son of the Emerald Isle who entered the Confederate army at the first call for troops in Mississippi. He joined the company to which I belonged, which was formed of young planters, all or nearly all the sons of wealthy planters of Hinds and Madison Counties. Tommy was older than any of the other privates and had traveled over nearly all the States as a common laborer, mostly with his shovel or hod. Never was Tommy wanting in a reply to any question asked; he needed no time to "frame" his answer. The only besetting sin of this true man and soldier was his love for the jug. No kinder man ever lived. He was liberal to a fault and had impoverished himself that others might not suffer.

When General Lee's army was encamped around Fredericksburg, Va., with the Federal army waiting to attack as soon as they could cross the river, General Magruder, a splendid officer and brave commander, issued an order that no intoxicants should be sold within the Confederate line nor sold or given away to any Confederate soldier. General Magruder was himself a hard drinker, and this, and this alone, kept him down to the rank of major general. A few days after this order Tommy was detailed as a guard at General Magruder's headquarters and was on duty near the General's tent when a conversation arose between the officers as to

why the pay of the Confederate army was fixed at odd numbers, a private receiving \$11 per month, a sergeant \$17, a lieutenant \$91, a captain \$121, and a general \$301. They could arrive at no conclusion to the controversy. One of the aids to the General who knew Tommy said: "General Magruder, old Tommy Logan, the guard out there, may answer your question. He has a ready answer to any question asked him."

So another soldier was sent to take Tommy's place, and Tommy was ordered to headquarters more as a joke than for information. When Tommy came up, it was plainly seen that he had been drinking, and he thought that was why he was ordered to headquarters. General Magruder said: "Sir, I see you have been drinking. Will you tell where you got the whisky?" "O, General, I'm afraid you will put me in the guardhouse, and I think the damn Yankees are thinking of taking Fredericksburg, and I would hate to tell some of my good friends in town I did not fire a shot in their defense." "No," said the General. "I will not punish you if you will tell where you got your whisky." "Ah, General, that sounds so kind of you to see that that it matters not where I got the whisky; so I will tell you the God's truth where I got the liquor." "Yes, if you will tell me truthfully where you got the whisky, I shall see that no punishment is given you. Now tell me, where did you get the whisky?" "Well, General, I took a stroll around the hills beyond the clump of bushes, and I saw some horses (but he), without accident looking after them. When I was with a regiment in Kentucky some years ago I learned to love horses, and one of these animals was a beautiful bay. Ah! he was of royal blood, I bet. I went up to him and rubbed his head and neck. He seemed to know I was his admiring friend. On going around him I discovered a canteen hung to the saddle, and, the devil take my curiosity, I smelt of the canteen and found about three drinks of good whisky. My curiosity to taste was up, and I took a small drink. Ah! bad luck to whisky. It made me want more, and I drank the entire contents of that canteen, not more than three fingers, though, you see."

Here the General put in: "Well, you are telling a long-winded story, and the one who owned the whisky or horse you have not divulged, and you seem to want to hide. Out with the truth. Whose horse was the canteen on?"

"Ah! my kind General, I do not know the owner; but I have for the last six months seen you ridin' that noble animal."

When this came out the entire officer corps began to laugh, and one said: "General, Tommy is too much for you." "But," said the General, "he has not only got off for being drunk, but has gotten drunk on my whisky."

As Tommy started to leave, the General (who enjoyed the joke on himself) said: "Tommy, I sent for you not knowing you had been drinking; but some one said you could explain why soldiers' pay was put at such odd numbers. Now, you get \$11 per month, and I get \$301 per month. How do you explain that?"

"Ah! General, that is aisy. I get \$10 a month for the work I do as a private and \$1 for the honor of being a soldier, and you get \$300 for the honor of being a general and \$1 for the work you do."

I now must tell you that General Magruder never passed our company at any time on the march or in camp and saw Tommy that he did not raise his hat and salute the private who explained so fully the odd numbers that Congress fixed as the pay for its officers and soldiers of the line.

THE LAST ROLL

"But the Healer was there, and his arms were around,
And he led them with tenderest care,
And he showed them a star in the bright upper world;
'Twas their star shining brilliantly there."

ALEXANDER WOOD.

Alexander Wood, oldest son of Capt. D. G. Wood, C. S. A., and Harriet Parrat Wood, was born in Darlington District, S. C., November 23, 1844. When the War between the States came on, he offered himself to his country's cause; but on account of his youth and small stature he was four times refused. In April, 1863, he was accepted and served to the end of the war. He was a member of Hart's Battery, Hampton's Legion, and participated in more than one hundred hard-fought battles.

For his bravery and personal courage he was several times praised by general officers. He received his parole at Greensboro, N. C., May 3, 1865, and immediately set out for his home to find devastation, destruction, and ruin stamped upon the whole country Sherman had passed through. The West offered a more promising field to the man who must start life anew, and in 1867 he went to Texas, settling near Brenham, and later moved to Burleson County.



ALEXANDER WOOD.

In December, 1874, he was united in marriage to Amelia Elizabeth Love, a most beautiful Christian character. In 1886 he moved his family to San Marcos, Tex., and a few years later cast his lot with the pioneers of the Lower Rio Grande Valley. Seven sons and six daughters came to bless his home, twelve of whom, with the good mother, survive him. His death occurred at Mission, Tex., May 15, 1915, and this noble son of the Old South was laid to rest in Buena Vista Burial Park, at Brownsville, Tex.

After returning from the Reunion at Chattanooga in 1913, acceding to the request of his children, Comrade Wood began writing the story of his life as a private in the Confederate army, and a few days before his death he completed a most graphic and thrilling account of his service with the Horse Artillery of the Army of Northern Virginia, under Stuart, Hampton, and Lee.

In private life the same cheerful, brave, and manly spirit

that distinguished the soldier characterized the citizen, Christian, friend, husband, and father. Truly may it be said of him that he fought life's battles cheerfully, nobly, and religiously and by his spotless example as an upright man indelibly stamped the good influence of his life not only upon those who were dearest to him, but upon all who knew him.

CAPT. THOMAS PINCKNEY.

By the death of Capt. Thomas Pinckney on November 15, 1915, there has passed out of the life of Charleston, S. C., an influence for good in every way. He was born in Charleston August 13, 1828, the son of Charles Cotesworth Pinckney and a direct descendant of the Pinckneys famous in Revolutionary times. He first attended school at Pendleton, then was a student at the University of Virginia, and graduated from the South Carolina Medical College in 1850. He was also a graduate of the New York University of Medicine. He entered the military service of the State of South Carolina in 1860 as captain of the St. James Mounted Rifles, and in 1861 he entered the service of the Confederate States as captain of the Independent Company, which was Company D, 4th South Carolina Cavalry. After a year's service, his command was transferred to Hampton's Legion. Captain Pinckney was in a number of skirmishes while on picket duty on the coast of South Carolina and was captured in a fierce engagement at Hawes' Shop, Va., on May 28, 1864. He was exchanged with the sick and wounded and surrendered April 26, 1865. He was one of the famous six hundred placed on Morris Island by the Federals and exposed to the fire of their Confederate comrades.

During his service Captain Pinckney wore the sword that had been worn by his father in the War of 1812 and which had also been worn by his grandfather in the Revolutionary War. When captured the sword was taken from him and never returned.

Returning from the war to his devastated plantation on the Santee River, he again took up rice-planting, in which he had been so successful before the war. He took an active part in electing General Hampton Governor in 1876, thus overturning negro rule in the State. He was prominently identified with many fraternal and patriotic associations of his city and State, and at the time of his death he was Commander of Camp Sumter, U. C. V. No finer tribute could be paid him than to say that he was "a brave soldier of the Confederacy, a true patriot whose rôle during the troublous years of his young manhood was worthy of the distinguished lineage from which he was sprung, a good citizen, and a modest gentleman."

JOHN T. ROBERTS.

John Thomas Roberts was born in Goldsboro, N. C., September 1, 1842, and died in Tampa, Fla., October 24, 1915, aged seventy-three years. "Uncle John" served under the Stars and Bars in Company A, Goldsboro Rifles, 27th North Carolina Regiment, and later was courier in Cook's Brigade, as one of which he surrendered at Greensboro, N. C., in 1865. One of three brothers who served faithfully the State of their nativity, Uncle John was the last survivor. He leaves a wife and seven children, five daughters and two sons. His children's children down the generations will revere his memory and help to make greater the country he loved, fought for, bled for, and was willing to die for. He rests under the oaks in the quiet graveyard at Dade City, Fla.

CAPT. W. N. KENNER.

On July 11, 1915, at his home, in Corsicana, Tex., W. N. Kenner, Commander of Camp C. M. Winkler, U. C. V., departed this life at the ripe age of eighty-three. He was born in Fauquier County, Va., at Old Salem, now Marshall, and when a lad moved, with his parents, to St. Charles County, Mo. In 1861 he went to Navarro County, Tex., and soon afterwards, impatient to serve his country, went to Ellis County, where the Ellis County Grays were organizing, and he joined them. This company was afterwards known as Company E, of the 12th Texas Cavalry, which was one of the regiments in Parson's Brigade. Although almost a stranger, at the reorganization his strong personality made such an impression on his comrades that they elected him first lieutenant of the company.

More than any other force, Parson's Brigade was instrumental in saving Texas from the invader; and in all those trying times, whether in battle, or a hazardous scout, or on a long, weary march, Lieutenant Kenner, generally in command of the company, was always at his post. One of his old comrades testifies that "he commanded the respect, love, and esteem of every man in his company." On a certain occasion, when some prisoners were captured, such was his magnanimous bearing that one of them, an officer, pulled off his silver spurs and presented them to him. Not long before the surrender Lieutenant Kenner was promoted to the position of captain.

With the dawn of peace Captain Kenner returned to his Navarro County home and with all the force of his nature busied himself in recuperating from the losses occasioned by the war and in helping to rebuild his beloved South. He did his work well. He was one of nature's noblemen, and, though a quiet, unassuming Christian gentleman, he was a force in his community and commanded the respect and esteem of all who knew him.

In the year 1868 Captain Kenner married Miss Lou Riggs of Corsicana. His wife and three daughters survive him.

F. M. MARTIN.

Frank M. Martin died recently at his home, near Oglesby, Coryell County, Tex. He was born and reared in the vicinity of Magnolia, Miss., and enlisted in the Confederate army as a member of the McNair Rifles, afterwards Company E, 45th Mississippi Regiment, Lowry's Brigade, Army of Tennessee. He was then a youth of eighteen. After the war he married Miss Sallie Magee, daughter of Judge Ransom J. Magee, and removed to Texas, where he engaged in farming with marked success. He was seventy-two years old and is survived by his wife and thirteen children.



CAPT. W. N. KENNER.

CAPT. D. B. STROUSE.

While conducting evangelistic services at Waynesboro, Augusta County, Va., Capt. D. B. Strouse, of Salem, Va., was taken ill in the pulpit and died on the next day, December 7, 1915. He was born in Augusta County July 26, 1838, his parents being Dr. Peter and Mrs. Catherine Strouse. Captain Strouse first attended the common schools of his county and then became a student of Roanoke College, Salem, Va.; but when the war began he laid aside his studies and enlisted for service in the Confederate army, becoming lieutenant of Company A, 36th Battalion of Virginia Cavalry. Long before the end, by promotions and deaths, he was left in full command of his company, which position he held and honored by many acts of bravery and gallantry until the surrender at Appomattox. His term of active service in the war covered a period of three years and six months, during which time he was never wounded or captured, nor was he ever seriously sick.

At the close of the war he returned home and on June 24, 1865, married Miss Lucy A. Evans, of Roanoke County, Va., who accompanied him to Lexington, where he took the law course at Washington and Lee University. He then returned to Salem and there practiced law with remarkable success for over twenty years. He retired from practice when he became interested in the promotion of several industrial corporations and was made President of the two most important.

About twenty years ago Captain Strouse caught a new vision of life and its mission, so he gave up his secular business pursuits and became an evangelist, freely giving his time and talent to the Churches in rural and out-of-the-way places. He took no pay for his services, not even for his expenses, which were often great, as he covered the field from Maine to Mexico and from the Great Lakes to Key West, Fla. So in divine lands he became instrumental in the salvation of thousands of souls. He was also largely interested in foreign missions, contributing liberally thereto; and as monuments to his zeal there are to-day as many as four Bible schools and mission homes and hospitals in the Orient—some each in China, Japan, Korea, and India.

Besides his wife he left a son and a daughter.

DR. W. P. MONCURE.

Dr. Walker Peyton Moncure passed away on January 2 at the home of his daughter, in Fairfax, Va., after an illness of several weeks, at the age of seventy-three years. He was born in Stafford County, Va., and was a son of R. L. C. Moncure, for many years Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Virginia. He was educated at the Episcopal High School and the University of Virginia, and graduated in medicine from the Hahnemann Institute in Philadelphia. He was a student at the University of Virginia when the War between the States came on, and he entered the Confederate army as a private, later being elected captain of his company. He was captured and spent two years in the Federal prison on Johnson's Island, Lake Erie.

Dr. Moncure went to Fairfax some thirty-two years ago and was an active practitioner there until a year or so ago. He also took a prominent part in all town and county affairs. Soon after the close of the war he married Miss Hughes, of a prominent family of Baltimore, who survives him, with their ten children, six sons and four daughters.

LIEUT. BENJAMIN H. HUTCHISON.

On the 19th of December, 1914, Lieut. Benjamin H. Hutchison, in the seventy-ninth year of his age, passed away at his home, in Loudon County, near Aldie, Va. He was the son of Beverly and Mary P. Hutchison, who owned the "Peach Orchard" farm, where once lived Thomas Neal, father of Julia Neal, who was the mother of Stonewall Jackson. The old Neal house was moved to its present site, and in it Benjamin Hutchison was born and died.

In 1859, when excitement was very high over the John Brown raid, Benjamin Hutchison and his twin brothers, Ludwell and John, with others, started to Charlestown, where John Brown was in prison. It was reported that five thousand men from the North were on the way to rescue Brown; but upon reaching Leesburg, Hutchison and his comrades learned that the rumor was unfounded and returned to their homes. At the breaking out of the War between the States a company called the Champ Rifles was organized at Aldie, Va., and B. H. Hutchison and his twin brothers, Ludwell and John, were among the first to enlist. About May 18, 1861, Governor Letcher ordered the Champ Rifles to Leesburg, where it became Company D, of the 8th Virginia Regiment, Col. Eppa Hunton commanding. This regiment, afterwards known as the "Bloody Eighth," took part in the battle of First Manassas and was also in the battle of Ball's Bluff. It was reorganized at Yorktown, and B. H. Hutchison was made color sergeant. He was with the command in the battles of Williamsburg, Seven Pines, the Seven Days' Battles around Richmond. At Frazier's Farm he was badly wounded. When the flag fell from his hand, one of the color guards picked it up, and he was killed; a second guard picked it up, and he was wounded; then Lieut. Will Davis, of Company D, took it up, and he was killed. The flag was then carried by Capt. Charles Pickett, who was on the staff of his brother, Gen. George E. Pickett, but at the time was acting as aid-de-camp to Colonel Hunton, then commanding the brigade, General Pickett having been wounded the day before at Gaines's Mill. Captain Pickett also received a bad wound, from which he never fully recovered. As soon as able Sergeant Hutchison rejoined his regiment and took part in the battle of Second Manassas, where a piece of shell cut off the flagstaff in his hands. He also carried the flag in the engagements at Boonesboro Gap and Sharpsburg.

In the fall of 1862 Sergeant Hutchison was elected lieutenant of his company. He was in Pickett's famous charge at Gettysburg, where he was wounded, captured, and sent to Fort Warren and from there to Johnson's Island, where he was kept during the winter of 1863-64. He was then sent to Point Lookout and later was one of the six hundred officers at Morris Island put under fire of the Confederate guns at Charleston. He was released from Morris Island in December, 1864. His health was greatly impaired by his long confinement and was never entirely recovered. He was in every engagement of his command until his capture.

LIEUT. JAMES C. HALBERT.

James C. Halbert died at his home, in Lincoln County, Tenn., on the 23d of December, 1915, at the age of seventy-seven years. He was a lieutenant in the 41st Tennessee Regiment and was in command of his company in the battle of Franklin, where he distinguished himself as a brave soldier and humane officer. As the army was on the retreat from Tennessee he got permission to go by his home to see his wife and children. While there some of the neighbor boys

who had left the army came in to see him and tried to persuade him to stay with his wife and children. Turning to his wife, Lieutenant Halbert said: "Fannie, what do you say?" Her reply was: "I love you, and we need you; but go back and stay until you can come home honorably." Lieutenant Halbert returned to his command and surrendered at Washington, Ga., in April, 1865.

This noble man and wife lived faithful Christian lives, and she preceded him to the grave just two months. It was the last couple in the county known to have married prior to the war. They were married in 1859 and had two children when he enlisted, in 1862. He was a good citizen and a true friend. Peace to his ashes!

[Tribute from T. C. Little, of Fayetteville, Tenn.]

CAPT. GEORGE C. NORTON.

The death of Capt. George Chester Norton, of Louisville, Ky., came within a few days after an apoplectic attack as he was on his way to his office. Though he had passed the fullness of years that is counted the span of life, he was still the alert, interested, active man of affairs. He was born at Lawrenceville, Ga., in 1836; but when he was quite young the family removed to Rome, Ga., where he was educated. When



CAPT. G. C. NORTON.

the War between the States came on, he was commissioned as captain in the 8th Georgia Infantry and served to the end as a brave and efficient soldier, taking part in such battles as First and Second Manassas, Shiloh, Gettysburg, Chickamauga, Lookout Mountain, Cumberland Gap, Winchester, Seven Pines, and the Seven Days' fighting about Richmond, Va.

Upon his marriage, in 1865, to Miss Mary Billups, of Rome, Captain Norton went to Louisville, Ky., and became a traveling salesman for J. M. Robinson & Co. Some ten years later he was taken into the firm as a partner, and in 1901 he was made its President. Under his earnest, skillful direction the business grew until it became one of the largest of its kind in the South. The fiftieth anniversary of his connection with the firm was celebrated in September last, and the employees of the firm presented Captain Norton with a magnificent piece of silver appropriately inscribed as a tribute of their love and respect.

In 1880 Captain Norton was married to Miss Jessie Swope, of Louisville, who survives him, with their son and four daughters and the son of his first marriage. He was an elder in the Presbyterian Church and took an active interest in religious work. He was also a prominent member of the Falls City Lodge of Masons and of George B. Eastin Camp of Confederate Veterans and a commissioner of the Confederate Home at Pewee Valley.

OMER R. WEAVER CAMP, OF LITTLE ROCK, ARK.

The Omer R. Weaver Camp, No. 354, U. C. V., of Little Rock, Ark., through its Committee on Memoirs, George Thornburgh, chairman, reports the following deaths:

W. W. BOLES.

Comrade W. W. Boles was born in Fluvanna County, Va., May 11, 1832. He removed to Arkansas prior to the War between the States and in March, 1861, enlisted from Chicot County as a private in Company G, 23d Arkansas Infantry. He was wounded and captured at Port Hudson July 9, 1863. Three days after his capture he was released and returned to his command. He was discharged in October, 1864. His rank at his discharge was that of second lieutenant. He was a farmer and in later years made his home at Arkansas City. He was elected a member of Omer R. Weaver Camp March 8, 1906. His death occurred on May 15, 1915. His devoted wife survives him, with one daughter, Mrs. Auburn, who lives at Lake Village, Ark.

DR. JOHN B. BOND.

John B. Bond was born at Gettysburg, Pa., November 24, 1836; but in his early life his parents removed to Missouri, where he enlisted in the Missouri State Guards in August, 1861. He was assistant surgeon in Milton's Battalion and afterwards served as surgeon in Brace's Regiment, Missouri State Guards. After the battle of Lexington, Governor Jackson commissioned him surgeon, and he served as such in Price's bodyguard. He became division surgeon in Little's Division in the Confederate army. Later he was appointed medical purveyor for the district of Arkansas, serving until the close of the war. Comrade Bond was captured at Iuka Springs in 1862, but was soon released. He was paroled in June, 1865, with the rank of major.

Dr. Bond was married to Miss Julia Sterling, of Little Rock, July 18, 1863. At the close of the war he went to St. Louis and completed his course in medicine, then with his family located at DeValls Bluff, Ark., later going to Little Rock, where he lived until his death. He was one of the organizers of this Camp and ever remained a faithful member.

In 1872 Dr. Bond established a drug store in Little Rock, which he continued successfully until 1908. He was active in building up the medical profession in Arkansas and was one of the organizers of the Arkansas Association of Pharmacists. For fifteen years he was President of the State Board of Pharmacists and for thirty-two years was a member of the American Pharmaceutical Association, serving on various important committees. He served four terms as coroner of Pulaski County.

Comrade Bond died at Warren, Ariz., while on a visit to his daughter, Mrs. Hollis, July 16, 1915. Of his immediate family, there are left his widow, one daughter, and two sons.

R. B. CARL-LEE.

Reuben B. Carl-Lee was born December 31, 1841, at Ripley, Va. He went to Arkansas in early life and was a pioneer citizen of this State. He enlisted in the Confederate army May 6, 1861, in Company H, 1st Arkansas Volunteer Infantry, and served in the armies of Virginia, Tennessee, and the Trans-Mississippi Department. He was wounded several times at Shiloh and other places; was captured at Arkansas Post January 11, 1863, and released May 2, 1863. He was promoted and served on the staff of Brig. Gen. A. Nelson

until the latter's death and then on the staff of Brigadier General Deshlar until, owing to ill health, he was transferred to the Trans-Mississippi Department, to the command of General Holmes, and was on detached duty until the surrender. He was paroled at Little Rock June 17, 1865, with the rank of lieutenant.

Comrade Carl-Lee was elected a member of this Camp April 8, 1901. His home for many years was in Prairie County, where he was a prominent citizen and legislator. For several years prior to his death his home was at England, in Lonoke County.

The State never had a more faithful representative than Comrade Carl-Lee during his service in the legislature. By his intelligent investigation of State institutions he was instrumental in causing many reforms to be made, thus saving much to the State.

A gentle husband, a tender father, a good man, a useful citizen, and a true Confederate crossed over the river to rest under the shade where Reuben Carl-Lee departed this life.

ROBERT POTTS WEAVER.

Robert P. Weaver was born in Bipler, Pa., June 12, 1841, and died at the home of his sister, Mrs. F. S. Reed, in Batesville, Ark., October 26, 1915.

In early life Comrade Weaver learned the business of a printer and was employed in that vocation in the city of Washington, D. C., when the War between the States began, in the early spring of 1861. He left there at once and enlisted for twelve months in the 1st Regiment of Maryland Infantry, U. S. A., and served his term of enlistment in Virginia. A few years later in 1861 his father's family had removed to Arkansas, locating near Batesville; and after Robert Weaver was discharged from his first service he went to Arkansas to join the other members of the family and again entered the Confederate service, this time in the Trans-Mississippi Department, serving under Gen. Lee Stock in various capacities, ultimately becoming adjutant of the 4th Regiment of Arkansas Mounted Infantry, commanded by Col. W. O. Coleman, and he was serving as such when captured. Returning to Batesville, he brought back into civil life the reputation of having been a brave, reliable, and intelligent soldier and officer and entered the service of Burr, Reed & Co., general merchants, remaining with them three years. In 1868 he began traveling as a salesman for a wholesale house in Louisville, Ky., covering the State of Arkansas on horseback before the days of railroads. Later he returned out of St. Louis. For twelve years past he owned and managed the Weaver Cotton Yard, in Batesville, enjoying the confidence and esteem of his patrons.

At the organization of Sidney Johnston Camp, No. 863, U. C. V., at Batesville, Ark., Comrade Weaver was elected Adjutant thereof and had been reelected every year since, his death terminating a faithful service of more than eighteen years. His comrades all admired and loved him and will cherish his memory as one who was faithful to duty as he saw it.

[James P. Coffin, Batesville, Ark.]

John M. Bradley, Commander of Camp No. 352, U. C. V., Louisville, Miss., reports the following deaths in its membership during the past year: James Hickman, Vinyard Vowell, Capt. A. S. Kirk, and J. Murray McLeod, 35th Mississippi Regiment; T. Anderson, 5th Mississippi Regiment.

CAPT. JOHN C. MCGREW.

From the memorial resolutions prepared by the committee of Stonewall Camp, No. 1438, U. C. V., of Gainesville, Fla., on the death of Capt. John C. McGrew, which occurred on the 29th of December, 1915, the following sketch is taken:

"John C. McGrew was born on the 30th of March, 1844, at Lauderdale, Miss., where he grew to young manhood. He enlisted in the service of the Confederate States and was mustered into Capt. H. H. Singstock's company of artillery at Mobile, Ala., on January 13, 1862. He was afterwards captured, but was paroled with thirty-two of his comrades. They then reported to Gen. Stephen D. Lee, were furloughed, and later ordered to report at Demopolis, Ala., where they were exchanged and sent to the Western Army. Their command was consolidated with Barrett's 10th Missouri Battery, under the command of Captain Barrett. Comrade McGrew was paroled at Macon, Ga., on May 19, 1865. After the war he located at Fort Fannin, Fla., and engaged in the mercantile business. He was married to Miss Marian Antoinette Parker, of Bronson, Fla., in December, 1874. His wife and two daughters survive him.

"Comrade McGrew served his State in many useful ways, having held the position of tax collector of Levy County and the postmastership at Cedar Keys. In 1897 he removed to Gainesville, where he had since resided. He was supervisor of registration for Alachua County until appointed to the office of county tax assessor, to which he was elected for the next term and held it until his death.

"He was a true comrade and friend, a loving husband and father, an able and fearless man. His services as Adjutant of Stonewall Camp were appreciated by every member."

[Committee: E. C. F. Sanchez, L. W. Jackson, and James Doig.]

JOHN W. WOODWARD.

John W. Woodward, a prominent citizen and prosperous farmer of Bedford County, Tenn., died suddenly on October 30, 1915, at the age of seventy-one. His home was near Shelbyville, and he had started to town that morning in apparent health and strength, but was taken ill on the way and died at the home of a neighbor. His return home was in the silence of the last long sleep.

On the 15th of October, 1861, when just seventeen years of age, John Woodward enlisted as a Confederate soldier, serving as a member of Company G, 23d Tennessee Regiment. His service was to the end of the war, and he performed faithfully the duties of a brave and gallant defender of the Southern cause.

Mr. Woodward was twice married, his first wife being a sister of the late S. A. Cunningham. His second wife was a Miss Dyer, of Bedford County, who died some two years ago. He is survived by a son of each marriage. As a member of the Baptist Church, for forty years Mr. Woodward had been enlisted in the army of Christ, giving the faithful service to his Church duties that had characterized his life in every way. His many acts of charity, the burdens he lifted for the widow and orphan, will entitle him to the reward that is promised to the good and faithful servant.

J. A. Templeton, Adjutant of J. A. Barker Camp, U. C. V., of Jacksonville, Tex., reports three deaths in that Camp during 1915, as follows: T. A. Cocke, 29th Mississippi Infantry; J. P. Goodson, Company I, 10th Texas Cavalry, dismounted; A. N. Acry, Company H, 2d Georgia Infantry.

ADDISON C. STALNAKER.

Addison Cooper Stalnaker was born April 5, 1842. His father died when he was quite young, leaving him the oldest of three children and the dependence of his widowed mother in the responsibility of rearing this little family. In this he acquitted himself in a manly way, tilling the soil and keeping up his mother's home until the tocsin of war rang through his native valley and aroused him to a stern realization of the fearful ordeal through which his beloved country was to pass. Early in the spring of 1863 he joined Company A (under Capt. William Hamon Taylor), 18th Virginia Cavalry, Imboden's Brigade, and upon a score of battle fields, such as Gettysburg, Williamsport, Winchester, Fisher's Hill, Darksville (where Captain Taylor fell), New Market, Piedmont, Lynchburg, and many others, he gave lasting reasons for the faith that was in him. He was a brave soldier and beloved by all who knew him. His home was at Elkins, W. Va., where he died on September 29, 1914.

B. T. ANSLEY, SR.

After an illness of several weeks, B. T. Ansley, Sr., died at his home on December 29, 1915. He was born in Upson County, Ga., in 1840. His parents had started to Texas in 1854; but upon reaching New Orleans they were smitten with Asiatic cholera, his father and several other members of the family dying from the dread disease.

Mr. Ansley was married to Miss Martha Smyer, of Smith County, Tex., in 1869. She survives him, with seven of their eight children—four sons and three daughters.

Mr. Ansley served the Confederacy as a member of the 17th Texas Regiment during the war and took part in a number of important engagements. He was a member of Camp 1548, U. C. V., at Plainview, and was always interested in the welfare of his comrades. He had been a devout member of the Methodist Church for more than forty years. His was a long and useful life. A true pioneer in spirit, he moved from county to county as civilization encroached upon the boundless prairies of the West.

C. C. BRIDGES.

On December 14, 1915, after an illness of two weeks, Clifford Cabell Bridges passed away at his home, in Ashland, Va., at the age of seventy years. He was known and loved for his genial, warm-hearted, and generous disposition. Mr. Bridges was a native of Richmond, Va., but, with his family, moved to Ashland about twenty years ago. He had served throughout the War between the States as a member of Otey's Battery, 14th Battalion of Virginia Artillery. After the war he was for a number of years connected with the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad and other business organizations in Richmond. He was laid to rest in Hollywood Cemetery. He was married in 1870 to Miss Lizzie Ragan Macgill, daughter of Dr. Charles Macgill, surgeon C. S. A., and, besides his devoted wife, he is survived by six children—four daughters and two sons.

DEATHS AT BERNICE, LA.

R. J. Tabor Camp, No. 1780, U. C. V., of Bernice, La., lost several members during 1915, as follows: A. C. and G. W. Harper, of Company E, 12th Louisiana; J. E. Ferguson, — Georgia Regiment; T. H. Rea, — Alabama Regiment; T. M. Breed, second lieutenant, 13th Georgia Regiment. The latter died on December 15. R. J. TABOR, *Commander*.

CAPT. THOMAS H. HAUGHTON.

Capt. Thomas Hill Haughton, of Charlotte, N. C., died November 16, 1915, at Johns Hopkins Hospital, Baltimore, where he had gone for treatment, his health having been poor for two or three years. He was the oldest son of the late John H. and Eliza Alice Hill Haughton and was born in Pittsboro, Chatham County, N. C., July 14, 1841. He entered the University of North Carolina when quite a lad and graduated with highest honors before he was twenty years of age. His diploma was signed by Governors Swain, Ellis, Morehead, Manly, and Bragg and by two judges of the North Carolina Supreme Court, Ruffin and Battle. His father, who was a very prominent lawyer, wanted his son to follow his profession; but the War between the States broke out, and his brave and patriotic spirit called him to his country's aid. He entered the army as a first lieutenant in the 16th North Carolina Regiment and was afterwards made captain in Maj. J. C. McRae's battalion, where he remained all during the war. At one time he was appointed by Governor Clark as provost marshal of Raleigh, N. C., when everything was in a very unsettled state.



CAPT. T. H. HAUGHTON.

To the end of life Thomas H. Haughton was true to the principles for which he fought. The Confederacy was a cause sacred to him, and its memories were among his most cherished recollections. After the war, his father's large fortune having been swept away, he realized that he must go to work. He engaged in farming for two or three years in Chatham County, near Pittsboro, N. C., afterwards going to New York, where he secured a very good position in the wholesale hardware business. He returned to Charlotte, N. C., in the early seventies and engaged in the life insurance business and afterwards in the fire insurance business. He had a large territory of several States and continued in active business up to the time of his death. He was always interested in the welfare of Charlotte, his adopted home, and gave liberally of his time and means to almost every enterprise in the city. When the cotton mill business was first started in Charlotte (it may not be generally known), the first meeting was held in his office, over which he presided, and afterwards he became a stockholder in several of the mills. He was happily married in Raleigh, N. C., to Miss Ella Andrews, sister of the late Col. A. B. Andrews, in 1881, in the Church of the Good Shepherd, by Rev. Edward R. Ritch, assisted by Bishop Lyman. His wife and six children survive him. He was truly a Christian gentleman and a loyal member of the Protestant Episcopal Church. He was a man of honor, the balance sheet of his life being correct, his integrity above question. Personally, he was most attractive, kindly, genial with all ages and classes.

Captain Haughton was a gentleman of the purest type, modest, gentle, firm, and he had a warm, affectionate nature, his devotion to his home and family being a beautiful chapter in his life. A more devoted and indulgent husband and father never lived.

JAMES A. CARLISLE.

James A. Carlisle died in Clinton, Mo., December 9, 1915. He was a quiet, gentle, modest, and lovable man and yet one of the bravest of soldiers. At the beginning of the War between the States he enlisted in Stonewall Jackson's division under Gen. Robert E. Lee and was made sergeant of Company G, 7th Virginia Cavalry. He served faithfully and valiantly until the surrender of Lee's army, in 1865.

Mr. Carlisle was born February 14, 1827, in Baltimore, Md., and thus had nearly rounded out his eighty-ninth year. It was one of the pleasures of the Clinton Chapter, U. D. C., to remember this grand old veteran on his birthdays. He was a great reader and especially so during his last years. He looked forward each month for his delight, the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, and never grew weary of its pages. His wife and one daughter preceded him to his heavenly home, and two daughters are left, Mrs. William McBride and Miss Sallie Carlisle, who will always cherish the memory of a kind, loving father.

CAPT. H. C. KLYCE.

The Christian soldier, Capt. H. C. Klyce, passed into the great beyond on the morning of December 15, 1915, aged seventy-seven years. He was born in Maury County, Tenn., in 1838, but removed to Mississippi in 1855 and continued to make his home in that State. His life was that of a Christian gentleman. For forty years he was a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and for twenty years he was superintendent of its Sunday school.

Captain Klyce enlisted as a private in the first company organized in his section of the State, and at the close of the war he was captain of Company I, 19th Tennessee Regiment, Bell's Brigade, Forrest's command. He was with Forrest in most of his campaigns and was at Fort Pillow, on the road into Memphis, at Brice's Crossroads, Meridian, Sulphur Trestle, Athens, Johnsonville. He was also with him in Hood's campaign into Tennessee and helped to cover Hood's retreat out of the State, then on to Selma and the finish, surrendering with Forrest at Gainesville, Ala.

REV. T. W. HOOPER.

Rev. Thomas W. Hooper, D.D., died in the home of his son in Culpeper, Va., on November 26, 1915. He was born in Hanover County, Va., November 2, 1832. He graduated from Hampden-Sidney College and also from the Union Theological Seminary, in Virginia, and was ordained as a minister of the Presbyterian Church in the following year, 1858. He served as pastor of different Churches in his native State, his pastorate of the Church at Christiansburg being especially notable in that he served it from 1855 to 1870 and was called back to that Church in 1888 and continued in its service until his retirement, in 1906. Dr. Hooper was greatly beloved and highly honored by all who knew him.

An injury to his right hand in infancy prevented Dr. Hooper from serving in the ranks of the Confederate army, but he served as an army chaplain while also serving as a pastor of Liberty Church. He was Chaplain of the U. C. V. Camp at Christiansburg.

SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS

ORGANIZED IN JULY, 1866, AT RICHMOND, VA.

OFFICERS, 1915-16

Commander in Chief, W. N. Brandon, Little Rock, Ark.
Adjutant in Chief, N. B. Forrest, Biloxi, Miss.

STAFF.

Inspector in Chief, A. J. Wilson, Little Rock, Ark.
Quartermaster in Chief, Edwin A. Taylor, Memphis, Tenn.
Commissary in Chief, Ben Watts, Cave Spring, Ga.
Judge Advocate in Chief, M. E. Dunnaway, Little Rock, Ark.
Surgeon in Chief, Dr. J. Garnett King, Fredericksburg, Va.
Chaplain in Chief, Rev. J. Cleveland Hall, Danville, Va.
Historian in Chief, Dr. Thomas M. Owen, Montgomery, Ala.

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Army of Tennessee Department, John S. Cleghorn, Summerville, Ga.
Army of the Trans-Mississippi Department, Creed Caldwell, Pine Bluff, Ark.

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Pacific, Merritt F. Gilmer, Seattle, Wash.
South Carolina, Weller Rothrock, Aiken.
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Tennessee, W. C. Chandler, Memphis.
Texas, W. R. Blain, Beaumont.
Virginia, Dr. J. C. King, Fredericksburg.
West Virginia, E. R. Garland, Huntington.

[This department is conducted by N. B. Forrest, Adjutant in Chief S. C. V., Biloxi, Miss., to whom all communications and inquiries should be addressed.]

GENERAL HEADQUARTERS SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS, MEMPHIS, TENN.

January 1, 1916.

GENERAL ORDERS No. 3.

1. At the annual reunion of our Confederation held at Richmond, Va., Mrs. T. J. Latham, of Memphis, Tenn., generously offered to donate to the Sons of Confederate Veterans an annual cash prize of \$25, to be given to the member or members of the organization submitting the best essay on Confederate history. Under the authority vested in him your Commander in Chief hereby announces the rules and regulations that will govern this contest:

2. No paper will be considered unless the author is a member in good standing of an active Camp of the Confederation. All papers must be accompanied by a certificate, signed by either the Commander or Adjutant of the Camp, certifying that the comrade is in good standing in his local Camp.

3. All papers submitted must be limited to two thousand words and must be forwarded to Adjutant in Chief Forrest, at Biloxi, Miss., not later than April 15, 1916, or they will not be considered.

4. The subject selected for the first annual essay is, "The Causes That Led to the War between the States."

5. A cash prize of \$20 will be given to the member of the organization submitting the best essay and a second prize of \$5 to the next best. The Confederation reserves the right to publish any or all of the papers submitted.

6. The following committee is appointed to judge the papers, the decision to be announced at the annual reunion at Birmingham, Ala., in 1916: Clarence J. Owens, Washington, D. C., Chairman; Lee Meriwether, St. Louis, Mo.; John W. Dodge, Jacksonville, Fla.

All Department, Division, Brigade, and staff officers, as well as the officers of all local Camps, are commanded to see that this order is given due publicity among the comrades and that same is published in their local newspapers.

By order of

W. N. BRANDON,

Commander in Chief.

Official: N. B. FORREST,

Adjutant in Chief and Chief of Staff.

January 3, 1916.

GENERAL ORDERS No. 4.

1. The CONFEDERATE VETERAN, our official publication, needs five thousand new subscribers at once.

2. Your Commander in Chief, under the authority granted him at the Richmond Reunion, announces the appointment of the special committee, to be called the Committee of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, whose duty it is to secure subscriptions for the VETERAN. This committee is composed of Joseph Roy Price, of Washington, D. C., as chairman; Samuel L. Adams, of South Boston, Va.; and Walter B. McAdams, of Dallas, Tex. An appeal has been sent out by this committee to the officers and members of the Confederation, and your Commander in Chief earnestly requests that prompt attention be given to same and that a united and organized effort be made by all the Camps to secure the subscriptions of all members.

3. All who love the South, its history and traditions, should be willing to rally to the support of the VETERAN and are urged to start the new year by sending in their subscriptions. If you are not a subscriber, forward your \$1 at once to the VETERAN at Nashville, Tenn. If your subscription has expired, renew same without delay.

4. All Camp Commanders are commanded to see that committees are appointed at once to secure the subscriptions of the members and are requested to make report of same to Comrade Price.

5. All Camps are requested to make a monthly report of their activities to Adjutant Forrest, so that an account of same may be published in the VETERAN. It is suggested that pictures of interested Sons be published in the VETERAN, accompanied by short sketches of their records and of their fathers' services. All such photographs and sketches are to be forwarded to Adjutant Forrest, at Biloxi, Miss.

Will you be one of five thousand Sons and send in your subscription at once?

By order of

W. N. BRANDON,

Commander in Chief.

Official: N. B. FORREST,

Adjutant in Chief and Chief of Staff.

SOCIAL AFFAIRS OF WASHINGTON CAMP.

In compliment to their newly elected sponsor and maid of honor, Misses Jane Gregory and Grace Overman, the Washington (D. C.) Camp, S. C. V., gave two very elegant entertainments in the last months of 1915. At their annual reception on October 19 Commander Brockman was assisted in receiving the guests by Mrs. Gregory, wife of the Attorney-General, and Miss Jane Gregory, sponsor for the Camp. Division Commander Keel, with other officers of the Camp, past sponsors and maids, also took part in presenting and receiving the guests. The hall was decorated in Confederate flags and flowers in profusion. Refreshments were served, and dancing finished the evening's program.



FAIR REPRESENTATIVES OF WASHINGTON CAMP

Miss Jane Gregory, sponsor for the Camp, is a daughter of Attorney General Gregory. Her picture is shown at the lower left. Miss Grace Overman (upper right), maid of honor, is the daughter of Senator Overman, of North Carolina.

On the evening of November 10 one of the prettiest dances of the season was given by this Camp at the Raleigh Hotel for its fair representatives. The ballroom was lavishly decorated with flowers. In the receiving line were Mrs. Overman, wife of Senator Overman, Miss Grace Overman, maid of honor, and others prominent in Washington society. Later in the evening the presence of Mrs. Gregory and Miss Jane Gregory, sponsor for the Camp, added much to the pleasure of the occasion. This was the first of a series of three large benefit dances planned to be given by the Camp during the season.

SEMPER FIDELIS.

BY EMMA FRANCES LEE SMITH.

To Col. Henry A. Henshaw, U. S. Army, and his wife.

The sword and spear that in brave hands and strong
In vengeance wrought their tale of blood and doom
And through dark days of sorrow, tears, and gloom
Flashed o'er our land red harbingers of wrong,
Stilled to dumb silence youth's most glad some song,
Shattered to barren wastes fields once abloom
With buds and flowers that in war's deadly spume
Withered and died, as died our hopes, ere long!

These instruments of war thine eyes now see
Shaped to the usages of peaceful toil;
The pruning hook that crops the fruitful tree,
The plow that furrows the rich soil,
O may they ne'er desert their kindly arts,
Snatched by bold hands to pierce our tranquil hearts!

O well may children's children of thy land
Weep for the deeds and glory of their race!
Triumphant warriors! Their names we trace
In Fame's clear heaven, a constellation grand,
Still shining from afar a radiant band;
Nor hate nor malice shall one star efface
Nor dim the splendor of their warlike grace,
Where, like the clustering Pleiades, they stand!

From their high courage and their steadfast hope
We too may learn life's battle shocks to meet;
Whilst with a host of unseen foes we cope
And all the future looks one black defeat,
So out of seeming failure, e'en as they,
We glimpse the morning of God's perfect day!

Forever loved and honored be thy name,
Who, when the fires of youth burned softly bright,
Embraced with ardent zeal the cause of right
And through long years of battle and of shame
Thy country's foes her strength did maim
And in their eyes of scorn and hate
Hath struggled hard to end the bitter fight
And fratricidal strife and pride to tame.

Now that old flames of passion flicker low
And foes are many on the threshold have met,
May thy uplifted eyes discern the glow
That sweetest shines when the red sun is set!
And as thy land beloved once more hath rest,
So may thy closing days with peace be blest.

And if sad memory sometimes turns her gaze
Adown the years that lie, like autumn leaves,
Bright on thy threshold, see thy spirit grieves
No more nor mourns its dear lost days!
Lost? Nay, but pluck them for thy crown of bays,
Nor bind them in a wreath of bearded sheaves,
That stalk by stalk its fragrant fruitage weaves
A beauteous whole, outstretched, a golden maze.

So when the reaper with his sickle keen
At dewy morn or in the blazing noon
Comes with swift steps thy fertile fields to glean,
Thou shalt not fear to seek thy rightful boon,
But, constant in thy small, as mighty, tasks,
Eternal rest thy faithful service asks.

THE SOUTH'S DEAREST MEMORY IS HER HEROES.

[This article was written by Miss Mary McArdle, a pupil of the high school at Tuscaloosa at the time the boulder was dedicated.]

As we glance over the pages of history and note the proud record of heroes who have long since passed into far greater glory, we lift our hearts in grateful thanks for their courage, and with all reverence we honor those whose fame still shines upon the paths of men and whose glory passes undimmed adown the proud record of centuries. Sacred ever are the spots where heroes fell, and on the fields once so blood-stained, monuments as lasting as the fame of their heroes stand as perpetual tribute to their memory. In our own little city of Tuscaloosa we find many such spots made sacred in the days when war with its ruthless hand devastated the fair Southland, leaving her torn and bleeding, to mend her broken heart as best she might.

On the university campus, one of Tuscaloosa's most historic spots, on the 13th of May, 1914, a touching tribute was tendered by the Alabama Division, United Daughters of the Confederacy, to the sons of the university and all those who had fought under the Stars and Bars. The monument marks the site of the famous old Rotunda, once the pride of the whole South. Mrs. Bashinsky, then State President of the Alabama Division, U. D. C., presented the memorial to Dr. George H. Denny, President of the university. The drapings of red and white, the Confederate colors, were then drawn aside by the Misses Cherokee Van de Graaff and Hortense Rodes, and in the fast-fading twilight a boulder of Georgia gray granite, six feet high and five feet wide and thick, bearing a bronze tablet, stood revealed. In a most touching address Dr. Denny accepted the boulder in behalf of the university.

Miss Cherokee Van de Graaff read the following beautiful inscription, written by Dr. Thomas M. Owen: "The university gave to the Confederacy seven generals, twenty-five colonels, twenty-one majors, one hundred and twenty-five captains, and two hundred and ninety-four private soldiers, who, recognizing obedience to the State, loyally and uncomplainingly met the call of duty and in numbers of instances sealed their devotion by their life's blood. And in 1865 the cadets, composed of noble young men, went bravely forth to repel a veteran invading foe many times their number in a vain effort to save their *Alma Mater*, its building, library, and literature, from fire at the hands of the enemy. To commemorate their true record and their memories this boulder is erected at the university May 13, 1914."

Following this reading, a memorial wreath was placed on the boulder by Miss Sara Marr McCormick with these beautifully chosen words: "In behalf of the United Daughters of the Confederacy I place this wreath upon the boulder in loving memory of the Confederate sons of the university who have crossed over the river and entered into rest eternal."

In the impressive silence following this scene the voices of Alabama's Glee Club as they sang of their love for the *Alma Mater* sank deep in the hearts of the listeners, and when the old company roll call was given by the Hon. Sam Will John the aged veterans responded as of yore in voices shaken with emotion. Thirteen coeds, one for each of the Confederate States, sang that familiar song so dear to all Southern hearts, "The Bonny Blue Flag." The benediction given by the Rev. Joseph John descended on the bowed heads of the assembled throng, and the peace which passeth all understanding seemed wafted upon them as they quietly dispersed.

In this touching hour, when memory held sway and each figure had a special reason for the privilege of partaking in these ceremonies, let us go back to the years between '61 and '65 and see why these participants are here. Surely we find good reason for the presence of each.

Miss Cherokee Van de Graaff, we find, is the granddaughter of Col. A. L. Hargrove, a noble veteran, who carried a ball from the enemy's gun to the day of his death. Her grandmother was the First Vice President of the R. E. Rodes Chapter, U. D. C., and ever a faithful worker in this cause.



MILITARY INSTITUTE, TUSCALOOSA, ALA.

Miss Hortense Rodes is the granddaughter of Maj. Gen. R. E. Rodes, who first organized that proud old company we still have to-day, the Warrior Guards. This hero bravely met his death while leading his men in the battle of Winchester.

Miss Sara Marr McCormick is a niece of young John Carson, who was severely wounded while defending the bridge the night of Croxton's raid. The wounds he received on that memorable night he carried all his life.

Those old veterans, the Hon. Sam Will John and the Rev. Joseph John, were two of the cadet boys who tried to defend their *Alma Mater* the night of the raid.

The boulder was placed on the campus largely through the untiring efforts of Mrs. Ellen Peter Bryce, President of the R. E. Rodes Chapter. It is a fitting culmination of the work that has long been done by her in the cause of patriotism. Truly, it has been "the child of my old age," as she beautifully expressed it. The boulder was selected by a committee consisting of Dr. George H. Denny, Dr. Eugene A. Smith, and Dr. Thomas M. Owen, with Mrs. Bryce as chairman.

Beautiful in many ways is this gift, for as it stands serene and stately it tells the story of sublime heroism, not for to-day alone, but for all times; not to the people of this land alone, but to the people of all lands. It does not bring to our minds the picture of the god of war crying, "To arms! To arms!" but that of the angel of peace breathing eternal love and benediction on her valiant heroes who lived and fought and died for home and principle.

Not to the dead alone is this monument erected; for though with each succeeding year many of these faithful warriors have passed into the valley and shadow of the dead, there are still a few of Alabama's valiant cadet corps who were given the privilege of viewing with tear-stained eyes this gift of loyalty and love erected to them. And now, when the last shadow of bitterness and regret has passed away, leaving only tender memories of other days and times, the old war-

rriors bow their heads and thank the Father, who in infinite wisdom and love has spared them that their last days might be crowned with such priceless laurels. This truly is the golden link between their yesterday and to-day, between the living and the dead.

A beautiful significance can be found in this symbol by the students of to-day, for was it not their fathers whose names are here perpetuated? Their fathers, the flower of the Southland's heart and home, fought the good fight and lay down side by side in the last long soldiers' sleep, leaving their example as a constant reminder to those who live in days of peace and prosperity.

In this spirit have these faithful women, whom we all delight to honor and whose names shall be held in increasing regard as the generations come and go, caused this splendid monument to spring into being, and in the fullest sympathy with the words of the poet have they erected

"A monument to the soldiers,
And what shall you build it of?
Can you build it of marble or brass or bronze,
Outlasting a soldier's love?
Can you glorify it with legends
As grand as their blood has writ,
From the inmost shrine of this land of time
To the outmost verge of it?

A monument for the soldiers—
Built of a people's love
And blazoned and decked and panoplied
With the hearts ye build it of.
And see that you build it stately
In pillar and niche and gate
And high in pose as the souls of those
It would commemorate."

And so we leave it with this prayer: "May the blessed sunshine bathe it until all bloodstains are washed away, and may God's approval rest upon it now and forever!"

THE NORTHWESTERN CONFEDERACY.

BY FAYLOR THOMPSON, AUSTIN, TEX.

If it is well known that prior to and during the War between the States there were a great many people in the States of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, and even in Pennsylvania, whose sympathies were with the South and who bitterly opposed the war waged by the North, or by the United States government, to coerce the seceding Southern States. These people were generally designated as "Copperheads", but it is not generally known that, so great was the opposition in the States named to the policy of the United States government, at one time a conspiracy existed to form another government to be composed of the States of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and Missouri, with possibly Iowa added, which was to have been called the Northwestern Confederacy. It was intended that this Confederacy should enter into an alliance with the Southern Confederacy and make common cause against the Northern and Eastern States. There are men still living who knew of the existence of this conspiracy, and from one of them I have the information given herewith.

The principal leaders of this movement lived in Ohio and Indiana. Congressman Vallandigham, of Ohio, will be re-

membered as having made himself so obnoxious to the party in power that at one time he was compelled to leave his home and go South. There lived in Indiana, about seventeen miles from Indianapolis, a Col. E. E. Bowles, who during the war with Mexico commanded a regiment from Indiana, and at the battle of Buena Vista this regiment became demoralized and would have been annihilated but for the Mississippi Rifles, commanded by Jeff Davis. After that incident Colonel Bowles and Colonel Davis became warm friends and remained so as long as they lived. Colonel Bowles owned a health resort known as French Lick, where he had a large hotel, and he was a man of wealth and consequence. Next to Vallandigham, Colonel Bowles was the foremost figure in the conspiracy. In addition to the two gentlemen named, there was a Mr. Dodd, a Mr. Umphreys, and a Mr. Greathouse, who resided in Indiana, and Charles Walsh, a wealthy Irish immigrant who lived in Chicago.

The Copperheads, as they were termed, organized a secret society known as the "Sons of Liberty," the members of that society being organized into companies, regiments, and brigades, and Colonel Bowles had under his command five thousand men, while in other parts of Indiana there were perhaps double that number of men enrolled who were under the command of Messrs. Dodd, Umphreys, and Greathouse. It is even known that a certain man who held a position in one of the departments at Washington had gone into the mining districts of Pennsylvania and enrolled about two thousand men who had become members of the Sons of Liberty.

Gen. John Morgan, the distinguished Confederate leader of Kentucky, was well acquainted with the facts concerning the great conspiracy, and he sent Captain Hines, a warm friend and one of his most trusted officers, to Indianapolis and Chicago to consult and advise with the leaders of the movement. Besides Captain Hines, General Morgan sent a number of his other trusted officers into the enemy's country with orders to report to Captain Hines and hold themselves subject to his order. One of these officers was Captain Freeman, the friend and comrade who gave me this information. He is a Kentuckian, a gentleman of education and culture, and was as gallant a soldier as ever supplied to battle. There were at that time between thirty thousand and thirty-five thousand Confederate prisoners confined in the prisons at Camp Chase, Camp Douglas, Camp Morton, and Johnson Island, the latter prison being the one in which all commissioned officers among the Confederate prisoners were confined. A plan was formed to make a concerted attack on these various prisons, release the Confederate soldiers thereon, arm them, and they were to form the nucleus of an army to which were to be added all the members of the Sons of Liberty in the different States. It was estimated that the army thus formed would number one hundred thousand men. Captain Hines had consulted with the various leaders, and plans were formulated for a simultaneous attack on the various prisons whenever the various leaders were ready. Captain Freeman found Captain Hines in Indianapolis and was sent by him to the headquarters of Colonel Bowles. The formula for the manufacture of Greek fire had been secured, and it was to be used when the attack on the prisons was made. Colonel Bowles was ready to move at a moment's notice with five thousand men and two pieces of artillery. Dodd and Umphreys were supposed to have nearly an equal number of men each, and Walsh, who was said to control nearly all the Irishmen in Chicago, had a large number of new rifles and an immense amount of ammunition secretly stored in that city. The

Presidential convention met in Chicago in 1864, and it was believed, or at least hoped, by many that Gen. G. B. McClellan would be the nominee of that convention for President. After much consultation it was decided to make the attack on the prisons on the night following the announcement of McClellan's nomination.

In the meantime the United States government had gotten wind of the affair, detectives and spies had been active, several arrests had been made, and it was finally decided to postpone the attack until the night of the Presidential election in November, 1864. During all this time Captain Hines, Captain Freeman, and the other officers of Morgan's command had been very active in going back and forth between Chicago and Indianapolis and various other points, arranging plans for the great blow which was to be struck in November. Captain Hines and Captain Freeman spent two weeks in the city of Chicago, where they were concealed in the house of a Mrs. Morris.

Finally the time appointed, for which Morgan's officers had waited so impatiently, arrived; but another postponement was insisted upon by Messrs. Dood and Umphreys, much against the wish of Colonel Bowles. After this had been done, Captain Freeman asked Captain Hines to order him back to the army in the South, as he had despaired of ever accomplishing anything and wanted to get back into active service. Captain Hines complied with his request, and he returned to his command in the South.

A little later traitors in the ranks of the Sons of Liberty divulged the whole plot, and Colonel Bowles, Messrs. Dodd and Umphreys, and Mr. Walsh in Chicago were arrested, tried, convicted, and sentenced to death. Captain Hines and the rest of Morgan's officers, or most of them, succeeded in escaping to the South. I might mention that Captain Hines was one of those who escaped from the Ohio penitentiary at Columbus with General Morgan, and he (Hines) was to have commanded the army that was to be formed after the Confederate prisoners had been released from the various prisons. Mr. Dodd succeeded in making his escape from prison and fled to Canada. In the meantime President Lincoln had been assassinated, and Andrew Johnson became President. The day before the other leaders, Colonel Bowles, Umphreys, and Walsh, were to be executed they were reprieved by President Johnson, and six months later, after the war had closed, they were all paroled by the President. Many other prisoners had been arrested as parties to the conspiracy, but they were all released after the war, and it appears to have been the policy of the government to give the affair as little publicity as possible.

STAMPEDING THE BLOODY EAST TENNESSEE CAVALRY.

BY T. B. STRINGFIELD, BOISE, OKLA.

One morning during the last eighteen months of the War between the States I was on my way to school (I taught the primary classes as assistant to the young lady teacher, to whom I also recited) when I met a Confederate scouting party of about fifty men commanded by Capt. John Ball. I had known him when he was a pupil of the Strawberry Plains College, East Tennessee, and recognized him at once, though I had not seen him for nearly four years. I called out to him: "Hello, John. Where are you going? Better look out, or the — Yanks will nab you. Lots of 'em over on the New Market road." He replied: "Hello, Tommie. What are

you doing in this valley?" I told him that I lived with the Harper family, that I didn't go to Virginia with the rest of the family, and asked him where he was going. Captain Ball then told me that they were going over to the New Market road to ambush the bloody 13th East Tennessee Cavalry, which was on its way to Knoxville, and he suggested that if I wanted to see some fun to go over to Hodge's Ridge, find a good place where the road leading west to the plains could be seen, and in about an hour I'd see something lively. He cautioned me not to say anything about it, as everybody they had met thought they were Yankees. I told him I wanted my two chums to go with me and got his permission.

Captain Ball and his scouts then passed on over the ridge to the road leading west toward Knoxville, while I passed on to a crossroad not far from the schoolhouse, where I sat down on a large rock to wait for Johnnie and Florence Brazzleton, nephew and niece of Col. William Brazzleton, and my chums. I told them what was going to happen. They wanted to see the fun too, so we hurried up; and about twenty minutes after we had found a place affording a splendid view of the road for two miles east and west we heard the report of a gun; then a volley was fired. After that there was silence for a few moments, then all at once the usual Rebel yell. Then we knew that the fun had begun. The Confederate scouts had waited until the main body of the troops passed their hiding place, and then with a whoop, yell, shot, and scramble they stampeded the pack mules bringing up the rear with the troopers' camp outfit. The rattling of pots, kettles, pans, etc., sounded even to us watchers as though there were ten times the number of troops and pack mules.

We had not long to wait until that gallant, bloody 13th East Tennessee Regiment strung out on the road below us. From our position we could see the scouts run in, cut out, and cut loose packs from some of the mules, which we learned afterwards were the officers' packs. Johnnie and I each had a gun, and we fired once on the fleeing Yankees; but as our guns were loaded only with slugs beaten out of musket balls (the only shot obtainable by us boys), we did no harm. There was plenty of fun in it for us, though, for nearly everybody hated beyond measure that regiment of Yankee soldiers. We had always counted them cowards, made up of the worst bushwhacking elements, and of course the easy stampede of a thousand men by only fifty Confederate scouts proved beyond a doubt that we were correct in our estimate of their bravery. Boylike, we did not stop to think that perhaps their mounts were badly frightened by the helter-skelter noise and hullabaloo coming on so suddenly in the rear. Anyway, the flying Yankees did not stop until they reached the river and were under the protection of the fort at Strawberry Plains.

After the fleeing Yankees had passed out of sight, Captain Ball, with ten or fifteen men, came down the road and stopped just opposite us. We asked him how many there were killed and wounded. We had expected from the noise and confusion to hear of at least one hundred casualties, but he replied, laughing: "None, not even a wounded man; but we got what we were after—officers' baggage." Captain Ball and his Confederate scouts turned east and, as if almost by magic, disappeared.

The next day at school we heard all about the stampede, more minutely described than we could have done it, and in these descriptions there were from fifty to one hundred killed and wounded. We, of course, kept mum. In fact, it would not have been safe for us to admit a knowledge of the stampede.

The next Saturday several of us boys made a trip from Rocky Valley to Strawberry Plains and there learned that the "Bloody 13th" had one of the most desperate encounters of the war, holding the road against overwhelming numbers of Rebels led by General Wheeler. Of course Johnnie Brazleton and I knew differently, but did not dare to say so. However, when we knew it to be perfectly safe, we told our friends all about the stampede and put them on to asking through other troopers what was done with the dead and wounded. Then it gradually leaked out just what did happen. And this is how the bloody East Tennessee Yankee cavalry was stampeded.

CONFEDERATE MOTHERS—A CENTENARIAN.

This picture of "our dear old Confederate mother" was sent by a friend at Omaha, Ga., who is proud to claim for that State and community the very oldest living mother of a Confederate soldier. On January 4 Mrs. Louise Mesner Singer celebrated her one hundredth birthday, which was made a happy occasion by the good wishes and congratulations of friends and the receipt of sweet messages from far and near, with gifts of flowers and other remembrances. The day was closed with an auto ride and a "picture-taking" with her loved ones about her.

Mrs. Singer was born in Germany, but came to this country as a child and grew to young womanhood in Baltimore, Md. She was married in 1838 and is the mother of eleven children. She has one son left who was a Confederate soldier. John Singer was a member of Company E, 31st Georgia Regiment, whose first colonel was Clement A. Evans until his promotion to brigadier general.

Mrs. Singer has always been an active and busy woman, fond of doing beautiful needlework until her fingers seemed to lose their cunning during the past year; but she is blessed with good sight and enjoys reading. She is still alert and interested in what affects the welfare of the family and community.

Mrs. Mary Barrow, of Rogillioville, West Feliciana Parish, La., who was the wife of Col. Robert Barrow, commanding the 11th Louisiana Volunteers, is one of the active Confederate mothers, though she passed her ninetieth milestone last July. She was born in Halifax County, N. C., went to Louisiana as a child, and there grew up, married, and reared her family of nine children. Her son, Charles M. Barrow, of Rogillioville, served in a regiment of Louisiana cavalry. Mrs. Barrow spends her winters in New Orleans, keeps interested in current events, and enjoys the memories of her long life and its varied experiences.



MRS. LOUISE M. SINGER.

Mrs. Mariah M. Pitts, living near Water Valley, Miss., is another Confederate mother who celebrated her ninetieth birthday on October 13, 1915. She is the mother of J. M. Pitts, of Redlands, Cal., who served as a private in Company I, 1st Regiment of Mississippi Cavalry, Armstrong's Brigade.

Mrs. Amanda Britt, aged ninety-two, on September 10, 1915, living at Cornie, Union County, Ark., the oldest white person in the county, is the mother of Charles G. Britt, aged seventy years, of Cornie, Ark., who served in the Confederate army from Arkansas, and Thomas Britt, deceased.

The mother of Capt. Frank Anderson, of Nashville, Tenn., is still living at the age of ninety-three years. Captain Anderson is in command of Troop A, a noted Confederate veteran cavalry company of Nashville.

Mrs. E. S. Daniel, who lives near Bogart, Ga., and is now in her eighties, had sons in the Confederate army; also Mrs. Berry Gordon, living near Comanche, Ga., who was born in 1824.

W. W. GIST'S ARTICLE COMMENDED.

BY E. S. COLLINS, COLLETTA, MISS.

In this I simply desire to commend you for giving publicity to the letter of W. W. Gist, of Cedar Falls, Ia., regarding Hood's campaign to Nashville, Tenn., in the last months of 1864. Veteran Gist was a Federal soldier, and in his statement relative to Hood's advance from Columbia to Nashville he brings out his failure to accomplish at Spring Hill that which would have made his name in history famous and which lay so easily in his grasp, yet at Franklin's disastrous defeat killed the chivalrous spirit of as brave and patriotic soldier as ever fought for liberty.

Although half a century has passed since they occurred, the incidents of that advance are as fresh in my mind as if they had recently taken place. The 29th of November was my birthday, and, rising out at Columbia at daylight that morning as we were to start for that martyr, Ring Gen. John Adams, understanding Hood's design of circumventing General Schofield and capturing his camps, all during the day as we pressed forward, much at the time at a double quick pace through fields and byways and without hindrance or interference, we looked forward with great hope of soon reaching the goal of our expectation. Every soldier was, no doubt, thus inspired, for each and every one understood Hood's motive. Our division, Long's, of Stewart's Corps, reached the pike near Spring Hill in ample time to have formed a line of battle across the pike on Hood's Schofield's retreat. But just at this juncture all being halted and hearing some distant firing of batteries across the river toward Spring Hill, there arose quite a ripple of nervous curiosity, dashing to and fro, each seeking for information as to long after commanders at the head of their varied troops, which made conditions all the more exciting and treacherous. There we were at rest for thirty or forty minutes, then, being called, the boys began to stir about considerably in order to keep up blood circulation, eager to move any way or anywhere. About twilight the order came for our brigade to fall back several hundred yards from the pike and go into line for the night. Thus relief came to the situation, I remember well. We moved out and up a little dry cobblestone brook, and, being tired and worn down from the day's forced march, we were soon wrapped in slumber, while the enemy passed by

and escaped the wise, successful, and strategic move of the well-known fighting general, John B. Hood. Failing to observe the tide of opportunity at the critical moment, everything was lost of a well-planned movement, and thus it was that fortune smiled upon the much-frightened Schofield and his army. Whose fault? Why, it seems clear to my mind that the statement of W. W. Gist, of Company D, 26th Ohio Regiment, in the *VETERAN* for January, 1916, gives a correct solution without any invidious feeling for either army.

Let every old soldier on both sides read it carefully, make an honest deduction of all that transpired on the 29th and 30th of November, 1864, and decide for himself in the same spirit. Mr. Gist has endeavored to get history correct. From the way he presents conditions it appears that the Federal generals were equally as culpable as some of our own in the mysteries which have never been explained.

FOR THE BENEFIT OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

In the Senate of the United States on December 7, 1915, Mr. Works introduced the following bill, which was read twice and referred to the Committee on Military Affairs:

A BILL TO PROVIDE HOMES FOR CONFEDERATE VETERANS OF THE CIVIL WAR.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That the managers of the National Home for Disabled Volunteer Soldiers of the United States shall, as early as possible, select and designate one of such homes to be used as hereinafter provided and shall distribute the inmates now at such home among other branches of the national home, and such home shall be turned over by or before July 1, 1916, to a board of five managers, to be chosen by Congress, to be used as a home for disabled ex-Confederate soldiers, their wives and widows; and that the sum of \$400,000, or as much thereof as may be necessary, be, and the same is hereby, appropriated out of any money in the treasury not otherwise appropriated for this purpose.

Sec. 2. That a branch home be established at Washington, District of Columbia, for disabled ex-Confederate soldiers, their wives and widows, residing in the District of Columbia and for the same class of persons living in States where there are no Confederate homes; and that the sum of \$50,000, or as much thereof as may be necessary, be, and the same is hereby, appropriated out of any money in the treasury not otherwise appropriated for this purpose and shall be available from the taking effect of this act.

Sec. 3. That the sum of \$270,000, or as much thereof as may be necessary, be, and the same is hereby, appropriated out of any money in the treasury not otherwise appropriated to aid the Confederate homes of the South, extending the same aid *per capita* as is now extended to the State and territorial homes of the North.

Sec. 4. That the managers chosen under this act shall proceed as soon as possible to frame such laws and regulations for the government of said homes and shall appoint such officials and employ such persons as they may deem necessary at a reasonable compensation, in the aggregate not to exceed \$30,000 per annum, all of which shall be subject to the ap-

proval of the Secretary of War and shall be available from the taking effect of this act.

Sec. 5. That the home hereby created and the managers thereof shall be independent of the managers of the National Home for Disabled Volunteer Soldiers of the United States, but in all other respects shall be subject to the laws and regulations that govern the National Home for Disabled Volunteer Soldiers of the United States.

Sec. 6. That the title to all property that may be acquired under this act shall be vested in the United States.

Sec. 7. That the sum of \$50,000, or as much thereof as may be necessary, be, and the same is hereby, appropriated out of any money in the treasury not otherwise appropriated to meet the preliminary expenses necessary to carry out the above enactments and shall be available from the taking effect of this act.

STATE MONUMENTS, MARKERS, TABLETS, AND BATTERIES.

The following table shows the number of memorial monuments and markers of marble, granite, and bronze erected in the Chickamauga and Chattanooga National Park.

Guns mounted on carriages in battery in Chickamauga Park:

Forty-four Union batteries.....109
Twenty Confederate batteries..... 96

In Chattanooga, Lookout Mountain, Missionary Ridge, and Orchard Knob:

Ten Union batteries..... 20
Ten Confederate batteries..... 20
Bronze historical tablets, Chattanooga..... 61
Army and corps headquarters shell monuments..... 14

Memorial shell monuments, brigade commanders killed:

Five Union, four Confederate..... 9
Historical tablets.....638
Distance and locality tablets.....360

	CHICKAMAUGA PARK.		CHATTANOOGA AND VICINITY.	
	Monu-ments.	Mark-ers.	Monu-ments.	Mark-ers.
Alabama	1			
Connecticut			1	
Florida	1			
Georgia	1	55		
Illinois	37	33	18	19
Indiana	39	75		
Iowa			3	
Kansas	1	2	2	
Kentucky	1	23		
Maryland			1	
Massachusetts			1	
Michigan	10	11		1
Minnesota	4		1	
Missouri	1	4	2	14
New Jersey.....			1	
New York.....			7	
Ohio	55	53	11	70
Pennsylvania	7	1	9	6
South Carolina.....	1	10		
Tennessee	4	47		
Wisconsin	9	5	1	2
Total	172	319	60	112

Granite monuments to United States regular troops.....	9
Shell monuments to United States regular troops.....	23
Iron observation towers, 70 feet high to observatory.....	5
Wilder's monument observation tower, 85 feet high.....	1
Miles of boulevards and avenues completed.....	105
Number of acres in park	6,965

Monuments were erected to batteries commanded by Landrum and by Carnes.

The Carnes monument was erected by the Ladies' Memorial Association, Montgomery, Ala., and dedicated during the Confederate Reunion in May, 1913, as was also the Florida monument.

THE DEAD AT CHATTANOOGA.

In round numbers the total casualties in the battles around Chattanooga were 47,000. These casualties include the battles of Chattanooga, Missionary Ridge, and Chickamauga. Of the total casualties, a little more than 33,000 belong to the bloody field of Chickamauga. Historians figure that the battle of Chickamauga has to its credit the highest per cent of casualties in the great battles of Chickamauga—greater than Waterloo, which holds the title in European battles. The name "River of Death" is certainly not inapplicable to Chickamauga Creek, the little stream along which the battle raged.

JEFFERSON DAVIS HOME ASSOCIATION.

CONTRIBUTIONS RECEIVED SINCE DECEMBER 1, 1915.

B. B. Paddock, Fort Worth, Tex.....	\$ 5 00
C. B. Vance, Batesville, Miss.....	5 00
Charles E. Claggett, Louisville, Ky.....	10 00
Mrs. F. C. Fox, Amarillo, Tex.....	2 50
Mrs. H. Y. Rugeley, Bay City, Tex.....	4 00
Mrs. Minnie L. Rosentree, Treasurer U. D. C., Quitman, Ga.....	5 00
Legh R. Watts, Portsmouth, Va.....	5 00
J. W. Myers, Memphis, Tenn.....	5 20
James P. Coffin, Batesville, Ark.....	5 00
Mrs. James B. Hewitt, St. Paul, Minn.....	1 00
Mrs. L. Palmer, Corresponding Secretary Clubmen Guard Chapter, U. D. C., Homer, La.....	1 00
H. C. Rodes, Louisville, Ky.....	5 00
W. B. Mallory, Memphis, Tenn.....	5 00
G. W. B. Hale, Rocky Mount, Va.....	11 00
Mrs. T. M. Jones, Treasurer Maury Chapter, U. D. C., Columbia, Tenn.....	5 00
Miss Minnie Harris, Treasurer Lansar Chapter, U. D. C., Paris, Tex.....	5 00
Mrs. F. M. Cunegus, Treasurer U. D. C., Shawnee, Okla.....	1 00
Mrs. W. Henry Hensley, Treasurer T. U. Mane Chapter, U. D. C., Hearne, Tex.....	1 00
Lewis R. Atwood, Louisville, Ky.....	10 00
E. S. Rugeley Camp, No. 1428, U. C. V., Bay City, Tex.....	5 00
M. D. Herring, Byhalia, Miss.....	1 00
Mrs. John E. Wood, Scarsdale, N. Y.....	1 50
Mrs. A. N. Martin, Treasurer Lebanon (Tenn.) Chapter, U. D. C.....	15 00
Mrs. Florida Norwood, Treasurer U. D. C., Navasota, Tex.....	2 00
V. Y. Cook, Batesville, Ark.....	25 00
J. B. Levert, New Orleans, La.....	10 00
W. A. Clark, Columbia, S. C.....	5 00
A. W. Macklin, Frankfort, Ky.....	10 00

Henry Moore, Texarkana, Tex.....	\$ 5 00
J. W. Burke, Atlanta, Ga.....	5 00
R. V. Sneed, Sulphur, Okla.....	5 00
W. H. Scanland, Shreveport, La.....	10 00
George Smartt, Chattanooga, Tenn.....	5 00
Mrs. T. C. Munn, Treasurer L. S. Ross Chapter, U. D. C., Bryan, Tex.....	5 00
T. C. Jasper, Plano, Tex.....	5 00
John C. Griffiss, Chattanooga, Tenn.....	5 00
T. W. Cunningham, Joplin, Mo.....	5 00
W. S. Davidson, Beaumont, Tex.....	10 00
J. Q. Dickinson, Charleston, W. Va.....	10 00
Dr. S. E. Lewis, Washington, D. C.....	10 00
George G. Crawford, New York, N. Y.....	10 00
B. F. Ellis, Orville, Ala.....	5 00
E. J. Fry, Marshall, Tex.....	5 00

THE SPIRIT OF TRUE SOLDIERS.

BY H. T. SULLIVAN, CHIEF OF THE

More than half a century has passed since the close of the War between the States, and the people of this great nation have learned that the bitter struggle fought between the brave men of the North and South only tended to cement the ties of our great republic. There was no bitterness or animosity between the men who fought so bravely, and only the stay-at-homes and fire eaters have tried to stir up sectional feeling.

As an illustration of the good fellowship between the Johnnies and Yanks, I wish to recall an incident. I was a member of the Sixth Pennsylvania Infantry, and for some time during the summer of 1864 the picket pits of the two lines were not over a hundred feet apart. A North Carolina regiment (I believe it was the 13th) and my regiment were facing each other on the line. Our videttes sat side by side on a log about halfway between the pits. We talked the matter over and could have settled the war in thirty minutes had it been left to us.

After the war I drifted into the Northwest and in 1868 I was returning to my native State when I was unfortunate enough to have my pocket picked. On the seat next to me was a young man whom I soon found to be an ex-Confederate on his way home to North Carolina. I told him my hard-luck story, and he tendered me half the money he had, but on putting it in my pocket I found fractional currency enough to pay my way to a station where I had a friend, so I returned the Confederate's money to him with thanks. I lost his address, but hope I may be able to hear of it from him at this late day.

Go on with your good work and teach the rising generation that the men who engaged in the great conflict were moved by motives of patriotism as it was given them to see the right, and as a result of the sufferings and privations of these brave men we have left to posterity a Union indivisible.

TO GEORGIA SOLDIERS AND THEIR DESCENDANTS.

We are organizing a Confederate museum at Atlanta and wish to hear from any of the above who care to participate in this work. We will purchase Confederate relics, especially pictures, uniforms, arms, etc.

Address Dr. George Brown, President of the Georgia Museum and Memorial Association, Atlanta, Ga.

LONG-NEGLECTED GRAVES.

When in the midst of mighty conflicts, when men go down like chaff before the wind beneath the volley of contending armies, when regiments and "thousands bleed to lift one hero into fame," we are disposed to lose sight of battles of minor magnitude, although the results of the lesser engagements may be infinitely more far-reaching and important.

Such seems to be the case in the battle of Harrisburg, near Tupelo, Miss. Generals Foust and Stephen D. Lee led the boys of the South in that battle, on the 14th of July, 1864. The charge was made, the onslaught was terrible, and our men went down to death by the hundreds. Yes, we won the victory, but at a cost of the lives of many a father, brother, son, and sweetheart.

It seems to me when I write about this that I can hear the clatter of small arms and the boom of cannon as I did on that day. The din of battle and scenes of war were indelibly written on the walls of memory that day and the next day and night, for the Federals retreated eighteen miles north to where I lived, in the little town of Ellistown, and camped a day and a night. And the graves that were made after the battle on the hill at Harrisburg are not marked, save by an old oak tree with a hole through it that was made by a cannon ball that day, and it is fast decaying. The Tupelo Chapter of the United Daughters of the Confederacy have started a fund to put a monument on the ground in memory of the brave heroes who were in that battle. We have it fenced in and thought we would send this letter to the *VETERAN*; and if any of those who read it wish to help, it will be gladly received.

I think we ought to mark the graves of the men who were in the small battles as well as the larger ones. We want to erect this monument this year if possible. Any donations may be sent to Mrs. Carrie Yates, Chairman Harrisburg Battle Field Committee, 634 Main Street, Tupelo, Miss.

 WAR HISTORY OF NORTH CAROLINA.

The special committee of the North Carolina Division, U. C. V., has perfected plans to raise funds for having an authentic history of North Carolina's part in the War between the States written. The committee is planning to raise from \$25,000 to \$30,000, the fund already being practically assured.

The committee consists of R. H. Hicks, Rocky Mount; A. H. Boyden, Salisbury; James I. Metts, Wilmington; W. L. London, Pittsboro; and Col. J. Bryan Grimes, Secretary of State.

The State Historical Commission was empowered to contract with President D. H. Hill, of the Agricultural and Mechanical College, for this work. He will accept, and this will necessitate his retirement from the presidency of the college. —*Richmond Times-Dispatch*.

 OFFICERS OF THE MISSOURI DIVISION.

At the meeting in Springfield, Mo., in September, 1915, the following officers were elected by the Missouri Division, U. C. V.:

Commander, Thomas C. Love, Springfield.

Commander Western Brigade, W. P. Bronough, Clinton.

Commander Eastern Brigade, L. S. Flateau, St. Louis.

Under the rules of this Division, officers are changed yearly.

WAR'S FASCINATION.—General Lee at Fredericksburg is credited with the remark as he saw the Federal regiments break themselves against his lines: "It is well war is so terrible, or we would grow too fond of it." This reminds me of a conversation I had in 1899 with the Rev. Dr. Lafferty, editor of a Richmond Methodist paper. The Doctor had been on the staff of Gen. A. P. Hill and was present at the battle of Gettysburg and witnessed Pickett's charge on the third day. He said General Lee sat in front of a tent fly on a camp chair, with General Hill standing by him, watching the charge. General Lee was outwardly calm, twirling his spectacles in his hand. But the Doctor said the light of battle was in his eyes, and it was plain that he longed to be with the charging column. "He loved to fight," said the Doctor. When the charging column was repulsed and streamed back from the enemy's works, General Hill rushed to the rear of the little tent and, putting his hands over his face, burst into tears. But General Lee was perfectly calm. With steady nerve and quiet voice he ordered his horse and rode forward to meet the retreating divisions and spoke words of praise and encouragement.

J. H. McNEILLY.

SEEKS HIS SWORD.—Capt. W. R. Adams, of Larned, Kans., is very anxious to find the sword which he lost when captured at Chickamauga and sent to Libby Prison. He writes: "I was a captain in the 89th Regiment of Ohio Volunteer Infantry and, with the 22d Michigan as Le Favour's Brigade, was thrown in upon the right wing of General Thomas's corps about noon September 20, 1863. We fought until after dark, when we were completely surrounded, captured, and sent to Libby Prison. On the next morning our swords were delivered to an officer whose name, rank, and regiment I took with an agreement that I could redeem my sword. In my escape from Libby via the tunnel I lost the paper and have forgotten the contents, but it is my impression that the officer was a lieutenant in the 54th Georgia or the 54th Virginia. My sword was a present from my friends of Chillicothe, Ohio, and there was inscribed on the upper part of the scabbard the following, as nearly as I can remember: 'Presented to Wesley R. Adams, Captain of Company K, 89th O. V. I., by his friends.' Whoever can help me secure my sword will be held in grateful remembrance."

BURIED AMONG STRANGERS.—Scott D. Davis writes from Lewisburg, Tenn., of two soldiers who were wounded in the battle of Farmington, October 7, 1863, and are buried in Marshall County, Tenn. Jim Kesterson, who lived at Mayfield, Ky., died at the home of Needham Wiggs and was buried at Berthbirei. Jesse Harrison, shot in the leg, died at Mr. John Ray's home, near Lewisburg, and is buried at the Talley graveyard, on the Mooresville Pike. This information is given for the benefit of friends or relatives who may never have known their fate. He also wants to know of the place in Kentucky where an engagement took place between a squad of Confederate bushwhackers, under command of Champ Ferguson, and a regiment of Federals. It occurred in September, 1862, at some place in Kentucky after crossing the river between Lebanon and Sparta, Tenn. The Confederates were on the mountain, the Federals below at the foot of the mountain. The Confederates hurled down immense stones, destroying men, horses, and wagons.

TO HEIRS OF NAVAL OFFICERS WHO SERVED IN
THE WAR WITH MEXICO.

If you will address the undersigned, you will hear of something which may be to your pecuniary advantage.

M. DELEON,
1220 Fifteenth N. W., Washington, D. C.

When W. A. Rouse, 2nd, captain of the 1st Regt. G. M. S. Troop, assisted by Capt. George C. Lee, B. R. S., dated April 25, 1863, at Suffolk, Va., reads as follows: "The commanding general directs that you cause the buffalo W. A. Rouse and others to be arrested and sent back for further disposal." I am, Sir, very respectfully, Sir, your obedient servant on the subject.

JOHN C. STILES, Brunswick, Ga.

One of the most active friends in behalf of the VETERAN is Comrade William L. Cameron, of Galveston, Tex., whose efforts have been most successful in increasing the membership of the camp during the past year. This was accomplished by the publication of its list of officers and members. This is splendid publicity for a Camp, as it brings out the names of many who served in other State troops, and who have since then been forgotten and whose whereabouts for many years.

For many years the capable representative of the VETERAN, Miss F. E. Bligh, has been making annual trips over the Southern States, winning and holding friends for the publication. Many look forward to her yearly visit and hold their subscription payments until she comes. The VETERAN appreciates her loyalty and asks for her continuance of these favors. The work is hard, and there is loss in the long distances to be covered and when patrons are not ready to pay; so every one can forward her work by being ready for her visit and by doing all possible to interest others. All of which is to the benefit of the VETERAN as well. Miss Bligh is now in Texas, the State of big things, and it is her ambition to help make this the biggest year for the VETERAN. Friends, will you do your part too?

Bulloch County Chapter, U. D. C., Statesboro, Ga., is trying to secure a pension for Mrs. J. A. Hale, widow of Capt. W. F. L. Hale, who during 1863 was stationed at Charleston, S. C., as aid-de-camp to General Beauregard in the Confederate army. Captain Hale had come to General Beauregard in a badly wounded condition, unfit for service in the field. He established a lookout from the steeple of St. Michael's Church, and just before the attacks on Battery Wagner, on Morris Island, he translated a flag signal dispatch from General Gilmore, U. S. A., to Admiral Dahlgreen, United States naval commander, reading: "Cease firing at six o'clock, when I make the assault." Any one who knew Captain Hale as a Confederate soldier and is interested in securing a pension for his aged wife will please write to the Chapter mentioned above.

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J. O. Kincannon, of Booneville, Ark., is trying to help Henry Baker get a pension and would like to hear from some comrade who was a member of Company A, 1st Louisiana Infantry.

John C. McGrew, of Gainesville, Fla., writes that he was a member of Sengstack's Battery, for whom D. R. Klinger, of Jackson, Ala., made inquiry. He had written to Mr. Klinger, but received no answer.

W. F. Ross, of Pecan Gap, Tex., wants to correspond with some one who knew and can testify to the service of Perry Cardens, who belonged to Company A, 10th Alabama Infantry, and was paroled at Appomattox Courthouse.

D. S. Lane, of Latta, S. C., wants to communicate with some comrade who served with him in Company C, 1st Regiment of South Carolina Regulars, commanded by Colonel Dunnivant. The first lieutenant was Burnett. Mr. Lane was badly wounded at Johns Island, S. C. Please write him in care of W. B. Allen, Commander of the Camp.

John Higgins, a resident of Maryland or Louisiana, served in the Confederate navy during the War between the States. Can any one give information of his service that will enable his daughter to join the U. D. C.? He was living in Louisiana at the time of his death, many years ago. Address Miss Alice Lamkin, Vice President McComb Chapter, U. D. C., McComb, Miss.

Miss S. Stephens Stone, 202 North Thirty-Second Street, Louisville, Ky., in order to help Mrs. Eugene Pritchard get a pension, wants some information of her husband, who was known as James Eugene Hughes. He was captured with Morgan in Ohio and imprisoned at Camp Douglas. He was from Louisville, Ky., but enlisted from Memphis.

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CHAUNCEY C. FOSTER, Nashville, Tenn.

Mrs. S. A. Anderson, Route 3, Okemah, Okla., wants to hear from some one who can testify to the service of Samuel A. Anderson, who enlisted in Company B, 32d Texas Cavalry, Bee's Division.

D. T. Bartlett, of Blue Mountain, Miss., writes of the capture of four Federal officers belonging to a dispatch boat named John Quill near the Cooper River, in South Carolina, in 1865, and would like to know if they are still living. He wants to hear from them.

John T. Brown, of Newtown, Mo., wants to learn something of his brother, James M. Brown, of Linneus, Mo., who enlisted in 1862 under Gen. Sterling Price. He doesn't know the name of the company or regiment, but the captain's name was William Sandusky, of Linneus, Mo., and the first lieutenant was Taylor Richardson.

Mrs. H. B. Thompson, of Kewanee, Ill., makes inquiry for some surviving comrade of her uncle, Tilburn A. Cochran, of Marion County, Mo., who enlisted in August, 1862, in Company B 1st Missouri Cavalry, Shelby's Brigade. He served under Capt. B. McNeves and General Gordon; was captured at Little Rock and taken to Alton, Ill., where he was a prisoner for several months before being sent to Richmond for exchange.

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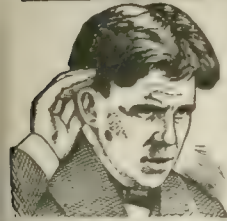
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CINCINNATI

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Mrs. W. J. Staton, of Ada, Okla., desires information of her husband, who enlisted at Lewisburg, Tenn., and later was located in Atlanta, Ga., to make saddles for the Confederacy.

Mrs. George C. Stone, 272 Carr Avenue, Clarksburg, W. Va., wants information of Andrew Littleton Cline, commonly called "Litt" Cline, who enlisted in the Confederate army from West Virginia.

Mr. W. M. Wright, of Pike City, Ark., is seeking proof of his service and would like to hear from some surviving comrade. He served in Company B, 8th Georgia Regiment, under Capt. Howard Pitner, Col. Joe McConnell, and General LeBoutte. He was in the siege of Vicksburg.

Mrs. Lela Randolph, 2089 Peabody Avenue, Memphis, Tenn., wants to establish the record of her husband, George W. Randolph, who enlisted near Houston, Miss., in November, 1862, in Company D, Ballentine's Regiment. He was provost marshal at West Point, Miss., part of the time and also a scout for General Forrest. If Lieutenant Horton, who lived near Winona, Miss., is still living, she would like to hear from him.

EXPLOSIVE BULLETS. Dr. GEORGE BROWN writes from Atlanta, Ga.: "The so-called poisonous and explosive bullets have been heard of and shown all over the South since the war. In order to set the matter right, I submitted samples of them to Mr. Francis Bannerman, a military expert of New York, and submit his reply. Your letter and box of bullets to hand. Before answering I consulted Brig. Gen. John Pitman (retired), United States Ordnance Department, who is an authority on cartridges. He confirms my belief that the bullet is what is called the Wilson's patent and was made for and used in the Civil War Springfield 58-caliber rifle. The zinc plug, being harder metal than the lead, was intended by the gas of the propelling charge to drive forward into the hollow of the lead ball in order to expand the lead bullet into taking the spiral rifle grooves of the barrel. General Pitman has weighed the bullet, 457.32 grains; the zinc expander, 100 grains; the precise caliber is .574." After the close of the war the United States government broke up a lot of Williams cartridges and spoiled a quantity of lead in melting the lead and zinc together."

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INFORMATION Regarding GRAVES OF CONFEDERATE PRISONERS OF WAR

who died in the hands of the Union forces is requested by the War Department in order that these graves shall receive national attention. Please write, giving name of the soldier or sailor and burial place, to

Dr. Samuel E. Lewis, Commissioner
Army Medical Library Building
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VOL. XXIV.

MARCH, 1916

NO. 3



GEN. FRANCIS M. COCKRELL
Born October 1, 1834; Died December 13, 1915



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PAY FOR CONFEDERATES.

The Confederate veterans will be paid off in good old Confederate money at the Birmingham Reunion, provided the Paymaster-General, J. M. Williams, of Memphis, Tenn., can secure these old bills. It is earnestly urged that our people all over the Southland get busy at once and send all the Confederate money they can find to Gen. J. M. Williams, 400 Bank of Commerce Building, Memphis, Tenn. It is further requested that all newspapers, magazines, etc., that are in sympathy with this unique feature of the Reunion give it wide publicity. It will be highly appreciated by all the veterans and their friends.

FIRST TROOPS THROUGH THOROUGHFARE GAP.

In your February number you were kind enough to print my article on the first troops through Thoroughfare Gap, where I claimed that honor for Georgia instead of Texas. Since that article was printed I have received a letter from Col. George H. Carmical, of Newnan, Ga., which makes me hasten to "eat my words" and make profuse apologies to the Texans. The Colonel has made it very clear that the Texans were through first, as the Georgians, not having time to follow the road, went over the mountain right behind the Yankees and thus cleared the situation.

JOHN C. STILES.

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LEADING ARTICLES IN THIS NUMBER.

	PAGE.
General Orders No. 35, U. C. V.....	99
Multiplying Confederate Troops.....	100
Confederate Generals Born in the North.....	100
Lee's Return to Gettysburg (poem). By Cassie Moncure Lyne.....	100
Gen. Francis Marion Cockrell.....	101
Missourians in Battle of Franklin. By Capt. Joseph Boyce.....	103
The Failure of the Confederacy. By J. H. McNeilly, D.D.....	112
Unique Historical Records. By John C. Stiles.....	117
Gen. D. H. Hill at Chickamauga. By George R. Ratchford.....	120
The Indian Battle of Chaustinolla. By Capt. H. L. Taylor.....	122
Captured at Trevilian Station. By D. M. Deck.....	123
"Old Jerry." By Annie Laurie Sharkey.....	125
At Spring Hill and Franklin Again. By E. Shapard.....	138
Government Relief for Confederates. By Perry M. de Leon.....	140
Monument to Carnes's Battery.....	140
What a "Buffalo" Was.....	140
The Southland (poem). By Grace Imogen Gish.....	141
The Birth of a Nation. By Dr. E. M. Emerson.....	141
Departments: U. D. C.....	104
Confederated Southern Memorial Association.....	111
The Last Roll.....	126
Sons of Confederate Veterans.....	134

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VOL. XXIV

NASHVILLE, TENN., MARCH, 1916

NO. 3 (S. A. CUNNINGHAM,
FOUNDER.)

HEADQUARTERS UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS
NEW ORLEANS, LA., January 24, 1916

GENERAL ORDERS NO. 35

1. At the Richmond Reunion in 1915 Birmingham, Ala. was chosen for the twenty-sixth annual gathering of the Confederate veterans. This hospitable city has three times enjoyed the distinguished privilege of entertaining the men who wore the gray. In 1864 Birmingham secured this great honor. In 1908 this splendid city again achieved reputation in rendering its hospitality to those who followed the Stars and Bars, and now, eight years afterwards, in 1916, the survivors of the armies that made history for the Confederate States will again assemble in the metropolis of Alabama. No city, save Richmond and Nashville, has had the distinction of three times entertaining these Confederate guests, when every place in the South is glad to have within its gates.

Great in peace and great in war, this renowned city of wealth gladly has undertaken to show its love to those men with her sons, made famous the Confederate name. The number of those who won immortality for the Southland is rapidly decreasing, but years cannot dim their loyalty and fealty to the great principles for which the South contended in its mighty struggle. It will be cheering and helpful to the Confederates to meet in that State where the Confederacy was organized and where, at Montgomery, Alabama's capital, Jefferson Davis took the oath of office as the Chief Executive of the young nation, and the spot where he did this will ever remain a consecrated place in the hearts of Confederates and their descendants.

The names which compose the rolls of the Confederate generals from Alabama shine with resplendent brilliancy on the pages of Anglo-Saxon history. The mention of Wheeler, Pelham, Kelley, Gregg, Semmes, Allen, Baker, Battle, Bowles, Bulger, Cantey, Clanton, Clayton, Deas, Deshler, Forney, Fry, Garrott, Gorgas, Gracie, Hagan, Holtzclaw, Johnston, Law, Leadbetter, Moody, Morgan, O'Neal, Perry, Pettus, Roddey, Rodes, Sanders, Shelley, Tracy, Withers, and Wood is an inspiration to courage and valor in every land and country.

Great as the renown and achievements of these generals appear, they deserve no more gratitude or admiration than the humble men in the ranks who stood behind the guns and by their cheerful sacrifices, unflinching courage, immeasurable patriotism, and heroic suffering amid great privations elevated in all lands the character and glory of volunteer soldiers.

No State which entered the Confederacy more promptly sent her sons to the front, and no men ever exhibited higher courage or displayed loftier valor. Sixty regiments of infantry and thirteen regiments of cavalry, six battalions and twenty batteries gave to Alabama among the States just reputation for loyalty to the cause of the South. Whether on foot or mounted, a bold and brave, those who bore her name gave a splendid account of themselves.

Her sons participated in all the great campaigns of the Confederacy. In the Army of Northern Virginia, in the Army of Tennessee the men from Alabama were engaged in three hundred battles or skirmishes, and there were no important battles west of the Mississippi River in which the men from Alabama did not sustain a heroic part. She gave us her contribution more than thirty generals and the names of her sons added to high personal and family glory on our banners and in stirring pages in the narrative of Southern history.

With a population of five hundred and twenty-five thousand white people, she contributed more than sixty thousand soldiers to the Confederate army. She did her part gloriously in all that required sacrifice, suffering, and loss for the Confederate cause, and posterity may only read the accounts of the deeds of Alabama Confederates and fail to say that they won imperishable renown.

Of the seventy regiments in the Confederate army with the highest percentage of mortality, Alabama had twelve of these distinctions to her credit, and in this matter she takes very high rank amongst her sister States. Of the engineer brigades which met the greatest decimation in battle, three were from Alabama. These two facts alone would justify the esteem in which Alabamians were held by all their Confederate comrades.

After hearing from the people of Birmingham and consulting with the Commanders of Departments, the 16th, 17th, and 18th of May have been designated for the 1916 Reunion of the United Confederate Veterans. The Confederate Southern Memorial Association and the Sons of Confederate Veterans will hold their conventions at the same time.

That Birmingham will do all that can be done to make this Reunion delightful and successful goes without saying.

By command of

BENNETT H. YOUNG

General Commanding

WILLIAM F. MCKEE,

Adjutant General and Chief of Staff

MULTIPLYING CONFEDERATE TROOPS.

BY MRS. THOMAS R. HARDAWAY, AMELIA C. H., VA.

I was glad to see the article on "Strength of the Confederacy," by Thomas G. Fulkerson, in the February *VETERAN*. I brought this same question before two meetings of the Virginia Division, U. D. C., in 1914, and I urged several veterans at the Reunion in Richmond last June to bring it before the convention then in session. In collecting the rosters of my own county (Amelia, Va.) I was confronted by the same conditions, one soldier's name appearing upon two or three different rosters, he having entered one company and after serving awhile for some cause enlisting in another.

I also found another cause that is multiplying the number of our Confederate soldiers greatly, this arising from the different methods that are being used to collect these rosters. Some counties collect and record the names of the soldiers who went from their own county; another, and perhaps it may be an adjoining county, will collect by companies. In my county, for instance, there were men from eight different counties enlisted; in one company there were five Marylanders. One man of Caroline County, Va., living in Colorado when war was declared, came back and joined the Amelia Troop with his brother, who was then teaching in Amelia. Colorado is now claiming this soldier as enlisting from that State; while I have his name in his company roster, and Caroline County may have him enlisted in her county list. Thus he would be recorded three times.

Again, there are counties collecting both the company rosters and also the names of county men who served in companies formed in other counties. There are numbers of men from my county who are known to have been in the service, and yet I can find no one who knows to what company they belonged. They must be recorded somewhere. Fearing they will be overlooked by the county or town in whose companies they enlisted, I make of these names a separate list under the head of "Companies Unknown."

I trust the Confederate Veterans will take this matter up at Birmingham in May and adopt one common method of recording our soldiers and urge all Camps and Chapters to follow the prescribed way.

CONFEDERATE GENERALS BORN IN THE NORTH.

COMPILED BY JOHN C. STILES

Of the four hundred and seventy-five general officers of the Confederate States army, one hundred and sixty-one had been in the United States army; but sixty had resigned from that service previous to 1860, and among them were Gens. T. J. Jackson and Leonidas Polk.

Of these one hundred and sixty-one old army men, nineteen were born in the North; and while eight had resigned previous to 1860, eleven went right out of the old into the new.

Gens. Samuel Cooper, Franklin Gardner, M. L. Smith, D. M. Frost, Archibald Gracie, Jr., W. M. Steele, and W. H. Stevens were born in New York; Gens. J. C. Pemberton, Josiah Gorgas, W. S. Walker, and J. K. Duncan, in Pennsylvania; Bushrod Johnson and R. S. Ripley, in Ohio; L. L. Lomax, in Rhode Island; S. G. French and J. A. De Lagnel, in New Jersey; Daniel Ruggles and C. W. Sears, in Massachusetts; Francis Shoup, in Indiana.

Some of these, who had resigned previous to 1860, were

living in the South, and of course their interest was there. Others were of Southern parentage and for that reason heard the call. Still others had married Southern women and preferred facing known, rather than unknown, terrors and therefore cast their lot with the Confederacy.

With the exception of Pemberton, who was wrongly accused of treason, and some hot talk about Cooper from John Tyler, Jr., there is nothing in history to show that these nineteen men did not do their duty as loyally, if not as ably, as any other generals in the Confederate army.

LEE'S RETURN TO GETTYSBURG.

BY CASSIE MONCURE LYNE.

Ours is a land at peace. Thank God! May it ever continue! Yet Virginia forgets not her dead, whom love bids us remember.

They gave their lives for our State, fell in the thick of the fray

When Armistead went over the wall and Pickett led bravely the way.

What were the names of these men? Only Fame and Honor can tell

Who charged up Seminary Ridge and near Little Round Top fell.

They need no pean of praise save "Virginia's Gettysburg Dead";

That tells the world who they were. No epitaph ever more said.

For if the shadowy host who sleep in uniforms gray and old
Could arise at the bugle note and this monument now behold,
A Rebel yell would start that mountain would echo to sea,
For Virginia as sentinel sends the majestic presence of Lee.



EQUESTRIAN STATUE OF GENERAL LEE FOR THE VIRGINIA MONUMENT AT GETTYSBURG.

GEN. FRANCIS MARION COCKRELL.

When the Senate of the United States adjourned on the morning of December 13, 1915, in respect to the memory of Ex-Senator Francis M. Cockrell, of Missouri, whose death had just been announced, it was said to have been the second time only that that august body had so honored the memory of one not then a member of it. The first instance of the kind was after Senator Vest, of Missouri, had delivered a brief speech on the death of Gen. Wade Hampton, which is still spoken of by those who heard it as one of the most affecting eulogies ever heard in the Senate of the United States. Thus when Senator Reed, of Missouri, briefly sketched the life and career of his distinguished fellow citizen, and moved that the Senate adjourn in honor to his memory, this great deliberative body again went on record as thus honoring another Southerner's faithful services to the Southernment.

For thirty years General Cockrell represented his State in the Upper House of Congress, serving continually from 1875 to 1905. He was then appointed Interstate Commerce Commissioner and served six years. In 1907 he was appointed Commissioner for the United States to reestablish the line between Texas and New Mexico. At the time of his death he was civilian member of the Board of Ordnance, War Department. He died at his home, in the Buckingham Hotel, Washington, D. C., and his funeral services were conducted at the Confederate Veterans' headquarters in that city.

Francis M. Cockrell was born in Johnson County, Mo., October 1, 1834. He received his education from the schools of his county and at Chapel Hill College, from which he graduated in 1853. He then studied law, was admitted to the bar in 1855, and was practicing his profession when, at the call of the Governor in May, 1861, he enlisted in the Missouri State Guard and was made first lieutenant and then captain. When the six months' period of enlistment had expired, he organized a company for the 2d Missouri Infantry, U. S. A., which was mustered in as Company H. At the reorganization of this command, in 1862, he was promoted to lieutenant colonel and a few weeks later to colonel. In July, 1864, he was commissioned as brigadier general. He was an excellent officer, noted for his courage and strict discipline, and he was idolized by his soldiers for his devotion to their comfort and welfare. He led his command in many battles and took active part in the siege of Vicksburg. After the close of this historic siege, made memorable by the heroic endurance of the garrison, he was on parole until September, 1863, when he was exchanged. As a brigadier general, still holding with him his faithful Missourians, he entered the Army of Mississippi, then under the command of Johnston, later of Polk, his brigade forming a part of French's Division. In March, 1864, all Missourians east of the Mississippi not in actual service were ordered to report to him for assignment to duty. At this juncture, when all the resources of the Confederacy in the Department of the West were being drawn upon to exhaustion to fill up the armies of Polk and Johnston, General Cockrell displayed such staunch allegiance to the cause as to merit the extraordinary honor of the thanks of Congress. By a joint resolution, approved May 23, 1864, it was resolved: "That the thanks of Congress are eminently due and are hereby tendered to Brig. Gen. F. M. Cockrell and the officers and soldiers composing the 1st, 2d, 3d, 4th, 5th, and 6th Regiments of Missouri Infantry, 1st, 2d, and 3d Regiments of Missouri Cavalry, the batteries of Bledsoe, Landis, Guibor, Walsh, Dawson, and Barrett, and Woodson's detached com-

pany, all in the service of the Confederacy east of the Mississippi River, for the prompt renewal of their pledges of fidelity to the cause of Southern independence for forty years unless independence and peace, without curtailment of boundaries, shall be sooner secured." With these Missouri troops he moved with Polk's army to the support of Johnston against Sherman, reaching Kingston, Ga., May 17, after which French's Division was under fire every day, with one exception, until the fall of Atlanta. At Lost Mountain General French received his thanks for General Cockrell's officers, and more for their gallant conduct in repulsing the enemy. Soon afterwards General Cockrell was again wounded, but resumed his command in August and was in constant skirmishing on the Atlanta lines until the evacuation. In the following winter he participated in the Tennessee campaign with General Hood and the fall of Franklin, where he received three serious wounds, losing nothing but his teeth until the spring of 1865. He was captured at Fort Bledsoe, opposite Mobile, on April 9, sent to Fort Sumter as a prisoner, and paroled on June 14, 1865.

Returning to Missouri, General Cockrell resumed the practice of law at Warrensburg. In 1874, when defeated for the nomination of the Unionist Convention to the House of Representatives by the fractiousness of the faithful, he went to a convention of the National Democrats, he accepted his defeat gracefully and returned to the State for his home. His record came in the following January (1874), when he was elected United States Senator to succeed the Hon. Carl Schurz, and he was re-elected four consecutive terms. As a Senator he won the respect and esteem of his colleagues by his industry and earnest attention to duty, as a statesman he was devoted to the best interests of the whole country, and to all the practical aims of his people, as a friend he was kind and true. He was the father of many sons and one daughter. (The house in Warrensburg is still Warrensburg.)

MISSOURIANS IN SERVICE OF THE CONFEDERACY.

BY CAPT. JAMES M. COCKRELL, 1861-1865.

My command, the 1st Missouri Confederate Brigade, Gen. F. M. Cockrell commanding, was a part of Gen. A. P. Stewart's Corps, Gen. Samuel G. French's Division, and after the Georgia campaign fought Sherman's campaign from Johnston until the fall of Atlanta, and the subsequent battles of Lookout, Allenton, and Tilton. General Hood decided to leave his army toward Nashville, Tenn., about two hundred miles distant.

We left Lookout Station about the last week of September, and during October the nights were mild and frosts very few. It was a dismal journey. Our clothing was not suitable for the severe weather, we were without overcoats, and shoes were scarce. We were obliged to leave behind at Tusculumbia and Florence many men who were so badly shod and clothed that they could not make the march toward Nashville.

We were bivouacked at Tusculumbia from November 1 until the 20th, awaiting the arrival of pontoon boats and supplies so that we could cross the Tennessee River, which was out of banks owing to the heavy and almost incessant rains. Despite the dreary march through cold and rainy weather, exhausting and depressing on troops not prepared for such trials and not enthused by past victories in Georgia, they were anxious to push on to the end to accomplish the defeat of the enemy at all hazards.

On the 20th of November we crossed the Tennessee River

on pontoons and marched through Florence on a cold, rainy day. The mud was thinned by the rain and snow to the consistency of gruel. The roadbed was macadam and our footing sure, but we waded through this awful mess for several miles before reaching the point where we were to bivouac. It took the best part of the night to clean up and make ourselves comfortable. We were much cheered at this place by meeting Forrest and his cavalry. They had just returned from Johnsonville and other points on the Tennessee River after a grand and victorious campaign. Among his troopers we saw our old friends of the famous 2d Missouri Cavalry, Col. Bob McCollough, and King's 2d Missouri Battery. This was a superb company of flying artillery, well equipped and drilled to perfection, commanded by Captain Faris and J. Russell Dougherty. Most of its members were from St. Charles, Mo. These two commands represented Missouri with Forrest's Cavalry during most of the war and always bore Missouri's banner in the front of the conflict with the enemy.

After a few days at Florence we started north with the army for Middle Tennessee. The morning we moved out on the road was gloomy and cloudy. Presently a snowstorm set in, the first heavy snow of the season. The men set up a shout and hurrahed for Missouri. "This is the kind of weather we want, regular old Missouri weather. This is none of your Southern rains; this is something decent. Hurrah for old Missouri! We are on our way home." After several hours the sun came out. We had by this time reached the pike road, and from that time on we had delightful weather and most excellent roads—very little rain, the nights cool and slightly frosty, the days warm and pleasant. This march was kept up for several days. We were received everywhere with great enthusiasm and kindness by the people along our route. We passed through the finest farming country we ever saw, and, to the enemy's credit, there were no signs of destruction to private property such as we saw in Georgia and Alabama.

We had several brushes with the enemy during our advance, but they were only skirmishes and did not give us any concern until the morning of the 30th of November, when a heavy skirmish line was thrown out from our brigade on the left of us. We marched in parallel lines and with the main body mostly on the road or pike passing through Spring Hill. I believe we were the advance infantry of Hood's army that day. Forrest was in our front with his cavalry, and he crowded the enemy fiercely at every point. This was very evident to us by the abandoned wagons of commissary stores. The enemy was too hotly pressed to have time to unhitch the mules. We found the poor creatures dead in their harness, having been shot through the head by the drivers or rear guard. Their bodies were still warm and smoking from the great exertion made to escape our advance. Forrest was certainly the "Wizard of the Saddle," and he must have traveled like the wind, for on the road near Franklin we saw two locomotives which he had captured steam up and blow off seemingly with indignation at their bad luck.

The citizens, nearly all old people or boys too young for military service, and any number of enthusiastic young ladies lined the fences, cheering us and crying out: "Push on, boys; you will capture all of the Yanks soon. They have just passed here on the dead run." We received the news with joyous cheers and kept our double-quick step along the road for several hours. About noon we reached a point near Franklin, a range of hills, and after passing over them came out in full view of the Federal position.

The ground appeared to us as level as a floor. The main army came on the field, and the divisions of Loring and Wal-

thall, of our corps (Stewart's), took positions for the battle. In the rear of Cheatham's and Cleburne's Divisions our division (French's) was the reserve. It consisted of Cockrell's and Sears's Brigades. Our other brigade (Ector's Texans) was not with us that day, having been left behind at Florence on guard duty. After considerable delay the Army of Tennessee was in position. It was a beautiful sight. As far as the eye could see it beheld troops moving into line for the attack. The troops were placed in echelon, and while moving to other places, except for the shells rushing over us, we might have been thought to be getting ready for inspection.

While we were in line of battle some one in the company, impressed with the scene, quoted Nelson's famous order at Trafalgar: "England expects every man to do his duty." Sergt. Denny Callahan took it up at once, saying: "It's d—little duty England would get out of this Irish crowd." Nearly all the company and regiment were composed of Irishmen or their descendants. The laugh Denny raised on this was long and hearty. They were noble fellows, indeed, laughing in the face of death. Four years of war hardens men, and yet there were few in the command over twenty-two years of age.

About four o'clock the corps of Lee and Cheatham were ready for the grand assault. The sun was going down behind a bank of dark clouds, as if to hide from sight the impending slaughter. His slanting rays threw a crimson light over the field and intrenchments in front, prophetic of our fate. Our brigade was in the rear, formed in the same order as at Allatoona's bloody field, recollections of which were so many thrilling reminders that it was no boy's play to charge this veteran Western infantry when well intrenched. General Cockrell gave orders to march straight for the position in quick time and not to fire a shot until we gained the top of the works; then when the decisive moment arrived, in clear, ringing tones came the final commands: "Shoulder arms! Right shoulder shift arms! Brigade forward! Guide center! Music! Quick time! March!" And this array of hardened veterans, every eye straight to the front, in actual perfection of drill and discipline, moved forward to our last and bloodiest charge. Our brass band, one of the finest in the army, went up with us, starting with "The Bonnie Blue Flag," changing to "Dixie" as we reached the deadly point.

The enemy instantly opened heavily with musketry and artillery in front and an enfilading fire from a battery on our right, on the far side of the Harpeth River, which was deliberate and deadly, as we fired not a shot in return. Men commenced dropping fast from the start. The distance we marched from our position where we first formed line of battle to the enemy's works was, I remember, about nine hundred yards. In that space our flag fell three times. Joseph T. Donavan, ensign, of St. Louis, was the first to fall, badly hurt by a fragment of shell. Two other members of the regiment, John S. Harris and Robert Bently, were killed a few moments later while carrying it. Sergt. Denny Callahan was the last bearer, and this brave Irish boy carried it successfully to the works, where he planted it, and was wounded and captured, the flag falling into the hands of the Federals when we were forced from the position.

Advancing in echelon (stair step) order, our long, swinging step soon brought us abreast of Cleburne's Division, just to the right of the Franklin Pike, and with that superb command we crossed the enemy's advance line of rifle pits, raised the glorious old yell, and rushed upon the main works a frantic, maddened body with overpowering impulse to reach the

enemy and kill, murder, destroy. On and on we went right up to the murderous parapet, delivered one smashing volley as General Cockrell had directed, and the line rolled over the works with empty guns, the bayonet now their only trust. I should have said what was left of the line, for the ground in the rear was all too thickly covered with the bodies of our comrades. Our colonel, Garland, of St. Louis was killed soon after we started, and as senior captain the command of the regiment devolved upon me.

As we crossed the rifle pits our line was delayed a moment, when, finding myself alone, I cried out: "Who is going to stay with me?" Lieut. A. B. Barnett, Dick Saulsbery, Robert Bonner, and Denny Callahan dashed up, flag in hand, and we led the regiment up on the Federal works, where we all went down together. I made a stroke at a blue cat, felt my leg give way, and fell on top of the works. He was too quick for me, my sword flying from my hand. In another second our men were on top of the parapet. The enemy's fire ceased abruptly, and I crawled forward and picked up my sword, then, finding that I could walk a little, I started back to look for a surgeon; but my wound was too severe, and I fell. Two slightly wounded men of the 5th Missouri assisted me off the field and placed me in an ambulance of General Quarles.

The enemy gave way, and we made another successful assault. It may sound boastful, but it is true, that never during the entire war did our Missouri command feel so sorry a day as we were ordered to take, and never did the enemy succeed in breaking our line. This can be said of very few commands in all the history of war, but the official reports of both sides agree in confirming the statement.

But our triumph was very short. With empty guns, without officers, out of breath, our thin line rested a few seconds, when it was assailed by the enemy's second line. The men inside the fatal fortifications of earth and log were repulsed. A solid wall of blue infantry advanced at the double-quick and poured in a volley. It was too much. Our brave fellows came out of the works as quickly as they had entered them and sought refuge behind the rifle pits a short distance back.

As we moved forward to the charge two guns of Guibor's St. Louis Battery, under command of Lieuts. A. W. Harris and Sam Kennard, advanced with us and opened fire at close range. As I limped back I saw the cannoners pushing their guns by hand to the front, right up to the rifle pits, where the infantry rallied upon them, and all opened fire. Night put a stop to the slaughter. During this last firing nearly all our wounded lying in front were killed by the enemy's fire. Poor fellows! their cries for help and for water could occasionally be heard; but no one could reach them, and they were gradually silenced by the fire from that awful parapet. After midnight the enemy withdrew, leaving his dead and severely wounded in our possession. Following the custom of Federal authorities in similar battles, this might be claimed as a Confederate victory. I can safely say that just two such victories will wipe out any army the power of man can organize. Surely "the path of glory leads but to the grave."

Our appalling loss was not generally realized until next morning, when a ghastly sight was revealed to those still living. Among the dead of our regiment were Col. Hugh A. Garland, brave and daring in battle, in camp as gentle as a child, and always in a good humor, Capt. Cadmus Bray, Lieuts. A. B. Barnett and — Cannon, and Sergt. William Hopkins. Of the wounded, I remember Lieut. Harry Thompson and Sergeant Jones.

The heroic bravery and thorough discipline of our brigade on the field of Franklin almost lost them their organization as Missourians. Those remaining did not make a good-sized regiment, while the regiments looked like companies. Our regiment had but three officers left for duty, Capt. James Wickersham and Lieuts. James Kennerly and Patrick Collins. This loss was proportionate throughout the brigade.

As it was rather an unusual thing for the "tooters" to go up in a charge with the "shooters," I think it but justice to give the names of the veterans composing our band. Every member had carried his musket in the ranks for two years and through many battles, and I believe all of them would have exchanged their instruments for muskets if ordered to remain in the rear. They were: First Junior Officer, leader, Edgar and Chris O'Neil; James and Thad Smith; Charles Ketchum, Sam Lyon, James Young, Shelby Jones, James Robinet, and Simeon Phillips.

Our army was a wreck. Our comrades were lying in the embrace of death. So many young hearts were stilled forever, and how many hearts can long look on the prospect of seeing the survivors of Missouri? The old men, women, and children of the people, and many, many families of Missouri friends bowed their heads in sorrow for the great loss laid out on the ill-fated field of Franklin.

Gen. F. M. Cockrell was badly wounded in the action, but during the battle his brigade, the Missouri, Col. Edgar Harris was severely wounded in both arms, losing one by amputation. Maj. Lewis M. Leath, commandant of St. Louis, was severely wounded and killed by the enemy's fire, the wound being fatal and occurring near the center of the line where the enemy's fire was most intense. Such was the slaughter of the day. I think he was the son of a General in the regular army.

It is a well-known fact that our army carried a smaller number of guns than the Federal army. There were only two guns in Franklin. The "War Records" state that Schofield had 100 guns and that he had 1,500 more without soldiers to man the guns brought with him, Guibor's Battery.

The task of burying the dead was commenced and continued through the day until finished. The wounded were sent into Franklin and made as comfortable as possible. Among the killed was General Cleburne, the model soldier. We felt his loss as deep as the end of his own empire. Men would cry to one another, "Why, Cleburne is killed!" and appeared to doubt it, as if such a calamity could not befall the army. Then the death of Capt. Patrick Canniff, commanding the 7th Missouri, caused us great grief. He was also a model soldier. After passing through so many battles, he was killed when needed most. He was wounded near the works and was too badly hurt to crawl away to a place of safety and received his death wound later on. Also among the killed were Lieut. William A. Crow, Patrick Marnell, and Thomas Hogan, all from St. Louis.

The day after burying the dead the command took up the line of march toward Nashville, passing to the right of the town of Franklin. After arriving at Nashville, the brigade, under command of Col. Peter F. Flournoy, of Linneus, Mo., was sent to the mouth of Duck River on outpost duty, passing through Franklin on its way. It did not remain long at this point, as news of the overwhelming disaster to our army at Nashville was brought by couriers to the brigade, and it was hurried off to join the retreating forces of Hood near Columbia.

On that dreadful retreat in the midst of winter, the weather

(Continued on page 104.)

United Daughters of the Confederacy.

MRS. CORDELIA POWELL ODENHEIMER, *President General.*

MRS. J. H. STEWART, *First Vice President General.*

MRS. L. M. BASHINSKY, *Second Vice President General.*

MRS. LULU A. LOVELL, *Third Vice President General.*

MRS. F. M. WILLIAMS, *Recording Secretary General.*

MRS. W. F. BAKER, *Corresponding Secretary General.*

MRS. C. B. TATE, *Treasurer General.*

MRS. ORLANDO HALLIBURTON, *Registrar General.*

MISS MILDRED RUTHERFORD, *Historian General.*

MRS. JOHN W. TENCH, *Custodian Cross of Honor.*

MRS. W. K. BEARD, *Custodian Flags and Pennants.*

"Love Makes Memory Eternal."

FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.

My Dear Daughters: Letters received by me from different sections of the country show a misconception of the Works bill and the Stone Mountain Memorial. Regarding my mention in the *VETERAN* of the Works bill, a lady writes: "I see in the January *VETERAN* that you ask your Daughters to urge their Senators and Representatives to support the bill offered by Senator Works in aid of indigent and afflicted Confederate men and women in the way of erecting a home for them." The other letters express the same impression.

The United States government has ten national homes. Death has been so busy that there is now room for about six thousand more inmates than they contain. The inspector general of the United States army recommends their consolidation, leaving two homes unoccupied. Senator Works's bill proposes to turn over one of these homes left vacant "as a home for disabled ex-Confederate soldiers, their wives and widows, and that the sum of \$400,000, or as much as may be necessary, be appropriated and used for this purpose." There never has been a word used asking any one to raise one penny toward this home. The Daughters have been asked to urge their Senators and Representatives to vote for the passage of the bill. If it passes, the United States government furnishes the home and maintenance for same.

STONE MOUNTAIN MEMORIAL.

So many inquiries have reached me in regard to the proposed Stone Mountain Memorial, of which a detailed account appeared in the November *VETERAN*, that I deem it proper to state that no action whatever has been taken by the United Daughters of the Confederacy upon the plans submitted by the eminent sculptor, Mr. Borglum, nor has any been requested by the Stone Mountain Memorial Association, which is composed of members of the Georgia Division, U. D. C. Whether we as an organization shall assume any part of the liability for this vast undertaking is a subject to be seriously considered and will be fully discussed in convention before official action is taken. The fact that we have been ten years trying to raise fifty thousand dollars for Shiloh and almost as long trying to raise sixty-four thousand dollars for Arlington does not encourage the hope that the general organization will be in position to cooperate in an enterprise requiring two million dollars.

Mrs. Katie Childress Schnabel has been working indefatigably compiling a record file of our U. D. C. Realizing what it will mean to us and those who follow us to have a complete file, I urge the Chapters to assist by responding promptly to her requests for data.

SHILOH MONUMENT.

April will soon be here. What are you going to do for Shiloh monument? Upward of fourteen thousand dollars still remains to be raised. Why doesn't each Chapter have a great big Shiloh Rally Day? If you do, I believe we shall have every cent ready to pay for the monument by next fall. Last April I visited the Ridgely Brown Chapter, then of sixty-five members, at Rockville, Md., on its Shiloh Rally Day. I learned more in two hours from the excellent papers then read upon the battle of Shiloh than I had through my entire life. There were a few veterans and several children present. When the meeting was over, a collection was taken, which, with the children's pennies and the grown people's silver coins, amounted to \$10.66 for Shiloh.

Turn your thoughts to that 6th and 7th of April when the great battle was fought; to the valiant Albert Sidney Johnston, who gave up his life there; to the long trench where three thousand of the flower of Southern manhood lie buried. Nothing is there to tell those who pass how we of the South cherish the memory of the heroism of these men. Every Southern woman and child should consider it a privilege and an honor to help build this monument.

All money collected for the following causes are to be sent to the Treasurer General, Mrs. C. B. Tate, Pulaski, Va.: General relief fund, general education, Red Cross window, Cunningham monument, chair of Southern history in Peabody College, Nashville, Tenn., Mrs. E. K. Trader.

Daughters, let us work and strive to pay off every cent we owe on monuments this year and, when this loving task is finished, turn our attention to the living. Here is an extract from a letter written by a North Carolina lady to one in New York, who in turn forwarded it to me: "The case is this: the lady of whom I write a few days after Christmas became paralyzed in her throat and right arm. She is now in the free ward of the Mercy Hospital, in Baltimore, in a pitiable condition. She seems to be absolutely without means, and what is to become of her unless some one comes to her assistance I do not know. Her room rent and other expenses before she was taken to the hospital were paid from charity. The hospital is not supposed to take incurable cases, and it is a question how long they will keep her there." Her father organized a company, and four brothers were in the war.

Many of the Confederate men and women need our aid, and some of their grandchildren require our assistance in obtaining an education. What would those loved heroes who have passed over think if they could see their comrades and the women who suffered patiently with them in want while monuments were being erected with inscriptions to their valor that a number of their descendants could not read?

Faithfully yours,

CORDELIA POWELL ODENHEIMER,
President General U. D. C.

THE SHILOH MONUMENT

Dear Daughters: Half of the stonework for the Shiloh monument will be completed in another month, one group of figures has been cast in bronze, and the other work is progressing rapidly; for Mr. Hibbard expects to have the monument ready to turn over to the U. D. C. next fall. If he is ready, we must not fail to be ready to accept it and pay for it. To do this the U. D. C. must line up together and send in the required amount of money. So let us make the anniversary of the battle our rally day for Shiloh and raise by then and send in on that day all the money we possibly can. Send it to your State Shiloh director or direct to the Treasurer, Mrs. Roy W. McKinney, Paducah, Ky. Due credit will be given the Chapter and Division, no matter to whom the money is sent.

As the work on the monument proceeds, payments must be made to the sculptor. Two payments of four thousand dollars each will be due this spring; and I want you to send in the money for them, as none of our interest-bearing notes are due until June, and I want to keep them drawing interest so as to swell the fund.

Therefore please respond to Shiloh's immediate needs with liberal donations from every Chapter and friend of the U. D. C.

Faithfully yours,
MRS. ALEXANDER B. WHITE,
Director General Shiloh Monument Committee, U. D. C.

THE IDEAL OFFICER AND CHAPTER MEMBER

BY MRS. CARROLL LOY STEWART, FIRST VICE PRESIDENT GENERAL

"He who does a good deed is instantly ennobled." Emerson.)

The United Daughters of the Confederacy stand for ennobling things, the word "service" typifying all for which we hope—service to the memory of those who are gone through having sacrificed their lives for a principle, service to the living Confederate soldier, and service to each other.

The strength of the General Association depends upon that of the State Division, and a State Division is only as strong as her Chapters are strong. To convey the thought still further, a Chapter can be efficient only through its members; and so the most important factor in our magnificent organization is the individual member of a Chapter of the Daughters of the Confederacy. So many of us fail to realize our own importance that we do not recognize the fact that by our own actions we are either hampering or building our Chapter, our State Division, and the general organization.

An ideal Chapter member can be presented, of course, only from a personal standpoint, and there is room for many ideas and ideals. However, there are certain qualities which we can all agree upon. No organization can prosper or give the very best results, however efficient its officers, unless it has the hearty coöperation of the majority of its members. The officers may be the head; but the entire membership is the heart and life and soul, that force, if there be coöperation, which carries anything to a successful culmination. Unity of thought makes us great, and this we have; for our one common interest is love of the cause for which our order had its birth, that principle of States' rights which brought our fair land into the worst war which had ever been, staining our soil with the chivalrous blood of our hero ancestors. We must continue to work together to obtain the best results.

The ideal Chapter member is, above all else, interested in our work. She can tell you why she joined, what we are doing and why; she loves her South supremely and still is

a patriotic citizen of the United States. Randolph H. McKim says: "We must for evermore consecrate in our hearts our battle flag of the Southern Cross, not now as a political symbol, but as the consecrated emblem of a heroic epoch. The people that forgets its heroic dead is already dying at the heart, and we believe we shall be truer and better citizens of the United States if we are true to our past." The ideal Daughter does not stir up sectional strife, but calmly presents to the world the cause of the War between the States. She is punctual in attendance, and she accepts the responsibility of office or committee work whenever she is called. She is unselfish, working for the good of the Chapter rather than for personal advancement. She is an ideal wife, mother, and friend; for this work brings out the best there is in any woman. She is tolerant of others' frailties. She, in her Chapter experience, is kind and loving to all, recognizing no distinction between the rich and the poor member, the latter many times earning the honor over the other. It is capability and willingness that are more necessary than dollars. She suspends judgment, giving everybody the benefit of all doubt whenever any question arises. She does not gossip, being as merciful as she would wish others to be to her under the same circumstances. She recognizes the obligations and glory of being our sister, all of us working to the same end.

The backbone of the organization is loyalty; there is one of helpfulness and loyalty: loyalty not so much to the person holding the office as to the office itself, for that position is greater than any person and it endures. It embodies the ideal of the organization. The success of your Chapter depends upon loyalty. One of the greatest rules for Chapter harmony is the willingness of every member to "let the work be done." Work hard, for nothing comes without it. When the Chapter is divided by a quarrel, it is as much a loser as a good loser. Inform yourselves concerning our work. Read the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, thereby keeping in touch with everything connected with us. Teach your children of their forbears' heroic past. Pay your dues and other obligations promptly, and nothing is so sacred, especially an organization doing so much for the living and the dead, as given.

An ideal officer is naturally made to follow the lead of the membership, since the officer is subservient to the member. The officer administers the desire of the members; and while being elected by the confidence and love of the members by occupying a position of trust, she must never for one instant forget that she is to be true and just to the total membership. The ideal officer is a woman of supreme tact and mercy, being a fair parliamentarian, so that the affairs of her Chapter can be administered with dignity and dispatch. She loves every member of her organization, seeking at all times to understand the individual better by keeping in close touch with each one. She hears all things from all people and repeats nothing, in this way gaining the confidence of all and thereby being able more perfectly to administer your affairs. The ideal officer recognizes ability wherever she sees it, whether that individual is a personal friend of hers or not. She does not further the ambition of a friend, unless that member merits the honor. The officer keeps herself informed concerning her Chapter, her State Division, and the General Association, advising her membership as to all U. D. C. activities, holding aloft high U. D. C. ideals. She promotes everywhere a feeling of love and confidence in her Chapter. She is, above all else, prompt and courteous in correspondence, she enters the homes of her members in hours of re-

joining and also during the trying hour of sorrow; she consoles as a ministering angel unto that household. It is a blessed privilege to be an officer who knows the hearts of people, thus entering into their joys and sorrows. If the officer grasps the chance, she grows mentally and spiritually; for contact with our Daughters causes us to understand many things. Every experience is not pleasant, for oftentimes motives are misunderstood, and sometimes the correct way seems obscure and difficult; but the consistent officer through her love of cause and member is always doubly repaid for her time and energy expended.

The ideal officer is not ambitious for herself; her ambition is for her organization, for the ideals which it embodies. She does not attempt anywhere, any time to show any remarkable personal brilliance, but quietly and consistently works to assist in bringing about the greatest amount of good to every member. The chairman does not ever favor any side of the question, but presents both the majority and minority arguments, believing that through honest differences charitably presented the life of her organization is prolonged. She has confidence in the judgment of her members; she does not ever surprise her membership by suddenly presenting any important proposition, but gives everybody time to consider and discuss any momentous question. All officers fulfill their duties as laid down by the constitution and by-laws pleasantly and consistently; also they point out to the membership patiently and pleasantly the duties which by law they must perform.

In dealing with the ideal we generally place it beyond the reach of mortals. The object of this paper has been to avoid this and to present an ideal member and officer which it is not only possible to be, but that is being lived up to, sometimes only partially, but many, many times wholly.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA DIVISION.

BY MRS. TAYLOR O. TIMBERLAKE, STONEWALL JACKSON CHAPTER,
NO. 20.

Our great organization has suffered irreparable loss in the death, on November 8, 1915, of our dear leader, Mrs. Magnus S. Thompson (Mary Taliaferro Thompson). I say "leader" wisely; for she was truly a leader not only in the activities and interest of the Confederacy and its Daughters and Sons, but verily a leader of all who came within the inspiring radius of her personality. By her high ideals, her integrity and steadfastness of motives, her beautiful moral character and Christianity, and by her sweet, sunny disposition she taught many lessons of life, endearing herself and her memory to all who knew her.

Mrs. Thompson was born near Winchester, in Frederick County, Va., and lived in Virginia during the entire war. She married Magnus S. Thompson, a Confederate soldier, November 7, 1865, at Frankfort, Ky. They celebrated together their fiftieth anniversary November 7, 1915, at Sibley Hospital, where Mrs. Thompson had lain for several weeks, and the following morning at one o'clock she quietly slipped into eternal life. She sleeps now in the Confederate plot at Arlington National Cemetery in the shadow of the beautiful monument to the Confederate dead, the monument which was the desire of her heart for many years and for which she labored so untiringly and devotedly. In fact, it may truly be said that she deserves all glory and thanks as the originator of the idea of a Confederate monument in the Arlington National Cemetery. When Mrs. Thompson attended the con-

vention in Charleston in November, 1903, she said in her report: "There is one special work this Chapter has in view, one which, if left to us, would require years of labor and patient waiting, the erection of a monument to 'our dead' at Arlington. But need I remind you that 'our dead' means 'your dead'? Can it be that I am asking of you other than your duty when I ask of every Chapter some aid in raising this national reminder of the valor and heroism of our fallen braves who sleep within the shadows of the victor's home at such a time as may be decided upon by this convention?" With this purpose in mind she asked John Sharp Williams



MRS. MAGNUS S. THOMPSON

to secure from the War Department permission for us to erect a monument at Arlington. This was granted by the then Secretary of War, William Howard Taft, President of the United States at the time of the laying of the corner stone, November, 1912. It was Mrs. Thompson who, on November 6, 1906, called a meeting of all the Southern organizations and formed a Monument Association to carry on the work of raising funds for this memorial. This work was later taken over by the Daughters of the Confederacy in accordance with her request.

Mrs. Thompson was one of the best-known Daughters of the Confederacy. She was Life President of Stonewall Jackson Chapter, No. 20, which she founded November 7, 1895, in the District of Columbia many years before any other Chapter in this Division. In 1903 the Robert E. Lee Chapter was founded and a little later the Southern Cross. In 1904 the District of Columbia gave to the United Daughters of the Confederacy another Division, of which Mrs. Thompson was President for two years, and was then made Honorary President. Several years ago the United Daughters of the Confederacy elected her an Honorary President of the organization.

On Sunday evening, December 5, 1915, the District of Columbia Division held memorial services for our dear "mother of the Confederacy" (for as such she was known and loved), when resolutions were prepared by a committee (of which Mrs. Wallace Streater was chairman) expressing the great loss to the Division in her death and grateful appreciation of the wonderful work she had accomplished and "that her many virtues, her uniform courtesy, her refined gentleness, her loyal patriotism, and her broad charity for all humanity distinguished her as well worthy of our loving memory and as a fit example for our emulation."

TENNESSEE DIVISION

BY MISS MARGARET BOYLES FAYETTEVILLE

The Tennessee Division has walked with heavy heart in the valley of the shadow during the prolonged and serious illness of our beloved President, Mrs. J. Norment Powell. The cheering news now comes that she is steadily, though slowly, improving—news which, through the magic touch of the divine Alchemist, transforms shadow into sunshine and dark sorrow into glad rejoicing.

During a long period of illness the editor unavoidably lost letters from several Chapters without even knowing from whom they came. She trusts that these Chapters will send other reports for the Tennessee page.

In the work of the United Daughters of the Confederacy that of organizing auxiliaries stands second to none; for as the organization hopes for continuing life through successive generations, those generations must be bound by systematic knowledge and thorough training to the Daughters of the Confederacy, the principles for which it stands, and the objects for which it lives. The following report from the Catherine Mitchell Auxiliary, of Murfreesboro, will be strongly inspirational both to auxiliaries and to Chapters wishing to form auxiliaries:

"The Catherine Mitchell Auxiliary to the Murfreesboro Chapter was organized in April, 1915, and now has a membership of between fifty and sixty, all of whom have most excellent papers. With a few exceptions, their ancestors were from Murfreesboro and Rutherford County, and their records as Confederate soldiers are vouched for by veterans who knew them. Most of the members are lineal descendants, and a number of them had both grandfathers in the Confederate army. One of the girls has mentioned in her paper a great-grandfather, grandfather, and nine uncles. This data, while not at all necessary, will be much appreciated when these veterans who can give information of their comrades have passed away.

"Much interest is shown in the work, and if the Division could stand by and hear one dear little tot of six sing 'Dixie,' it would find the children's work worth while. 'Dixie,' printed in the responsive service, is used at every meeting. The programs have been on Confederate heroes, Southern writers, and Southern history, with papers on Sam Davis, Raphael Semmes, Father Ryan, and Irwin Russell. A splendid Lee program was given on January 10.

"Mrs. S. H. Mitchell, Tennessee's First Vice President and Director of the Catherine Mitchell Auxiliary, states that, in her judgment, the future strength of the U. D. C. lies in the auxiliaries, from which the present Chapters will later be filled with interested and purposeful women who know Southern history."

From its inception the Tennessee Division has labored faithfully to build monuments to departed Confederate heroes. An interesting account of the beginning of the Shiloh monu-

ment comes from the Shiloh Chapter, Tennessean, in March 1900, Shiloh Chapter was organized with twenty-six members for the prime object of erecting a monument to Confederate soldiers on the battle field of Shiloh, on which there were many monuments in honor of the Northern dead, but not one to the Southern heroes who fell on that bloody field. Shiloh Chapter by consistent effort secured aid from Chapters in other States, and twenty-five dollars a year, later increased to fifty dollars, was given by the Tennessee Division. Five years elapsed before the matter was placed before the general organization. At the San Francisco convention of 1905 the U. D. C. voted to take up the work, which it has carried forward with complete success. Shiloh Chapter has contributed to the monument over nineteen hundred dollars.

John W. Thomas Chapter, of Monteagle, has undertaken the very interesting work of marking the detour road of Bragg's army by Monteagle, known for years as Bragg's road. One of the Monteagle veterans, Mr. S. B. Foster, who was General Bragg's drummer boy, stood near him when he caused to view the beautiful landscape. This point will be marked. Dates and appropriate bits of history will be cut upon huge boulders lying along the trail.

A splendid list of news from the Forrest Chapter, of Brownsville, tells of the recent sending of eight subscriptions to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN.

Among the Chapters reporting the public observance of Gen. Robert E. Lee's birthday are the following: John W. Thomas, of Monteagle; Forrest, of Brownsville; Russell-Hill, of Trenton; Johnson City Chapter; Abner Baker, of Knoxville; Kirby Smith, of Sewanee; and Zollicoffer-Fulton, of Fayetteville.

Zollicoffer-Fulton Chapter, of Fayetteville, has gotten out an attractive Chapter Yearbook, based both upon the State Yearbook and Miss Rutherford's Savannah address.

COLORADO DIVISION

BY MRS. A. H. MARTIN DENVER

Out of the sunshine and shadow of the year that is gone Colorado Division sends loving greetings to all the Daughters of the Confederacy and wishes for each Chapter a most prosperous year.

Each year sees the ties of mutual interest grow stronger among our organizations here in Colorado, and the spirit of "ready to serve" is universal among the Chapters and Camps. This means more to us, so far away from Southern environment, than many can realize and brings us nearer together in furthering our interests and in standing for the truth of our organizations. These earnest men and women wield a great influence in whatever community there is a Chapter or Camp.

It was our great pleasure last October to entertain our President General, members of the Executive Board, and delegates to the convention at San Francisco. The State Division gave them a luncheon at the Metropole Hotel after a most delightful auto ride over the city conducted by Dr. J. M. Norman, Commander of the Beauregard Camp, U. C. V. There is only a small Camp of veterans here; but their interest in all our work is unwavering, and their aid in whatever we undertake can always be counted upon. Dr. Norman did much to make the day enjoyable for our distinguished guests by the delightful ride, by his beautiful welcome to them, and by his courteous attention.

After the luncheon the two Chapters of Denver, the Margaret Davis Hayes and Robert E. Lee, gave a reception for our visitors, to which the presidents and executive boards of all the local representative organizations were invited. It

was indeed a pleasant occasion for renewing our acquaintance and friendship with those coming from the sunny South. At Pueblo the visitors were again cordially welcomed by the Nathan B. Forrest Chapter, whose President, Mrs. Rayner, presented roses to the President General with the love and good wishes of her Chapter, and the delegates received souvenirs of that progressive city.

Colorado received inspiration from this visit of the Daughters of the Confederacy from every part of our dear Southland; and, more than ever, we are proud to be counted as members of the great organization and to further every object for which it was organized. The four Chapters in our State are accomplishing much along all lines under the able leadership of their presidents.

There is a Camp of Sons of Veterans at Denver, the Sterling Price, of which A. D. Marshall is Commandant and A. L. Dodd Adjutant, and it is with pride that we watch its growth. We were invited to observe Shiloh Day with them last April, when a delightful program was followed with a very pleasant social hour.

The State was greatly honored by having our President, Mrs. Lulu Kingoun Lovell, elected Third Vice President General at the San Francisco convention. Her devotion to the organization has long been known, and we appreciate the honor to our Division in having a member on the General Executive Board.

Our Division convention was held October 14, with the Margaret Davis Hayes Chapter, of Denver, as hostess, when a pleasant and harmonious session was held, great interest being shown in all the business transacted. A relief fund was started at the convention, as we have many calls for help from needy veterans and Confederate women. The President commended most highly the work accomplished during the year, and especially the loyal support of the officers and committees, which made every undertaking a success. The outlook for splendid work during 1916 is bright; and we hope from time to time to send a word from our Western Division, of which we are so proud and which tries so earnestly to be thought worthy.

SOUTH CAROLINA DIVISION.

BY MRS. LOUISE AYER VANDIVER, ANDERSON.

South Carolina Chapters were busy at Christmas time. Some report having sent Christmas cheer to poor veterans, to needy mill operatives, and to inmates of county poorhouses. The happiness given at so little cost of time and money to the friendless and almost forgotten in many communities places the Daughters of the Confederacy high in the ranks of organizations worth while.

The report of Miss Pemberton at the State convention at Aiken on the work done by children's Chapters shows that every Chapter and every member is paid up. Three prizes offered for essays were won by children, their work being highly creditable. These prizes were: (1) A gold watch, won by Eloise McLucas, of the J. E. B. Stuart Chapter, Marion; (2) "Dixie Book of Days," won by Frances Turner, of the Angeline Bacon Chapter, Johnson; (3) "Dixie Calendar," won by Williamette Smoak, of W. L. Pou Chapter, St. Matthews. The children's Chapters have contributed to Arlington, Shiloh, and Cunningham monuments, to scholarships, and to veterans' relief. The Mary Anna Jackson Chapter, organized last August, has a six-year-old member. This little girl, upon being told that she could not join because she could not write, immediately set herself to learn and signed her

application blanks herself. Miss DuRant suggests that the little boys be organized into Camps, as it is thought that their interest may be more aroused if they belong to an organization that is "like father's." Miss Pemberton suggests that the time has now come when the children should have a special object to work for, and she thinks that a monument to the boy soldiers of the Confederacy would enlist their interest.

The State Historian, Mrs. C. McC. Patrick, has appointed four District Historians to work especially in their own sections, each to report to the State Historian and to be under her direction. Those appointed are: Mrs. W. R. Brooks, Ridge District; Mrs. D. C. Scott, Peedee District; Mrs. R. D. Wright, Piedmont District; Mrs. Norman Blich, Edisto District.

The anniversary of General Lee's birth was observed largely by the Chapters of South Carolina—some by special Chapter meetings, some by public exercises in conjunction with the schools, others by orations in public places or by dinners given to the veterans of the community.

THE NEW YORK STATE DIVISION.

BY MRS. JESSE DREW BEALE, HISTORIAN NEW YORK CHAPTER.

The New York State Division comprises three Chapters, U. D. C.: the New York Chapter (organized in 1897), Mary Mildred Sullivan Chapter, and the James Henry Parker Chapter (organized by Mrs. Parker in June, 1915, assisted by Mrs. Alfred Cochran). According to the U. D. C. constitution, when there are three Chapters in a State a call must be sent by the parent Chapter to organize a Division. Pursuant to a call by Mrs. James A. Parker, President of the New York Chapter, a meeting was held at the Hotel Astor on January 13, 1916, at which there were twenty-one delegates from the New York Chapter, three from the Mary Mildred Sullivan Chapter, and two from the James Henry Parker Chapter, making twenty-six delegates and as many alternates. This was a goodly gathering of earnest, splendid women. Mrs. Parker as President of the oldest Chapter called the meeting to order. Mrs. Beale, as chairman, read the constitution and by-laws that had been prepared by the committee, which was duly considered and adopted. Nothing was contrary to the general U. D. C. constitution, though one or two changes were necessary to meet conditions in New York City. Nominations were made for officers, resulting in the election of Mrs. James Henry Parker, President; Mrs. Alfred Cochran, First Vice President; Mrs. LeRoy Brown, Second Vice President; Mrs. Charles B. Goldsborough, Third Vice President; Mrs. S. F. Catchings, Recording Secretary; Mrs. Henry McCorkle, Corresponding Secretary; Mrs. James Harvey Dew, Registrar; Mrs. Jesse Drew Beale, Historian; Mrs. John S. Wise and Mrs. Cantley, Directors for two years; Mrs. L. D. Alexander, Director for one year.

The splendid New York Chapter, No. 103, has been a wonderful one, really doing the work of a Division, with regular meetings represented by every State, every woman being loyal to the State whence she came, always trying to bring her State to the front in charity and patriotism and even in marking historic spots. It may be a surprise to learn that we have some historic Confederate spots in New York. The New York Chapter gives soon a series of card parties for the Shiloh monument. The first will be at the lovely home of the Treasurer, Mrs. F. G. Burke. Our regular meetings are so filled with work that there is little time for friendly greetings. We had recently a conversation party, with a large

attendance, which was greatly enjoyed by all, and we are to have these teas every third Tuesday afternoon.

The New York State Division was launched with flying colors, and with 500,000 Southerners in New York City there will probably be many Chapters organized, and there should be. Our Division meetings will be held annually on the first Thursday in October.

THE VIRGINIA DIVISION.

BY MRS. GLASSELL FITZHUGH, CHARLOTTESVILLE.

It is a genuine pleasure to report the wonderfully good work our Division is doing. Albemarle Chapter, No. 1, has been very busy the past two months. At Christmas small checks were sent to each of the Albemarle veterans at the Soldiers' Home. Large baskets laden with the delicacies of the season were also sent to our town and county veterans. A bountiful luncheon was served to the veterans on Lee's birthday. The address by Prof. A. M. Dobie, of the University of Virginia, was the feature of the program for this occasion, which also included music and recitations.

C. R. Mason Chapter, Stuarts Draft, one of our infant Chapters, has lately given a delightful banquet for the veterans of its vicinity, at which Capt. James Bumgardner made a beautiful address. This Chapter is very enthusiastic and has already ordered minutes of the State convention for each member.

J. E. B. Stuart Chapter, of Staunton, shows great activity in the different relief departments, sending \$10 toward the Christmas dinner at the Soldiers' Home, \$5 to the Home for Needy Confederate Women, and \$5 to the general relief work. Besides, baskets were sent to the veterans in the Chapter's own community. This Chapter has also offered to the pupils of the Virginia School for the Deaf and Blind a gold medal for the best essay on "Matthew Fontaine Maury."

On January 19 the Welby Carter Chapter presented to Mrs. J. E. Alexander a gold cross, similar to the cross of honor, with love and appreciation from the Division for the faithful labors for the men who wore the gray and the women who honor their memory.

The Smyth County Chapter, as an expression of their appreciation of the honor that had come to one of their members in her election to the presidency of the Virginia Division, presented Miss Neely Preston with the beautiful gold badge of the U. D. C.

The Amelia Chapter has not been idle. At the State Fair an attractive booth was fitted up for the veterans as a place of rest, and refreshments were served to them at all hours. Baskets were sent by this Chapter to all the veterans and their families at Christmas. This Chapter is the proud possessor of a book containing the general orders of Generals Lee, Jackson, and Beauregard, and it also contains Lee's first special order after being appointed commander in chief, presented by Mr. Chappell, an old soldier.

The President of the Virginia Division has been appointed by the President General as a member of the Committee on Indorsement of Books. She has done splendid work along this line.

Mildred Lee Chapter gave a most interesting entertainment on Lee's birthday, at which an instructive paper was read on "Inherited Characteristics of Lee." The program included the presentation by the Chapter to their efficient Secretary of a Virginia Division badge in honor of twenty years of faithful service.

Lee Chapter, of Richmond, gave a pound party in January at the Home for Needy Confederate Women. This is a cause which has always had the support not only of Richmond, but of the entire State.

Hanover Chapter, Ashland, held a joint celebration on January 19 in honor of Lee and Jackson. A beautiful program was rendered. Dr. R. E. Blackwell, President of Randolph-Macon College, was the speaker. A touching feature of the evening was a memorial service to the veteran members who had passed away since last January. As each name was called a member of the Junior Chapter placed a red and white carnation in a vase, and after it was full they sang very sweetly.

Turner Ashby Chapter commemorated the one hundred and ninth anniversary of Lee's birthday, assisted by the S. B. Gibbs Camp and the Sons. A pleasing feature was the singing of a number of old selections by one hundred girls from the State Normal School.

Wade Chapter served dinner to two hundred veterans on Lee's birthday, after which singing and speaking were indulged in. Dr. Henry Battle made a most eloquent address before a large audience.

THE OFFICIAL BADGE

My Dear Chapter Presidents and Daughters: As Second Vice President General U. D. C. and Custodian of the U. D. C. Official Badge, I would very much appreciate your effort and influence in urging members of your Chapter and other U. D. C. friends to secure these badges.

It seems to me that every Daughter would feel that she must avail herself of the privilege that is hers and wear our U. D. C. badge of honor, recognized wherever seen as a symbol of the valor, loyalty, self-sacrifice, and dauntless courage of our Confederate ancestry.

It is my earnest wish to make this a record-breaking year in the sale of badges. Will not you and your members help make this wish come true?

I have a full supply of badge permits, which I shall be glad to send upon request; and orders for badges, with and without the bar, will be filled by return mail.

Yours sincerely, ELIZABETH B. HANSEN, Pres. Ala.

FROM THE OFFICIAL EDITOR.

Mrs. Dunbar Rowland, former Historian of the Mississippi Division, with a most able committee composed of former President General Mrs. Daisy McLaurin Stevens, State Division President Mrs. Virginia R. Price, President of the Jackson Chapter Mrs. W. H. Waddell, former State President Mrs. Rose, Mrs. C. M. Williamson, and others (including the U. D. C. Editor), has been using heroic efforts with the legislature now in session to secure an appropriation to restore the old State capitol, which is fast falling into ruins. This historic old building, which has echoed the voices of Jefferson Davis, Prentiss, and Lamar, should be made a shrine for future generations, as well as this, and be an object of love and pride, as the people venerate the homes of Washington, Lee, and Jefferson, and as the Texans love the Alamo. The general sentiment, including that of Gov. Theodore Bilbo, is for the restoration of this handsome old Statehouse.

[Mrs. L. C. Perkins, Official Editor, is now located permanently at 202 North Street, Jackson, Miss.]

Historian General's Page

BY MISS MILDRED LEWIS RUTHERFORD, ATHENS, GA.

U. D. C. PROGRAM FOR APRIL, 1916

MEMORIAL DAY IN THE SOUTH

Ritual.

1. Who first suggested Memorial Day? Relate the incident.
2. Why were Memorial Associations formed in the South? Why were Ladies' Aid Societies organized during the War between the States?
3. In what respect does the work of the U. D. C. differ from that of the Memorial Association?
4. What monuments in your town or city were erected by the Ladies' Memorial Association, and what by the U. D. C.?
5. Why was April 26 chosen for Memorial Day? Why changed in some States?
6. What should be done for the veterans on Memorial Day? What does your Chapter do?
7. Who has the right to bestow crosses of honor, the Memorial Association or Daughters of the Confederacy? Why?
8. Who first suggested the cross of honor? Where does she live?
9. Do the veterans prize this cross? Give instances showing that they do.

Reading: "Cover Them Over with Beautiful Flowers."
(Will Carleton.)

"Cover them over with beautiful flowers;
Deck them with garlands, these brothers of ours,
Lying so silent by night and by day,
Sleeping the years of their manhood away;
Cover them over—yes, cover them over—
Parent and husband and brother and lover.
Crown in your heart these dead heroes of ours
And cover them over with beautiful flowers."

C. OF. C. PROGRAM FOR APRIL, 1916.

MEMORIAL DAY, APRIL 26.

Ritual.

1. Why do we observe Memorial Day? By whom suggested?
2. Is it right to make it a day of pleasure?
3. Let each child tell of the grandfather that was a Confederate soldier. If killed in battle, name and describe.
4. What do the Children of the Confederacy do for the veterans on Memorial Day?
5. Urge every child to have a Confederate flag to place on some soldier's grave that day.

WHY THE LADIES' AID SOCIETIES, LADIES' MEMORIAL ASSOCIATIONS, DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY?

The Ladies' Aid Societies were organized all over the South when the War between the States became a certainty. Patriotic women began to buy material to make clothing for the soldiers, then to knit socks and to cut up carpets for improvised covering in the camps, and this work continued until the surrender. The best in the homes went to the front for the brave soldier boys; not only the best to wear, but the best to eat. When the surrender was forced and the troops came marching home, they found homes depleted or burned or destroyed; and but for the note of cheer sounded by the women

of the South, these things would have been gloomy indeed. They put their loving arms about those dear ones and said: "We think it is better for you to have fought and failed rather than not to have fought at all."

Ladies' Memorial Associations were then organized to take the place of the Ladies' Aid Societies, and these were for the purpose of collecting the bodies of the fallen heroes buried on the battle fields and placing them on lots near by, so that the graves should be kept green and flowers lovingly placed upon them. Several States contend for the honor of first placing the flowers upon the heroes' graves and first organizing Memorial Associations. These claims are being kept and placed side by side in Volume XV. of "Disputed Points in Confederate History."

Very soon monuments were erected over these buried braves, and there are in the South to-day more monuments to the Confederate soldiers than have been erected to any other soldiers who fought in any other war. Romney, W. Va., has the honor of erecting the first monument in 1866.

The 26th of April, the day Gen. Joseph E. Johnston surrendered, was chosen and set apart by the action of the legislature of Georgia as Memorial Day. This day was chosen because throughout the South the wild flowers are then in perfection and the roses and snowballs are in full bloom. The States farther north of Georgia were obliged later to choose a day in May or June because of the dearth of flowers with them. But one day in the year is chosen all over the Southland. On this Memorial Day the heroic deeds of the Confederate soldier are held up before the youth of the land, for admiration and emulation, by some great orator selected for that occasion. Then a procession is formed, and all lovingly march to the graves to place thereon the floral tributes. This work belongs especially to the Memorial Associations, but they are always aided by the Veterans and Daughters of the Confederacy. Usually the Daughters prepare a dinner for the veterans, as on that day some come great distances to attend these exercises. Many are now too feeble to join in the "line of march" on foot to the cemetery, so the members of the Memorial Associations arrange for them to ride in carriages or automobiles.

A broader work came for the women of our Southland, and the vision was caught, and the association of Daughters of the Confederacy was formed. This body of women was organized in 1894, and their work became educational, for the children and grandchildren of Confederate lineage must be educated; historical, for the true history of the causes that led to the War between the States must be written so that the world shall know that, while overpowered, we were never defeated; benevolent, for many of our veterans lost all their living by the results of war, so their widows must be cared for, and homes for the veterans must be provided; social, so that annually the Daughters should meet in convention, not only to discuss the problems presented, but also to renew associations with others in pleasant intercourse.

Then came the thought of the cross of honor, and it became the privilege of the Daughters to bestow these crosses of honor upon the worthy Confederate heroes. The Ladies' Memorial Associations have no right to bestow the cross of honor save by courtesy from the Daughters of the Confederacy. The veterans show their appreciation of this cross of honor by grieving greatly if it is ever their misfortune to lose it. No one but the veteran upon whom it is bestowed has the right to wear this cross; and if a widow, son, or daughter ever wears it, the sacred pledge taken when it was received is violated, and the right to retain it is forfeited.

Confederated Southern Memorial Association

MRS. W. J. BEHAN.....*President*
New Orleans, La.
MRS. JOHN E. MAXWELL.....*Treasurer*
Seale, Ala.
MISS DAISY M. L. HODGSON.....*Recording Secretary*
7000 Sycamore Street, New Orleans, La.
MISS MARY A. HALL.....*Historian*
1137 Greene Street, Augusta, Ga.
MRS. J. ENDERS ROBINSON.....*Corresponding Secretary*
113 Third Street South, Richmond, Va.
MRS. VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE.....*Post Laureate*
1045 Union Avenue, Memphis, Tenn.



Next Convention to be held in Birmingham, Ala.

VICE PRESIDENTS

ALABAMA—MONTGOMERY.....Mrs. J. C. Lee
ARKANSAS—FAYETTEVILLE.....Mrs. J. Garside Welch
FLORIDA—PENSACOLA.....Mrs. H. Grace L. Stroupson
GEORGIA—ATLANTA.....Mrs. A. McD. Wilson
LOUISIANA—NEW ORLEANS.....Mrs. James Dinkins
MISSISSIPPI—Vicksburg.....Mrs. E. C. Carroll
MISSOURI—ST. LOUIS.....Mrs. G. K. Warner
NORTH CAROLINA—Raleigh.....Mrs. R. Bert H. Jones
SOUTH CAROLINA—COLUMBIA.....Mrs. S. Gray Buckwith
TENNESSEE—MEMPHIS.....Mrs. Charles W. Fowler
VIRGINIA—FALL RIVER.....Mrs. S. M. Davis-Roy

THE CONFEDERATE SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION OF MISSOURI.

BY MRS. G. K. WARNER, VICE PRESIDENT C. S. M. A. FOR MISSOURI

In the spring of 1900 the Confederate Southern Memorial Association of Missouri came into being. Mrs. Leroy B. Valliant, of St. Louis, attending as a guest the general convention of the Confederated Southern Memorial Association held in Louisville at the Galt House, was so impressed by the reports of the different Associations at this convention that she determined on her return home to organize a Confederate Southern Memorial Association in Missouri, which she did on May 30, 1900, of which she, Mrs. Jennie Edwards, Mrs. Celeste Pine, Mrs. Kate Walker, and many other prominent women of St. Louis were charter members. The name of the "Confederate Southern Memorial and Literary Society of Missouri" was bestowed upon the organization. Its objects were historical, memorial, and benevolent. The organization grew rapidly in numbers and did splendid work.

Mrs. Valliant was much encouraged by this success and decided to organize such Associations in other towns in Missouri, which she did at Springfield, Nevada, Alton, Cape Girardeau, and several other places. They all succeeded in their work for years. Finally the Daughters of the Confederacy came into existence in Missouri, and many of the members of the C. S. M. A. became members of this organization, the Daughters of the Confederacy having the same objects for their organization, which grew in numbers and increased strength throughout the State. After a few years of membership in both organizations, it was decided that, as the objects and work of both were the same, there was no necessity for the existence of both organizations. So finally, one by one, the Confederate Southern Memorial Associations passed out of existence, leaving but one association in the State, the Samuel S. Harris Memorial Association, of Cape Girardeau. This Association remains loyal, loving, and faithful to the principles of the Confederated Southern Memorial Association. Although few in numbers, its members are as many in the performance of their duties and are accomplishing much good along the lines of memorial, benevolent, historical, and educational work. They have organized a Confederate Memorial Junior Society, which is also prospering. They are vigilant regarding the true history of the South as to its position, not only in regard to the War between the States, but in every matter pertaining to its present, past, and future in the United States of America. They see that correct histories of the South are selected and used with the other textbooks of their schools, and they observe with suitable ceremonies all days of importance to the South in memory of the heroes who wore the gray and are ever busy in kindly deeds

ALABAMA'S MEMORIAL ASSOCIATIONS.

BY MRS. MARY GRAVES LEE, VICE PRESIDENT

Alabama is not living up to the generally accepted meaning of her name, "Here we rest"; for we fully realize that in June all trains bearing veterans will lead to Birmingham. So the twelve Memorial Associations of the State, like the twelve apostles of old, are up and about their work

As State Vice President I have full confidence in the co-operation and loyalty of my various Associations. They ever stand for peace and harmony and to grow and to strengthen the cause for which they organized. "The mystic chain from grave to grave binds our hearts for evermore."

Camden, with her faithful band of loyal women, will greet her beloved President, Mrs. Behan, "lest they forget" that they gave their lives for us, and the pleasure of their death was the crowning glory of their lives."

Boligee will come to renew her pledge: "While life lasts we will be true to the memory of our Confederate dead, who sacrificed their all in defense of home and country."

Florence Association comes extending the right hand of love in sincere greeting, thinking of her beautiful monument of Carrara marble and the statue standing over "Peace the war is over" and "Glory stands beside our grief."

Gainesville, with her determined, loyal, and devoted women, will come to the Birmingham Reunion with her torches burning as brightly as when first lighted in the sixties. They will thrill our Junior Memorials as they tell of the brave young hero Sam Davis.

Union Springs Association still numbers among its members some of the grand dames of the sixties. These mothers, wives, and daughters of those who fought for "the storm-cradled nation that fell" still care for the living veterans, and the graves of these are zealously watched over. Memorial Day is always observed.

Marion, like General Marion—"her band is few, but true and tried"; her cause is good and grand; the graves of her soldiers are carefully preserved; and their monument, erected to "The Unreturned Dead," is beautifully garlanded each 26th.

The First White House Association is a grand organization and should be Alabama's pride. As a Confederate museum and library its worth to the South is beyond price. The Association owns many valuable relics given by Mrs. Davis.

The Ladies' Memorial Association of Montgomery, of which I had the honor of being elected Honory Life President upon resigning as its President, is the oldest organized patriotic association in the South. This honor comes to us as a legal right, for it was born in the "Cradle of the Confederacy." Our members never falter for want of interest. How could

THE FAILURE OF THE CONFEDERACY—WAS IT A BLESSING?

BY JAMES H. M'NEILLY, D.D., NASHVILLE, TENN.

(Continued from February number.)

WHAT HAS EMANCIPATION DONE FOR THE NEGRO?

Nearly half a century has passed since Mr. Lincoln issued the Emancipation Proclamation, which was welcomed by the abolitionists as a long-delayed act of justice to the downtrodden and cruelly oppressed race. The result of the war confirmed the Proclamation and placed in the South four millions of citizens whose only means of support was their daily labor, and the only constraint that had required and directed that labor was removed. The freedman was at liberty to work or not at his own sweet will; and, like children, their will was oftener to play than to work. Their condition, of course, appealed to the heart of philanthropy, and throughout the North there was a sincere desire to help and an honest effort to fit the new citizens for citizenship.

Unfortunately, the prevailing type of philanthropy sought to compensate the negro for his long years of "unrequited toil," and so made him feel that, as his labor had made the wealth of the South, he was entitled to possess it without further "toil." There was much of this philanthropy that had ears only for the extravagant falsehoods about the horrors of slavery, but had no eyes to see nor tears to shed over the injustice and oppression in the mines and mills of the North, making white women and children more abject and miserable slaves than negroes had ever been. And as a consequence the Southern people, who were best fitted to help the freedman, were treated as enemies to him, and they also came to look on all Northern philanthropy as only hypocrisy.

Under these conditions let us note what has been done. The political benefactors of the negro gave him the ballot and secured for him theoretical equality and civil rights under the laws. This has been supplemented by large and much-heralded gifts in money by Northern men for educational purposes. They have also taught him that they are the saints and his best friends and that he is their equal socially. They for a long time from a distance coddled him with their tender solicitude for his rights. Some even went so far as to hope for the day when "black heels should trample on the necks of haughty Southern white people." In a word, the victorious North, trying for years to compensate the negro for imaginary wrongs, would bestow on him, even force on him, without regard to his fitness or capacity, every right and privilege which the white man enjoys.

On the other hand, the Southern States have shown themselves real friends by expending over one hundred and twenty-five millions of dollars on the education of the negro, and that money was raised by taxes freely levied on themselves by an impoverished people. While they have resisted with indignation any assertion of social equality or intermingling of races and are determined that the political control of the government shall be in the hands of white men, yet they have given the negroes every facility for work and for gaining property.

RESULTS.

What have been the results on the condition and character of the negroes as a race? Has their physical and moral improvement been commensurate with the vast sums spent on them by philanthropy and by legal enactment? The half century of freedom has been a period of wonderful advancement, of achievements in the arts and sciences, in discoveries

and inventions, of marvelous progress in wealth and material prosperity. This is very marked in the South, and it is largely attributed to the deliverance of white and black from the "curse" of negro slavery. It is assumed that it could never have come to us if the Confederacy had succeeded.

Far be it from me to minimize what many negroes have accomplished or to question the sincerity of the efforts made by Northern people in their behalf. I can rejoice in the educational facilities that have been provided, and I can honor the work of such leaders of their people as Booker Washington and W. H. Councill. But the question is, Are they as a race as well off physically, morally, and spiritually as they were in slavery? And would the actual benefits that have come to individuals not have come to the race under the conditions established by the success of the Confederacy? It seems to me that the vast majority have not shared the material advantages of the new order and are not as comfortable physically as they were under the old system of "unrequited toil."

It cannot be truthfully charged that this backwardness is due to the Southern white man's unfair dealing with or oppression of the negro; for it is notorious that the doors of opportunity to make a living are more open to the negro in the South than they are in the North, and there has been no bar to any decent, industrious negro gaining and owning as much property as he can honestly gain. Moreover, the disposition of our people to help the weaker and backward race has been shown in their refusal to cut down the appropriations for negro schools to the amount of taxes paid by the negroes themselves.

LEGAL RIGHTS.

Much is made of the fact that certain rights are guaranteed now to the negro by the law of the land. Civil rights bills, constitutional amendments, are emphasized as evidences of race progress. But it is true everywhere, North as well as South, that when two widely different races live under the same laws, whatever rights the law may accord the weaker, it can actually exercise these rights only as the stronger will allow, and in any case of conflict the weaker is helpless. The dealings of the white man of the United States with the Indians is a case in point. No treaty nor legal enactment has prevented the paleface from appropriating the red man's lands on his own terms. I do not say it is right; but it is a fact.

Now in the case of the negro the law of the land has supplanted the old relations; and the fact that he stands as an equal before the law seems to release the white man from the higher law of *noblesse oblige*, which was largely recognized by the slaveholder in the former days. Then cruelty to helpless and dependent negroes was counted dishonorable and cowardly, and public opinion condemned it. Moreover, the higher law that exacted kindness to the weak was reinforced by the sentiments of affection subsisting between master and servant.

Now the tendency of the present generation of negroes is to look upon the Southern white man as an enemy and to assert their rights aggressively, if not insolently, being too often put up to it by politicians or pseudo-philanthropists. One must recognize the danger when race prejudice is aggravated by contempt on one side and hatred on the other.

SPIRITUAL CONDITIONS.

But whatever may be the material results of emancipation, a more important question is, What has been its effect on the

character and spiritual condition of the race? I believe that, however great may be the evils of man's earthly condition, whether as slave or as freedman, there is a remedy in the application of the principles of the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ. If his Spirit control, whether white man or black, it is the power to solve difficulties and bring harmony between the races.

But here the difficulties are multiplied and the questions complicated by the defects of the religious teachings and influences which direct the spiritual life of the negro. Believing that spiritual interests are of chief importance to the real welfare of any race or people, we inquire whether the negro has been helped or harmed spiritually by emancipation. Has his character in the sight of God been elevated or depressed by the religious instruction and training he has received as a freeman? Is he a higher type of man now than he was as a slave? It is true that probably one-third of the race are members of their own Churches; and as a rule, and naturally, they prefer the ministrations of their own preachers, however ignorant, to the service of Southern white ministers.

I recognize with thankfulness that many of their religious leaders are men of piety and learning, and I believe that we, the Southern whites, should do all we can for the spiritual progress of the mass of the negroes. But the question we are considering is, Was emancipation best for their spiritual interests? And if the Confederacy had succeeded, would not those interests have been better cared for? While there are many sincere Christians among them whose lives are consistent, yet generally the profession of religion with them has small influence on their lives and characters. The tendency to return to the dark superstitions and the strange rites of their barbarous ancestors seems to be marked where they are left to their own exercise of their religious ideals and are separated most from the influence and contact with the white people.

THE OLD-TIME RELIGION.

In the thirty or forty years just before the war the negroes had the ministrations of able white ministers on the great plantations and in the families of their masters. The Southern Churches of all denominations recognized their responsibility for the spiritual instruction and training of the slaves, and as a consequence the system of plantation missions of the Methodist Church from 1829 to 1865 led probably a million slaves to Christ as a Saviour. Other Churches were diligent in the same work, the Baptist Church and the Methodist Church at the close of the war having each about a quarter of a million communicants. The amount expended by the white people of the South in this period for negro evangelization was about four millions of dollars. The present generation of the South seem ignorant of what was done by their fathers for the bringing of the slaves to Christianity. It is probable that the real spiritual condition of the half a million slave communicants was superior to that of the three millions of freedmen Church members of to-day, with the wild orgies and superstitious rites of so many of them.

There is no doubt in the mind of the Southerner who knew the old order that in the elements that go to make high and true character the present generation of negroes, with their pertness, conceit, idleness, shirking of responsibility, lack of trustworthiness, is distinctly inferior to the old-time slave, with his affection for his "white folks," his pride in the family of which he was a part, his faithfulness to a trust, his loyalty and devotion to the interests of the family, his instinctive sense of propriety, and his fine manners. The "mammies"

and "daddies," the "uncles" and "aunties" of those days deserved all the confidence and affection given them by every member of the household.

As a general rule, the slavery of the South was a life of patriarchal simplicity, with contentment and peace, free from the sharp competitions of trade and the struggle for a living. I seriously doubt if any advantage of freedom as now exercised, with its anxiety for food and raiment and shelter, can compensate for the loss of the old-time relationship. Now it is jealousy and suspicion, breaking out in frequent conflicts with assassinations and lynchings.

PRESENT CONDITIONS

Emancipation is an accomplished fact, and there is no desire on the part of the Southern people to reduce the negroes to bondage again even if such a thing were possible. The theory of liberty or of human rights which the abolitionists asserted as a ground for emancipation triumphed. That triumph forced on the country the most difficult and dangerous of all political and social questions, the adjustment of the relations of two races as widely different in physical, mental, and moral characteristics as it is possible for human persons to be.

After all the years of endeavor and the trying of all kinds of nostrums, constitutional amendments, military interference, educational foundations, Church amalgamation, the Northern people, who are honest and who assumed to be the divinely appointed guardians of the negro, are beginning to realize their failure; and after having forced the issue on the South, after deceiving the negro with their false professions of love for him, after filling his mind with false ideas of his rights, after teaching him that as the ward of the nation he was entitled to a support, after destroying his confidence in the Southern white man, they now complacently announce that it is the South's problem, and it is magnanimously turned over to her to settle.

We should be glad to have the intermeddling cease and to address ourselves to the question. But there are two influences that refuse to keep their hands off. One is the Puritan conscience that insists on its theory of liberty and human rights being preserved intact; the other is the Northern politician to whom the negro vote is a political asset that must under no circumstances be discarded, and to both the Fifteenth Amendment is the sum of righteous philosophy and the palladium of political liberty. Between them they have taught the masses a theory of liberty which is the source of the anarchy that is growing all over our land.

Surely we have no reason to rejoice that the triumph of the Union armies freed the negroes and laid upon us these dangerous and difficult questions to settle.

DESTRUCTION OF STATE SOVEREIGNTY.

A second result of the war for which we are expected to be thankful was the destruction of the sovereignty of the States, with its necessary consequence, the right of a State to secede from the Union when she judged that to be the only remedy for the violation of her rights. This right of secession had been time and again asserted and threatened by New England before the war, and it was claimed as a protection against alleged Southern aggressions. Yet when the war came on and ever since the action of the Southern States in seceding has been denounced in unmeasured terms of abuse by all classes in the North, from politicians to preachers, by teachers, poets, historians, essayists, editors, orators, as a wicked

and causeless rebellion, an attempt on "the life of the nation," an effort to destroy "the best government the world ever saw," and to cause "government of the people, by the people, and for the people to perish from the earth."

Unquestionably the triumph of the Union forces and the overthrow of the Confederacy established the Federal government as the ultimate authority in any controversy as to the rights of the States against the central government or against each other. And in accepting the arbitrament of war the South surrendered the right of secession. She bowed to superior force and became part of a nation rather than of a federated republic. And we are told that this victory of centralization is a blessing to the South as well as to the whole country.

THE ORIGINAL PLAN OF THE UNION.

It is said that the war settled the interpretation of the Constitution on a point that had been in dispute since the foundation of the government—that is, whether a State was to be the ultimate judge of the remedy for a violation of its rights by either the central or the other State governments or that the central government must decide whether rights have been violated and what is the remedy. Now, as a fact, that point was never in dispute until long after the adoption of the Constitution, when certain sectional interests found that they could best promote their power by insisting on the centralizing theory, which was always repudiated by the South.

If there is any historical statement true beyond question, it is that the fathers and founders of the republic and the framers of its Constitution intended strictly to limit the sphere and powers of the central government and to guard most carefully the rights of the States. The Federal government was the agent of the States for the purpose of carrying out the terms of the compact which constituted them a Union. The Constitution was the bond of union, and it defined the powers granted to the agent with the express stipulation that all powers not granted were reserved to the States. In the convention that framed the Constitution the debates turned largely on the relations of the Federal to the State government, and the fear was great of a centralized authority that should ultimately encroach on the rights of the States and deprive them of their autonomy. This fear caused several of the States to hesitate long before adopting the Constitution. New York and Virginia made it a condition of entering the Union that they could secede if they found that their interests demanded it, and North Carolina and Rhode Island remained out of the Union for a considerable time after its establishment between the other States.

It is true that Daniel Webster in his great debates with Hayne and Calhoun in 1832-33 denied that the Union was a compact, and he was by the North acclaimed the victor in those great debates and dubbed "Expounder of the Constitution." Yet nearly twenty years after he acknowledged his error, and his latest biographer, Senator Lodge, of Massachusetts, declares that the force of the argument was with his great opponents, thus confessing that each State adopted the Constitution as a distinct, separate sovereign party to a compact between the States which granted the Federal government as their agent certain portions of their sovereignty. And it could only exercise sovereignty in the limited sphere which they granted it. But lo, the change! As a result of the war and of a long series of encroachments the Federal government has become supreme, and the States can only exercise such sovereign powers as it may allow to them.

The South resisted these encroachments, and she fought for the Constitution as it was originally adopted and for the rights of all the States. She was defeated, and her defeat meant a radical revolution in the nature of our government from a Federal republic to a centralized nation. And this fact is recognized by the Northern speakers and writers generally, who emphasize and glory in the fact that this is a nation. It reminds one of the demand of the children of Israel three thousand years ago for a king that their distinct tribes might be "like all the nations." (1 Samuel viii.) And it may profit us to read the warning of the ancient prophet who foretold the oppressions to which the centralized power would subject the people.

Before we boast of the change that has been accomplished with us, we should remember that the history of liberty shows it in constant conflict with centralized power. When our armies surrendered, we accepted in good faith the new government that was forced upon us, and we have been and are loyal to it as that which in the providence of God is now the established civil and lawful government, and it is our duty to labor for its peace and prosperity. But when the Confederate flag was furled in defeat it was the winding sheet of the republic of the fathers.

A ROPE OF SAND.

It has been objected to the theory of State sovereignty and the right of secession that it makes the government a rope of sand; that if each State has the right to determine for itself what are radical and fundamental violations of the compact and also what is the only remedy even to the point of seceding, then the Union would be dissolved at the whim or caprice of any State which imagined it had a grievance. But what we are asserting is not that there was no danger of friction; only this was the theory or the plan that was actually adopted, and on the faith of this theory of State sovereignty the States entered the Union. If they exercised the right and did secede, there was no authority to coerce them to remain in the Union. And while encroachments by the Federal government or violations of the compact by the States justified secession, the attempt to coerce was a deliberate trampling underfoot of the Constitution.

Yet as an actual fact the prosperity of the country in every line until the war was the wonder of the world, and the government was controlled by States' rights men. The denial of the original theory of the Constitution as a compact between sovereign States has been the fruitful source of aggressions on the rights of the States. If the general government and the States had thoroughly recognized that violations of the sovereign rights of any State would result in the withdrawal of that State from the Union and that each State was the ultimate judge to determine when secession would be justified, then there would have been greater care to avoid even the semblance of violations. And, on the other hand, in the very nature of the case, secession would be the last remedy resorted to. Only when its grievances became unbearable, its rights persistently denied, and the advantages of Union nullified by injustice would any State withdraw, and that because there was no other way to preserve its honor and its rights—indeed, its life.

This was the point to which the Southern people had come. They had submitted to aggressions of the central government, to flagrant denial of their constitutional rights by the Northern States, to abuse, misrepresentation, and denunciation by a large number of the Northern people. They had

seen a sectional party organized on the platform of opposition to their social and domestic life and system of labor and pledged to deny them equal rights in the territories gained largely by their valor and statesmanship. They saw that party grow in power until it controlled the Northern States and under forms of law gained control of the central government by the election of a sectional President. They felt that submission had reached the limit, and the only remedy was to withdraw from a Union which had become a menace to their dearest rights.

That they did not misunderstand the purpose of the party in power is evident from the honors paid to the memory of John Brown, who was hanged for invading the State of Virginia and striving to arouse the slaves to insurrection. There was mourning, with draped churches, in many Northern communities the day he was hanged. His execution was compared to Christ's crucifixion. During the war the Union soldiers chanted his dirge as they marched through the South, pillaging and burning as they marched. After the war the bodies of his associates were disinterred and buried with the honors of war by United States soldiers by order of Mr. Root, Secretary of War in Mr. McKinley's Cabinet. John Brown's home was made by the State of New York a shrine of patriotism, and President McKinley was present at the dedication. The State of Kansas dedicated a park to his memory at Osawatimie, the scene of some of his abolition outrages. Ex-President Theodore Roosevelt was the orator of the occasion and glorified the murderer and assassin as a hero entitled to the nation's gratitude.

Under all the circumstances, to ask the Southern people to rejoice in the dishonor done to their States is to ask them to stultify themselves and to acknowledge that the fathers of the republic were lacking in wisdom and patriotism in reserving sovereignty to the States. It is asking us to confess that the abolitionists were right in refusing to be bound by the Constitution and in denying the equality of the Southern States.

THE COURTS AS ARBITRATORS.

It is claimed that State sovereignty was not abolished by the war; but only the Supreme Court of the United States was made the final judge of the complaint of any State against the general government and of the remedy instead of the State itself being the judge. And so it is held that sovereignty remains to the States in the sphere reserved to them originally—that is, in all local matters. But the question comes at once, when a controversy arises as to what interests are purely local, Who is to settle it? The answer is, The United States Supreme Court. But that is simply a branch of the Federal government, and it thus turns out that one of the parties to a compact is the sole final judge of the terms, meaning, and application of the compact. Thus by a decree of a Federal court the Federal government can interfere in a State's local affairs. As a fact, the machinery of a State government has been stayed or suspended by the mandate of a Federal judge, and the United States Supreme Court can set aside the decree of a State Supreme Court on a claim of Federal jurisdiction. It is idle to talk of State sovereignty when there is above it a power which can determine when or whether that sovereignty shall be exercised.

But there are cases wherein great injustice may be done to certain States or sections by the action of the Federal government, and yet the Supreme Court cannot interfere or act in the premises. A territory may have every qualification for Statehood, and yet a partisan majority in Congress may re-

fuse to grant it for political or partisan reasons. Or a territory may lack every qualification for admission as a State, and yet Congress may grant Statehood to meet some partisan exigency. This state of things has occurred. The celebrated Missouri Compromise was the unconstitutional condition on which that great State could enter the Union as a slave State; and Nevada, a mining camp, a mere pocket borough, was admitted in 1864 to all the privileges of Statehood with a population less than forty thousand. Yet what power could force Congress to do justice in either case.

MR. JEFFERSON'S FEARS.

Thomas Jefferson was, among the fathers of the republic, the great apostle of States' rights. He expressed the gravest apprehension of danger to our form of government from the encroachments of the Federal judiciary as the most insidious peril to which it would be exposed. It is a matter of history that the centralizing theories of Jefferson's brilliant rival, Alexander Hamilton, received their most effective support from the decisions of our greatest chief justice, John Marshall, who was a Federalist.

Indeed, it has been freely charged that the party of centralization, which has been in power most of the time since the war, has been greatly aided in its efforts by Supreme Court decisions which were secured by executive appointment of judges known to favor the largest extension of Federal authority. In recent times President Roosevelt and his able Secretary of State, Mr. Root, have intimated in public speeches that State opposition to any policy contrary to its rights can be set aside by means of the Supreme Court's interpretation of the Constitution. This means that the court makes the law.

It is said that the supreme judges are appointed for life and are independent of political changes, are impartial and would hold the balance fairly between conflicting claims of Federal and State jurisdiction. But history of the judiciary both in England and in the United States shows that where political questions are at issue the judges are apt to be influenced by the interests of the political party appointing them. In the disastrous rape of the Presidency in 1877, which trampled on the rights of three Southern States—Louisiana, South Carolina, and Florida—the electoral commission which seated Mr. Hayes was composed of members of the Senate, of the House of Representatives, and of the Supreme Court, and in every case each question that came up was decided by a strictly partisan vote, and the judges went with their party associates.

DEVOTION TO STATES' RIGHTS NOT ENMITY TO UNION.

The most devoted advocates of States' rights were not enemies of the Union. On the other hand, they believed that a strict observance of the limits of the Federal authority as prescribed by the Constitution and insistence on the reserved rights of the States was the only effective way to preserve a Union worth having—a Union adapted to the administration of government over such wide and diversified territory, such varied interests, and such differing populations as the United States; a Union that would secure equality of political rights for the States against the irresponsible tyranny of a fanatical popular majority which might seek to oppress any State or section.

It has been the fashion with writers of the New England school to characterize the great South Carolina statesman,

John C. Calhoun, as the archenemy of the Union, and some even charge him with conspiring for its overthrow even while they admit his honesty and personal purity. Yet his assertion of State sovereignty was inspired by love for the Union as much as by his desire to protect his State from unjust legislation by a factional majority in Congress.

NEW ENGLAND'S DISLOYALTY.

It is one of the ironies of history that the section which has been in recent years loudest in its boast of loyalty to the Union and in its denunciation of States' rights was the first to assert the doctrine and invoke its protection when it believed its material interests were imperiled by the acts of the Federal government. The Louisiana Purchase in 1803 was opposed with the threat of secession by the New England States. The War of 1812 with England, called our second war of independence, aroused such feeling against the general government that not only did New England governors refuse to furnish their quota of troops, but the notorious Hartford Convention, which, according to the testimony of John Quincy Adams, was planning a dissolution of the Union, failed of its further sitting only because of the close of the war. Again, when war with Mexico was declared, the same John Quincy Adams wrote that it was just ground for a dissolution of the Union; and in 1845 the legislature of Massachusetts indorsed his position by official action, asserting her sovereignty.

Yet when South Carolina interposed her authority as a sovereign State to protect her people against the unjust and oppressive tariff measures of 1832, she was denounced by the New England States as guilty of treason. President Jackson's intense love for the Union was used to advance New England's interests against the South with threats of force to coerce a sovereign State, and war was averted only by a modification of the objectionable measures. To this day Northern writers and speakers tell of South Carolina's backdown and glorify Jackson's patriotism, although the truth is that there was no backdown, and the President trampled on the principles of his own party.

Surely it comes with poor grace from Northern people to condemn South Carolina as the enemy of the Union when many of their States, especially those of New England origin, passed personal liberty bills intended to nullify not merely an act of Congress, but one of the plainest provisions of the Constitution. Yet by a perversion of history and deliberate concealment of facts New England is held up as the pattern of loyalty to our "glorious Union."

CONSENT OF THE GOVERNED.

The defeat of the Confederate States and their enforced submission to the government of the United States was the setting aside and subversion of one of the foundation principles on which the Union was originally constructed. That principle was distinctly announced in the Declaration of Independence as a justification of the secession of the colonies from the mother country. It is thus expressed: "All men are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. To secure these rights governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed. Whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or to abolish it and to institute a new government, laying its foundations

on such principles and organizing its powers in such form as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness."

Now, there is no fact more certain than that the secession of the Southern States was the free act of the vast majority of their citizens, who had become satisfied that their most sacred rights were imperiled and would be denied by the Federal government administered by a party which was put in power by the votes of a section of the country and that party avowedly hostile to the institutions and the real interests of the South. They solemnly and formally withdrew their consent to the Federal compact and repudiated the authority of the United States government, and they in the same open and formal manner instituted another government which would protect them in all their rights.

Yet by brute force of overwhelming numbers and resources, in direct violation of the Constitution, the United States government compelled them, after the most heroic resistance, to submit to an authority which they felt to be tyrannical, unjust, and oppressive. Then came the period of Reconstruction, which denied any right to the Southern States to a voice in government, a despotism as cruel as that of Russia over Poland, and to-day the States originally sovereign have only such rights as the Federal government allows them.

NATION VERSUS FEDERATION.

The controversy between the sections was as to the nature of the government established by the Constitution. The one contended for a consolidated nation with centralized power supreme in authority over the whole country; the other claimed a federated republic of sovereign States with a central government of strictly limited authority and power.

The national idea conquered, and we are told that we should be thankful that we are a nation in the fullest sense, not only as distinct from other nations, but in the concentration of supreme power in the central government. And we are told that this is best for the protection and development of our people, as we can bring all the resources of the nation to bear on the great enterprises which modern life and progress demand. We are told that this is the unifying of the people, whereas State sovereignty tended to separate them.

Without going into a discussion of the merits of the two systems, we may note the fact that unchecked power always tends to oppression; that it is easy to get the aid of a consolidated power for the unjust advancement of individual interests; that instead of unifying, this concentration tends to divide the people into classes, each of which seeks the control of government; that, therefore, its tendency is to foster graft and corruption. We have only to look at the facts to see these tendencies illustrated and realized. We have a tariff dictated by the commercial or manufacturing interests and working for the benefit of the few who have by means of it accumulated vast wealth. We have a pension system which makes Congress bow to the demands of the old soldier vote and which has since the war taken nearly four thousand millions of dollars from the people and which is a promoter of gigantic frauds. We have the camps of capital and labor arrayed against each other and an economic tyranny that makes slaves of multitudes of laborers, their wives and children. We see an army of tramps in a land where before the war a tramp was a curiosity. We see the unequal and unjust distribution of our national wealth. All of which may well make us ask, Is the unchecked power of a centralized nation a blessing?

(Continued in April number.)

UNIQUE HISTORICAL RECORDS.

BY JOHN C. STILES, BRUNSWICK, GA.

I shall venture to state that in all the annals of warfare never before or since has such a report of a battle been made except by the author of this, Gen. Joseph O. Shelby, C. S. A. The report reads like a tale of old, and the General actually makes you see the Missourians more in the light of the knights of King Arthur than in that of ragged Rebels. His bursts of poetry also lend enchantment to the article. I shall leave it to any reader of this to confirm my statement ("Official Records," Series I., Volume XXII., Part I., page 199).

"General: On the last day of December, 1862, when the old year was dying in the lap of the new and January had sent its moaning winds to wail the requiem of the past, my brigade was on the march for foray on the border side. The day was auspicious; a bright red sun had tempered the keen air to pleasantness and cheered the soldiers with the hopes of a gay and gallant trip. The first two days' march was long and comfortable. On the third the rain commenced, cold and chilling, and continued without intermission for three days, the grand old mountains standing bare against the dull and somber sky, their heads heavy with the storms of centuries. The men suffered much, but, keeping the bright goal of Missouri constantly in sight, spurred on and on quite merrily. For two days all went well. Then the rain commenced in earnest, and for three days its cold, merciless peltings were endured by the men without a murmur, although the sky was as dark and barren as a rainy sea, and the keen northeast wind pierced the thin clothing of the men with its icy breath.

"Upon arriving in close proximity to Ozark, and not being satisfied as to its evacuation, I soon found that the nest was there, and it was warm; but the birds had flown, and nothing remained to do but apply the torch to fort and barracks. Soon the red glare of flames burst out upon the midnight sky, and the cold, calm stars looked down upon the scene. It was an intensely cold night, and the frost hung heavy and chill on the garments of my devoted brigade, marching on with determination in their hearts rarely surpassed. The sun came up on the morning of the 8th like a ball of fire, and the day was gloomy and chill; but Springfield loomed up before us in the distance like a beautiful panorama, and the men were eager for the rough red fray. With flaunting banners and all the pomp and circumstance of war, the Federals had marched out gayly to meet us. 'Twas a bright and beautiful scene. There lay the quiet town, robed in the dull gray hue of the winter, its domes and spires stretching their skeleton hands to heaven as if in prayer against the coming strife; and, drawing nearer and nearer, long black lines came gleaming on, while the sun shone out like a golden bar, uncurling its yellow hair on earth and sky, stream and mountain, and lent the thrilling picture a sterner and finer light. I saw the crisis and ordered a charge. At the command a thousand warriors sprang to their feet, and with one wild Missouri yell they burst upon the foe. Officers mix with the men in the mad mêlée and fight side by side. The storm increases, and the combatants get closer and closer.

"I heard the cannons' shivering crash,
As when the whirlwind rends the ash;
I heard the muskets' deadly clang,
As if a thousand anvils rang.

"The battle thickens, blow falls on blow, shot follows shot, the contest rages, and the wild death dance goes merrily on.

"Still Collins plies his lurid torch
Where balls will rend and powder scorch;
Still Shanks and Gordon, side by side,
Like veteran heroes stem the tide.

"Night came down with weary brooding wings, laid her dark brow across the cloudy sky, and threw her sable mantle over fort and wall and house and men, checking the bloody strife and calming the furious passions that had been at war all day. My brigade suffered seriously, but covered itself all over with glory and won imperishable laurels. The heroic John W. Buffington, ahead of his best and bravest, fell.

"O, smoothe the damp hair over his brow:
It is pale and white and ghastly now
And hide his wounds in his gory breast.
For his soul has fled to its final rest.

"The South had no nobler champion, our cause no braver defender, and he and Major Bowman and Captain Titworth formed an illustrious trio—three of the grand, immortal names that never die. Peace to their ashes! When the warfare of the world is over, when time strikes record with eternity and mortality is paling beyond the sunset shore and the billows of dissolution are white with the wrecks of the universe, these deathless spirits will rise from their arms of death and chambers of decay and join the noble band of Southern martyrs that have fallen with their backs to the field and their feet to the foe.

"The mission had been accomplished. Two forts had been captured, a piece of artillery taken, several hundred prisoners paroled, and we, after making a circuit of the town with floating banners and waving pennons, left it alone in its glory, because all had been done that could be done."

MAJ. JOHN TYLER, C. S. A.

In the January VETERAN there is an account of the unveiling of the monument erected in memory of President Tyler and also a very interesting sketch of his life. I find that his son John, major and assistant adjutant general, C. S. A., was also quite a genius and absolutely fearless as far as expressing his opinion was concerned. The following extracts from letters written by him to Gen. Sterling Price, taken from the "Official Records," Series I., Volume LI., will carry out my statement:

Opinion of General Grant: "From first to last, Grant has shown great skill and prudence combined with persistency and brutality. He is a scientific Goth, resembling Alaric, destroying the country as he goes and delivering the people over to starvation. Nor does he bury his dead, but leaves them to rot on the battle field."

Of Lee and Grant: "The game upon the military chess-board between Lee and Grant has been striking and grand, surpassing anything I have heretofore witnessed and conducted on both sides with consummate mastery of the art of war. It is admitted that Lee has at last met with a foeman who watches his steel, although he may not be worthy of it. Each guards himself perfectly and gives his blow with a precise eye and cool and sanguinary nerve."

Of General Lee: "In Lee's army everything is reduced to the smallest compass, and the discipline is perfect. He rides with only three members of his staff and is usually upon the lines from daybreak to dark. He is almost unapproachable, and yet no man is more simple or less ostentatious, hating all pretension. It would be impossible for an officer to be

more revered, admired, and respected. He eats the ration of the soldiers and quarters alone in his tent. Without parade, haughtiness, or assumption, he is elevated in his thought and feeling and is worthy of the cause he represents and the army he commands."

Of several West Pointers in the C. S. A.: "With one West Point fool as commissary general and with another West Point fool and knave as adjutant general and senior general of the army, neither of whom ever commanded a company or saw a musket fired in the field and the last of whom is a Yankee by birth, by blood, by parentage, and by education, and another West Point pigmy now commander of all the artillery of the Richmond defenses, remarkable only for having the ability to complete at Vicksburg that which his coadjutor notoriously initiated in Kentucky and Tennessee, and this notorious coadjutor, another West Pointer of known dishonorable origin, malignant heart, and incompetent head, who, by his stupendous military blunders, has done more than any and all others to place the country beneath the heel of the enemy, foisted by favoritism, against the wishes of the country and the soldiery, into the chief command of the armies, I do not see what can extricate us but God. I am willing to perish; but this last West Pointer must perish with me, since he has led me to the grave. I will never consent that he shall be left to make terms with the enemy and to enter the enemy's service should we fall and perish through his lead."

It is a very easy matter to pick out these West Pointers to whom he pays his respects, consequently I shall not mention the names of those that the cap seems to fit.

GENERAL HILL'S OPINION OF "EXEMPTS."

Following the above candid expressions of opinion regarding some general officers, this proclamation issued by Gen. D. H. Hill is now given as an example that, for bitter sarcasm and invective against "exempts," has no equal in the "Official Records." It will be noted that he touches up members of the medical profession who, I suppose, were exempted on account of their calling. This paper was published on April 24, 1862, when the General was in command of the Department of North Carolina:

"The department commander returns heartfelt thanks to the troops under his command for their courage in battle, patient endurance on long, fatiguing marches in cold and wet, for their vigilance on duty and uniform good behavior everywhere. Unlike the rascally Yankees, you have protected private property, and no depredations have been committed except in a few instances by the —. It is to be hoped that this brave regiment will leave off this low Yankee practice and will behave as well on the march as it has always done on the battle field. All the rest of the troops behaved handsomely.

"Soldiers, with forces inferior to the Yankees you drove them into their rat holes in New Bern and Washington. You held the latter place in close siege for sixteen days. With light field guns you whipped their four gunboats in the harbor, disabling two of them and driving the poor poltroon Renshaw, United States navy, under the shelter of an island. With some half a dozen field pieces you kept back nine gunboats from coming to the relief of their afflicted consorts. The relieving force of seven thousand men you whipped so easily as to think the battle was but a skirmish and were preparing for the real contest when you heard that the foe had

slipped off in the darkness of the night, blockading the road behind him, so that a dog or a sneaking exempt could not crawl through.

"If you failed to accomplish greater things, the fault was not yours. How much better it is thus to deserve the thanks of the country by your courage and patience than to skulk at home, as the cowardly exempts do! Some of these poor dogs have hired substitutes, as though money could pay the service every man owes his country. Others claim to own twenty negroes and with justice might claim to be masters of an infinite amount of cowardice. Others are stuffy squires (bless their dignified souls!). Others are warlike militia officers, and their regiments cannot dispense with such models of military skill and valor. And such noble regiments they have—three field officers, four staff officers, ten captains, thirty lieutenants, and one private with a misery in his bowels! Some are pill-and-syringe gentlemen and have done their share of killing at home. Some are kindly making shoes for the army and generously giving them to the poor soldiers, only asking for them two months' pay. Some are too sweet and delicate for anything but fancy duty. The sight of blood is unpleasant, and the roar of cannon shocks their sensibilities.

"When our independence is won, the most trifling soldier in the ranks will be more respected, as he is now more respectable, than an army of these skulking exempts."

HOT TALK IN 1861.

The following extracts from an editorial in the Columbus Crescent, written by the editor, Col. L. G. Faxon, of the Tennessee Tigers, C. S. A., give a good idea of the extreme bitterness injected into the war in the year 1861, and especially in the border States. The article is taken from W. H. Russell's book, "My Diary, North and South." "Bull Run" Russell was a famous English war correspondent, who described the battle of First Manassas so accurately that the United States authorities asked for his recall; hence his nickname:

"The Irish are for us, and they will knock Bologna sausages out of the Dutch, and we will knock wooden nutmegs out of the Yankees. The mosquitoes of Cairo have been sucking the lager beer out of the dirty soldiers there so long that they are bloated and swelled up as large as a spring possum. An assortment of Columbus mosquitoes went up there the other day; but as they have not returned, the probability is that they went off with delirium tremens. In fact, the blood of those Hessians would poison the most degraded creature in creation.

"When the bow-legged, wooden-shoed, sauerkraut-and-Bologna-sausage-eating, henroost-robbing Dutch had accomplished the brilliant feat of taking down the secession flag on the river bank, they were pointed to another of the same sort, which their guns did not cover, flying gloriously and defiantly, and dared—yea, double-big-black-dog-dared—to take that flag down. The cowardly pups, the thieving sheep dogs, the sneaking skunks dared not do so.

"As to the qualification of this man Prentiss for the command of such a squad of villains and cutthroats as they are, he is a miserable hound, a dirty dog, a treacherous villain, a notorious thief, a lying blackguard, who has served his time in the penitentiary and keeps his hide continually full of Cincinnati whisky, which he buys by the barrel to save money. In him are embodied the leprous rascalities of the world, and in this living sore the gallows is cheated.

"Prentiss wants our scalp. We propose a plan by which he may get that valuable article: Let him select one hundred and fifty of his best fighting men, or two hundred and fifty of his lager beer Dutchmen. We will select one hundred. Then let both parties meet where there will be no interruption at the scalping business, and the longest pole will get the persimmon. If he does not accept this proposal, he is a coward. We think this is a gentlemanly proposition and quite fair and equal to both sides."

POPE'S EASTERN CAMPAIGN.

When General Lee, with 86,000 men, had forced "Little Mac," with 105,000, to make a masterly change of base, there came out of the West a star of the first magnitude in the person of John Pope, major general of volunteers, who, in conjunction with General Halleck, was going to Richmond instant. While the first proclamation issued by the aforesaid general showed him to be something of a "wind blower," in justice to him it is only fair to state that he did not divide the blame for the (to him) disastrous campaign and would have done much better by using his own judgment and not deferring to Halleck, who was not on the spot.

General Pope's Eastern campaign was divided into two parts; and as "everything that goes up must come down," and "the higher they fly, the harder they fall," the first period should be called

Going Up.

July 14, 1862.—"To the officers and soldiers of the Army of Virginia: By special assignment of the President I have assumed command of this army. I have spent two weeks in learning your whereabouts, your condition, and your wants in preparing you for active operations, and in placing you in positions from which you can act promptly and to the purpose. These labors are about completed, and I am about to join you in the field. Let us understand each other. I have come to you from the West, where we have always seen the backs of our enemy; from an army whose business it has been to seek the adversary and to beat him when he was found, whose policy has been attack and not defense. I presume that I have been called here to pursue the same system and to lead you against the enemy. It is my purpose to do so, and that speedily. I am sure that you long for an opportunity to win the distinction you are capable of achieving. That chance I shall endeavor to give you. Meantime I desire you to dismiss from your minds certain phrases which I am sorry to find so much in vogue amongst you. I hear constant talk of 'taking strong positions and holding them,' of 'lines of retreat' and 'bases of supply.' Let us discard such ideas. The strongest position a soldier should desire to occupy is one from which he can easily advance against the enemy. Let us study the probable lines of retreat of our opponents and leave our own to take care of themselves. Let us look before and not behind us. Success and glory are in the advance; disaster and shame lurk in the rear. Let us act on this understanding, and it is safe to predict that your banners will be inscribed with many a glorious deed and that your names will be dear to your countrymen forever."

July 16.—"I do not like the idea of an infantry regiment of this army retreating without more loss and better reasons."

July 18.—"It is better to lose your whole force than to make a hasty or discreditable retreat."

July 19.—"I have heard so much talk of retreating since I took command of this army that I hardly know what to believe."

August 5.—"With the large force of cavalry at my disposal I can make the position at Gordonsville untenable."

August 11, 7 P.M.—"Please make McClellan do something to prevent reinforcements being sent here. I am able to get along with those that are here now."

Going Down.

August 11, 11 P.M.—"I think it almost certain that we shall be attacked in the morning and we will make the best fight we can."

August 17.—"Our position is strong, and it will be very difficult to drive us from it."

August 18.—"My whole command will commence to fall back to the Rappahannock to-night."

August 20.—"You may rely on us making a very hard fight in case the enemy attacks."

August 21.—"I must abandon the railroad and fight a battle lower down the river. I think no impression can be made on me for some days. Jackson's move to the east, which is reported, is not definitely ascertained. * * * We are all ready and shall make the best fight we can."

August 22.—"The enemy has succeeded with greatly superior numbers, in turning our left."

August 25.—"McDowell's Corps is the only reliable one I have. Sigel's conduct to-day has occasioned me much dissatisfaction. Banks's Corps is very weak and much demoralized."

August 27.—"My position at Warrenton is no longer tenable. Whether the enemy means to attack us or not, I consider doubtful."

August 27, 1 P.M.—"If you are prompt and expeditious, we will beat the whole crowd."

August 28.—"Heintzelman's Corps will move on him at daylight, and I do not see how he is to escape without heavy loss."

August 29.—"I am following the enemy down the Warrenton Turnpike. Be expeditious, or we will lose much."

August 30.—"We fought a terrific battle yesterday, and the enemy was driven from the field, which we now occupy. The news reaches me that the enemy is retreating toward the mountains."

September 1.—"I will give battle when I can, but as soon as the enemy brings up his force he will again turn me. * * * You should come out and see the troops. * * * They were badly demoralized when they joined me, both officers and men. * * * There is an intense idea among them that they must get behind intrenchments. * * * You had better decide at once what is best to be done. I would attack to-day, but the troops are absolutely unable."

Down and Out.

Halleck to Pope, September 5, 1862.—"We think that you did the best you could."

THE SECOND MANASSAS CAMPAIGN.

Of all the campaigns of the War between the States, that of Second Manassas was, without a doubt, planned and carried out more ably on our side and less ably on the Northern than any other of the entire conflict. Although repeatedly warned by General Halleck, the Federal commander, General Pope deliberately walked into a trap, and after doing so he deluded himself with the idea that he had won a glorious victory and reported it as such to his government.

To prove my statement as to Halleck's warnings, I shall quote a few extracts from his correspondence with Pope.

Halleck: "The evacuation may be merely a trick. Take care not to be caught in the trap. Do not advance so as to expose yourself to any disaster. Guard well against a flank movement by the enemy. We must run no risks now. Be very careful that they do not outflank you. It is quite possible that the enemy, while making a demonstration, may attempt to turn your flank. Do not let him separate you from Alexandria."

And all of this happened. Everybody, of course, has heard of the man that went into a hollow log to catch a bear cat, and when it was caught the man had to have help to turn him loose. This campaign was very much on that order. I shall endeavor to show it in that light, at any rate.

Catching the Bear Cat.

Pope: "The enemy was driven from the field which we now occupy. The news just reaches me from the front that the enemy is retreating toward the mountains."

Halleck: "I am glad to hear that affairs are progressing so well. Push the enemy as much as possible. Pope's success will probably render your presence unnecessary. He has fought a great battle and so far successful."

Stanton: "General Pope has fought a great battle on the very ground of last year's fight, and the enemy was driven at all points."

Banks: "I am informed that the battle was the most decisive and brilliant victory of the war. In the night Jackson retreated toward the mountains, and he is beaten to-day."

Burnside: "Our troops are driving the Rebels before them. We are jubilant over Pope's victory and hope to hear that he has completely routed the enemy."

McClellan: "I heard that our people had been driving the enemy all day."

Haupt: "We have captured one thousand prisoners, many arms, and one piece of artillery. General Pope seems to be in good spirits. Hooker is driving the enemy; McDowell and Sigel are cutting him off. I am of the opinion that by this time Jackson has surrendered."

Turning the Cat Loose.

Haupt: "This morning the direction of the firing seems to be changing, and it is possible the enemy is trying to escape toward Fredericksburg."

Halleck: "You have done nobly. Don't yield another inch if you can avoid it. Can't you renew the attack? All will be right soon, even if you should be forced to fall back. Sumner's whole force will march to your relief."

Colburn: "Pope fought all day yesterday. I fear he did not gain a victory."

McClellan: "The only information I get from Pope is from a cloud of his stragglers. Reports are that our army is badly beaten."

Porter: "Jackson, who had been supposedly anxious to retreat and for whom the road had been left open, had not retreated. I advanced in pursuit of the enemy and was whipped badly, as the rest of the army was."

Sykes: "The attack was based on the supposition that the enemy were retreating and so announced in orders from General Pope. I found them, but they were not retreating."

Reynolds: "I soon became convinced that the enemy were not in retreat."

McCoy: "It was pretty soon evident that, instead of falling back, leaving us the victory, as supposed, they had received reinforcements and were making desperate efforts to drive us from the field, which they did."

Cat Turned Loose.

Halleck: "General Pope's army is falling back to the line of fortifications and has been moving in this direction all day."

GEN. D. H. HILL AT CHICKAMAUGA.

BY GEORGE RATCHFORD, MADISON, FLA.

I was very much interested in the article in the *VETERAN* for January entitled "Gen. Leonidas Polk at Chickamauga," and especially as Generals Polk and Hill were rather closely associated in this battle, General Polk being in command of the part of the army which included General Hill's corps. My father, Maj. J. W. Ratchford, was a member of the staff of General Hill.

General Hill was ordered by the Secretary of War, Hon. J. A. Seddon, to report to Gen. Joseph E. Johnston at Jackson, Miss., for duty with the Army of Mississippi. This order is dated July 13, 1863. The order which changed this so as to cause General Hill, with his staff, to report for duty with General Bragg has not been found—at least I have been unable to find it—but it is known to be a fact from personal knowledge in my possession. General Hill never reached his destination in Mississippi.

Hill's command consisted at first of the corps formerly commanded by General Hardee, being composed of Cleburne's and Stewart's Divisions. A short time after that, however, Breckinridge's Division came to the Army of Tennessee and was assigned to Hill's Corps, and Stewart's Division was sent up toward Knoxville to join General Buckner. This left Cleburne's and Breckinridge's Divisions to constitute Hill's Corps. There is also mention made of the fact that General Walker's division was included in Hill's command. This division, however, was soon afterwards transferred to General Longstreet's command, and Hill's Corps consisted of Cleburne's and Breckinridge's Divisions until General Hill left the Army of Tennessee.

In the article referred to it seems that an unintentional injustice is done to General Hill by reason of the fact that he was not found by the officers sent to find him and conduct him to the headquarters of General Polk, who was his immediate superior, and by reason of the fact that he stopped before the ordered attack long enough to allow his men to eat their rations. The statement is also made in the article in the *VETERAN* that General Polk, when he came to General Hill and the orders for attack had been delivered to General Hill, asked him about the attack and why he had not attacked. General Hill answered: "General, my men are drawing rations." "Sir," said General Polk, "this is not the time for eating; this is the time for fighting. Attack immediately; attack immediately." And without waiting for an answer from General Hill, General Polk whirled his horse around and, galloping along his line, to every major general said: "General, attack immediately."

Evidently there is an error somewhere. General Hill says in his report of the battle of Chickamauga, made on the ground soon after its occurrence:

"About midnight, September 19, Lieutenant Colonel Anderson, adjutant general, reported that my corps had been placed

under command of Lieutenant General Polk as wing commander and that the General wished to see me that night at Alexander's Bridge, three miles distant. I was much exhausted, having been in the saddle from dawn till midnight, and therefore resolved to rest until three o'clock. At that hour I went to Alexander's Bridge; but failing to find the courier that General Polk had placed there to conduct me to his tent, I rode forward to the line of battle, which I reached a little after daylight. General Breckinridge had not yet got into position, as General Polk had permitted him to rest the night before on account of the wearied condition of the men. Repeated and urgent orders had been issued from corps headquarters in regard to keeping rations for three days constantly on hand; but owing to difficulties and possibly to want of attention some of them had been without food the day before, and a division had its rations for the day unissued, but cooked and on hand. Orders were given for their prompt issuance.

"At 7:25 A.M. an order was shown me (just received) from Lieutenant General Polk, and addressed to my division commanders, directing them to advance at once upon the enemy. The reason given for the issuance of the order directly to them was that he [General Polk] had not been able to find the corps commander. I immediately replied to the note, saying that Brigadier General Jackson's brigade of his corps was at right angles to my line, that my men were getting their rations, and that they could finish eating while we were adjusting the line of battle. General Polk soon came on the field and made no objection to this delay. At eight o'clock General Bragg himself came on the field, and I then learned for the first time that an attack had been ordered at daylight.

"However, the essential preparations for battle had not been made at that time and, in fact, could not have been made without the presence of the commander in chief."

No objection was made to any of these statements in the report of General Hill except in a general way by General Bragg, in which he makes the sweeping assertion that the reports of General Polk's subordinates are entirely unsatisfactory; but he does not specify what parts are unsatisfactory, nor in what way. General Polk makes no criticism of General Hill, which he undoubtedly would have done if it had been erroneous. It would have been his duty to do so, and no one who ever knew Gen. Leonidas Polk will ever believe that he intentionally failed to do his full duty. The relations between General Polk and General Hill were always cordial and pleasant.

General Hill is not likely to have erred in saying that he heard from General Bragg for the first time that an attack was ordered for daylight, since he mentions the fact of General Polk's coming on the field soon after the officers had delivered their orders to his division commanders, and the orders themselves delivered by Capt. J. Frank Wheelless and others were shown to him. He says these were to advance at once upon the enemy. Nothing was said about any orders to attack at daylight. Nobody who knows anything of General Hill would believe for a moment that he would leave out anything so vital as that if the orders had contained anything of that sort.

As to General Bragg's statement that he found General Polk after sunrise at Alexander's Bridge reading a newspaper, it certainly cannot be a fact, for General Hill says he rested until three o'clock and at that hour rode to Alexander's Bridge, but found no one there. Then he rode forward to the line of battle, which he reached a little after daylight.

At 7:25 he was shown the order to his division commanders, to which he replied immediately; then General Polk came up, and the talk between Hill and Polk took place. General Polk could hardly have been at Alexander's Bridge after sunrise reading a newspaper and then have gone to the line of battle and met and conferred with General Hill, as stated in his report.

I can also testify personally that the conversation took place as mentioned in the letter from Longstreet to D. H. Hill, referred to in your article. I remember very distinctly hearing my father say (and he was a member of Hill's staff) that General Bragg did say that if anything happened his headquarters would be at Reed's Bridge and to communicate with him there.

The trouble is very clearly shown in the letter from General Longstreet to the Secretary of War, published in the "War Records." Speaking of General Bragg, he said: "It seems that he cannot adapt and adhere to any plan or course, whether his own or some one else's."

All the military men acquainted with the facts and who served in the Army of Tennessee under Bragg agree in the statement that he was a splendid engineer officer and had some high qualities as a leader, but that he was incompetent for the high position of the commander of an army. He did render distinguished service in Mexico in a subordinate position, but his ability did not extend to the command of a whole army.

The charges against the generals whom he suspended from their commands were never pressed, and in the case of General Polk the whole affair was dismissed by the President. In the case of General Hill General Bragg never could be made to specify what was the matter, though he was asked for it several times and finally it simmered down to the statement (made in the presence of General Hill's staff) that Gen. Bragg did not possess the confidence of his subordinates, and he thought a commander ought to have that in order to work harmoniously. General Hill then asked for a statement of this in writing and pushed the writing materials across the table to General Bragg, who excused himself with some matter and did not write. General Hill then on at least three occasions sent Major Ratchford to General Bragg to ask for the statement he had promised and Col. Archer Anderson over or oftener for the same thing but was always put off. Finally General Bragg said he did not consider it either expedient or necessary to give any such statement, and with that the matter ended.

KNOW HIS OWN.—About seven years before the great American conflict Charles Sumner was visiting at a private home near Gallatin, Tenn. Here there was a shrewd old house servant, a great favorite with his master's family. He was known as "Old Virginia Jeff," and after Senator Sumner's departure Jeff told the following story of a conversation between the Senator and himself. Senator Sumner: "Jeff, I hear you call all the white folks down here 'Marse'—Marse Henry, 'Marse John,' or what not. Isn't that true?" Jeff: "Yas, suh." Senator Sumner: "And you always call me 'Mister Sumner.'" Now, Jeff, here's a quarter. During the rest of my visit call me Marse Charles, you hear?" The old-time negroes intuitively knew who belonged to them and who didn't. Senator Sumner was accorded different treatment and felt like an outsider. Hence his bribe to Jeff. (Told by Maj. John C. Wrenshall, of the engineering staff of General Bragg.)

—*Dixie Book of Days*

THE INDIAN BATTLE OF CHAUSTINOLLA.

BY THE LATE CAPT. H. L. TAYLOR, IN THE YAZOO CITY (MISS.) SENTINEL.

On December 25, 1861, the Indian battle of Chaustinolla was fought just north of Bird's Creek, in the Creek Nation, two hundred and fifty miles west of Fort Sims, Ark. The Indians consisted of a large force of Creeks, Choctaws, and about one hundred and fifty Seminole warriors, under the command of Opathlahia, the chief of the Creeks. The Confederates consisted of one battalion each of the 3d, 6th, and 9th Texas Regiments, part of the 2d and 4th Arkansas Regiments, and Stoneweight's Cherokee Indians, all under the command of the splendid soldier, General McIntosh, afterwards killed at Elkhorn Tavern.

We had camped on the night of the 24th sixteen miles from Bird's Creek in a strip of woods surrounded by a prairie. The Indians, about four hundred strong, made their appearance on the open prairie north of us late in the evening of the 24th. They turned out to be a hunting party securing beef for their consumption. They will kill and dress a beef, removing all flesh from the bones and leaving bones and hide when dressed. These evidences of the hunting party were discovered by the following morning as we approached the battle field, about sixteen miles distant.

About eleven o'clock on Christmas Day we came in contact with the outpost, just south of Bird's Creek. They were quickly dispersed—in fact, leaving their post before we got in shooting distance. Crossing Bird's Creek, they joined their main fighting force, then occupied the mountain peak and cedar brakes, about four hundred miles north of Bird's Creek and running parallel with the creek. They were formed along the ledges of rocks and cedar brakes with their war paint and costumes on. Making all sorts of noises, such as crowing, cackling, and yells of all sorts, they began firing on us as we were moving in line north of the creek. General McIntosh was away to the right of my battalion and lining up with a view to dislodging them by attack on foot. But while awaiting the arrival of his entire force Col. Walter P. Lane, lieutenant colonel of the 3d Texas Regiment and commander of the 3d Texas Battalion and one of the oldest and best Indian fighters on earth, without waiting for orders to advance, had his gallant little bugler, Charlie Watts, to sound the charge; and as one man Colonel Lane led our boys to the assault, and the fight was one of the hardest in military annals.

The rough and terribly rocky cedar brakes as they appeared to the average young soldier were practically impenetrable, especially on horseback; but being led by Colonel Lane in person, in whom we had the utmost confidence, we rushed to the assault and in a few moments had carried the position. The Indians were scattered in full retreat. We followed them in the running fight and would, I suppose, have killed most of them (as they never surrender) had it not been for the splendid tactics practiced by them.

These mountain spurs, covered with huge rocks and cedar brakes, were interspersed with narrow gorges, covered with broom sedge almost as high as a man on horseback and generally about three hundred yards wide. The Indians would retreat across the gorges and line up and prepare to fire the sedge at a given signal. All along our front at some time the flames would sweep rapidly over the gorges, and we were in the midst of it. We would then have to retreat as rapidly as possible to prevent men and horses from being consumed by the flames, and there we would have to wait

for the fire to cool down before we could advance. These delays, being repeated one after another, kept us off of them, and when night came we had made but unsatisfactory headway.

We had about fifty men killed and wounded. Among the wounded was Maj. George W. Clinton, a very gallant and able officer, who was afterwards in Congress from Texas. We had captured between three and four hundred women and children and one wounded warrior, and we would not have captured him had he not been wounded. It was estimated that they left from two hundred and seventy-five to three hundred dead on the field. The rout of the Indians was complete, and they packed their belongings on their pack ponies and moved that night and early morning in the direction of Fort Scott, Kans.

Early in the morning of the 26th of December our command followed up the Indians. The progress was slow, as there was nothing but an Indian trail, which only admits of single file along a rocky trail. The poor old pack ponies followed along and always with the pack down grade. My boyhood playmate and chum, W. J. Sedberry, and I began to cut the packs on the helpless ponies and continued to do so for some time. When we began, as we thought, to return to the trail and to our command, we soon discovered that we were lost in a strange and hostile country. There was so much sameness about the country that we were lost indeed. We wandered over the rocky cedar brakes all day without seeing a living being. We occasionally passed a dead Indian of the battle of the day before. We carried our guns ready for immediate action. We were both good shots, but did not expect the privilege of an opportunity to show it, but expected to be shot down without a word or sign of warning.

About an hour before sundown we came out on a long plateau, extending in a southwesterly direction, covered with broom sedge and an occasional scrubby oak tree. About three-fourths of a mile down the plateau we beheld two Indian warriors with their guns, looking intently in our direction. Well do I remember the expression on the face of my comrade as he turned to me and said: "Now, boy, what are we to do?" There was no tremor in his voice, but the stern look of his penetrating eyes spoke as plainly as his tongue: "I am ready to die with you."

Our expectancy on life was limited as we decided to advance upon the two warriors with our guns properly adjusted for instant action. They were standing a few feet apart. My comrade was to shoot the one on his side, and I was to shoot the one on my side. When we reached a point about one hundred yards distant from the warriors, they laid down their guns, took off their hats, and stood gazing at us as we approached them. When within a few paces of them, we began to talk, but found they could not understand one word from us, and we could not understand one word from them.

My comrade and I had gone to school with some Cherokees and Choctaws, but these were of another nation; hence the dilemma. After waiting a few minutes in terrible suspense, I said to them, "Bird's Creek camp," to which they nodded assent and beckoned to us to follow, pointing the direction and saying: "Bird's Creek camp." We pursued the trail as indicated and arrived in camp early in the night and were welcomed by our comrades, many of whom had learned of our absence.

General Cooper, who had resigned a position with the Indian agency of the United States government to accept the same position with the Confederate government, had arrived

with fifteen thousand Indian cavalry on the morning of the 26th, and the warriors mentioned were his friendly Indians, which fact we did not know. My comrade and I were the happiest soldiers in that camp and had to relate our experience to our comrades.

CAPTURED AT TREVILIAN STATION.

BY D. M. DECK, MARTINSBURG, W. VA.

The 11th of June, 1864, will be remembered as the day on which the battle of Trevilian Station took place. It was clear and hot, without a cloud to be seen save that made by the batteries of the Stuart Horse Artillery as they belched forth their missiles of destruction into the ranks of the Union cavalry, advancing on our lines. Early in the morning we were ready for business and on the road leading from the west toward Trevilian Station and awaiting orders. We had not long to wait. Captain Thompson soon received orders to move his battery forward in the direction of the station, and from the firing which we heard a few minutes later I judged that they had taken position on the left of the road. The firing had not continued long, hardly more than a half hour; but we who had been left in the road with the caissons when the guns were ordered forward received orders to turn our teams as though we were preparing to fall back, which events later seemed to prove. While sitting on our horses with our backs to the enemy, patiently waiting for orders to fall back to take up another line, as we thought, a noise in our rear attracted our attention, and, looking back, we saw the Federal cavalry within fifty yards of us. The road at this part of the field passed through the woods, while a small hill close in our rear prevented our seeing them, and doubtless the roar of the artillery, mingled with the small arms, prevented our hearing the sound of the approaching enemy. So they were upon us, firing at us, and there was nothing for us to do but surrender.

My attention had first been drawn to some of our men with teams ahead of us running across the field to our left; then on looking back I saw the Yankees, but it was too late to run. The first Federals passing paid little attention to us, but seemed to be looking for something farther on, which they found about half a mile farther up the road, as I shall endeavor to show. As they were passing us the colonel waved his sword above his head and shouted "Come on, Brother Bowers."

I must not fail to give a little incident at this point. Two men came riding up after the column had passed and demanded the surrender of my brother, J. W. Deck, and myself. Neither of us having any arms, we fell an easy prey to these "braves." The one in advance attacked my brother with his saber, bruising his arm as he threw it up to protect his head. The other drew on me what I took to be an old-time horse pistol, judging from the size of the muzzle which it was my painful duty to look into for about half a minute. I told that German gentleman that I had surrendered once. I was a little scared, I'll admit; but I kept my eye on him, looking him squarely in the face until he slowly dropped his pistol and returned it to the holster. I did not feel safe while I was looking into the bad end of that pistol with a green Dutchman holding the other end. Guards were soon placed over men, horses, ambulances, wagons, etc., and we were ordered to march in the direction their regiment had gone.

While these events were transpiring our troops in other

parts of the field were not idle. Chew's Battery had fallen back and taken position on a hill in a small field some two hundred and fifty yards from the road over which the Federals were marching us, and as we came in sight of the battery we were halted. At this point there was a curve in the road and a cut about eight feet deep. This made a shelter for some of our wounded and prisoners as well as the Federals; but it was no protection to those of us on our horses. Our guns were on this hill at a point, I think, forty feet above the level of the road. Two of the guns were pointed in the direction of Trevilian Station. A twelve-pound howitzer was placed at right angle to the other guns, getting ready to fire into Rebels as well as Yankees. It seemed to be aimed at me, and I thought my time had come; but the shell went higher than my head, if my prayer did not, and I had another chance.

Then we were ordered to move on again, which we did without urging, as the shells began to come in from the rear, one of which struck in the bank by the roadside about one foot from the surface and, as well as I could judge, about two feet in advance of my brother's horse. We stopped our horses at once, and my brother said: "Let us jump and run." But, looking back, I saw a Federal soldier a short distance in the rear and knew we would be running a great risk in trying to escape at that time. So we waited until that fellow went by. But we had hardly left our horses when the howitzer sent another shell after us, and we fell flat to the earth, the shell bursting and cutting the bushes over our heads. Then we jumped to our feet again, and I think we made the fastest time we ever made during the war. Several times we repeated these tactics until we got out of range. We came to a little stream of pure water running through the bushes, which was cool and refreshing to our thirsty lips, and then we walked on slowly and cautiously until we reached the open country again. Seeing no one about, we got up on an old rail fence in order to get the benefit of the little air stirring at that time and wondered as we looked out over the fields what would be the next act on the program. But in the play that day it seemed that there was no regular program made out for the occasion. But we had not long to wait. The firing in the direction of Gordonsville was heavy at this time, and in a few minutes we observed a great cloud of dust in that direction and not more than a quarter of a mile from where we were resting on the fence. We realized at once that the boys in blue had run up against something a mile or two west of us and were getting back to their own lines for safety, being hurried a little by a regiment of Southern cavalry in their rear. We decided to sit on the fence and see them go by. This point was about three hundred yards from the road and at right angle to it; but we had made an error in our calculation, for scarcely had the Federals emerged from the woods when about forty-five of them jumped their horses over the fence, gave a yell, and charged us. We had but a slim chance to save ourselves from capture, and we made use of it.

A little incident took place at this time which may be hard for people to believe, but it is true all the same. There were six of us together at this time—three Virginians, one South Carolinian, a Georgian, and one man from Western Virginia. Just as we jumped off the fence my brother saw a large viper coiled beneath him, and on the side the Yankees were coming up. I called to him to come on, but he answered: "I'll break the back of this snake first." Then he leaped over the fence, joined the other men, and ran into the bushes a short dis-

tance and lay down, thinking the enemy might not see us and thus pass by. But we were doomed to disappointment. They did pass us, and in a few minutes we got on our feet again and were walking back to the fence when a noise in the leaves behind us attracted our attention to a soldier not more than three rods away with his pistol drawn. He called to us to surrender and give up our arms. I replied that we belonged to the artillery and had no arms. "Well," said he, "get on these horses," which we did very quickly. Being captured and held about half an hour, running away under shot and shell, and being recaptured in about twenty minutes was pretty lively work, I thought, and I wondered where all this would end. Indeed, I felt that I was on the road to Fort Delaware or some other "Confederate soldiers' home," to be kept safely until the end of the war.

We soon moved on, but the Federals did not know the country and seemed to have lost the points of the compass. While in this confused state they found an old negro man in the woods, of whom they made inquiries; but he could tell them very little, and we, being strangers in that part of the State, could tell them nothing. But, of course, our interests and theirs ran in opposite directions; and had we helped them to regain their own lines, we would have increased our chances of going to prison, which we had no idea of doing. So we moved on, but soon came to a halt at the foot of a hill where there was a ditch about eight feet wide and ten feet deep. An officer came back and told the men that they must make their horses jump the ditch. Those in front of us cleared the ditch very nicely; but when my brother's horse made the attempt he failed to leap far enough, and the bank gave way with him. But neither horse nor rider was much hurt, and we were soon on our way again. Soon after this we found that we were near the Confederate lines. Our captors realized at once that this was their chance to get back to their own lines. So they resolved to charge through the Confederate line, if possible, and thus get in front. The column was then formed with about twenty-five men in front, led by the lieutenant colonel and major of the regiment. The six prisoners were next, followed by twenty men in the rear, with an orderly sergeant in command. The prisoners were ordered to keep up with the men, and we said, "All right." But my brother whispered to me that if it got "hot" to watch him, and we would set our horses down right there in the bushes. Orders were given to charge, which we did in fine style. As we got near the line the firing began and soon got "hot." This was our opportunity, and we stopped our horses so suddenly that those in the rear almost ran over us. Before they could see the cause of the trouble, those in front had passed through the line of Confederates, and we saw them no more. Our little trick still left twenty Yanks with us; but, strange to say, not a word was said to us about stopping the rear of the column. Thus ended the first day, June 12, 1864.

The boys in blue kept a sharp lookout from early morning until late in the evening of the next day, spending most of their time watching their enemies, who seemed to be on all sides. During the afternoon a Confederate soldier was seen coming along the edge of the woods and in our direction. Not having time to retreat into the bushes, orders were given to the men to shoot him if he discovered them. I felt relieved as I saw the man pass on without seeming to notice any one; but had they shot that man, there would have been a hot time in Dixie, for the 6th Virginia Cavalry were only about two hundred yards from us, as I learned a few hours later.

Shortly after this we noticed our captors in very earnest conversation some distance away, and of course this excited our curiosity not a little. We had not long to wait, for several of the men came to us directly and said to the prisoners: "Boys, we have tried hard to get out of this country on horseback. Now we are going to try it afoot; and if you boys will lie right here until morning and not tell anybody which way we have gone, you may have your liberty and the horses and whatever we leave behind us." We answered: "All right; we will do it."

We had been with them about thirty-six hours, and all were very tired. I was sick and hardly able to keep up, and freedom did not come too soon for me. A number of them came to take us by the hand and say "Good-by." The last who came to me was a man thirty or thirty-five years of age with sandy hair and mustache and nearly six feet in height. I had noticed the previous evening as he lay near me that he did not lay aside his canteen, but kept it on all night. So I thought he had something stronger than water in it. I was right, for the first words he said were: "Take a drink of this; it will do you good." It did make me feel better. It was good old peach brandy. They left us as the sun was setting behind the beautiful blue ridge, and we saw them no more. I went to the reunion at Gettysburg, hoping to see this man and others of Company B, 5th Michigan Cavalry, but learned that the command was not on the ground.

We kept faith with the boys in blue and slept sweetly that night. Next morning we were up early, and one of our men volunteered to go on a little scout to learn something about the movements of the troops. In a short time he returned with the news that the Federals were falling back, closely followed by our troops, and that the 6th Regiment of Virginia Cavalry was in camp two hundred yards away. Then we understood fully what the Federals had meant by asking us not to tell any one which way they had gone. They knew the 6th Regiment was in sight, while we did not. On both sides of the ravine in which we slept that night were small hills divided by other ravines running at right angles, and on one of these hills the Yankees had hidden the horses before leaving us. But in the excitement that evening we had forgotten on which hill they were, and, after looking about for some time and not finding them, we resolved to return to camp and divide our little squad into several parties so we might the more easily find the horses. Each party was to take a hill and make a thorough search, and the one that succeeded in finding them was to call to the others. This plan worked well, but the man who found the horses heard men talking in the bushes and thought they were Yankees; so he cut all the horses loose except one of the best, which he mounted, and was on his way to camp when our party fell in with him. The fellow was pretty badly scared, but we knew there were no Yankees in that neighborhood. He got the best horse in the twenty-six that were in the bunch. After he had told us where they were, we moved on and got some of them.

After leaving the camp of the 6th Regiment, we got on the road leading to the Gordonsville road and saw our own battery just passing. The men were seemingly half asleep, not looking to the right or left, and did not notice us until we rode right in among them. They were worn out for want of rest, having had but little sleep or rest for two days. They soon informed us that we had been reported captured and did not expect to see us again. The others of our battery captured at the same time were recaptured, and, not finding us with them, we had been given up as lost.

"OLD JERRY."

BY ANNIE LAURIE SHARKEY, ST. LOUIS, MO.

The love, or rather the feeling, not known or not named by philosophers, of the negro slaves of the South for their masters was exemplified fully by "Old Jerry" and his young master of Company C, 3d Mississippi Regiment, C. S. A. Jerry was very proud of his company, as he called Company C, and was very fond of its officers; but when punishment fell on his young master, Jerry expressed his dissent in no uncertain terms. As the officers all knew Jerry and his attachment for the company, and especially for his young master, they laughed off any of Jerry's harsh words or muttered disapprovals. The officers were always joking Jerry and, therefore, took from him what they would resent from others.

In the cold winter of 1863 the brigade to which Company C was attached was placed in camp several miles from the firing line. As the regiment was without tents or other means of protection from the inclement weather, Jerry conceived the idea of making a shed for his mess, or, in other words, the mess to which his master belonged. Poles were cut about sixteen feet long. A frow was borrowed from a farm near by to rive boards from trees. Then a pen was built with the poles sixteen feet square, with one end left open for the camp fire. One side was higher than the other to give pitch to the roof, and the boards were held in place by logs on each course, as no nails could be had. Others did not build any cover as homelike as Jerry's, and his mess was the envy of all. When the house was finished and the cracks between the logs were daubed with mud, Jerry was given a pass by his master for a three days' foraging trip, which time would take him several miles from the range of the twelve-hour passes of the soldiers. Canteens and haversacks were given him in which to bring any eatables or drinkables he might find. All the mess contributed to the fund.

Jerry stayed the allotted time, and on the evening of the third day he came into camp well laden with filled haversacks and canteens. A slight snow had fallen, and the wind was cold and strong. As Jerry appeared at the camp fire he was warmly greeted by the soldiers standing around the blazing logs at the opening of the pen. Jerry looked in the pen for his master, and, not seeing him at his accustomed place on a blanket playing cards (there was the old crowd at the game known now as poker, but then as "the life or camp," and the captain of the company was intensely interested as one of the players), he supposed that his master was on guard or on picket duty. Addressing the captain in a surly voice, he said: "Captain, you sho'ly hain't sent Marse C. out in this cold and snow, and he nothing but a po', weakly boy!" As the captain was drawing to a pair of kings and skinning his draw for another king to meet a two-card draw, he paid little attention to Jerry. Jerry said again: "Captain, heah you is settin' round a good fire and a good roof over your head playing them sinful cards and that boy out in the cold keeping the Yankees offen you. Why don't you answer me and tell me where Marse C. is?"

As no king appeared in the draw, the captain threw down his hand and said: "Jerry, the general had C. up at his headquarters the day you left, and I expect you had better go there and inquire for him."

"Aha! I have been expecting the general would hear of Marse C. down here acting a common soldier, and p'intedly knew he would send for him when he heard who his folks was back in Mississippi." Picking up his haversacks and canteens, he started to headquarters.

One of the soldiers on the outside of the tent said: "Jerry, I expect you had better look in as you go by the 'bull pen' and see if C. is not in there, as he has contracted a habit of staying in the bull pen."

Jerry looked at him and, with scorn in voice and eyes, said: "If I was you and had been put in the bull pen as often as you has, I wouldn't look a calf in the face and would run from a mulley cow." Laughing at his own wit, Jerry started again to the headquarters.

"Hold on, Jerry," said another soldier. "You can't take all these things you brought to C., as we all paid in for them."

Jerry stopped and looked at this soldier and said: "Heah is all your money. I didn't have to pay out a cent for what I got. I just told the good white ladies who I belonged to, and they knowed what kind of folks my folks was, and they gin me what I got."

"Now, Jerry," said the soldier, "you know that the ladies here don't know anything about your folks."

"Aha! They don't? Don't you know that folks can read here as well as in Mississippi, and our folks is writ about in every book 'cept the Bible? I told a lady 'way up in Kentucky who I b'longed to and what smart folks they was, and she said she expected everybody knew of our folks but M. Davis, who didn't know that Marse C. was a private, or he ~~could~~ have made him a general."

Jerry was left to go out to headquarters and there found out that C., with several others, had stolen out of camp and gone to a dance in the near-by village, where they had been caught by the provost guard and marched to headquarters. The general had sent them to the captain for punishment, and C. had been put in the bull pen. Jerry hastened back, as mad as the noted "wet hen." He appeared again at the fire before the pen and said: "Captain, here you is settin' here playin' cards in the boss's house as warm as a cat and that poor boy freezin' in that dratted old bull pen. Come right on and turn the boss right out."

The captain, still more interested in his hand at poker than he was in C.'s troubles, delayed.

One of the soldiers said: "Jerry, you have some pine top whisky in those canteens, and I know no ladies gave you whisky for your boss."

"No, they didn't; but I helped a man with his still, and he gin me a canteen full."

"Yes, and you stole the other," said the soldier.

"Stole—yus, stole—you sho'ly talks like a conscrip'. Soldiers don't steal; they furrage."

As the captain had not moved, Jerry began again: "Captain, come on; that boy is going to freeze. You lay down that old deck of sin and come wid me."

The captain rose, saying: "Well, I will have to go or kill that old black devil, and we have no time to haul off his old black carcass."

Jerry walked off by the side of the captain to the pull pen. When he came back with the young soldier, some of the boys said: "Jerry, did you beg the captain very hard?"

"Me beg? No, Ise got sense. I just unstopped that canteen of whisky and had it on my shoulder next to the captain, and I said right straight out: 'Captain, ain't you goin' to turn the boss out of that old cold bull pen? You know 'tain't no harm for young men to dance with nice ladies.' He sorter sniffed his nose next to the canteen and said, 'Jerry, I reckon C.'s already punished sufficiently,' and ordered the guard to turn Private C., of Company C, out of the pen. The smell of good whisky will move folks better'n beggin' will."

THE LAST ROLL

THE PASSING OF THE GRAY.

BY LULA TIMMONS.

(Dedicated to Judge J. P. Thompson.)

The drum's last note has sounded,
The bugle call is stilled,
For one who wore the gray to-day
A soldier's grave has filled.

The battle field is silent,
No sound of cannon's roar;
The flags are all at half mast,
And their folds unfurl no more.

The marching hosts are silent;
There's no sound of martial tread.
For lo! the moving line denotes
The cortège of the dead.

The earth her snowy mantle wraps
Around the cold, still form,
As though in sympathy she tries
To make the cold cell warm.

Sleep on, thou brave and gallant dead—
The men who wore the gray.
Sleep on, and may thy rest be sweet
Till the final reveille!

JUDGE J. P. THOMPSON.

Judge J. P. Thompson, one of the oldest and best-known citizens of Lebanon, Ky., died at his home there on January 14 after a long illness. Few men in Marion County were more generally known and esteemed than Judge Thompson. Big in body and brain, kind in disposition, with a pleasant greeting for all, with a record of personal valor proved on the field of battle, with a capacity demonstrated during a long and successful legal career and in the conduct of various responsible positions with which he was honored, he possessed the respect and hearty good will of his neighbors to an extent seldom enjoyed by any citizen.

Joseph Pinkney Thompson was a member of one of the pioneer families of the county. He was born near Raywick August 15, 1838. After graduating at St. Mary's College, he became a member of its faculty and was teaching school there when the war broke out. He went to Tennessee and enlisted with some schoolmates at Red Springs in October, 1861, as a private in the 13th Regiment, Tennessee Infantry. On September 22, 1862, he was commissioned first lieutenant of Company C; and in April, 1865, when the Tennessee regiments consolidated in North Carolina, he was made captain of Company I, 4th Tennessee Regiment, his company including what remained of the old 2d and 13th Regiments.

He was surrendered at Fort Donelson and held as a pris-

oner at Camp Butler, Ill., for seven months. He was exchanged at Vicksburg, took part in Sherman's defeat at Chickasaw Bayou, Miss., in December, 1862, and with Gregg's Brigade won fame in the spirited battle of Raymond in May, 1863. He was with Johnston's army at Rocky Face, New Hope Church, Kennesaw Mountain, Peachtree Creek, Decatur, and Atlanta. After suffering a long sickness in a hospital at Macon, he rejoined the army at Duck River, Tenn., and accompanied it to the Carolinas, fighting at Bentonville and surrendering at Greensboro.

At the close of the war Judge Thompson taught school and studied law at Elizabethtown. In 1867 he was admitted to the Lebanon bar, having formed a partnership with Judge Kavanaugh. From 1869 to 1878 he was County Judge of Marion County, and from 1876 to 1880 he was Master Commissioner of the Marion Circuit Court. In 1881 he was elected to the legislature, and for four years he was Chairman of the Kentucky Railroad Commission.

Judge Thompson is survived by his wife, who was Miss Eliza Lancaster, to whom he was married on February 4, 1868, and five children, three sons and two daughters.

MAJ. ROBERT RANDOLPH HENRY.

Maj. Robert R. Henry, Past Commander of Brown-Harman Camp, U. C. V., died at his home, in Tazewell, Va., October 7, 1915. He was born at Chester, S. C., April 26, 1845, the son of William Dickinson Henry, a planter and cotton merchant of Chester, and Julia Hall, a native of Fredericksburg, Va. His great-grandfather came to America from County Tyrone, Ireland, in the year 1725 and settled near Harrisburg, Pa. The early life of Robert Henry was spent in Chester, until the death of his father, in 1856, when he went with his mother to Virginia and spent the remainder of his boyhood days in Fredericksburg and Petersburg. Just before the breaking out of the War between the States he entered Bloomfield Academy, a famous school in Albemarle County, Va.; and from Bloomfield, at the age of sixteen years, he entered the Confederate army and served throughout the war. He enlisted in Company E, 12th Virginia Infantry; but during the last two years of the war he was on staff duty, first with Gen. R. H. Anderson and then with Gen. William Mahone. Major Henry was three times wounded and had five horses killed under him in action.

After the war he studied law privately and settled at Wise Courthouse in 1872 and there filled the position of commonwealth's attorney for three years. He then removed to Tazewell, Va., and practiced his profession until his death. He was associated with Judge S. C. Graham as early as 1873, and this law firm was thought to be the oldest practicing in Virginia. On December 19, 1869, Major Henry was married to Miss Lucy Strother Ashby, of Culpepper, Va.; and of this



MAJ. ROBERT R. HENRY.

marriage were born seven children, all of whom survive him with their mother. Major Henry was an affectionate husband and father. The ample competence left to his family was gained in a life of honest toil and close application to his profession. As a member and commander of Brown-Harman Camp he was always interested in its progress and welfare, and no needy comrade ever applied to him in vain. At the State reunion held in Norfolk in 1910 he was elected Commander of the 2d Brigade, Virginia Division, U. D. C., a recognition of his faithful service to his country.

[From tribute prepared by James P. Whitman, Hesperon, Va.]

DR. FRANCIS L. GALT

Dr. Francis L. Galt, who was surgeon of the Confederate cruiser Alabama during the War between the States, died at his home, Woodside, near Upperville, Va., on November 17, 1915, aged eighty-three years. Dr. Galt was also a member of Admiral Tucker's party which first explored the headwaters of the Amazon River for the Peruvian government.

Francis L. Galt was the son of Maj. John M. Galt, of the United States army and later of the Confederate army. He was born at Norfolk, Va., attended the schools of his native city, and graduated in medicine at three colleges, finishing up in New York City at the age of eighteen. He was a surgeon in the United States navy, but at the commencement of the war he offered his services to his native State and was assigned first to the Confederate ship St. Lawrence and later to the Alabama, on which ship he remained until she was sunk in the famous duel with her powerful antagonist, the United States ship Kearsarge, off Cherbourg, France.

Dr. Galt drifted back to Norfolk, taking with him, among other relics, a small piece of the Alabama. He engaged for a while in the practice of his profession and in business in Norfolk. When a French ship, Versailles, came into Hampton Roads with its crew terribly afflicted with yellow fever and without medical aid, Dr. Galt, who had had much experience with the disease in different parts of the globe, at once offered his services and remained aboard the ship until the epidemic was conquered. For this heroic service he was well rewarded by the French government and was presented a beautiful gold watch, suitably engraved, by Emperor Louis Napoleon. Soon after this he went to Upperville and settled down to the life of a "country doctor."

Dr. Galt was cultured and intelligent, but very modest and retiring. In his practice, extending over a long period of years, he did much charitable work, and much of the good he did will never be known. Dr. Galt married Miss Lucy Randolph, of Loudoun County. He is survived by his widow, one son, and one daughter.

JEFFERSON COUNTY CAMP, No. 132, U. C. V.

Jefferson County Camp, of Charlestown, W. Va., reports the death of the following comrades since Memorial Day, 1915:

G. W. Armentrout, 1st Missouri Regiment, Cochrane's Brigade.

William Bragg, Staunton Home Guards.

C. F. Gallaher, Company A, 2d Virginia Infantry.

J. T. Littleton, Mosby's Battalion.

Tustin Starry, Company B, 12th Virginia Cavalry.

Campbell Janney, Moore's 2d Virginia Infantry.

Isaac Strider, Company B, 12th Virginia Cavalry.

Rev. J. T. Williams, Mosby's Battalion.

John Quick, Company A, White's Battalion.

James McGarry, Company D, 12th Virginia Cavalry.

Joseph Painter, 10th Virginia Infantry.

CAPT. WILLIAM O. GORDON.

Capt. William Osceola Gordon died suddenly at his home, in Trenton, Tenn., on December 8, 1915. He was born at Jackson, La., July 13, 1843, and his early life was spent on the farm and at school. When the first call for troops to defend the South was made in Louisiana, he entered the Confederate army as a private soldier; and from the day he entered the service to the time of his surrender at Demopolis, Ala., his life was that of a brave and gallant soldier, loving the cause for which he fought and fearlessly leading in the



CAPT. W. O. GORDON AND A CHILD.

forefront of many hard-fought battles. Belmont, Murfreesboro, Missionary Ridge, Chickamauga, Perryville, and Shiloh were some of the hotly contested fields upon which his courage was tried. From a private he rose to the rank of captain and ever held the love and confidence of his comrades.

After the war Captain Gordon returned to Louisiana and began his life work under the trying ordeals of the days of Reconstruction. In 1867 he was married to Miss Emma Faulkner, a fair-faced Southern girl who was connected with a romantic episode of his soldier days. In the midst of a running fight she had waved him a cheering salute from the window of her father's home, and he never forgot the vision. For nearly fifty years they journeyed together, exemplifying in its fullness the highest type of married life. In 1872 he removed to Gibson County, Tenn., and became one of the most successful farmers in the county. His home, near Trenton, was one of happiness and hospitality. His comrades gathered there in reunion, and the young people met there in social gatherings, all enjoying the entertainment that such a home can give. On every recurring 14th of February the wedded vows of this devoted pair were renewed in the presence of friends invited to partake of the good cheer of these occasions.

Captain Gordon was one of the organizers of Camp Russell, No. 906, U. C. V., at Trenton, and to this organization he gave his time, his means, and his love. He especially looked forward to the reunions of his comrades. In 1910 he was made brigadier general commanding the Third Brigade, Tennessee Division, U. C. V., which he held to the time of his death. A few years ago, when age came on and strength began to fail, he gave up his farm life and purchased a beautiful home in Trenton. His beloved wife, a son, and two daughters survive him.

In his suit of Confederate gray and with the Stars and Bars draped about his casket he was borne to his last resting place. Confederate veterans were his pallbearers, a company of veterans formed his guard of honor, and the members of Russell-Hill Chapter, U. D. C., were an escort of honor. With the touching service of the Confederate Veterans this gallant soldier was laid away to await the call that shall marshal the faithful on the fields of paradise.

GEORGE T. MCLAURINE.

George Taylor McLaurine was born near Pulaski, Tenn., May 29, 1837, and died at Birmingham, Ala., July 16, 1915. He was the eldest son of Franklin T. and Ann Laird McLaurine. There were four brothers of this family in the Confederate service and two brothers-in-law, Capt. W. D. Heflin, of Mississippi, and Col. T. M. Gordon, of Tennessee. The latter was an adjutant under Gen. B. F. Cheatham in Mexico and later a colonel of Confederate cavalry.

Mr. McLaurine was of Scotch-Irish descent, of a large and exceptionally fine family, a great-grandson of the Rev. Robert McLaurine, an Episcopal bishop, born in Scotland, who came to Virginia in 1751 and preached to the colonies. Since colonial times his descendants have been making history for our country, many of them having attained to positions of eminence in political and military circles, among them Colonel Mosby, of Confederate fame.

In April, 1861, George McLaurine enlisted in the 3d Tennessee Regiment, Company B, with John C. Brown as colonel and T. M. Gordon as lieutenant colonel. Among the engagements in which he participated were those of Springdale, Chickasaw Bayou, and Port Hudson, La., previous to his capture in the battle of Raymond, Miss. As a prisoner for a period of twenty-two months he ran the gamut of human suffering in four Northern prisons—Camp Morton, Ind., Elmira, N. Y., Fort Delaware, and Point Lookout, Md.—disdaining to compromise his honor by taking the oath of allegiance as the price of liberty. He was paroled after Lee's surrender at Richmond and returned home to find it in ashes from the invader's torch.

Mr. McLaurine was endowed with the highest sense of honor, and naught could swerve him from the path of right as he saw it. He was a Mason of more than fifty years' standing and a Christian gentleman. In 1872 he married Miss Eddie Hewlett, daughter of Col. T. H. Hewlett, of Huntsville, Ala., where he resided for many years, engaging in the cotton business. His widow and three children, two sons and a daughter, survive him—all of Birmingham.

MRS. S. W. B. MORRIS.

Mrs. Sallie Withers Bruce Morris was born in Lynchburg, Va., March 25, 1835, and died in Covington, Ky., December 18, 1915, in her eighty-first year. She was a Virginia Colonial Dame, having joined many years before there was a Kentucky society. She was a charter member of the Colonial Daughters, Honorary President of the E. M. Bruce Chapter, U. D. C., and received the cross of honor through the record of her distinguished husband, the late Hon. E. M. Bruce, a member of the Confederate Congress from Kentucky. She had charge of a hospital ward during those trying years of 1861-65 and stood close to her husband in all his good work, visiting battle fields, distributing Bibles, and knitting socks for the soldiers. Lynchburg was named for her mother's family, who originated the real Lynch Law, not as it is used to-day, but a very necessary law during Judge Lynch's life.

Her life was true and beautiful. Coming generations of Americans will honor and love her memory and will remember with pride that she was truly a most devoted mother of the Confederacy, beautiful in feature, an accomplished musician, and a sweet singer. How often when entertaining the United Daughters of the Confederacy and veterans at her beautiful and hospitable home has she charmed them by singing sweet Southern songs! Often she would ask: "What is

stronger in the undying past than my association with the true and brave in Richmond, Va., from 1861 to 1865?"

This noble woman, one of the choicest of all God's creation, has passed beyond the flowing river and has become there, as here, an angel and will be waiting and watching with the Master to welcome those who have known and loved her and mourn her so sincerely.

To those who were so fortunate as to know her no eulogy is necessary. Words are too feeble to portray the worth of so rare and beautiful a character.

[J. M. Arnold, Covington, Ky.]

JOHN BONNER STUART.

Another gap has been made in the fast-fading gray line, another patriot "has crossed over the river and is resting under the shade of the trees" with the host of comrades who have preceded him. John Bonner Stuart was born in Dallas County, Ala., October 23, 1842, and died at his home, in Sumter County, in December 26, 1915. He enlisted in the Jeff Davis Artillery at Selma, Ala., July 15, 1861, and was mustered into the service as a Confederate soldier at Montgomery, Ala., on the 27th of the same month. Soon afterwards he went with



JOHN B. STUART.

his company to the front at Fairfax C. H., Va., where he became an individual and powerful part of that incomparable body of soldiers which will ever live in history, the Army of Northern Virginia. With the exception of a short absence while in the hospital in Richmond, Va., during October, 1861, he was present and participated in every campaign and battle of his command until wounded and captured at Middletown, Va., October 19, 1864, the battle which put Sheridan's famous ride into poetry. Thus he was a brave and active participant in almost every great battle and many of the smaller ones fought by the Army of Northern Virginia to the time of his capture and imprisonment. He was imprisoned at Point Lookout, Md.; and notwithstanding the cruel treatment received from his brutal negro guards and those in authority at the prison and the repeated suave offers by captors to release him from his torture if he would desert the government he had sworn to defend, he remained firm and faithful to the cause he so dearly loved. He was not released until the 16th of June, 1865.

With his comrades he sadly returned to his native Alabama, and as faithfully and bravely as he had served as a Confederate soldier he exerted himself during the remaining half century of his life to rebuild its waste places and rehabilitate its former grand prestige.

In all the relations of life John Bonner Stuart was true, clearly demonstrating that faithfulness can feed on suffering and know no disappointment. His was a courage that scorned to bend to mean devices for sordid purposes.

CAPT. J. C. WARREN.

Jacob Cathey Warren was born December 25, 1842, in Roane (now Loudon) County, Tenn., and died at his home, near Sweetwater, Tenn., May 11, 1915. His father, Jacob Warren, was born in Virginia, but came to Tennessee as one of the pioneers of Loudon County. His mother was Mary Cathey, daughter of George Cathey, a scout in the Revolutionary War, and she had five uncles with Jackson in the War of 1812.

When the call for volunteers was sounded throughout our beloved Southland in 1861, among the first names enrolled was that of Jacob Cathey Warren, who enlisted July 27 in Capt. John A. Rowan's Cavalry company, which was afterwards known as Company G, 2d Tennessee Cavalry, Ashby's Brigade, Hume's Division, Wheeler's Corps, Army of Tennessee.

Captain Warren was never captured, was never wounded enough to be kept out of battle, and was never absent without leave. He was perhaps in as many battles and skirmishes as any soldier in the army, having served under General Caswell, later under General Zollicoffer in East Tennessee and Kentucky, under General Smith in Bragg's campaign in Kentucky, with General Ledbetter on his raid into Morgan and Scott Counties in 1862, with General Pegram on his raid into Kentucky in 1863, followed General Sander's Federal raid through East Tennessee, with General Wheeler on his famous raid around Rosecrans's rear, with General Longstreet at Knoxville, then down into Georgia—Ringgold, Tunnel Hill, Buzzard Roost, Rocky Face, Dalton, Resaca, Calhoun, Cassville, Kingston, Lost Mountain, New Hope Church, near Marietta. He went on secret service into East Tennessee for General Wheeler; next down into Alabama, near Gadsden, then to Aiken, S. C., Allston, and Lancaster; charged the Yankees with Warren's Scouts at White's Store, N. C., and Hornsboro, S. C.; on to Fayetteville and Bentonville, N. C.; and at Goldsboro he charged with his scouts and other troops placed under his command.

The most important part of Captain Warren's service to the Confederacy was rendered as a scout, in which capacity he served the greater part of the time during the war. He was recommended by Colonel Kuhn to the commanding general as the best scout in his regiment. General Humes recommended him for promotion and asked that he be appointed as chief of scouts on his staff for his important service as a scout and in securing important information in regard to the movement of the Federal army. In a council of war held a short time before the surrender General Wheeler stated to several of the leading officers then with the Army of Tennessee (including General Allen and several other generals) that Warren was the best scout in the army and the best woodsman in the world. General Wheeler appointed him chief of scouts just a short time before the surrender. On account of the nature of his service as scout, etc., General Sherman would not allow him the terms of surrender granted other Confederate soldiers, so he was never paroled. General Wheeler gave him a "pass at will," which pass, dated April 20, 1865, was perhaps the last ever issued to a Confederate soldier.

After the fall of the Confederacy Captain Warren accepted the changed conditions and set about to help build up his country and in his citizenship reflected honor, as did his soldiering for the Confederacy. For a number of years he was sheriff of Monroe County and served with fidelity. In 1882 he was elected trustee, and he represented his county in the legislature in 1902.

His love for the Confederacy and his belief in its principles were strong to the last. He was always deeply interested in

anything that pertained to the Confederate cause, and to him the annual reunions were love feasts. Loving the Stars and Bars as he did, he was true to the Stars and Stripes as the flag of his reunited country. "His courage knew no bounds, his heart no fear."

The Gen. J. C. Vaughn Chapter, U. D. C., of Sweetwater, passed resolutions in honor of "one dear to us by all the ties of paternal love and whom we revered—as gallant a soldier as ever wore the gray."

[From a tribute by Mira Love Lowry.]

DEATHS IN CAMP LOMAX, U. C. V.

At the annual meeting of Camp Lomax, No. 151, U. C. V., of Montgomery, Ala., on January 19 the Memorial Committee reported the death of six members during the past year. A special tribute was paid to their memory in the following:

"So we can say in truth and with just pride that our dead are among the heroic dead; that their deeds and services, like those of all the heroic dead of every age, become the priceless heritage of the human race; that their influence and example are like the benedictions of an ordering priesthood and an inspiration for the betterment of mankind. Thus, while we regret their death and feel keenly the pang of the severed tie which in true comradeship bound them to us, still we rejoice that they did in life so well every duty; that now they sweetly sleep, each in his silent rest spread on Time's eternal sleeping ground; and that glory guards each soldier's name in the bosom of our dead."

Committee: AS. C. Stratton, R. Seaborn.

Following are the names of those dead, with their respective commands:

J. A. Kirkpatrick, Walton's Battery. Died January 24, 1915.

W. M. League, Company I, 3d Alabama Infantry. Died March 18, 1915.

R. E. Lannon, Company I, 3d Alabama Infantry. Died April 3, 1915.

Peyton Bibb, Alabama Cadet Corps. Died August 29, 1915.

H. C. Smiley, Company B, 51st Alabama Cavalry. Died August 19, 1915.

A. B. Garland, Company B, 4th Virginia Infantry. Died October 3, 1915.

JOHN T. ROBERTS.

John T. Roberts, born in Goldsboro, N. C., September 1, 1842, died at his home, in Tampa, Fla., on October 24, 1915, having reached the age of seventy-three years. He grew up at Goldsboro, and when the war came on he and two younger brothers ran away from college to join the Confederate army, enlisting in the same company. They entered the service on April 1, 1861, at Macon, N. C., as privates in Company K, 27th North Carolina Infantry, and served faithfully to the end. John T. Roberts was detailed as a courier for General Cook. He took part in many battles and was wounded three times. He was on crutches for nine months with a Minie ball in his ankle. He was paroled at Appomattox.

After the surrender Comrade Roberts returned to his home, in North Carolina, and went to work as a farmer and carpenter, doing his part manfully in rebuilding his State. Some years ago he removed to Florida and made his home in that State for the rest of his life. He was married in 1865 and is survived by his wife and seven children, five daughters and two sons.

CONFEDERATE VETERANS' ASSOCIATION OF SAVANNAH, GA.

The following deaths have occurred in the membership of the Confederate Veterans' Association of Savannah, Ga. (Camp 756, U. C. V.), during the past months:

James Manning, who died at Jacksonville, Fla., December 17, 1915, entered the service of the Confederate States in August, 1861, at Savannah, Ga., as a private of Company D, 22d Georgia Battalion, and served to 1865, attaining the rank of captain of Company B, Oglethorpe Light Artillery. In the battle of Averyboro, N. C., March 14, 1865, he was captured and sent to prison at New Bern, N. C., thence to Point Lookout, Md., Old Capitol Prison, Washington, D. C., and then to Johnson's Island until June 17, 1865, when he returned to Savannah.

L. A. McCarthy died at Savannah, Ga., January 8, 1916. He entered the service at Fort Pulaski in 1861 as a member of Company B, Oglethorpe Light Artillery, 1st Volunteer Regiment of Georgia, and attained the rank of sergeant and assistant engineer of the Confederate steamship *Resolute*. He was in prison at Hilton Head, Old Capitol, Washington, D. C., Point Lookout, and Fort Delaware. He was paroled at Fort Delaware and Augusta, Ga.

R. H. Wyly died December 7, 1915. He entered the service in May, 1861, as a private in the Republican Blues, Company C, 1st Independent Volunteer Regiment of Georgia. He was afterwards transferred to the Oglethorpe Light Artillery, Company H, same regiment, then to Troop D, 7th Georgia Regiment of Cavalry, and attained the rank of captain, commanding the 2d Squadron.

W. B. Metzger, who died on November 1, 1915, entered the service in the fall of 1861 in the Effingham Hussars, Company I, 5th Georgia Cavalry. Col. Robert H. Anderson commanding, and surrendered near Hillsboro, N. C., in April, 1865.

H. C. HARDEN.

H. C. Harden, a veteran of the Atlantic Coast Line Railway, having given fifty years of service to that road, died at his home, in Savannah, Ga., on December 21, 1915, at the age of seventy-one years. He was born in that city, and his life was spent there, with the exception of the years given to service in the Confederate army. The following is taken from his military record as written by himself:

"In May, 1861, the Governor of Georgia called for sixty-day volunteers. H. C. Harden, when a boy sixteen years old at school, secured permission from Capt. G. A. Gordon to drill with the Phoenix Riflemen at night and about the 29th of May mustered in for sixty days and went to Fort Pulaski. On August 10 they returned to Savannah and mustered out of service, but then reenlisted for six months and returned to Fort Pulaski. In September this company was sent to Thunderbolt to build breastworks. Comrade Harden was one of ten selected by Major Gordon to scout the island. There were then three companies—A, B, and C, 13th Georgia Battalion. He belonged to Company C. Other companies joined in and formed the 63d Georgia Regiment, Col. G. A. Gordon commanding.

"About July 1, 1863, Companies C and K were ordered to Charleston, S. C., and saw service on James Island, at Secessionville, and then on Morris Island, being in charge of the heavy guns in Battery Wagner. H. C. Harden was gunner of the eight-inch gun during the assault on the 18th of July, 1863, and his company had five killed and nine badly wounded. In August, 1863, the company returned to Savannah for recruits;

and in April, 1864, the regiment was ordered to join the Western Army at Dalton, Ga., leaving Savannah with fourteen hundred men. The first fight was at Rocky Face, on Dug Gap, May 5, 1864; and then there were fighting and marching day and night until about June 20, when they arrived at Kennesaw Mountain. Comrade Harden was wounded in the head on June 24. He ran away from the hospital July 19 and returned to his company just in time to go in the battle of Peachtree Creek on the 20th. His wound had not healed, and his imprudence caused him a great deal of pain, as his skull had been fractured.

"He was captured on April 13, 1865, and paroled thirteen days later. He was in Gen. W. H. T. Walker's division until the latter was killed in the battle of Atlanta, July 2, 1864. Then this brigade was put in Gen. Pat Cleburne's division until General Cleburne was killed at Franklin, Tenn., November 30, 1864. Then, until the close of the war, April 26, 1865, Gen. W. H. Smith commanded the division.

MISS MAGGIE STUART CAMPBELL

On the 17th of January, 1916, Miss Maggie Stuart Campbell passed from earth to that land "where beyond these voices there is peace." And so passed an earnest Christian woman who ministered faithfully to Confederate soldiers during the war and was devoted to the memory of the cause for which they fought. She was born August 19, 1837, at the family seat, Drumaboden House, County Donegal, Ireland, the oldest of the seven children of John Campbell and his wife, Elizabeth Lytle. The family is a branch of the Scottish family Campbell, of which the Duke of Argyle is the head.

John Campbell and his family came from Ireland to Franklin, Tenn., in 1851. When the War between the States came on, he espoused the cause of the Confederacy enthusiastically. Two brothers who were old enough entered the army. Joseph Lytle was killed at Chickamauga, and William served in an Alabama cavalry regiment to the end of the war.

I first met Miss Maggie the day after the battle of Franklin. She was ministering to our wounded. She and her young sister had spent the whole night before in cooking for and feeding Confederate soldiers. She was untiring in her efforts to serve our cause, and she was ever the intelligent, devoted champion of the Confederacy. To her the words "Presbyterian and Confederate" won her confidence. She was a woman of tender heart and high principle. Children loved her.

[Tribute by James H. McNeilly, D.D., Nashville, Tenn.]

W. A. BENHAM.

Comrade W. A. Benham died at his home, in Wills Point, Tex., February 24, 1915. He was born in Florence, Ala., February 13, 1846, and there reared and educated. He joined the Confederate army in January, 1862, as a member of Company E, 27th Alabama Infantry, commanded by Col. James Jackson. He was captured at Fort Donelson in February, 1862, and taken to Camp Douglas, Chicago. He was afterwards exchanged at Vicksburg, Miss. He reenlisted and was again taken prisoner and sent to Rock Island Prison. He was married to Miss Mattie Marks, of Lauderdale County, Ala., in 1867. They moved to Texas in 1869. He was a Mason for thirty-five years and a consistent member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. He had been a member of the Wills Point Camp, No. 302, U. C. V., since its organization. His cheerful disposition made him a welcome visitor anywhere.

GEORGE J. MORRISON

George J. Morrison was born July 24, 1836, at Smithfield, Isle of Wight County, Va., but shortly before the War between the States he moved to Petersburg and lived an honored citizen of that city until his death, June 3, 1915. He is buried in historic old Blandford Cemetery, at Petersburg.

Others may have performed more distinguished service for the Confederacy and risen higher in rank and thereby attracted more attention to their deeds, but none ever entered the armies of the Confederacy from higher and purer motives of patriotism than Sergt. George J. Morrison, Company A, 12th Virginia Infantry. This was Mahone's old regiment, and to those who are conversant with the history of the battles of the war it will be apparent that Sergeant Morrison experienced a full share of the vicissitudes of that war.



GEORGE J. MORRISON

He was a man of remarkable philosophic cheerfulness, and on the march, in the bivouac, in battle, or amid any and all of the untoward events of life he was a regular "Mark Tapley," always jolly, taking an optimistic view of things that would have depressed others. When shot through the body, apparently where his heart ought to have been, and his life was saved almost, as it were, by a miracle, his comment was: "It surely would have been worse had not my heart been in my boots or throat."

He was a deeply religious man and turned his faith to more practical account than most men; and it mattered not what unaccountable misfortunes befell him, in them by his unswerving faith he could see the "finger of God" and accept the results with a cheerful trust in a good and a merciful God.

In all of the relations of life he was good and true—to his country, his family, and his friends—and despised meanness and hypocrisy either in high or low places. And when such a good, true, and honorable soldier wraps the "drapery of his couch about him and lies down to pleasant dreams," his virtues should be perpetuated.

[E. M. Morrison, colonel 15th Virginia Infantry, Pickett's Division.]

THEODORE MARQUIS

Theodore Marquis, who died January 13, 1916, at Fari-bault, Minn., was born February 2, 1835, in Jefferson County, Ind. In 1855 he went to Minnesota and from there in 1860 to the South, where on March 13, 1862, he enlisted in Company I, 28th Mississippi Cavalry, and served during the entire war, with the exception of the time he was wounded and in the hospital. He was in Vicksburg during the siege and was taken prisoner at Franklin, Tenn., where he was wounded. He was released from Point Lookout Prison June 6, 1865.

After the war Mr. Marquis returned to the North, and in 1869 he was married to Miss Elizabeth Jane Cowan, who died in 1911. Almost totally deaf and with poor eyesight, he spent his declining years at the home of his daughter. He always kept in touch with his old comrades and was a faithful reader of the VETERAN. In 1909 he was presented with the Southern cross of honor.

CAPT. JAMES NEWTON FRAZIER

After many weeks of suffering, Capt. James N. Frazier died at Harrison Hospital, Cynthiana, Ky., on December 31, 1915. As the old year was chiming its farewells our comrade heard the "bugle call" across the mystic tide and answered to bivouac on the camp ground beyond the river.

Captain Frazier was born in Pendleton County, near Falmouth, in July, 1832, and was a son of John and Sarah Montjoy Frazier. He was married to Miss Lizzie Keller in 1861. He served during the War between the States in Company K, 9th Kentucky Cavalry, Col. W. C. P. Breckinridge's regiment. He entered the service under Capt. John Shawlan, but went to Chattanooga, Tenn., and formed Company K, of the 9th Cavalry, in which he saw distinguished service in Kentucky, North Carolina, Georgia, Tennessee, and Alabama. Colonel Breckinridge held him in highest esteem as captain. His bravery and gallantry were noteworthy. Of his old company, only six are now living. He also saw service under Gen. John H. Morgan and was in all of Morgan's celebrated raids. At the death of the General Captain Frazier was transferred to Gen. Joe Wheeler's command, with which he served to the end of the war. When General Lee evacuated Richmond, Captain Frazier was among the special escort that guarded his train. There was not a braver man in the Confederate army nor one who was more considerate of his men.

At Cynthiana and in Harrison County Captain Frazier was regarded as one of the "grand old men." He was as gentle and lovable as he was brave and gallant. Of a pleasant personality, fine address, and good mixing qualities, he held the esteem of all men. He had served as sheriff of Harrison County. Two daughters survive him.

L. C. PRICE

L. C. Price, the master of Penmoken Stock Farm, at Lexington, Ky., died suddenly on the night of December 14, 1915, at the age of sixty-five years. He was born in Jessamine County, but was engaged in business in Lexington for many years. After retiring from active business, in 1899, he devoted his attention to his stock farm, which he made famous for its Shetland ponies. They were exhibited throughout the State, winning many prizes, and sold in all sections of the United States.

His wife, who was Miss Mary Mason, of Mississippi, survives him with a son, L. C. Price, Jr. Mr. Price was a member of the Christian Church and was universally esteemed.

Of his father's service as a soldier of the Confederacy, the son writes: "My father said very little of his career in the war, and I do not think he was a regularly enlisted soldier, being only eleven years old when the war broke out. I think that he ran away several times with General Morgan's command, but was always sent back on account of his youth. He was a captain of guards after the war and was active in suppressing negro riots. On one occasion he faced a mob of about two hundred of them single-handed and cut his way through with his saber to join his command."

ISAAC H. STRIDER

Died at Rose Hill, Jefferson County, W. Va., on the evening of Christmas Day, 1915, Isaac H. Strider, aged seventy-five years. He served in the Confederate army as a member of Company B, Baylor's Light Horse, 12th Virginia Cavalry.

C. G. BOLES.

C. G. Boles, a member of Camp J. J. A. Barber, No. 1555, U. C. V., died suddenly at his home, in Jacksonville, Tex., December 15, 1915, at the age of seventy-six years. He was born in Calhoun County, Ala., in 1839 and there grew to manhood. He was among the first to respond to the call to arms in 1861, enlisting in Captain Savage's company, 19th Alabama Infantry, and followed the fortunes of this command in the Army of Tennessee until severely wounded in the battle of Chickamauga, September 19, 1863. His wound was so severe as to render him unable to perform the duty of a soldier for the remainder of the war, and he continued to suffer from it until the day of his death. In 1865 he was married to Miss Frances Elizabeth Andrews, of a prominent family of Alabama, who preceded him to the grave more than a year. Four children survive him, a daughter and three sons, and his only brother, Capt. J. C. Boles, of Birmingham, Ala., now eighty-one years of age.

Comrade Boles removed to Texas in the winter of 1873 and had been an honored and exemplary citizen of Jacksonville and vicinity since that time. He was a member of the Masonic order, the First Baptist Church of Jacksonville, and a member of our Camp since it was organized, in 1904, always attending its meetings and reunions when able to be there. He was perhaps the last survivor of the Confederate soldiers who witnessed the flight of the Andrews Raiders when making their escape with the engine General at Kingston, Ga., in the spring of 1862.

[Committee: Albert Casey, T. T. Martin, E. S. McCall.]

JOHN M. COTTEN.

John Mercer Cotten was born in La Grange, Tenn., February 2, 1842, and enlisted in August, 1861, as a private in Company G, 7th Tennessee Regiment of Infantry. Just before the battle of Belmont he was discharged at Madrid, Tenn., on account of being sick with pneumonia. Upon his recovery he went to Jackson, Miss., and joined Company K, 7th Tennessee Cavalry, known as Jackson's Cavalry. He aided in covering the retreat of Gen. Joseph E. Johnston from Jackson to Atlanta. He was in the Dallas charge, the battle of Adairsville, New Hope Church, Morris Bridge, and in a number of smaller engagements up to the end. He surrendered at Gainesville, Ala., May 11, 1865, to Major General Canby, U. S. A., and his parole he had framed, and it hung on the wall of his room always.

Comrade Cotten was a member of Camp Wilcox, No. 1782, U. C. V., of Birmingham, Ala., where he died after a long and painful illness on December 31, 1915, and was laid to rest at Sewanee, Tenn., beside three children who had died some years before. He leaves a widow, a daughter, and a son. He was never seen without his cross of honor, which he valued beyond everything, and it was buried with him.

P. V. MAYES.

P. V. Mayes, of Company I (Lovell's company), 30th Tennessee Infantry, Head's Regiment, departed this life January 11, 1916. Our comrade was a good and true soldier, a Christian gentleman, and led a quiet and peaceful life after the war, accepting all the conditions of the surrender; but he was a gray to the backbone. He was Adjutant of Camp D. C. Walker, No. 640, U. C. V., of Franklin, Ky., and was buried there.

[J. L. Rogers, Commander; A. W. Hamill, Adjutant.]

JOSEPH G. MASON.

Joseph Gamble Mason, who died at Clarksburg, W. Va., on January 3, 1916, at the age of seventy-four years, was a member of the Mason family of Virginia. He was a son of James William Mason and a grandson of Maj. Seth Mason; and he was born and lived at Wheatland, the old family estate, near White Post, Clarke County, Va. At the beginning of the War between the States he was preparing to enter a medical college, but responded to the call of the South for volunteers. Being already a member of the Clarke Cavalry, he was one of the first to enter the army at Harper's Ferry in the spring of 1861 and thereafter performed the most arduous service in that company until the close of the war. He was a courier for Stonewall Jackson and carried the first dispatch from Gen. J. E. B. Stuart to General Jackson.

For many years Mr. Mason was an official of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad and lived near Washington. His wife was Miss Gertrude Carr, daughter of Dr. Joseph Longacre Carr, of Clarksburg, W. Va., and she survives him, with their three daughters. After the funeral services of the Episcopal Church he was buried in the Masonic Cemetery at Clarksburg with the ritual of the Masonic order, of which he was a member in high standing.

D. F. LOLLAR.

On the 26th of October, 1915, there was laid to rest in the cemetery at Blair, Okla., the soldier, patriot, and Christian gentleman, D. F. Lollar. He was born in Kentucky August 31, 1841, and when but an infant went with his parents to Dade County, Mo. At the breaking out of the War between the States young Lollar cast his lot with the then organizing cavalry troop known as Forrest's Cavalry, afterwards so famous. It is needless to say that many fine steeds fell under his saddle during that eventful period.

Comrade Lollar had married Mary C. Albert before the war, their two families then living north of the historic Mason and Dixon Line. When excitement began to run so high, the Alberts decided to leave that country. So, leaving most of their possessions behind, they went through Arkansas and Indian Territory to Texas and there remained till the close of the war and the return to wife and child of the brave and devoted soldier husband. Some years later Comrade Lollar located at the thrifty little village of Blair and carried on a successful mercantile business at that place and at Warren, on the Red River, until he sold out the business, a few weeks before his death. To him and his devoted wife were born three sons and five daughters, all surviving him. He was a member of the Church of Christ for over forty years.

[From tribute by F. M. Leatherman, Blair, Okla.]

MOSES H. RUTLAND.

M. H. Rutland was born March 2, 1845, and died at his home, in Franklin County, Tex., on December 30, 1915. He was a member and an officer of Ben McCulloch Camp, No. 300, U. C. V., at Mt. Vernon, Tex. He entered the Confederate service at Clayton, Ala., on April 7, 1863, and served to the close of the war as a member of Company B, 57th Alabama Infantry, and was paroled at Macon, Ga. He took part in the battles of Resaca, Kennesaw Mountain, New Hope Church, and Peach Tree Creek, besides many skirmishes, and was wounded in the battle of Peach Tree Creek on July 20, 1864. He was married in 1866 to Miss Eliza Jones, of Barber County, Ala. In his death the Camp loses a zealous member, the county a good citizen, the Church one of its prominent members, the family a devoted husband and father.

MAJ. S. A. JONAS.

[The following sketch was embodied in the resolutions passed by Camp 171, U. C. V., of Washington, D. C., in honor of Maj. S. A. Jonas, a former member, who died at his home, in Aberdeen, Miss., on September 13, 1915. The memorial committee was composed of Marion B. Richmond, S. W. B. Pegues, John W. Fite.]

Maj. S. A. Jonas was born in Williamstown, Ky., in the early forties, and at the age of sixteen he entered upon the career of a civil engineer. His first work was on railroad surveys in Mexico and afterwards on the New Orleans, Jackson, and Great Northern Railroad in Mississippi, which carried him to Aberdeen, Miss., during the winter of 1860 and 1861. In the spring of 1861, at the outbreak of war, he there joined a military company, the Van Dorn Reserves, which became Company I of the famous 11th Mississippi Volunteers. In the organization of the regiment at Corinth, Miss., Capt. W. H. Moore, of this company, was elected colonel, and he appointed S. A. Jonas his adjutant. He afterwards served on the staffs of Gens. W. H. C. Whiting, John B. Hood, and Stephen D. Lee. At Seven Pines, when Gen. Joseph E. Johnston was wounded, he was sent across an open bullet-swept battle field by General Whiting to notify the ranking general, Gustavus W. Smith, that he was now in command of the Confederate army before Richmond. He was at the side of General Whiting at Malvern Hill when the head of the General's horse was shot off by a cannon ball.



MAJ. S. A. JONAS.

Major Jonas served all through the war, first in the Army of Northern Virginia, and afterwards he went with General Hood to Georgia and Tennessee, taking part in the battle of Chickamauga and many other engagements. He remained with the Western Army, serving first on the staff of General Hood. When Hood was placed in command of the Western Army, Gen. Stephen D. Lee was promoted to the command of Hood's old corps, and Major Jonas then served on his staff until the surrender.

At the close of the war, in 1865, Maj. S. A. Jonas returned to Aberdeen and embarked in journalism. He founded and established the Aberdeen Examiner, which he owned and edited until the day of his death, more than fifty years later. Since the death of Col. J. L. Power, of the Clarion-Ledger, the title of "Nestor of the Mississippi Press" had belonged to Major Jonas, and he worthily won that honor. He was a strong and vigorous writer, and his editorials were noted for their dignity and force. Wielding a powerful pen, possessed of encyclopedic information, he was a match for any of the molders of opinion throughout this great land and undoubtedly could have discharged with eminent distinction and

satisfaction the duties of any editorial tripod in any of its great cities. Dedicating the magnificent powers of his royal manhood to the service of his adopted State, he wrought his brain and heart and soul into the fibers of her civic life. Major Jonas was widely known as the author of that beautiful poem written on the back of a \$500 Confederate bill, which was written at the Powhatan Hotel, Richmond, Va., a few days after having been paroled as a member of the staff of Lieut. Gen. Stephen D. Lee with Johnston's army at High Point, near Greensboro, N. C., and first published shortly after the war over the author's signature in the New York Metropolitan Record, headed "Something Too Good to Be Lost." This poem has been published in the VETERAN several times, but is given again as something that cannot be too well known.

Representing nothing on God's earth now
And naught in the waters below it,
As the pledge of a nation that's dead and gone
Keep it, dear friend, and show it.

Show it to those who will lend an ear
To the tale that this paper can tell.
Of liberty born of the patriot's dream.
Of a stern, undaunted nation's life full.

Too poor to possess the precious notes
And too much of a stranger to borrow.
We issued to-day our promise to pay
And hoped to redeem on the morrow.

The days rolled by, and the weeks became years.
But our coffers were empty still;
Coin was so rare that the treasury'd quake
If a dollar should drop in the mill.

But the faith that was in us was strong indeed,
And our poverty will we discerned
And this little check represented the pay
That our suffering veterans earned.

We knew it had hardly a value in gold,
Yet as gold each soldier received it.
It gazed in our eyes with a promise to pay,
And each Southern patriot believed it.

But our boys thought little of price or of pay
Or of bills that were overdue;
We knew if it bought us our bread to-day
Twas the best our poor country could do.

Keep it; it tells all our history o'er,
From the birth of the dream to its last
Modest and born of the angel Hope.
Like our hope of success, it passed."

When Col. L. Q. C. Lamar was made Chairman of the Senate Committee on the Mississippi River and Tributaries, he appointed Major Jonas clerk of the committee and secretary to Colonel Lamar, in which position he served during the incumbency of the committee. He was then called home by Gov. Robert Lowry to fill the position of State Commissioner for Mississippi at the New Orleans Exhibition, and he got together and installed that exhibit. This position he resigned after Cleveland's election to accept the appointment of private secretary to Colonel Muldrow, First Assistant Secretary of the Interior, and during the four years' term he served, by assignment of Secretary Lamar, for about seven months as chief clerk of the Interior Department.

SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS

ORGANIZED IN JULY, 1866, AT RICHMOND, VA.

OFFICERS, 1915-16.

Commander in Chief, W. N. Brandon, Little Rock, Ark.
Adjutant in Chief, N. B. Forrest, Biloxi, Miss.

STAFF.

Inspector in Chief, A. J. Wilson, Little Rock, Ark.
Quartermaster in Chief, Edwin A. Taylor, Memphis, Tenn.
Commissary in Chief, Ben Watts, Cave Spring, Ga.
Judge Advocate in Chief, M. E. Dunnaway, Little Rock, Ark.
Surgeon in Chief, Dr. J. Garnett King, Fredericksburg, Va.
Chaplain in Chief, Rev. J. Cleveland Hall, Danville, Va.
Historian in Chief, Dr. Thomas M. Owen, Montgomery, Ala.

DEPARTMENT COMMANDERS.

Army of Northern Virginia Department, Ernest G. Baldwin, Roanoke, Va.
Army of Tennessee Department, John S. Cleghorn, Summerville, Ga.
Army of the Trans-Mississippi Department, Creed Caldwell, Pine Bluff, Ark.

EXECUTIVE COUNCIL.

W. N. Brandon, Little Rock, Ark., Chairman.
C. Seton Fleming, Jacksonville, Fla., Secretary.
P. J. Mullen, Rome, Ga.
Edgar Scurry, Wichita Falls, Tex.
F. R. Fravel, Ballston, Va.
Seymour Stewart, St. Louis, Mo.

COMMITTEES.

Relief Committee: A. D. Smith, Jr., Chairman, Fayetteville, W. Va.
Monument Committee: R. B. Haughton, Chairman, St. Louis, Mo.
Finance Committee: W. McDonald Lee, Chairman, Irvington, Va.

DIVISION COMMANDERS.

Alabama, Adolph D. Bloch, Mobile.
Arkansas, A. W. Parke, Little Rock.
California, H. P. Watkins, Los Angeles.
Colorado, A. D. Marshall, Denver.
District of Columbia, Charles H. Keel, Washington.
Eastern, Percy C. Magnus, New York, N. Y.
Florida, W. W. Harriss, Ocala.
Georgia, J. S. Palmer, Macon.
Kentucky, Logan N. Rock, Louisville.
Louisiana, J. W. McWilliams, Monroe.
Maryland, —
Mississippi, George C. Myers, Jackson.
Missouri, Colin M. Selph, St. Louis.
North Carolina, Dr. J. M. Northington, Boardman.
Oklahoma, Merritt J. Glass, Tulsa.
Pacific, Merritt F. Gilmer, Seattle, Wash.
South Carolina, Weller Rothrock, Aiken.
Southwest, Carl Hinton, Silver City, N. Mex.
Tennessee, W. C. Chandler, Memphis.
Texas, W. R. Blain, Beaumont.
Virginia, Dr. J. C. King, Fredericksburg.
West Virginia, E. R. Garland, Huntington.

[This department is conducted by N. B. Forrest, Adjutant in Chief S. C. V., Biloxi, Miss., to whom all communications and inquiries should be addressed.]

GENERAL HEADQUARTERS SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS, MEMPHIS, TENN.

SPECIAL ORDERS No. 15. January 28, 1916.

1. The term of office of George C. Myers, Commander of the Mississippi Division, having expired, a vacancy is deemed to exist in the position of commanding officer of the said Division.

2. Upon suitable recommendation and in obedience to and by and under the authority vested in the Commander in Chief by Section 19, Article V., of the Constitution, Comrade E. N. Scudder, of Mayersville, Miss., is hereby appointed Commander of the said Division for the year ending June 1, 1916.

He will at once appoint his official staff and inaugurate a campaign for the reorganization of his Division and make report thereof to general headquarters.

By order of W. N. BRANDON, *Commander in Chief.*
Official:

N. B. FORREST, *Adjutant in Chief and Chief of Staff.*

SPECIAL ORDERS No. 16. January 28, 1916.

1. Logan N. Rock, Commander of the Kentucky Division, having resigned, a vacancy is deemed to exist in the position of commanding officer of the said Division.

2. Upon suitable recommendation and in obedience to and by and under the authority vested in the Commander in Chief by Section 19, Article V., of the Constitution, Comrade J. W. Blackburn, Jr., of Frankfort, Ky., is hereby appointed Commander of the said Division for the year ending June 1, 1916.

He will at once appoint his official staff and inaugurate a campaign for the reorganization of his Division and make report thereof to general headquarters.

By order of W. N. BRANDON, *Commander in Chief.*

Official:

N. B. FORREST, *Adjutant in Chief and Chief of Staff*

ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA DEPARTMENT, S. C. V., ROANOKE, VA.

GENERAL ORDERS No. 1.

The Commander of this Department has sought to appoint as members of his official family only those who are interested, to whose hearts the object and purposes of the organization are dear and a live issue, each one willing to devote time and attention to making this the banner year of the Sons of Veterans. Therefore by virtue of his office he appoints:

Department Adjutant and Chief of Staff, S. W. Hairston, Roanoke, Va.

Department Inspector, Garland P. Peed, Norfolk, Va.

Department Quartermaster, M. G. Willis, Jr., Fredericksburg, Va.

Department Commissary, W. Rothrock, Aiken, S. C.

Department Judge Advocate, Edwin P. Cox, Richmond, Va.

Department Surgeon, Dr. A. M. Brailsford, Mullins, S. C.

Department Chaplain, Rev. J. W. C. Johnson, Roanoke, Va.

Department Historian, J. R. Price, Washington, D. C.

Assistant Adjutants: James W. Hatcher, Roanoke, Va.; C. W. Kimberlin, Owensboro, Ky.; J. M. Garnett, Baltimore, Md.; W. F. Lee, Fayetteville, W. Va.; J. C. Wise, Haymarket, Va.

Assistant Inspectors: S. W. Rogers, Petersburg, Va.; R. C. Powell, Whiteville, N. C.; John D. Bower, New York; R. B. Wiltberger, Columbus, Ohio; B. F. Richard, Strasburg, Va.

Assistant Quartermasters: John Fields, Owensboro, Ky.; Ralph Reamer, Columbus, Ohio; Marshall D. Haywood, Raleigh, N. C.; G. A. Matthews, Bluefield, W. Va.; L. L. Rogers, Mullins, S. C.



ERNEST G. BALDWIN.

(Ernest G. Baldwin, Roanoke, Va., Commander Army Northern Virginia Department, elected at Richmond Reunion, 1915, was Adjutant of Albert Sidney Johnston Camp of Roanoke and took an active part in the work of the Southern Confederate Veterans' organization for a number of years. He is the grandson of Capt. D. B. Baldwin, who served four years in the Confederate army and was Captain of Company D, 23d Virginia Battalion Infantry.)

Assistant Commissaries: H. R. Furr, Norfolk, Va.; G. H. Van Ness, Charlotte, N. C.; Charles H. Kell, Washington, D. C.; R. L. Ott, Richmond, Va.; L. S. Davis, Roanoke, Va.

Assistant Judge Advocates: Harry O. Nichols, Norfolk, Va.; Don P. Halsey, Lynchburg, Va.; N. H. Caldwell, Concord, N. C.; Ashley A. Hodge, Union, W. Va.; T. M. Darnall, Roanoke, Va.

Assistant Surgeons: Dr. L. H. Keller, Hagerstown, Md.; Dr. C. M. Brown, Mount Hope, W. Va.; Dr. James M. Northington, Boardman, N. C.; Dr. Clarence P. Jones, Newport News, Va.; Dr. J. E. Offner, Fairmont, W. Va.

Assistant Chaplains: Rev. E. S. McTier, Union, W. Va.; Rev. N. J. Demit, Carrollton, Ky.; Rev. A. B. Byrd, Washington, D. C.

Assistant Historians: S. P. Figgat, Roanoke, Va.; V. P. Paulette, Farmville, Va.; D. A. Spivey, Conway, N. C.; A. W. Booker, Bluefield, W. Va.; A. W. Cox, Carrollton, Ky.

By order of
ERNEST G. BALDWIN
Commander Army of Northern Virginia Department
S. W. HAIRSTON, Department Adjutant and Chief of Staff



M. D. CARY.*

GENERAL ORDERS No. 1

1. The Commander of this Department appointed as members of his staff only those who he believed would be willing to do their part for the "cause," and he therefore directs you to report to him at once.

2. What you are doing for the Confederate soldier and their widows in your community.

3. Whether you have written to your Congressman and Senator asking them to support the Works and the Tillman bills which would admit veterans and their widows to become inmates of national homes and to receive national pensions, respectively.

4. What steps have been taken by you and the Camp in your vicinity toward obtaining a true history of the South.

5. The condition of your local Camp, whether you have tried to arouse any interest in the organization.

Prompt compliance with this order will be appreciated.

By order of
ERNEST G. BALDWIN
Commander Army of Northern Virginia Department.
S. W. HAIRSTON, Department Adjutant and Chief of Staff.

*M. D. Cary, Clifton Forge, Va., Commander Camp Carpenter's Battery, S. C. V., was elected Commander 4th Virginia Brigade at Division Reunion, Fredericksburg, Va., October, 1915. He was the first Adjutant of the S. C. V. Camp at Pulaski, Va., and has been a loyal worker for many years. He is also Assistant Commissary in Chief on the staff of the Commander in Chief. He is the son of A. R. Cary, of Richmond, who served four years as a member of Crenshaw's Battery, A. P. Hill's Division, Army of Northern Virginia.

GENERAL ORDERS No. 2

The Reunion at Birmingham, Ala., will be held May 16, 17, 18 next, for which reason the Commander of this Department directs that all Camp Commanders and comrades report to him:

1. Date of last meeting of Camp and number present.
2. Number of comrades on roll and number in good standing.
3. What efforts are being made to reorganize and to stimulate interest in your Camp.

A prompt compliance with this order is urged.

By order of
ERNEST G. BALDWIN,
Commander Army of Northern Virginia Department
S. W. HAIRSTON, Department Adjutant and Chief of Staff

ADDRESS BY MAJ. F. W. R. EWING

The second in the series of historical addresses before the Washington Camp was delivered by Maj. F. W. R. Ewing on the subject, "An Experimental League: Nature and Status of the Federal Government under the New Constitution of 1787-89," in which he brought out the relation of the several States to the Federal government. Some extracts from his address, with a brief resume, are here given.

Every well-informed person knows that the government in America under which the thirteen States, late British colonies, began business as the United States and under which government, surprisingly expanded in territory, those States yet do a thriving business is different from that which previously had ever existed in any other part of the world. Yet it is strange how many writers who have attempted to expound the nature of this government resort to definitions evolved long before the birth of this peculiar and unique government. The manner in which the people permit themselves to be governed determines the nature of kind or even the duration of that government.

WHAT IS SOVEREIGN INDEPENDENCE

In America we hold it one of the fundamentals that sovereignty emanates from the people. But we forget sometimes that with us government means two things: that it is dual in its nature; that our government is composed of units called States, and over all these in territorial reach is a wider government operating called the Federal government, or government of the United States. But some people think of the relation of the States to this government as being much the same as that of the county to the State. Others think of the State as sovereign and independent and as the original sovereign of this great country.

"But this question can be determined only by a careful study of the colonial period under the British and local governments. The various colonies, acting jointly and severally by and through 'committees,' etc., swung into the final conflict whereby the colonies (now States) obtained their several independence as indicated in the treaty signed with Great Britain in 1782 and 1783, in which each colony was recognized separately by name and not otherwise. The same treaty stipulated for the Continental Congress that it would recommend (note the language of sovereignty) on behalf of such Congress a certain course of conduct by the several States toward the American Tories within their respective boundaries."

After referring most informingly to the "committees" and other organizations formed within and by the various colonies and which led up to the revolutionary Continental Congress and the adoption of, first, the Articles of Confederation and then of the present Constitution by the various United States, Mr. Ewing called attention to the manner of the adoption of the Federal Constitution by the States and to the fact that some of them would not consent to its adoption until guaranteed that amendments were to be adopted positively and explicitly setting forth that each State had full power of sovereignty except only those certain powers that were delegated by the States to the central government.

Mr. Ewing said, further, that if it were not pathetic it would be amusing that so many otherwise clear-thinking people have let the first words of the Constitution, "We, the people of the United States," mislead them into believing that those words describe one great republic. People who thus believe forget one of the most fundamental and longest recognized rules for interpreting all human documents, and that is that all which was said and done at the time such documents or contracts or compacts or agreements or constitutions were being formulated and sanctioned must be taken into consideration. Article VII. of the Federal Constitution permits nine States to ratify the Constitution, but so as to be binding only upon such nine, unless and until other States should likewise ratify, each for itself. There was no effort anywhere to force any State to ratify. Nine States did ratify it, thereby seceding from the older confederacy, or federation, before the others later also seceded. The Tenth Amendment to the Constitution sets forth clearly that the powers not delegated to the United States are reserved to the States respectively or to the people, meaning the people of the several States, as is made clear from all the conditions and discussions of that period.

THE TRIBUNAL OF LAST RESORT UNDER THE CONSTITUTION.

"The powers of the legislature [Congress] are defined and limited, and that those limits might not be mistaken or forgotten the Constitution is written," said the Supreme Court of the United States in 1803. In 1832 this court again said: "The powers exclusively given to this Federal government are limitations upon the State authorities. But, with the exception of these limitations, the States are supreme." Again in 1900: "The government of the United States was born of the Constitution, and all powers which it enjoys or may exercise must be derived either expressly or by implication from that instrument."

Therefore, having been the original, independent sovereigns, having created the United States government, having intrusted to it well-defined powers or functions, and never having parted with their sovereign right to determine the time and conditions which require the resumption of the trust, secession remained one of the undelegated rights of the States, of each of said States, as was expressly affirmed in the ratifications by several of them. Having no right under the Constitution (the only source of its powers), as we well know, to use force to prevent secession or withdrawal of the delegated powers by any State, the use of such force by the central, created government constituted rebellion.

One of the other speakers of the evening pointed out that the Southern States in 1860-61 resorted to secession only when this "unlike government" or "experimental league" was found, as to those States, no longer to subserve its declared purpose to "insure domestic tranquillity" and to "secure the blessings of liberty to * * * posterity."

MAJ. E. W. R. EWING.

Elbert W. R. Ewing, A.M., D.O., LL.B., was born in Virginia. He graduated at Cumberland College and took certificates in eight courses at the University of Virginia, later taking his LL.B. at the Chicago Law School. He began the practice of law in Virginia, and about fifteen years ago he



MAJ. E. W. R. EWING.

moved to Washington and entered upon its practice in that city. His father was an officer in the Confederate army from start to finish, serving with much distinction. Mr. Ewing volunteered in the war with Spain and was shortly thereafter commissioned major in the National Guard of Missouri, in which State he resided for a few years. He is the author of several successful books, most of which interest particularly the Southern people. They are:

"Northern Rebellion and Southern Secession," "The Legal and Historical Status of the Dred Scott Decision," "The Hayes-Tilden Contest," "The Pioneer Gateway of the Cumberlandlands" (in press).

BROAD-MINDED PATRIOTISM.

The beautiful tribute to General Lee by a "Northerner" in the ode published as a frontispiece to the February *VETERAN* is echoed in his views respecting the action of General Lee in following his State out of the Union and in upholding her rights under the Constitution. Dr. Littlefield sets forth these views in the following letter:

"History, even now, I believe, holds that General Lee was doing battle, not to 'divide the Union,' as was so erroneously held by the unthinking among us, but to perpetuate that spirit of self-government which is the only safeguard against federalism becoming autocratic civilization. And I am sure that the time will come when many others will hold, as I certainly do with all my heart, that of the three issues up in the War between the States—African slavery, secession, and State autonomy, the latter very much obscured by the first two issues—the war decided but the first two, slavery and secession. Really, as I look at it, the great question of State autonomy—in other words, the correlation of local self-government and central Federal authority—was given by the issue of the war its first real chance for consideration by the American people. It is because of General Lee's—and, in general, the Southern people's—contribution to that mighty issue in the arm of human government that I hold in such high esteem both Lee and the Southern people. And I lose no opportunity to bear witness to my feelings in the matter. In my judgment, the only reason—strange as it may sound from a Northerner and a Massachusetts man—why this nation is not held in the tyrannical grip of centralized imperialism, as is Germany to-day, for instance, is because of this

same War between the States, of which General Lee was so conspicuous among its leaders. If it had not been over slavery, it would have come up over some other question sooner or later. The 'correlation of the individual and the group' is a world-old question, and it is not by any means as yet settled.

"I never look upon a soldier's monument, North or South, that these things do not come over me with irresistible force. When, after many years intending to do so, I first visited General Lee's mausoleum and stood in reverence by the side of that marvelous recumbent marble in the memorial chapel at Lexington, Va., I offered up grateful thanks to God Almighty that such as Washington and Lee had lived and fought for the great charter of human liberty, the right of self-government. It was not by accident, either, that I so timed my visit that it should fall upon April 19, the anniversary amongst us of the North of the armed resistance to centralized tyranny out on Lexington (Mass.) Green; nor was it by accident that last year I timed my second visit to the shrine at Lexington, Va., to fall on April 9, the fiftieth anniversary of Lee's surrender. Very likely I was the only Northern man in that chapel that day; but I shall always be glad to recall that I could pay my reverence there on that fiftieth anniversary not only to General Lee's memory, but to the great cause of human liberty (self-government) for which he fought so nobly and really successfully. Despite our differences upon the questions of slavery and secession, from the depths of my heart I say: All honor to General Lee and his soldiers and the Southern people for what they did in the cause of representative self-government, born with *Magna Charta* and never to become a 'lost cause' so long as the spirit of Washington and Lee in all patriotic American souls shall last!"

III

(Suggested by sonnet in February's CONFEDERATE VETERAN, contributed by Rev. A. W. Littlefield, Needham, Mass., for which he has every Southerner's heartfelt thanks.)

As long as men love godlike deeds
And crown the hero with love's wreath
And sing his plaudits after death,
It matters not their race or creeds,
What songs they sing, what language speak,
No matter what high goal they seek,
The name of Lee they'll voice with pride,
Recalling how he wrought and died.
A benediction to all men
Who love their country and their kind
Our paladin of sword and pen
Will prove to nerve both arm and mind

Hugh G. Barclay in *Mobile Register*

Mrs. George T. Fuller, Mayfield, Ky., would like to hear from any survivor of the following regiments who were at Camp Beauregard, near Water Valley, Ky., during the winter of 1861-62: 1st Missouri Infantry (John S. Bowen, colonel, later brigadier general); 22d Tennessee Infantry (Thomas J. Freeman, colonel); 27th Tennessee Infantry (Christopher H. Williams, colonel); 22d Mississippi (D. W. C. Bonham, colonel); 25th Mississippi Infantry (later 2d Confederate Infantry, John D. Martin, colonel); 9th Arkansas Infantry (John M. Bradley, colonel); 10th Arkansas Infantry (T. D. Merrick, colonel); King's Battalion, Kentucky Cavalry, Companies A, B, C, and D (captains, King, Pell, Swan, and Guthrie).

ALABAMA'S MEMORIAL ASSOCIATIONS.

(Continued from page 136.)

they, living under the shadow of the historic Statehouse, the first capitol of the Confederacy, dailing seeing the star that marks the spot where our only President stood while taking the oath of office, thereby creating the Confederate States? To the north of the capitol is our \$20,000 monument. At the last Chickamauga Reunion we placed a monument in the park to Alabama's dead. It is the only marker from Alabama. We meet monthly, and the thousands that take part on Memorial Day prove that the cause is living and growing. The Juniors lend willing hands and loving hearts in placing our decorations.

The Mary Graves Lee Junior Memorial, my namesake, children of my heart, with their zeal and interest, as we older ones retire, will be able to take up our work. Their monthly meetings are attended with interest and pleasure, and all patriotic calls are responded to promptly. Their delegate to Birmingham hopes to meet many Junior Memorials.

Selma, Talladega, Mountain Creek, and Halland McTyre, Junior Memorial Associations, we sadly missed you at the last Reunion. Now, come to Birmingham. This Reunion is in your own State. Let State pride make us all rally. If your torch of enthusiasm and interest is burning low, come and relight it at this sacred shrine. I want to clasp in fraternal love your hand. Meet with us in Birmingham, we need you, and you need us. Come and let us pay our tribute of love and honor to those who wear the gray.

SHILOH MONUMENT FUND

Report of Mrs. R. W. McKee, Treasurer, from
JANUARY 17, 1910, to FEBRUARY 19, 1910.

Alabama: Union Springs Chapter, \$3; S. D. Lee Chapter, \$2; Father Ryan Chapter, \$5; Tusculumbia Chapter, \$10; W. H. Forney Chapter, \$2.50; Bessemer Chapter, \$5; Asheville Chapter, \$1; Selma Chapter, \$2; Pinkney D. Bowls Chapter, \$1; J. P. Oden Chapter, \$1; Gen. J. H. Forney Chapter, \$3; Avondale Chapter, \$2; Selma Chapter, \$3; commission on "Heroes in Gray" sold by Mrs. Charles D. Martin, \$60 cents. Total, \$41.

California: Gen. Sterling Price Chapter, No. 1343, \$3; R. L. Lee Chapter, Los Angeles, \$15. Total, \$18.

Georgia: Quitman Chapter, \$5; Richland Chapter, \$1; Charles L. Zachry Chapter, McDonough, \$1. Chickamauga Chapter, Lafayette, \$15. Total, \$22.

Maryland: Baltimore Chapter, \$20.

Mississippi: William Fitzgerald Chapter, Webb, \$5; H. D. Money Chapter, Carrollton, \$5; J. T. Fairley Chapter, Mt. Olive, \$5; W. D. Holder Chapter, Jackson, \$5; Tupelo Chapter, \$5; S. D. Lee Chapter, Laurel, \$5; Jefferson County Chapter, Fayette, \$2.50. Total, \$32.50.

New York: James Henry Parker Chapter, New York City, \$50.

Oklahoma: Oklahoma City Chapter, \$5; Altus Chapter, \$2. Total, \$10.

Texas: Albert Sidney Johnston Chapter, Austin, \$10.

Total collections since last report, \$265.60.

Total in hands of Treasurer at last report, \$24,406.76.

Total in hands of Treasurer to date, \$24,672.36

MISSOURIANS IN BATTLE OF FRANKLIN

(Continued from page 135.)

turning suddenly and intensely cold, we were followed by a victorious foe, who showed no signs of fatigue or desire to let us rest. Our rear guard was engaged all the time and met him with the same unflinching courage shown in attacking him at Franklin. The men were distressed by hunger and exhaustion. Bloody foot tracks in the frozen snow and upon the icy roads were to be seen in many places. Yet, like Napoleon's Old Guard on the retreat from Moscow, they presented a front for fight at all times. The weather was not as severe as a Russian winter, it is true, but the hardships our poor fellows had to endure were similar, because they were so poorly clad and fed. The patriotism of the Confederate soldier can never be doubted by any one familiar with the horrors of that retreat. All his troubles would end if he were to fall out of the ranks and allow himself to be taken. The Federals would clothe him, feed him, administer the oath of loyalty (or royalty, as we used to call it), and send him to his home. In fact, many a man marched wearily along within sight of his home. No; he would rather die of exposure than desert his flag. Those who were taken fell overcome by fatigue and hunger. After many days of hardships and nights of suffering, the command reached Bainbridge and recrossed the Tennessee River. At this point the enemy abandoned the pursuit, and Hood and his suffering men proceeded on their way unmolested.

The Missouri troops took a prominent part in the rear guard under Generals Forrest and Walthall. Col. Bob McCollough and his 2d Missouri Cavalry were always on the alert, while Bledsoe and his noble battery thundered defiance at the enemy almost continuously during the retreat. All the attempts of the enemy to break the line of the rear guard were in vain. The most remarkable fact in connection with the veterans composing this heroic body of men was that when the retreat ended they had as trophies more Federal prisoners than their entire number and about twelve more pieces of artillery than when they began to fall back from Nashville.

Gen. S. G. French, our division commander, says in his account of Franklin: "It was a terrible battle. One of my brigades, the 1st Missouri (Gen. F. M. Cockrell), made the assault with six hundred and ninety-six officers and men, and when it was over he had two hundred and seventy-seven men in his brigade. His loss was: Killed, nineteen officers and seventy-nine men; wounded, thirty-one officers and one hundred and ninety-eight men; missing, thirteen officers and seventy-nine men; total, four hundred and nineteen, which was over sixty per cent. The missing were captured inside the works, as stated by some who escaped. The battle raged furiously at intervals till near midnight, especially on the west side of the pike, mainly between our troops in the ditch and on the captured parapet, with the enemy on inside lines; and the bright glare of musketry, with the flashes of artillery, lit up the surroundings with seeming fitful volcanic fires, presenting a night scene frightfully wild and weird."

AT SPRING HILL AND FRANKLIN AGAIN.

BY E. SHAPARD, SHELBYVILLE, TENN.

The article in the January VETERAN, "The Other Side at Franklin," by W. W. Gist, of the 26th Ohio Regiment, was read with interest. Yet while interesting and imparting valuable information, it is not altogether free from error. Evidently much of his information as to movements was de-

rived from hearsay, and his relation of conditions at Spring Hill and at Franklin does not entirely comport with my actual observation of them.

General Hood thoroughly comprehended the situation at Columbia, and his flank movement to his right was eminently successful, but was immediately followed by a mistake at Spring Hill that officers of the line and privates recognized and spoke of as a blunder at the time—a blunder that wholly defeated the object of the flank movement and that, too, when that object was so clearly within reach.

I was only a sergeant major in a consolidated regiment composed of the 19th, 24th, and 41st Tennessee Regiments, and my view of movements was confined within narrow limits; but to the extent of these limits, where the facts here related do not conform to Mr. Gist's statements, my insistence is that he is in error and his information incorrect, for what I saw was impressed upon me so that I have not forgotten it. The enthusiasm upon the part of the Confederates was great, and they were intent upon driving the Federals from the borders of Tennessee. When my regiment reached the vicinity of the Columbia and Franklin Turnpike at Spring Hill, it was at once hastened forward to within two hundred and fifty yards of the pike on the east side and there halted. This was, as I remember, about sundown. There was not even a skirmish line between us and the fleeing Federals on the pike, who were plainly visible. No part of "the skirmish line east of the village" or of the command "spread out in the form of a semicircle on the east side of the town," of which Mr. Gist speaks, could be anywhere seen.

Our command was surprised at being halted, believed it to be only temporary, and was eager, impatient to make a charge. Whose fault it was that there was no charge it is not my purpose to inquire. The men in the line needed no command to make a charge. They only wanted permission to do so. The result could not have been in doubt. The flight of the Federals indicated that there was no fight in them, not more than there was in the Confederates at Missionary Ridge. The men in the ranks saw this and knew that the object of the flank movement was within their grasp. Mr. Gist confirms this statement and says that when he was ordered by an officer to help form a line for the defense of the artillery "there were not more than a dozen of us, and our resistance would have been feeble indeed. Fortunately, darkness came to our relief, and we did not fire a shot." And this was no part of hearsay, but what he saw and knew.

We stood there in line until night came and darkness shut from our sight the fleeing Federals, but did not then despair of an order to charge. And when at last we knew there was to be none, the deep mortification and shame for the blunder could be seen in the bowed head of every one, for this is the only instance coming under my observation in the war where a false movement was so apparent as to be recognized by very soldier of the line, from private up, and that at the very instant. That in all these years no one has appeared that would assume the responsibility for this blunder is not surprising, for the consequence of it was the bloody battle of Franklin, so unnecessary.

The Confederates resumed their march toward Franklin early the next morning, and evidences of the hasty flight of the Federals were observable all along the way. This inspired the pursuers with renewed confidence, so that they expected upon overtaking the Federals a quick assault, a speedy retreat, and a decisive victory.

There was no more magnificent sight ever seen on any bat-

the field than the movement of the Army of Tennessee under General Hood from the base of the hill south of Franklin to the second line of Federal works. No army was ever more determined that victory should perch upon its banners. Strahl's Brigade, of which our consolidated regiment was a part, was immediately on the left, or west side, of the pike. And we were thus afforded the most favorable opportunity for observing the army from one wing to the other, as in semicircular line it advanced so grandly to the charge. "Nearer and nearer the Confederates approached with the precision of dress parade," says Mr. Gist. There was no halt, no hesitation; but on we went and still on until we reached the first line of the works, consisting of rails and other material hastily thrown together, and behind which the Federals remained so long that in their retreat they were a protection to us and prevented our being fired upon in our advance to the second and more formidable line of works.

There was no firing from the second line as we advanced from the first until we had almost reached the *chevaux-de-frise*, probably thirty paces from the second line. By this time the Federals retreating from the first had reached and entered the second. Then the firing upon us was heard, and the earth was more nearly covered with our dead and wounded even than at Snodgrass Hill, at Chickamauga. But there was no halt, and on we charged to the second line and took it as the Federals in our immediate front abandoned it. This was immediately west of the Columbia Pike. How far west this abandonment of the works extended I do not know, probably, as I now remember, but little beyond the locust thicket. Neither do I know whether the Federals were driven from any other part of this line. I have always been under the impression they were not.

Mr. Gist says: "Our line was carried back a few rods, and I went to the rear of the Carter house. This was doubtless about the time Opdyke made his famous charge to restore the line. I saw nothing that looked like a charge, as those advancing had to divide in two parts to pass the Carter house. The line that I was in seemed to surge as those at the pike gave way and then to move forward to what must have been the second line of works. The line was now restored, and there was no break in it again." This is a definite and slightly confusing; he went to the rear of the Carter house. Then this, he says, was doubtless about the time Opdyke made his famous charge to restore the line. But he saw nothing that looked like a charge. Now, after the Confederates had taken the works immediately south of the Carter house and west of the pike there was no charge at that place by Opdyke or by any one else or any serious effort to retake the works. The works were not retaken, and Mr. Gist's statement that "the line was not restored, and there was no break in it again" is not true with reference to the line at this point. Neither were there numerous charges made here by the Confederates, nor any asking by the Confederates to be permitted to come over and surrender. If there had been any disposition upon the part of the Confederates there to surrender, there were no Federals to say to them: "Drop your guns and climb over." After the Federals had left that place, they did not return to it. There were, as Mr. Gist says, numerous charges by the Confederates, in every one of which they bore themselves with such splendid courage as to command the admiration of the world. It may be that there were as many as thirteen charges, as he had heard, but they were on the east side of the pike, where Granbury and Adams were killed and so many of their brave men lay dead and wounded in the field.

The heavy firing by the Federals was not from the rear of the works at the Carter house, but from the east of the pike. The body of the Confederates stopped in the trench on the outer side of the breastwork. Some of us got upon the embankment, where guns were rapidly passed to us, and these, being fired, were passed back to be reloaded. Others went over the works, expecting a continuation of the advance. This is certainly the time when Mr. Gist turned his "eyes in that direction and saw the line giving way and the Confederates pouring over the works." Of those going over, I remember W. J. Reagor and Cyrus Moorman, both of the 41st Tennessee. And all those who went over the works remained on the inner side until morning. They captured several prisoners, who when the Federals retreated had taken refuge under the floor of a crib, the upper part of which had been removed when the works were thrown up. None of these men who went over the works here were killed or wounded, thus evidencing the fact that there was very little firing from the direction of the Carter house. It is true that the floor of the trench, on the outer side of the embankment, was so completely covered with our dead and wounded that there was no standing room for the living. But this was the effect of the intermittent firing from the old gin east of the pike from which this trench was enfiladed. I speak of it as intermittent firing, for it was not continuous, but very effective, and at each volley several of our men were killed and wounded. Among others, I remember that Lieut. Henry B. Morgan, now of Lynchburg, and Col. Horace Rice were wounded here. It was at this place that General Strahl was first wounded and then a little later killed. My opinion is that the reason for the irregularity of the firing from the east was that it was directed at the Confederates on the east of the pike when they made their charges and only at those on the west side of it in the intervals between the charges. Those on the west side of the pike were there all the time to be fired at.

These statements will be corroborated by every living Confederate who participated in that memorable charge at the afternoon of November 30, 1864, and are sustained by the faithful and accurate account from the pen of our dear departed comrade, S. A. Cunningham, wherein he relates his personal experiences at Franklin, occurring just here south of the Carter house and west of the pike. But, in addition to all this, there are mute witnesses, not capable of contradiction, that the Confederates were in possession of this point in the works throughout the night. The numerous marks of Minie balls in the walls of the Carter house were not made in our afternoon charge; for, as before stated, we did little firing then. They could not have been made at the time of any alleged famous charge by Opdyke; for if there was any foundation in truth for that and Opdyke did retake the works, then the Confederates would be retreating and could not have left the marks on those walls. But to make it appear that the works were retaken and the line restored at this point, it is said, or statements made from which the inference may be drawn that there were several charges made by the Confederates on the west of the pike and the bullet marks on these walls were made then. That is demonstrably disproved by the fact that the fatalities among the Confederates on the west side of the pike were practically all between the *chevaux-de-frise* and the second line of works for the reason hereinbefore stated. This would certainly not have been so if there had been more than one charge. These bullet marks were made by the Confederates firing throughout the night from the works directly south of the Carter house, nearest to it, and west of the pike.

GOVERNMENT RELIEF FOR CONFEDERATES.

To Confederate Veterans of the South: I have been active in aiding Senator Works in preparing and otherwise assisting to pass the bill to provide homes for disabled Confederate veterans, their wives and widows, which I hope will soon be reported and passed unanimously or at least by a large majority.

Representative Tillman, of Arkansas, premises his bill with the statement that about one hundred million dollars was taken from the South by the unconstitutional cotton tax, sale of abandoned property, and so forth. The honorable gentleman is an orator, a patriot, and a man of culture and has framed his bill on a misapprehension of facts from data given him by parties who admit that it was guesswork when stating the number of surviving veterans, in their belief, to be forty-five or fifty thousand, instead of which the reports of the various pension commissioners (see page 255, CONFEDERATE VETERAN for June, 1915) show that on January 1, 1915, there were 86,005 men and 43,359 widows drawing pensions from the Southern States and 2,376 men and women in the State homes (very few women, as only Mississippi, Oklahoma, Missouri, and perhaps Kentucky admit women), 131,740 in all drawing pensions and in homes. Supposing that ten per cent died during 1915, we would have 118,574 left on January 1, 1916. There must be at least 150,000 men and women whom the States do not pension; but we shall, for the sake of argument, say that there are only 200,000 in all who are to receive \$500 each as a bonus and \$40 per month pension from the government of the United States. The bonus alone would amount to \$100,000,000, the amount Mr. Tillman claims should be refunded, and \$72,000,000 more for pensions for one year only.

Does any sane man believe such a bill will ever be reported out of the committee? I do not. Again, the bill provides that the United States should pay the bonus and pensions. No, fellow comrades; we want no such bill. Representative Confederates will never approve of asking pensions from the United States. What country ever paid a reward to those who fought against her?

What we do want is to have the money due the South from the illegal cotton tax at least refunded to the States of the South and pensions paid out of it by the States to those who are under the scowl of fortune and need it. No veteran or widow having the means to live decently should draw one cent. We soldiers of the South did not fight for pay, nor did we fight to dissolve the Union or to perpetuate slavery. We fought because our States were invaded and to defend our homes and firesides.

Were all Union veterans like the distinguished, philanthropic Senator Works, a man of brains and broad sympathy, not one vestige of bitterness would be left in the breast of any survivor of the war. His bill to aid our unfortunates will, I believe, pass by a large majority; but the bill as framed by Congressman Tillman will never pass and never ought to pass. The bill to refund the cotton tax may pass and ought to pass.

I hope this letter may cause you to pause and realize that you who are urging the passage of the Tillman bill are engaged in a work as futile as chasing a rainbow and endangering the passage of the Works bill. Mr. Tillman's bill should be materially changed. Refund to the South what is justly due her and let her provide for the needy out of the fund. We want no pension from the United States government, much less a bonus of \$500.

PERRY M. DE LEON,

Ex-Confederate Naval Officer.

Washington, D. C.

MONUMENT TO CARNES'S BATTERY.

Capt. W. W. Carnes writes from Bradentown, Fla.:

"In the CONFEDERATE VETERAN for February, page 90, there is published a table showing the memorial monuments and markers erected in Chickamauga and Chattanooga National Park. After showing the number of these for the various States and for United States regular troops, a paragraph states that 'monuments were erected to batteries commanded by Landrum and by Carnes.' Following this is the statement that the Carnes monument was erected by the Ladies' Memorial Association of Montgomery, Ala., and dedicated during the Confederate Reunion in May, 1913.

"As that battery was not from Alabama, it seems odd that the above information should have been obtained from any authoritative source; and as it is entirely wrong, I write to give the facts.

"Carnes's Battery was from Tennessee, and the inscription on the monument shows that it belonged to Wright's Brigade, of Cheatham's Division, in Polk's Corps. The monument was placed there in 1901, and in the VETERAN for January, 1902, page 16, there was published a picture of the monument with the statement that it was erected by private subscription. I made the contract for the monument with Morriss Bros., of Memphis, Tenn., who received payment from me, and I can certify that not a cent was contributed toward it outside of the battery membership."

WHAT A "BUFFALO" WAS.

The inquiry by John C. Stiles in the February VETERAN as to "What Was a Buffalo?" has brought him various responses, which are here given for the benefit of those who would like to get a description of the "animal."

Dr. M. S. Browne, 6th North Carolina Cavalry, at Winchester, Ky.: "A deserter from our service or a shirker from conscription."

D. B. Easley, 14th Virginia Infantry, at Scottsburg, Va.: "A Confederate deserter who had joined the Yankees."

J. F. Howell, 24th Virginia Cavalry, at Bristol, Va.-Tenn.: "They were men that led a free and easy life, taking from defenseless people what they wanted."

Robert A. Ware, 15th Georgia Infantry, at Lincolnton, Ga.: "They were Quakers, opposed to war, and asked to be let alone by both sides."

Maj. J. N. Stubbs, signal service, C. S. A., Woods Crossroads, Va.: "They were men disloyal to the Confederacy, and what was left of them appeared after the war and accepted office under the carpet-bag rule."

Rev. E. A. Wright, Birmingham, Ala.: "A 'buffalo,' in Eastern North Carolina, was a man who was disloyal to the Southern Confederacy, very similar to the copperheads of Ohio and Indiana, who were disloyal to the so-called principles for which the Northern section of our country fought."

Colonel Stiles adds: "I judge from the above that the 'buffalo' was opposed to legitimate fighting, not from conscientious scruples, but more in the way of saving his hide than his soul. He seems to have played no favorites and plundered both sides indiscriminately when the opportunity offered. Pickett got among them, however, and put the fear of God into their hearts by hanging twelve at one time, which pretty well put an end to the band, as the remnants left the country. He seems to have been peculiar only to the seacoast section of Virginia and North Carolina, as all of the above gentlemen saw service in many other parts besides this and saw him nowhere else."

THE SOUTHLAND

BY GRACE IMOGEN GISH

I love the Southland, where the roses grow,
Where in each dewy wind fair lilies blow;
Under a blue and ever-tender sky,
Its pleasant vales, its rivers drifting by.

I love the Southland, where the brave have died,
Loved, lived, and struggled ever side by side;
Fond in the brotherhood that comes to man
Through common fortune since the world began.

I love the Southland, with its shadowed ways,
Sweet, quiet spots that breathe of other days,
Its hills forever resting in the sun,
Its loving hearts, its many glories won.

Dear Southland, where each grassy, flowered plain
That wakes to brightness and to life again,
Has seen perhaps the hurrying foe come down
And war's dark face and misery's deep frown.

Our Southland! May the years but bring to thee
A nobler grace, a braver chivalry,
Abundance, and, like to the western sun,
A glory that increases as 'tis won!

THE BIRTH OF A NATION

BY REV. A. E. EMERSON, D.D., DENVER, COLO.

D. W. Griffith's great photo play, "The Birth of a Nation," is teaching history in a grand, new way. It is showing how false is much that has been passing for history. It shows that the United States was not at first a nation in the accepted sense of that word, but was a union of little republics, living together under a written constitution, a new type of government, the incarnation of democratic principles, not indissoluble, but intended to be perpetual through the good conduct of its members. This noble experiment in free government, intended to be a model for all mankind, was wrecked by internal dissensions. War destroyed the beautiful structure founded on "consent of the governed" and by force welded reluctant peoples into an indivisible nation.

The play shows Abraham Lincoln signing the call for the States for volunteers to march across State lines to compel certain other States into submission. This was the beginning of the end of the old form of government and the substitution of the new form of government, "the nation." But the nation was not born in Lincoln's day. His call for volunteers merely broke down and battered to pieces the Constitution of Washington and Jefferson to make way for war. Against these unconstitutional and unlawful troops the Southern people fought for four years. Lincoln's call for troops was the death knell of the old Union.

After four years of conflict General Lee surrendered at Appomattox, and the war was over. But the new nation was not born at Appomattox. The Southern people and many, perhaps a majority, in the North were still dreaming of the Union.

The Radical Congress, all-powerful, made a demand for a surrender. The surrender of Lee and his army was not enough. The whole Southern people must surrender. They just give up their States. State lines were wiped out. They are put out of the Union and must consent to come back under State governments dominated by carpetbaggers and groes. The negro race was to be put over the white

The Southern people refused to surrender on these terms, and there was another four years' war, from 1868 to 1872. It is known as the War of Reconstruction. The Southern army was composed of four hundred thousand men known as the Great White Legion, or Ku-Klux Klan.

How this war was fought is shown in Griffith's wonderful photo play. While there was not so much fighting as in the years of '61 to '65, there was really more distress in the South during the War of Reconstruction than in the Civil War.

The Ku-Klux Klan carried their point. They upheld the Southern people in their refusal to surrender to the demand of the Radical Congress that they submit to negro domination. They fought until the last vestige of the domination had disappeared. They offered no compromise. They asked an unwritten amendment to the Constitution of the United States. That amendment reads as follows: "The American nation shall forever have a white man's government."

This is the new nation whose birth is celebrated in Griffith's photo play. It was born about 1872. When this was accomplished, the Ku-Klux Klan disbanded. It was one of the most remarkable and successful armies that ever campaigned in any great nation. It was a great and noble time.

BOOKS OF NAVAL OFFICERS WHO SERVED IN UNITED STATES NAUTICAL SERVICE IN THE CONFEDERATE NAVY.

Who will address the subject of the Naval Service of some of the officers who served in the Confederate Navy? The subject is of great interest to the public. Address: Percy H. Neale, Ex-Naval Officer, 1229 Fifteenth St. N. W., Washington, D. C.

NEALE'S Confederate Books

Suppose you could view the World War through the vista of fifty years. Yet the Great War of the States thus unfolded to the mind's eye, that the North, the South, the Confederacy, the Union, and during the period of the war, the Southern people, Northern people, and the people of many other States, and to America, the great nation, the great people, the great mind ever remain the most interesting and interesting of all wars. "They deserve to be read and read and read," writes an eminent military writer in the *London Spectator*; while John W. Dillwyn, a great author of "The Life of George" at a review of several thousand words, published in the *Birmingham Daily Mail* says: "But to read the Neale books, these are sufficient to place the battle of the Confederacy's hand in the great battle of the great battle of the nation." To this large library important works are frequently being added.

The membership of the Neale Library, comprising nearly one hundred persons, is composed of the Southern people. The Neale publications embrace pure literature, history, biography, romance, science, religion, politics, travel, fiction, poetry, religion, history, and drama. Indeed, there is scarcely any branch of literature that is not represented by the Neale books. Writers of them: Thomas Nelson Page, the Southern novelist says: "There is no publisher whose publications interest me more and whose books I have bought in the last few years a greater number of."

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William H. Birge
FRANKLIN, PA.

Rufus Taylor, of Burlington, W. Va., who is seventy-three years old and a veteran of the sixties, would be glad to hear from some of the "old boys."

Mrs. R. C. Wier, of Wynne Wood, Okla., wants to hear from some one who remembers Champ Wier, of Company K, 3d Mississippi Regiment, under Captain Turner and Colonel Barksdale.

R. D. Steuart, 1103 Edmondson Avenue, Baltimore, Md., wants some information of Lieut. Col. Samuel T. Harrison (or Harrison). He wants to know his command and something about him.

Mrs. James A. Vernon, of New Haven, Ky., wants to secure a pension and would like to hear from some surviving member of Company D, 6th Arkansas Regiment, who remembers her husband.

L. D. Harper, of Ladonia, Tex., wants to hear from some member of his old company, E, 16th Georgia Regiment, or any one who fought in the following battles: Yorktown Campaign, Seven Days around Richmond, Malvern Hill, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, and Gettysburg.

Mrs. R. L. Lindsay, of Atascadero, Cal., would like to hear from some comrade who remembers her husband, William H. H. Lindsay, who enlisted from West Virginia with six brothers. He and his brother Paul were the first to cross the rock fence in Pickett's charge. She has forgotten the company and regiment.

Mrs. Bettie L. Covington, of Charlottesville, Va., writes: "During the war a young soldier from one of the Southern States (Louisiana, I think), Perry Humphries, about sixteen or eighteen years old, died at my house and was buried in our church cemetery. I have wished all these years that I might hear of some of his friends who would be glad to know what became of this precious boy."

INFORMATION Regarding GRAVES of CONFEDERATE PRISONERS OF WAR

who died in the hands of the Union forces is requested by the War Department in order that these graves shall receive national attention. Please write, giving name of the soldier or sailor and burial place, to

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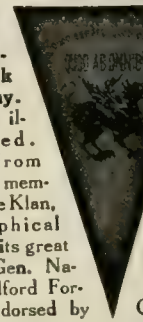
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OLD FIDDLERS' CONTEST.

Dr. L. H. Hill, who was surgeon of
the 53d North Carolina Regiment, writes
from Germantown, N. C.: "I wish to in-
vite all old veterans who play the fiddle
to join me in an old-time fiddlers' con-
vention during the Reunion in Birming-
ham, May 16-18; so don't fail to come
prepared to contest for the champion-
ship of old-time fiddlers. Come pre-
pared to do your best, and then if you
don't mind these old Tarheels will show
you how they play and put 'the tar on
you'."

Thomas R. Ford, of Altamont, Mo.,
wants to hear from some one who was
a member of Company F or D, 12th
Tennessee Infantry, Preston Smith's
brigade, Cheatham's old division.

Mrs. J. A. Gardner, 1310 Nashville
Avenue, New Orleans, La., is trying to
get a pension and wants to hear from
some surviving comrade of her husband
who can testify to his record. J. A.
Gardner served under Gen. S. G. French.
He went out with the Columbus Guards,
of Columbus, Ga., his old home

Miss S. Stephens Stone, 202 North
Thirty-Second Street, Louisville, Ky.,
wants to know where she can obtain a
list of the members of the famous 9th
Tennessee, which accompanied General
Morgan through the Ohio raid. She
also wants to get some information of
J. E. Hughes, Eugene Hughes, and
James Eugene Hughes.

Mrs. W. J. Belton, 1207 Jackson Ave-
nue, New Orleans, La., wants the fol-
lowing back numbers of the VETERAN:
January, February, June, and Decem-
ber, 1894; July, August, and December,
1895; March, 1896; February, Septem-
ber, November, and December 1897;
January, February, and May, 1898; Jan-
uary, February, and November, 1899;
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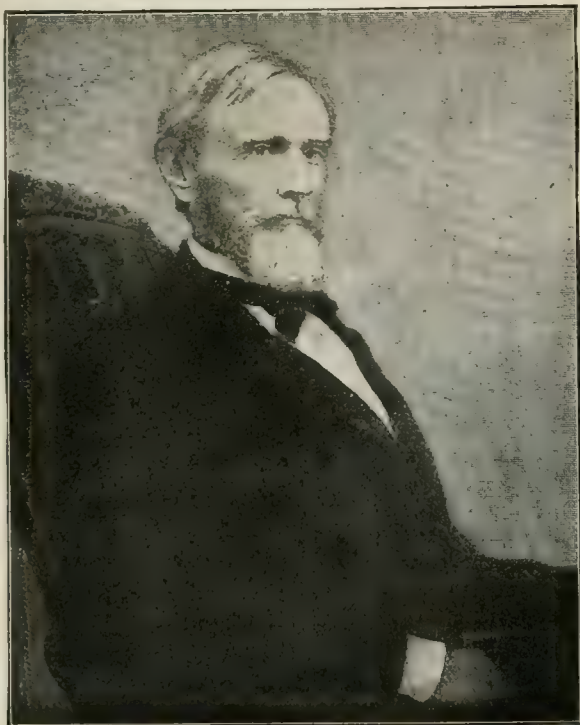
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S. M. Hearn, of Chatham, La., R. F.
D. 1, Box 63, in order to secure a pen-
sion for his widow is trying to establish
the record of Corp. J. F. Taylor, of
Company A, 1st Georgia Battalion of
Sharpshooters, and would like to hear
from some surviving comrade.

RISE AND FALL OF THE Confederate Government

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THE CONFEDERATE VETERAN
NASHVILLE, TENN.

Confederate Veteran.

VOL. XXIV.

APRIL, 1916

NO. 4

||||| DIXIE |||||

Created by a nation's glee,
With jest and song and revelry,
We sang it in our early pride
Throughout our Southern borders wide;
While from ten thousand throats rang out
A promise in one glorious shout,
 "To live or die for Dixie!"

Beloved land! beloved song!
Your thrilling power shall last as long—
Enshrined within each Southern soul—
As Time's eternal ages roll;
Made holier by the test of years,
Baptized with our country's tears—
 God and the right for Dixie!

—Fannie Dowling.





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**BRONZE MEMORIAL AND
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LEADING ARTICLES IN THIS NUMBER.

	PAGE.
Birmingham Reunion Committees.....	147
Hymn at Bermuda Hundred (poem). Mrs. M. E. Drew.....	148
Cunningham Memorial Fund.....	148
The Stone Mountain Memorial.....	149
Treasurer of the Confederate Government. Maj. H. D. Capers.....	150
The Ku-Klux Klan and "The Birth of a Nation." Mrs. S. E. F. Rose.....	157
The Old-Time Nigger (poem). R. W. Webb.....	159
The Failure of the Confederacy. J. H. McNeilly.....	160
The Evacuation of Richmond. Mrs. A. M. Houston.....	165
Chester Hospital, on the Delaware. C. C. Cummings.....	166
Pot Shot. C. Y. Ford.....	167
Little Things in History. John C. Stiles.....	168
The Laurel Hill Retreat. Lieut. P. S. Hagy.....	182
In Memory of My Brother (poem). Father Ryan.....	182
Camp Beauregard. Mrs. George T. Fuller.....	183
A Big-Hearted Priest. Col. W. D. Pickett.....	182
Captured Guns at Lone Jack, Mo. John S. Kritser.....	184
Eighth Texas Cavalry at Bentonville. M. J. Davis.....	184
Departments: U. D. C.....	152
Confederated Southern Memorial Association.....	156
The Last Roll.....	174
Sons of Confederate Veterans.....	186

W. D. Adams, of Terrell, Tex., is in need of a pension and wants to hear from some member of Company B, 46th Georgia Regiment. Colonel Colquitt was in command of this regiment until he was killed.

H. D. Patterson, 8 North Sixth Street, Temple, Tex., is trying to help J. S. Newman get a pension and wants to hear from any member of Forrest's provost guard, which was commanded by Captain Gilbert and Lieutenant Caldwell. This command was made up in Alabama.

Mrs. Josephine Lovell, of Temple, Ga., is seeking a pension and wants to hear from some surviving comrade of her husband, Jasper Lovell, who was in Company D, 20th Georgia Infantry. He was captured April 12, 1865, at Salisbury, N. C., and went to Camp Chase Prison, from which he was released on June 13, 1865.

W. L. Kincannon, of Booneville, Ark., would like to know the addresses of the following: Jim Adair, John Adair, John Tedford, John Oeff, Alex Oeff, Bone Shaddock, Marion Shaddock, or any one who knew P. M. Taylor. Mr. Taylor was first in a battalion organized at Bellefonte, Ark., under Captain Cissell, and later joined the cavalry. He is now trying to get a pension.

J. C. Jones, Commissioner of Pensions, Austin, Tex., asks for information of a man by the name of Ruffan Workman, from North Carolina, whom he nursed while suffering from a broken leg and afterwards typhoid fever in the winter of 1862-63 in Caroline County, Va. He surrendered at Appomattox on the 9th of April. He was blacksmith for the regiment. Any information of him or his family will be gladly received.

William N. Bradberry, 1015 Booker Street, Little Rock, Ark., is trying to secure a pension and would like to hear from some surviving comrade. He enlisted in May, 1862, from Butler, Ga., in Company G (Butler Vanguards), 6th Volunteer Infantry, then at Yorktown, Va. He was later detailed as carpenter for duty at Fort Sumter, again joining his regiment in Virginia in January, 1865. At the end of a furlough, being cut off from his command, he reported to Captain Parker, provost marshal, at Augusta, Ga., and was paroled in May, 1865.

Confederate Veteran.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY IN THE INTEREST OF CONFEDERATE ASSOCIATIONS AND KINDRED TOPICS.

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OFFICIALLY REPRESENTS:
UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS,
UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY,
SONS OF VETERANS AND OTHER ORGANIZATIONS,
CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

Though men deserve, they may not win, success;
The brave will honor the brave, and push aside the less.

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VOL. XXIV

NASHVILLE, TENN., APRIL, 1916.

No 4

J. S. A. CUNNINGHAM,
FOUNDER

BIRMINGHAM REUNION COMMITTEES

With the appointment of the various committees for the Birmingham Reunion, U. C. V., May 16-18, active work was begun to make this one of the most noted Reunions ever held by this great organization. Gen. John G. Smith, commanding the Fourth Brigade, Alabama Division, U. C. V., writes that everything will be done to make all visitors enjoy the occasion as never before. This will be the third time that the hospitality of this progressive young city of the South has been extended to the veterans in gray, and those who partook of it on former occasions will not find it lacking now in heartiness and liberality.

In the following list of committees, which are made up of the leading business men of the city, known for their public spirit and interest in such occasions, the names of the chairman and vice chairman are given, either of whom may be addressed for information to be given out by that committee.

Executive Committee: F. M. Jackson, Chairman; Tom O. Smith, Vice Chairman; William C. Radcliffe, General Secretary.

Publicity Committee: John S. Sparrow, Chairman; I. W. Friedman, Vice Chairman.

Finance Committee: F. M. Jackson, Chairman; John H. Fry, Vice Chairman.

Entertainment Committee: Richard W. Massey, Chairman; Sidney Lazarus, Vice Chairman.

Hotel Committee: E. L. Brown, Chairman. This committee has established general U. C. V. headquarters at the Tutwiler Hotel, which is one of the best in the Southern States, and accommodations will be at reasonable rates. Arrangements will be made with all hotels of the city for no increase in rates on account of the Reunion, while no extortion of any kind is to be tolerated.

Commissary Committee: J. P. Phillips, Chairman; E. W. Beavers, Vice Chairman. This committee will make ample arrangements to feed all needy veterans, who will be given meal tickets good at all restaurants in the city.

Housing Committee: F. W. Dixon, Chairman; E. W. Brandon, Vice Chairman. This committee will try to house all veterans in the hotels and residences of the city; but what may be lacking has been provided for by an act of Congress in giving tents and cots for the purpose.

Parade Committee: Maj. L. S. Dorrance, Chairman; E. J.

McCrossin, Vice Chairman. It is the intention of this committee to provide automobiles so that every veteran can ride. The parade of the local military and the military schools of the State will doubtless put a thousand men in line.

Relief Committee: Dr. J. D. Heacock, Chairman; R. L. Ezelle, Vice Chairman.

Transportation Committee: Henry Hiden, Chairman.

Invitation Committee: Thomas Bowron, Chairman; H. J. Porter, Vice Chairman.

Reception Committee: Culpeper Exum, Chairman; George Knox, Vice Chairman.

Ball Committee: H. G. Seibels, Chairman; John T. Yeatman, Vice Chairman.

Sponsors Committee: Oscar Underwood, Jr., Chairman; W. L. Brown, Vice Chairman.

Music Committee: Frederick Gunster, Chairman; William Ryan, Vice Chairman.

Horses and Automobiles Committee: Hubert Drennen, Chairman; Kate Pies, Vice Chairman.

Badge Committee: E. W. Ewing, Chairman; John C. Henley, Vice Chairman.

Decoration Committee: George McCleery, Chairman; Sol Caheen, Vice Chairman.

U. D. C. Committee: Mrs. R. H. Pearson, Chairman; Mrs. C. G. Brown, Vice Chairman; Mrs. Chappell Cory, Secretary.

Sons of Veterans Committee: R. H. Thatch, Jr., Chairman; Lonnie Munger, Vice Chairman.

Boy Scouts Committee: Borden Burr, Chairman; Colman Blach, Vice Chairman. Several hundred Boy Scouts will be on hand to aid and direct veterans to places assigned them and to assist in giving them a good time.

SEMIANNUAL STATEMENT OF THE VETERAN.

The CONFEDERATE VETERAN, incorporated as a company under the title of Trustees of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, is the property of the Confederate organizations of the South—the United Confederate Veterans, the United Daughters of the Confederacy, the Confederated Southern Memorial Association, and the Sons of Confederate Veterans. It is published monthly at Nashville, Tenn. No bonds nor mortgages are issued by the company.

THE HYMN AT BERMUDA HUNDRED.

BY MRS. M. E. DREW,

Poet Laureate Martha Reid Chapter, Florida Division, U. D. C.

Two armies stretched their sullen length,
Awaiting each the blue or gray,
To test their light or mighty strength
Before the dawning of the day.
For Pickett watched for starless night
To press the foe so big, so near,
And planned his grim assault aright
To fill that foe with death and fear.

The night descended—night as black
As shrouding palls of velvet fall,
As thick as thickest fog can track,
As Erebus when devils call.
The Ninth Virginia bore its crush
Upon the tongue, the chest, the back,
And strained the sight within the hush,
Where the whitest white were black.

While thus their silent hearts were tried,
With fingers on their triggers bent,
A voice rose from the other side
In depth and charm and volume blent.
As "Jesus, Lover of my soul"
Surged over them and, thrilling, passed,
A gentler human spirit stole
Where Pickett's gallant men were massed.

Then "Cover my defenseless head,"
And sharp the colonel's signal came.
"Fire and to the left!" he said.
"I'll dare the shame, assume the blame."
And as the shifted rifles sped
With sudden dash and roar and sting,
Safe lifted one defenseless head
Beneath the shadow of His wing.

KEEP THE RECORD STRAIGHT.

BY COL. G. N. SAUSSY, JACKSONVILLE, FLA.

The great war of the States of 1861-65 developed some incongruities. Comrade John C. Stiles, of Brunswick, Ga., in the *VETERAN* for March, page 100, gives the names of nineteen general officers of the Confederate army who were of Northern birth. His article gives only a partial list. Gen. Marcus J. Wright, one of the few surviving general officers of the Confederacy, in 1911 issued a statistical work embracing a brief biography of the "General Officers of the Confederate Army." General Wright is in charge of the Confederate archives and records now in possession of the United States War Department at Washington, D. C. His facilities and opportunities, therefore, are not excelled by any one. The writer has carefully canvassed the list of general officers there mentioned and whose place of nativity is given and finds twenty-six born in the North instead of nineteen.

Beginning at the extreme northeastern corner of the republic, these are as follows: Daniel Leadbetter, Maine; Daniel Ruggles, Albert Pike, A. G. Blanchard, E. A. Perry, Massachusetts; L. L. Lomax, Rhode Island; C. H. Stevens, Connecticut; Frank Gardner, William Steele, Daniel M. Frost, Archibald Gracie, W. H. Stevens, M. L. Smith, New York; Samuel Cooper, S. G. French, New Jersey; J. C. Pemberton, William McComb, Josiah Gorgas, J. K. Duncan, Pennsyl-

vania; Otho F. Strahl, D. R. Reynolds, Bushrod R. Johnson, Ohio; Frank A. Shoup, Indiana; L. S. Ross, Iowa; J. M. Withers, Wisconsin.

Of these, one received the rank of general; one, lieutenant general; six, major general; and eighteen, brigadier general. Two were killed in battle.

Of the four hundred and fifty mentioned by Mr. Stiles, General Wright in his book fails to give the nativity of ninety-nine others. Those of Northern birth (twenty-six) constitute 5.77 per cent of the total of the four hundred and fifty. It is a reasonable assumption that the same ratio exists of those whose birth location is not given, and we can add for that percentage six more and assume that the Northern States contributed thirty-two generals to the Confederacy.

Now observe the converse of the proposition. The South gave the North its President, Abraham Lincoln, its ablest general officer, George H. Thomas, of Virginia, and the head of its navy in Admiral Farragut. Many of the officers of the navy who remained in the Federal service were of Southern birth and lineage. The writer has no authentic list of general officers of Southern birth who served in the Federal cause, but doubtless there were many, especially from Kentucky, Missouri, and other Southern States.

Ireland gave the South three, England two, and France two general officers. I have not discovered other foreign nations contributing. Germany was lavish in her gifts to the Federal cause. The statement above can be verified from General Wright's book, which ought to be authentic.

THE CUNNINGHAM MEMORIAL FUND.

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Alleghany Chapter, U. D. C., Covington, Va.....	1 00
Holston Chapter, U. C. C., Marion, Va.....	2 50
Total	\$3,166 85

THE STONE MOUNTAIN MEMORIAL.

"For the purpose of perpetuating the memory of American valor, fortitude, and patriotism by the creation at and adjoining the great Stone Mountain, in DeKalb County, Ga., of a memorial to the soldiers and sailors of the Southern Confederacy and to the women of the South of that period, to serve as an inspiration not alone to the South, but to the reunited country"—

Thus is stated the reason for the incorporation of the Stone Mountain Confederate Monumental Association, which has been formed of prominent men and women of the State of Georgia, largely residents of the city of Atlanta. A stupendous undertaking has thus been launched that will require years of effort to complete, but when completed there will be nothing equal to it in all the world. The wonders of the Old World, embodying the effort of man, will be but pigmy creations in comparison with this marvelous work of art which is to be chiseled in the side of Stone Mountain.

Stone Mountain is in itself a wonder in nature. Of solid granite from base to summit, it stretches its huge length for more than a mile, while its long crest rises to a height of more than two thousand feet; its base is seven miles in circumference. It is located some sixteen miles from the city of Atlanta, on the Georgia Railroad, and is an object of interest for many sight-seers. From it has been quarried some of the finest granite in the South. It is the property of the Venable family, of Georgia, who have donated a part of it for this Confederate memorial, and they are represented among the charter members. The smooth wall of rock forming the north side will be the field of operations for the noted sculptor, Gutzon Borglum, and his assistants; and they will work, suspended in steel baskets, through the months and years until the vast panoramic bas relief is unrolled in its grandeur and beauty. The plans for this, as set forth by Mr. Borglum, contemplate a large central group located about midway toward the top of the mountain and include five to seven equestrian statues representing Lee, Davis, Jackson, and such other of the commanding officers of the Confederate army as may be designated by the committee. Back of this group, about two

hundred feet, will appear a larger group of mounted general officers, representing other commanders. To the east and on the face of the mountain, slightly above and to the right of General Lee, will appear a section of the army coming down over the mountain, including infantry, cavalry, and artillery."

At the base of the mountain, directly under the central group, he has planned to create within the mountain side a memorial hall dedicated to the mothers and women of the Confederacy. This hall will be lighted by windows to the number of the Confederate States, with columns in front of it. When completed, it will be a meeting place and a shrine for the Daughters of the Confederacy and will be placed in their custody forever. The gift of the property arranges for the final possession of the memorial by the State of Georgia. Mr. Borglum thinks he can begin the work within a few months and that the main central group of figures and the memorial hall can be completed within the next three years. A studio will be built directly opposite the mountain and in front of the work, where all the models for the work will be made. The work will be done from scaffolding suspended from the top of the mountain.

The charter issued to the Stone Mountain Confederate Monumental Association gives the right to carry on the work and take title to that part of the mountain included in the proposed memorial. The list of charter members shows the names of many people known for their public spirit and devotion to Confederate ideals. It is as follows: Mrs. C. Helen Plane, Mrs. Hugh M. Willet, Mrs. S. M. Inman, Mrs. I. O. A. Wynne, Miss Alice Baxter, Miss Isma Dooley, Mrs. R. G. Stevens, Mrs. William L. Percy, Mrs. E. L. Connally, Mrs. R. D. Spalding, Mrs. Cornelia H. Venable, Mrs. James N. Ellis, Mrs. Frank T. Mason, Mrs. Arthur Kellogg, Mrs. Gordon Roper, Mrs. W. S. Coleman, Mrs. Isaac S. Boyd, Mrs. J. R. Mobley, Mrs. Spencer R. Atkinson, Mrs. Frank M. Inman, Mrs. James L. Dickey, Mrs. R. B. Blackburn, Mrs. Williams McCarthy, Mrs. James W. Bedell, Mrs. T. T. Stevens, Mrs. A. McD. Wilson, Mrs. E. C. Peters, Mrs. Lewis H. Beck, Mrs. Floyd W. McRae, Miss Sally Malone, Mrs. Lollie Belle Wylie, Miss Mildred Rutherford, Mrs. Z. O. Fitzpatrick, Miss



STONE MOUNTAIN, THE LARGEST SOLID STONE IN THE WORLD.

Lucy Lester, Miss Anna Benning, Mrs. W. C. Verean, Mrs. Sanford Gardner, Mrs. Herbert M. Franklin, Mrs. Hallie C. Rounsaville, Mrs. Zebulon Walker, Mrs. A. B. Hull, Mrs. Joe Davis, Mrs. Frank Harrold, Mrs. J. A. Selden, Mrs. T. C. Parker, Mrs. John M. Graham, Mrs. Trox Bankston, S. H. Venable, Andrew J. West, N. E. Harris, John Temple Graves, James R. Gray, Clark Howell, Lucien Knight, Hugh M. Willet, W. H. Terrell, Charles J. Haden, James W. English, William F. Plane, Joseph H. McCord, Mell R. Wilkinson, Hooper Alexander, Alex C. King, L. Z. Rosser, Robert C. Alston, Harrison Jones, Charles D. McKinney, and Hollins Randolph.

In a lecture on the subject of this great memorial before the people of Decatur, Ga., recently Mr. Borglum paid some fine tributes to the South and her people, in which he said:

"In creating a monument upon Stone Mountain you are undertaking something so natural, so obvious, bearing in mind your life and your history, that I should, were I not aware of the reason, be surprised that the work had not long since been done. You are a great people, or you could not have held out as you did so long in that great war with your brothers of the North. You are a great people, or you could not have sacrificed as you did. You are a great people, or you could not have endured, as you did, the misfortunes following the war. Were this not so, you could not have recovered with the buoyant sweetness and true American hospitality that prevails everywhere among you. These are some of the thoughts that come to me as I measure the forces which must lie back of any production of this sort and which must have the soundest human reason for being, or the work cannot be completed.

"This is not a monument to secession. This is not a monument even to a single battle, if I may presume to interpret your profoundest emotion. This is and will be a memorial dedicated to your children's children and to America, that they and she may see and in seeing understand that these Southerners were of us and all true Americans, and that in their sincerity and their faith in the services they rendered their homes and their States they secured for themselves a place in the Hall of Fame as such."

TREASURER OF THE CONFEDERATE GOVERNMENT.

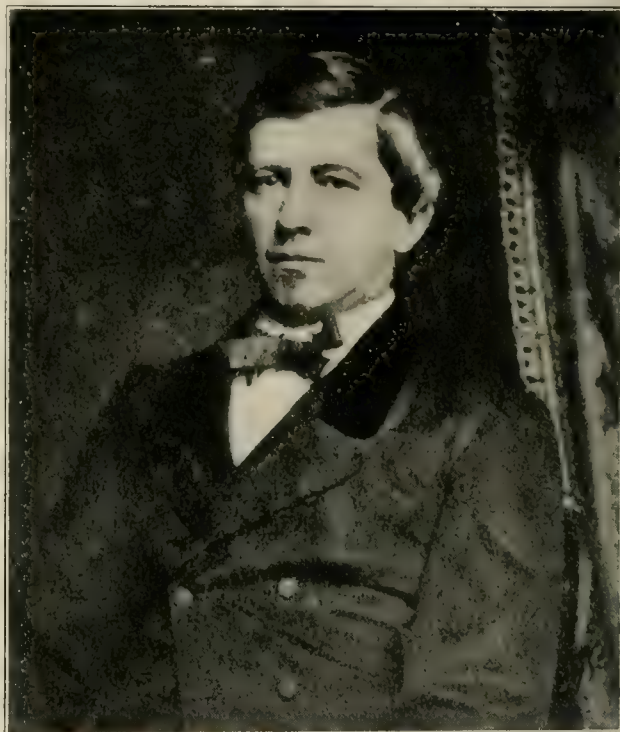
BY THE LATE COL. HENRY D. CAPERS, IN ATLANTA (GA.) NEWS.

The Treasurer of the Confederate States was in every sense of the term a representative business man and typical gentleman of the old school. How readily I can recall his handsome face, in which were the expressions of resolution and the calm, quiet repose of perfect self-possession, of a high order of intelligence and character!

Mr. Elmore had been well trained in the best schools of his day for the banking business, in which to personal integrity and scrupulous exactions in details were added the graces and the accomplishments of a culture more general in its acquirements than the one single thought, the one engrossing purpose, of a money changer. The genius of the civilization in the period of our social and commercial history, in which Mr. Elmore was an active exponent, lived in a higher and purer atmosphere than the murky fogs of mere trade and traffic, where money-getting forms the one purpose of life, where the shrine of the dollar is the only altar and sensualism the only worshiper.

Political economy was taught in our colleges and univer-

sities as a science, and Edward C. Elmore was a close student of the science. Because of his high personal character, his known integrity, and his acquirements, he was a representative among the financiers of the good old city of Montgomery, Ala., receiving the ready indorsement of the best business men of this typical Southern city when suggested as a proper custodian of the money and the securities of the Confederacy.



EDWARD C. ELMORE, TREASURER C. S. A.

Without hesitation Mr. Davis, on the approval of Secretary Memminger, sent in the name of Mr. Elmore to the Provisional Congress as Treasurer, and he was at once confirmed. His was the first appointment made among those having charge of the several subdivisions, or "bureaus," of the Treasury Department.

When I met him at the executive building, the large vault in the office assigned to him (on the first floor of the present Clancy Hotel) was empty, without a dollar in its keeping, and its massive doors swinging wide open to invite the inspection of the curious. When I left the Treasury Department to enter the army, millions in sterling exchanges had passed through American banks on his signature as Treasurer of the Confederate States.

It is an error to suppose that in his official capacity Mr. Elmore had only to receive, count, keep, and pay out the money of the government he had, and most religiously, preserved. As Treasurer he must have a perfect knowledge of the legislation of Congress, especially of the appropriations of the public funds made by the enactments of that body. All requisitions made upon the treasury had first to pass his inspection before they could assume the form of executive warrants, and under our system even a warrant approved by the Comptroller and sanctioned by the Secretary of the Treasury was subject to his review before being paid. When one thinks of the enormous sums necessary to maintain our armies and

to construct a navy, to provide for the civil branch of the government service, of the urgent necessity of keeping our purchasing agents and diplomatic representatives in Europe supplied with current funds, it will be readily seen that the tax on the mental and physical energies of the Treasurer were such as to have tried his capacities to their utmost extent. It is true that he was in constant and easy communication with Secretary Memminger, who had for the Treasurer a very high regard; but resourceful as the Secretary undoubtedly was, he could not relieve the ever-increasing burdens and responsibilities of the Treasurer.

Environed, as Mr. Elmore was, with many perplexing difficulties, annoyed by a large number of quartermasters, commissaries, disbursing officers, and politicians, who were clamoring for money, I never heard of his losing his self-control or by word or act evidencing the slightest passion. In his office he was under all circumstances the same self-poised, calm, and deliberate gentleman; courteous to all, but obsequious to none. Affable in manner, without a particle of smirking palaver, in clear, direct terms and few in number he would express the decision of his mind so decidedly that but little time was lost by either the visitor or the public servant. He was frequently called to the Secretary's office to confer with his chief, who had for his opinions a very high estimate.

Indeed, there was much in the character of these two men that made them congenial. Both had been trained in the same school of legitimate financial methods, the one at Charleston, S. C., the other at Montgomery, Ala., two cities that in social ethics and commercial methods were at the time, and are yet, much alike; both possessed a high sense of personal honor, and neither would condescend to "tricks of trade" or to the level of an unscrupulous manipulator of artificial values. The conservative spirit of these financial representatives of the Confederate government is plainly evidenced in the supplemental recommendations of the Secretary and Mr. Elmore's exhibits accompanying the messages of the President to Congress.

In the fall of 1861 Baron Erlanger, our financial agent at Paris, paid a visit to Richmond to confer with Secretary Memminger and through him with President Davis with regard to the negotiation of our bonds in the financial centers of Europe. The Baron made a minute inspection of the Treasurer's office, examined into his system of checks and balances, and at the conclusion expressed to the Secretary his highest commendations. Before leaving Richmond to return to his banking office in Paris, he addressed a note to Mr. Elmore through Secretary Memminger in which he offered to him the position of cashier in his Paris office with a salary in gold more than three times the amount he was receiving in Confederate notes as our Treasurer. The note of Baron Erlanger was returned to my office, where all communications of an official character were answered and filed. After a careful consideration of the Baron's tempting offer, Mr. Elmore declined it, stating in his letter to the Secretary that if his services were as valuable as the Baron was pleased to estimate them he considered it his duty to render them to his struggling country. On the back of Mr. Elmore's letter the Secretary wrote: "A true patriot." And with this truthful indorsement, expressed in the characteristic handwriting of the great Secretary, Mr. Elmore's letter was to be seen a few years ago among the records of the Confederate government in the "Captured and Abandoned Property" rooms of the United States Treasury Department at Washington City.

No man ever lived who placed a higher estimate on personal honor than Edward C. Elmore, and no one was ever readier to defend this honor when assailed. Many now living can recall the severe and envenomed criticisms of the administration of Mr. Davis by Mr. Daniels, editor of the Richmond Examiner. As long as these did not assume the form of personal attacks, they were suffered from the officials of the government. Either encouraged by this great forbearance or by an enemy of the Confederate cause, Mr. Daniels at last singled out Mr. Benjamin, the influential and trusted cabinet adviser of Mr. Davis, as a target for his sharpest arrow. In an editorial he charged that the Secretary, calling him by name, was in the habit of gambling at Worsham's clubrooms, where he would lose large sums of money. Unhappily for the editorial archer, he coupled the name of Mr. Elmore, the Treasurer, with that of Mr. Benjamin in this charge. On the morning that this editorial appeared Mr. Elmore entered the office of the Secretary of the Treasury with a copy of the newspaper in his hand. Calling Mr. Memminger's attention to it, he asked that his books of account and vouchers be examined at once by the Auditor of the Treasury and the cash balances ascertained. Mr. Memminger was not disposed to take a serious view of the matter until he ascertained that Mr. Elmore was determined to call the editor to the forum where gentlemen in those days adjusted their grievances. In a short time, owing to the thorough system of the Treasurer, his accounts had been carefully examined and the report of Judge Bolling Baker, auditor for the Treasurer, rendered, showing that every cent of the public money was accounted for.

On the day that this report was filed in the Secretary's office Mr. Elmore sent a note to Editor Daniels demanding a public retraction of his slanderous charge. As no answer was returned that was satisfactory to him, Mr. Elmore sent a challenge under the code duello, which Mr. Daniels accepted. The duel was fought on Belle Isle, in the James River, just out of the corporate limits of Richmond. With his usual coolness Mr. Elmore faced his antagonist, and at the first fire the hand and right arm that had given so many Joab wounds to the Confederate cause was shattered and the editor's envenomed pen silenced forever. The result of this duel occasioned as many hearty congratulations among the true Confederates in Richmond as if it had been the announcement of a victory by General Lee over the Federal army.

The engrossing care of his responsible office and the constant exercise of his mind in revolving the material affairs of life, inseparably connected with money exchanges, was well calculated to dwarf the finer sensibilities of a nature not so well balanced as was that of Mr. Elmore. Away from his office, at his delightful home, where the graces of a noble, womanly wife made his hearthstone a sweet resting place, Mr. Elmore was the cultivated gentleman whose hospitality was dispensed with the easy grace of one who never allowed the spirit of a parvenue to chill the glow of genial companionship.

In fact, Edward Elmore was a character whom Thackeray would have enjoyed and who would have embellished his ideals of the Virginians.

[NOTE.—Edward C. Elmore was a native of Columbia, S. C., and received his education at the South Carolina College. A short time prior to the War between the States he moved to Montgomery, Ala., and became a citizen of that State.]

United Daughters of the Confederacy.

MRS. CORDELIA POWELL ODENHEIMER, *President General.*

MRS. J. H. STEWART, *First Vice President General.*

MRS. L. M. BASHINSKY, *Second Vice President General.*

MRS. LULU A. LOVELL, *Third Vice President General.*

MRS. F. M. WILLIAMS, *Recording Secretary General.*

MRS. W. F. BAKER, *Corresponding Secretary General.*

MRS. C. B. TATE, *Treasurer General.*

MRS. ORLANDO HALLIBURTON, *Registrar General.*

MISS MILDRED RUTHERFORD, *Historian General.*

MRS. JOHN W. TENCH, *Custodian Cross of Honor.*

MRS. W. K. BEARD, *Custodian Flags and Pennants.*

"Love Makes Memory Eternal."

FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.

Dear Daughters:

"We know He will but keep
Our own and His until we fall asleep."

In February there passed into eternal rest a beautiful character, Virginia Faulkner McSherry, a typical daughter of the South, courteous and cultured.

Mrs. McSherry was elected President General of the United Daughters of the Confederacy at Little Rock, Ark., in 1910. During her administration she showed unbounded enthusiasm, marked executive ability, strength and stamina, and unflagging interest and determination. In all the really great work she did during the long, useful years of her life she did not know the meaning of the word "failure." A Daughter of the Confederacy in very truth, she worked and strove for the memories she loved. Let her example inspire us all to renewed efforts for the good and promotion of the cause we hold so dear. We, Daughters of the Confederacy, bow in tender memory to one who was our friend and coworker; and as we think of her let there drift into our hearts the promise, "At eventide it shall be light."

Daughters, many of you, I know, were at the St. Louis convention, and I am quite sure you will recall the graphic story of Camp Chase Cemetery, Ohio, told by Colonel Knauss. The Robert E. Lee Chapter of Columbus, Ohio, tenderly looks after these graves and strews them with flowers on Memorial Day. The soldiers buried there are from every Southern State, and this little band of women are asking you this year to help them with flowers for June 9. The leading address on that day will be delivered by Gen. Bennett Young. I expect to attend. We of the Southland must realize how necessary it is to carry our flowers and their fragrance to transplanted gardens.

The accounts of the Arlington Monument Association are now being audited. In my next letter I hope to state the exact amount due Sir Moses Ezekiel, and I am looking to you, Daughters, to help me wipe this debt off our slate at once.

I have every faith in our splendid committee to collect funds for the window to be placed in the Red Cross building to the memory of the women of the sixties; but this committee needs your cooperation, and I trust that each one of you is doing her share toward this end.

Mrs. Bashinsky, of Troy, Ala., our Third Vice President General and Custodian of Badges, writes me that she is much encouraged by the interest the Daughters are showing in ordering badges, and I am greatly pleased by the number of old members who see the importance of having a membership certificate. I have signed over fifteen hundred of them since my election. Daughters, these certificates and badges will be highly prized by the generation that follows you.

Through the many letters that reach me I see that Daughters are realizing the importance of subscribing to and reading the VETERAN. It behooves us to see that there is a copy of it in every library and home. We should do all we can to keep it alive, not only because it is our official organ, but also because it was left in trust to us.

When I attended the St. Louis convention in 1914, I was just building my U. D. C. foundation, which I have always considered was made more durable by the counsel of Mrs. Augustine Smythe, and it was there that I took South Carolina's motto for my personal one: "Lest we forget." Daughters, when strife arises in Divisions and Chapters, close your eyes until you can picture the thin gray line, fast vanishing, and remember that our organization was formed to honor its courage, heroism, and suffering, not to glorify ourselves.

CORDELIA POWELL ODENHEIMER,
President General U. D. C.



MRS. VIRGINIA FAULKNER M'SHERRY.

Mrs. McSherry died at her home, in Martinsburg, W. Va., on February 26, 1916. She was a daughter of Hon. Charles J. Faulkner, member of Congress and Minister to France during the sixties, and a sister of U. S. Senator Faulkner, of West Virginia. Her husband was a prominent physician of Martinsburg. Her rich natural gifts were enhanced by education at home and abroad, and as President of the great organization of United Daughters of the Confederacy she filled the office capably and with credit.

THE GEORGIA DIVISION.

BY MRS. WALTER D. LAMAR, MACON.

To the Daughters of the Confederacy: It gives me great pleasure as State Editor for Georgia to continue in close connection with the Chapters all over the country through the medium of the VETERAN. It will also be my special effort to secure throughout Georgia a larger number of subscribers to our invaluable magazine.

The Georgia Division held its twenty-first annual convention at Thomasville on November 16, 1916. At this time the election of officers occurred, as follows: President, Mrs. Herbert M. Franklin, Tennille; Vice Presidents, Mrs. A. McD. Wilson, Atlanta, Mrs. Frank Harrold, Americus, Mrs. James Watt, Thomasville; Recording Secretary, Mrs. J. Hays, Montezuma; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. A. E. Gilmore, Tennille; Treasurer, Mrs. R. A. Grady, Savannah, Registrar, Miss Mary Edwards, Eastman; Historian, Miss Mildred Rutherford, Athens; Auditor, Mrs. Zebulon Walker, Canton; Recorder of Crosses, Miss Rebecca Black Dupont, Savannah; Chairman Georgia Room at Confederate Museum, Richmond, Mrs. R. L. Nesbitt, Atlanta.

The usual harmony that has characterized the work of Georgia Daughters prevailed, and those honored with offices are patriotic and well qualified for the work assigned to them.

The new President is full of zeal and has done much for Georgia through various avenues. She is talented as a writer and speaker and is fitted by birth and education for the duties that come with her well-deserved honors. She will be a valued addition to the annual U. D. C. assemblies.

A number of very important constitutional changes were made, among which were the increase in membership of the Executive Board and the making of the office of Historian and of Recorder of Crosses of Honor of life tenure for the present incumbents.

The Georgia Division is delighted to be at work, under the excellent direction of Mrs. J. A. Selden, of Macon, in behalf of the Red Cross Memorial Window at Washington. In the hope that her method may be helpful to other States in this campaign for funds, I append hereto her recently issued circular letter that is bringing good fruitage already.

To the Georgia Daughters of the Confederacy: All funds for the memorial window to the women of the Confederacy must be gotten together within the next two months. Having been appointed chairman for Georgia by our new President, I write to ask that you send me, as soon as you have placed the matter before your Chapter, either the amount you can give or a pledge to be redeemed within the two months. This window is to cost \$5,000, is to be made at Tiffany's, and is a companion of one to the women of the North. The special feature I would ask you to bear in mind is: That at the base of the window will be placed a book for lists of those who desire to memorialize by a gift, however small, some loved woman of the Confederacy. Many are gladly availing themselves of this opportunity for love's modest offering. The glories of color and design will have a fit setting in the noble structure to be built by the United States government as headquarters for the American Red Cross Society. A list will be opened through the U. D. C. column, and it is hoped that you will shortly have your name written there by the side of a good-sized contribution.

"Upon receipt of this please appoint a member of your Chapter to canvass your membership thoroughly with this proposition, especially giving the opportunity to those who have not time to come to the meetings. Please insert this in

your local papers and ask all good citizens to help. I suggest, furthermore, that it would be well to send copies of this letter to your members before the next meeting, asking help through the Chapter as such, or from 'Mrs. — as a memorial to her mother or her grandmother, —, \$1, more or less.'"

An appeal to all United Daughters of the Confederacy and all Children of the Confederacy to use their influence for an increase in pensions for Georgia veterans is being vigorously pushed. Only lack of funds in the treasury can withstand this appeal.

THE ILLINOIS DIVISION.

BY MRS. JOHN C. JACOBS, HISTORIAN.

Our interest in the articles on what other Divisions and Chapters, U. D. C., are doing induces the belief that we of the Illinois Division might furnish something of our achievements and our purposes that would be of interest to others.

Our Division offers several prizes, one of which is the hundred dollars to man or woman for the best doctor's thesis on Southern history, this being given through Chicago University. Of two other prizes offered by our Division President, Mrs. L. H. Manson, one is for the best essay on "The Confederate Soldier," open to men and women. The other is a banner to the Chapter in the Division securing the largest number of new recruits during the year 1916.

Chicago Chapter and veterans were entertained on the Lee anniversary at the home of Mrs. Blackley, and Stonewall Chapter celebrated the day by an entertainment at the Great Northern Hotel. Through the assistance of Stonewall Chapter the third young woman will be graduated from the Alabama Girls' Technical Institute.

ALL THE WAY FROM HONOLULU.

Mrs. James Bruton Gault, after her interesting work at the Panama Exposition, has been spending the winter in the Hawaiian Islands, and her address until May 1 will be Honolulu, Hawaiian Territory. In a recent letter she writes:

"After the glorious Exposition at San Francisco, where I again touched hands with so many Daughters of the Confederacy in convention assembled, I came to this interesting and delightful tropical land to spend the winter months amidst sunshine and flowers, where the air is soft and balmy, the sea breeze refreshing, and 'every prospect pleases.' Even in this remote island in the mid-Pacific the Daughters of the Confederacy are known, though there is no Chapter yet. During my stay I shall endeavor to get those who are eligible sufficiently interested to organize a Chapter. The Daughters of the American Revolution have a flourishing Chapter here. The women who live in this romantic tropical clime have just enough sentiment to make loyal daughters of the men who wore the gray.

"I was pleased to find the Daughters in California so enthusiastic and accomplishing so much, though so far from the center of our work. The convention held in San Francisco last October was one of the best of the twelve conventions that it has been my good fortune to attend and showed what the Daughters of California could do.

"Although I am far from home and separated from my own Division and Chapter in Missouri, I read the VETERAN and thereby keep in touch with the work of the organization. I shall be glad to write for the VETERAN something of this wonderful territory in the sea, which Mark Twain described as 'the loveliest fleet of islands anchored in any ocean.'"

THREE GRAND PRIZES FOR SHILOH WORKERS.

Dear Daughters of the Confederacy and Friends: I have just returned from a visit to Mr. Hibbard's studio in Chicago, and I must tell you that the wonderful Shiloh monument is coming on rapidly and without doubt will be ready to be unveiled in the fall. Every time I see the monument the grander it seems, the more anxious I am to let you and the world enjoy it. I visited the foundry and saw the group that has been cast in bronze. It is inspiring. The figures, so virile, are nine feet tall. The other group, still in wax, is equally impressive. Just beneath the central group, representing Night and Death snatching from the Confederacy the victor's wreath, will be in high relief the head of Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston. This relief will be two and one-half feet wide and two feet high. How can I make you realize the beauty, the grandeur, the force of this face and head?

Mr. Hibbard will have two reliefs cast for the foundry and his studio. He said that at little extra expense he could have cast two more as prizes for work done for Shiloh. Therefore

THREE GRAND PRIZES.

Besides the thousand-dollar bust as a prize to the Chapter raising the most money for Shiloh, I offer as a prize one relief to that Division raising the most money for Shiloh, and one relief I will give to that Division raising the most money for Shiloh in proportion to its membership.

Who will appreciate this great liberality of Mr. Hibbard and win one of these prizes?

This will give a chance to the small as well as to the large Divisions to win one of these wonderful prizes and get a reward for its work. This relief will be a part of the monument and will be a great trophy for the winning Divisions. Don't let the Chapters forget that in winning or trying to win the bust they will help their Division win one of the other prizes.

CONTEST CLOSES.

This contest closes October 1, 1916. All money must reach the Shiloh Treasurer by October 10, 1916. The small Divisions must send the number of their membership to the Director General by October 10. These prizes will be awarded at the Dallas convention in November, 1916.

Think of all the work necessary to make the unveiling a success, a grand ceremonial for the United Daughters of the Confederacy and the South, and how important for the Director General to know in time if the monument is to be unveiled next fall.

MOMENTOUS QUESTION.

Are the U. D. C. going to be ready with the money? That is the momentous question now. I believe they will be ready. We must be ready, we can be ready if every Daughter and the friends of the U. D. C. will do their part. The U. D. C. are pledged to raise \$50,000. This was the original sum, and this amount will cover everything. Of this sum, we still need \$12,000. Raise this, and we will ask no more. The original sum of \$50,000 is all we need, but we must have that and have it by November, 1916.

THE COMMITTEE.

For the committee let me say that it has been a most harmonious one, a most interested one, a most economical one, and the work has been carried on at but little expense to the U. D. C. or to the fund. From the beginning of the work for Shiloh the directors have conserved every dollar of the fund. They have not indulged in expensive committee stationery. Each and every director has borne the expense of

her office, and in the large Divisions her stamp bill alone has been no small item. In addition to the above, the Treasurer, Mrs. McKinney, of Kentucky, sends receipts for money at her own expense; the Secretary, Mrs. Hall, of Arkansas, has printed and sends out each year to the entire directory at her personal expense the minutes of Shiloh Committee meetings; and the Director General has all the typewriting and other work of her office done at her own expense. Calculate how much all this has saved the U. D. C. I tell you this that you may know that in all things you may have confidence in the Shiloh Committee, that you may know they will always consider the interests of the Shiloh work as they have in the past, and that you will indulge in no extravagant or unnecessary expense.

If these thirty directors can give personally, as they have done for ten years, from \$5 to \$25 every year as the expenses of their office to help on the Shiloh fund, surely the U. D. C. will show appreciation by coming to their assistance with the money to complete this work. Surely the smallest Chapter can send at least \$5 and every member give something this year to this fund. Realize the importance of doing this now.

The committee has worked hard and will be ready to unveil your monument next fall. Whether it will be unveiled rests with you and the people of the South. Raise the money needed, and the monument will be unveiled and in all its beauty and grandeur will tell the "story of the glory of the men who wore the gray."

In my report at the San Francisco convention, in the estimate of total contributions to Shiloh from the various Divisions, as compiled by Miss Poppenheim, of South Carolina, Arkansas was inadvertently omitted. This Division has contributed \$779.95.

In justice to Arkansas and Alabama it should be remembered that each Division has erected at Shiloh a \$3,000 State monument.

Faithfully yours,

MRS. ALEXANDER B. WHITE, *Director General*.

SHILOH MONUMENT FUND.

REPORT OF MRS. ROY W. MCKINNEY, TREASURER, FROM
FEBRUARY 19 TO MARCH 9, 1916.

Arkansas: C. A. Royston Chapter, Fulton, \$1.

Colorado: Mrs. James C. Stovall (personal), Denver, \$1; Nathan Gregg (personal), Denver, \$1. Total, \$2.

Florida: Mrs. Warren (personal), Jacksonville, \$1; Letitia Ashmore Nutt Chapter, Fort Meyers, \$4; Dixie Chapter, St. Petersburg, \$3; Annie E. Lee Chapter, C. of C., Tampa, \$2; Confederate Gray Chapter, Leesburg, \$5; Tampa Chapter, \$10. Total, \$25.

Mississippi: Public school children, Summit, \$2.30; public school children, Gloster, \$4; Convent School, Chataw, \$8; St. Alphonso Academy, McComb, \$1.10; public school children, Robinson, 48 cents; public school children, Knoxville, 80 cents; a donation from Nebraska, \$1; Natchez Chapter, \$3; Julia Jackson Chapter, Crystal Springs, \$5. Total, \$25.82.

New York: Proceeds from Shiloh entertainment, from Mrs. Read, \$31.

Oklahoma: Chustenahlah Chapter, Stigler, \$1.

Tennessee: Maury County Chapter, Columbia, \$25; 5th Tennessee Regiment Chapter, Paris, \$35.15. Total, \$60.15.

Total collections since last report, \$145.97.

Total in hands of Treasurer at last report, \$24,672.36.

Total in hands of Treasurer to date, \$24,818.33.

Historian General's Page

BY MISS MILDRED LEWIS RUTHERFORD, ATHENS, GA.

Only a small number of "Historical Sins of Omission and Commission" remain, and large orders can no longer be filled. Chapters having extra copies on hand will please notify the Historian General at once. She needs them.

Some of the money secured from the sale of Mrs. Day's booklet has been used to have printed one thousand copies each of the Washington and New Orleans speeches, as the demand has almost necessitated this. These copies will be sold for ten cents each, to go back into the fund for future use.

As all Chapters have not sent for their share of the historical programs, the Chapters doing such fine work may have a few extra copies as needed.

U. D. C. PROGRAM FOR MAY, 1916.

HAMPTON ROADS CONFERENCE.

(Answers to be found in "Historical Sins of Omission and Commission," pages 15-17.)

Ritual.

1. Why was the Hampton Roads Conference called and when?
2. Who were appointed commissioners?
3. Did President Lincoln intend to be present at the conference?
4. Why did he change his mind, and why did the commissioners not go to Washington City?
5. Where did they meet, and who came with President Lincoln?
6. What was the result of the conference?
7. How misrepresented in history? How did this occur?
8. Give testimonies to disprove the statement attributed to Stephens.
9. What did Pollard ascribe as President Davis's reasons for granting this conference?
10. Why unjust to President Davis?

Reading: "Hampton Roads Conference." CONFEDERATE VETERAN.

Reading: "Hampton Roads Conference." "Memoirs of John Reagan."

C. OF C. PROGRAM FOR MAY, 1916.

SOUTHERN POETS.

Ritual.

1. Do you know who wrote "Why the Robin's Breast Is Red"?
2. Where was he born, and what else did he write?
3. What Chapter U. D. C. is erecting a monument to him? Where?
4. How many Southern poets have written poems about the mocking bird?
5. Tell what you know of Sidney Lanier, Henry Timrod, Richard Henry Wilde, Albert Pike, and Paul Hamilton Hayne.
6. Do you know who wrote "The Sword of Robert Lee"? Where was he born and where buried?

HONOR OUR SOUTHERN POETS.

It is delightful to see that the birthdays of our Southern poets are being observed by the Children of the Confederacy. If this continues, it will not be long before they become familiar with their lives and their poems. Frank Stanton's birthday was celebrated by the Children of the Confederacy in Atlanta last month, and it was very gratifying to have these roses of appreciation thrown during his life.

There is a movement in Augusta, Ga., the home of James R. Randall for many years prior to his death, to erect a monument to this Maryland poet, whose "Maryland, My Maryland," has aroused the fires of patriotism in every Southern breast. It is hoped that the Children of the Confederacy of Georgia and Maryland will unite to do this poem honor.

James Ryder Randall, born in Baltimore, Md., in 1839, was the author of "Maryland, My Maryland," that thrilling war lyric, one of the master works that is destined never to die. "In its life Mr. Randall lives, and he will continue to live as long as literature has a place among the ornaments of the globe." Oliver Wendell Holmes said that it was the best poem produced on either side during the War between the States. Its author was of English and French ancestry, "with a dash of Irish." His father was John K. Randall. James was educated at the Roman Catholic College in Georgetown, D. C., and received the degree of LL. D. at Notre Dame, Ind. In 1860 he went to New Orleans, the next year to the South, to engage in journalistic work and later was appointed to a professorship at Poydras College, Pointe Coupée, La. While there one night he arose from a feverish dream and wrote the words of "Maryland, My Maryland." The poem was sent to the New Orleans Delta, and, like Burns, Randall awoke one morning to find himself famous. The following is the story of its being set to music. Frederic Borat chose the tune "Ma Normandie," but later the lovely German "Lannebaum, O Lannebaum" was selected as being more spirited.

After the battle of Manassas, when an extra session of the Maryland Legislature was called with a view to secession, Randall wrote his second war song, "There's Love in the Old Land Yet." When Polham was killed, Randall sang his "In Memoriam," so full of beauty and pathos. After this "Arlington" followed, and the quartet of war songs was complete.

Mr. Randall's beautiful devotional poems have never been published, but his friends trust that they may be soon.

The thought of writing "Why the Robin's Breast Is Red" came to him one night at the theater. The poem is founded upon the supposition that a robin on crucifixion day, in trying to take one of the thorns from the Savior's crown, pierced his silver breast and dyed it crimson with the blood.

Two other poems must be mentioned, "Young Marcellus" and "Eidolon." In 1880 Mr. Randall was invited to deliver an original poem before his *Alma Mater* on the occasion of its centennial, but ill health prevented his acceptance.

He has been called the Tyrtæus of the late war. Like the Greek poet, he not only inspired the soldiers with his war songs, but by his elegiac exhortations he revived their constancy and courage.

EDGAR ALLAN POE

Dreaming along the haunted shores of time
And mad that sea's Æolian song to sing,
He found the shell of beauty, rhythmic rhyme,
And fondly deemed its sheen a living thing

- Clifford Lanier.

Confederated Southern Memorial Association

MRS. W. J. BEHAN.....*President*
New Orleans, La.

MRS. JOHN E. MAXWELL.....*Treasurer*
Seale, Ala.

MISS DAISY M. L. HODGSON.....*Recording Secretary*
7900 Sycamore Street, New Orleans, La.

MISS MARY A. HALL.....*Historian*
1105½ Broad Street, Augusta, Ga.

MRS. J. ENDERS ROBINSON.....*Corresponding Secretary*
113 Third Street South, Richmond, Va.

MRS. VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE.....*Poet Laureate*
1045 Union Avenue, Memphis, Tenn.



Next Convention to be held in Birmingham, Ala.

VICE PRESIDENTS

ALABAMA—Montgomery.....Mrs. J. C. Lee
ARKANSAS—Fayetteville.....Mrs. J. Garside Welch
FLORIDA—Pensacola.....Mrs. Horace L. Simpson
GEORGIA—Atlanta.....Mrs. A. McD. Wilson
LOUISIANA—New Orleans.....Mrs. James Dinkins
MISSISSIPPI—Vicksburg.....Mrs. E. C. Carroll
MISSOURI—St. Louis.....Mrs. G. K. Warner
NORTH CAROLINA—Raleigh.....Mrs. Robert H. Jones
SOUTH CAROLINA—Charleston.....Mrs. S. Cary Beckwith
TENNESSEE—Memphis.....Mrs. Charles W. Frazer
VIRGINIA—Front Royal.....Mrs. S. M. Davis-Roy

ANNUAL CONVENTION C. S. M. A.

The seventeenth annual convention of the Confederated Southern Memorial Association will be held in the city of Birmingham, Ala., May 15-18, 1916. For the second time this metropolis of the State has thrown wide its gates, extending hospitality to the men who wore the gray and to the women of the sixties who shared with them the trials and vicissitudes of war from 1861 to 1865.

No definite information has been received in regard to a meeting place for the welcome meeting and the daily business sessions. These details will be included in the convention call, which will be issued later. It is our custom to hold the opening meeting the day previous to the opening of the U. C. V. Reunion. This is done in order that speeches and addresses of welcome will not interfere with the regular order of business. The President General desires a large attendance at this convention in the State where the Confederacy was organized. Presidents of Associations are earnestly requested to attend or, if that is not possible, that a report be sent (typewritten) for publication in the minutes.

The Confederated Southern Memorial Association makes a special feature of the memorial service, which is held at twelve o'clock on the second day of the Reunion, Wednesday, May 17, in the U. C. V. auditorium. This service is under the auspices of the U. C. V. and the C. S. M. A.

The Recording Secretary General requests the Secretaries of Associations to forward to her at the earliest possible time the names of such members as have departed this life since the last convention. These names will be read during the memorial service. Do not forget to send annual dues (\$2) to the Treasurer General on or before May 1, 1916. See her address on letterhead. The Treasurer General requests that dues be sent by money order. If a check is sent, add ten cents for exchange.

Did you receive a circular letter from Mrs. J. Enders Robinson, the chairman of the Red Cross Memorial Building? Has your Association considered the urgent appeal? Do not fail in your duty. The memorial women of the sixties cry out to you to answer this call.

SPECIAL MESSAGE TO STATE VICE PRESIDENTS.

Do not fail to write to your Representative in Congress to support the bill (H. R. 478) introduced by Hon. John N. Tillman, of Arkansas. This bill corresponds in many particulars with the cotton tax resolution offered by your President General at Chattanooga in 1913, which was unanimously adopted by the convention. Circulars have been mailed to

you by our Corresponding Secretary General, Mrs. J. Enders Robinson; and the chairman of the Cotton Tax Committee, Mrs. Robert H. Jones, of Raleigh, N. C., is at present in Washington, giving her personal attention to this measure now before Congress.

To quote from the magnificent speech delivered in the House of Representatives by Mr. Tillman in explanation of his bill, we read the following stirring words: "It is not a pension that I am asking; it is a payment. It is not a charity, but justice. It is not a gift, but a reparation. It is not an advance; it is a return. It is not largess; it is conscience money."

Memorial women, remember that Arkansas is the birthplace of the Confederated Southern Memorial Association. It is our duty to give our best efforts in support of the bill introduced by the honorable gentleman from Arkansas in this the first serious effort that has been made to have the cotton tax, which was illegally collected in 1863-65, returned to the Southern States to be devoted to the needy, aged, and disabled Confederate soldiers and their widows.

In order that all may have an opportunity of meeting and hearing the Hon. John N. Tillman, an effort will be made to have him accept an invitation to address the memorial women at their convention in Birmingham. Remember the men who went forth to battle for your homes and firesides and the widows who were left to struggle through life alone. State Vice Presidents are earnestly requested to send this message to their State Associations.

Meet me in Birmingham.

Yours fraternally,

MRS. W. J. BEHAN,
President General.

OFFICIAL PIN.

Being custodian of the official pin of the C. S. M. A., it will give me pleasure to forward an application to any member for said pin. The emblem is a Confederate battle flag on which rests an iron crown encircled by a wreath of cypress tied with a bowknot of ribbon, on which the letters "C. S. M. A." appear. The flag and crown are enameled in colors and make a most symbolic and appropriate pin for the women of the sixties to wear. I trust that this notice in the official column will reach the eye of every member and that all wishing the pin before the convention to be held in Birmingham will send for an application promptly to insure the receipt of the pin on time.

Fraternally yours,

DAISY M. L. HODGSON,
Recording Secretary General.

THE KU-KLUX KLAN AND "THE BIRTH OF A NATION."

BY MRS. S. E. F. ROSE, WEST POINT, MISS.

The wonderful photo play entitled "The Birth of a Nation," which portrays so vividly the Ku-Klux Klan, has done more in a few months' time to arouse interest in that organization than all the articles written on the subject during the last forty years. We have been told that "the pen is mightier than the sword"; but it seems that the silent language of the photo drama has proved more powerful than all else in bringing about a realization of "things as they were" during Reconstruction in the South, the era immediately following the War between the States. Those pictured scenes in "The Birth of a Nation" have, like a flame of fire, burned into the hearts of men and women and left an impression stamped too deep ever to be eradicated. And so the presentation of this great play has accomplished untold good, for people are now beginning to understand the terrible conditions existing in the South during Reconstruction which made the Ku-Klux Klan a necessity. People everywhere are now seeking the true history of the Klan, its origin, objects, and mission, and the South should be prepared to furnish these facts while the information is being so eagerly sought.

The question has been asked: "Does not 'The Birth of a Nation' exaggerate? Does it present conditions as they really were?" Only those who lived through Reconstruction days can answer that question, and the answer has been

given by a devoted woman of the Confederacy who, after seeing the play, remarked: "It does not tell half enough of the horrors of those dark days." Reconstruction is a word that can hardly be spoken even yet without a thrill of terror by those who were witnesses of those scenes and came under the dark cloud that enveloped the Southland during "reconstruction," or, rather, "destruction," which has been suggested by an eminent Southern writer as a more appropriate term: All seemed blackness and despair until the Ku-Klux Klan appeared upon the scene, bringing a ray of hope and affording relief from a situation which threatened greater horrors than the war itself. Does not the Southland owe a debt of gratitude to the brave men who composed that organization and who rode side by side with death during the darkest hour in the South's history to redeem the land from carpetbag and negro rule? The only way to pay that debt is to vindicate completely those heroes before the world by producing the facts and placing them before our boys and girls of to-day, who will be our citizens of to-morrow and at the head of State and national affairs.

The Ku-Klux Klan was a creation born of necessitous times, and it was a most potent factor in bringing help to the South in her hour of dire distress and furnishing relief that could have come in no other way. And yet no organization has been so grossly maligned, misjudged, and misunderstood. The Ku-Klux Klan has also been called "The Invisible Empire," and so effectively did it carry out its purposes that it might also have appropriately been called "The Invincible Empire." In order to have a proper appreciation of this great movement, there are some fundamental and vital principles upon which the Klan was founded that should be carefully considered in order that the deep significance of the Klan may be revealed.

FOUNDATION PRINCIPLES.

Patriotism, justice, humanity, protection, preservation of real law and good government, and the establishment of white supremacy forever. While the charge has been made that the Klan was unlawful—and, in one sense of the word, this is true—in a higher sense it was lawful for the laws of the land had been diverted from their original purposes and trampled underfoot by ignorant and vicious negroes and adventurers who were unable properly to interpret the laws and unfit to enforce them. The Ku-Klux Klan was organized to meet these conditions, to resist lawlessness, to defend justice, to preserve the integrity of the white race, and to enforce civil and racial law. No braver men were ever banded together, no grander brotherhood ever existed, than the original Ku-Klux Klan. These men were true patriots animated by a noble spirit and possessing ideals as high as ever entered into the mind of man to conceive.

BIRTHPLACE OF THE KLAN.

Pulaski, Giles County, Tenn., was the birthplace of the Ku-Klux Klan, which came into being and was perfected during the winter and spring of 1866. This town was noted for the culture and refinement of its people, a town of schools and colleges and churches, of the most elevating social, religious, and educational influences, and not a community that would likely produce cutthroats or desperadoes or engender an organization with low, ignoble, or evil purposes. Amid these environments, all elevating and refining, the Ku-Klux Klan originated and was started on its great mission to protect the Southland, rescue it from its enemies, and place it on the



THE BANNER OF THE KU-KLUX.

highest plane of Caucasian civilization. Pulaski always remained in a way headquarters for the Klan, as many of its prominent officers and members and all of its originators lived there. Pulaski has always felt the greatest pride that it was the birthplace of the Klan, which was destined to play such a prominent and valuable part in Southern history.

CHARTER MEMBERS.

There were six charter members of the Ku-Klux Klan, as follows: John C. Lester, Richard R. Reed, John Booker Kennedy, Frank O. McCord, Calvin Jones, James R. Crowe. Their names should be written in letters of light on Fame's immortal scroll. They were all men of education, of culture, refined taste, and good ancestry; men of moral and social standing, of intelligence and sterling character, and all had served their country during the four years of war and had honorable records as Confederate soldiers. They first organized as a social club to hold meetings for recreation and social intercourse, to relieve the tedium and monotony following the stirring scenes and activities of war. However, they soon directed their object into more useful channels. They were confronted with the fact that the newly acquired freedom of the negro, this sudden elevation to power, and the bad advice given him by carpetbaggers and scalawags were making of the negro a very undesirable and dangerous citizen. These men knew perfectly the characteristics of the negro; they knew that superstition entered largely into his make-up and that through that dominating element in his nature they would be able to control him. They knew that the mere mention of "ghosts" and "graveyards" would have a very salutary effect in keeping the negro in his proper place.

So the Ku-Klux Klan made the negroes believe that they were the spirits of their dead masters and had come direct from the spirit world to admonish them for their wrongdoings and to punish them if they refused to obey. The effect was wonderful—indeed, almost miraculous—and the anticipation of a visit from these "ghosts" would subdue even the most maliciously inclined. All that was weird, mysterious, and awe-inspiring in costumes, conversations, signs, and passwords was used by these midnight riders to hold the negroes in abeyance and thus counteract the evil influences of the carpetbagger and low politicians who were using the negro as a tool for their evil purposes and to get the reins of government in their own hands.

ORIGIN OF THE NAME.

The significant name "Ku-Klux" was really coined by the charter members. It was suggested that the Greek word "KuKlos," meaning a circle, be given the organization. This finally was called "Ku-Klux," and later Klan was added, making the three K's, or "Ku-Klux Klan," which became so historic and significant. "The Invisible Empire," another name for the Klan, was given because of the sudden manner in which the Klan appeared and disappeared, leaving the impression, as expressed by the negroes, that "the Ku-Klux riz from the ground"; disappearing with equal suddenness, it appeared as if the ground had opened and swallowed them. Many ruses were adopted by the Ku-Klux to scare the negroes into submission, and they always had the desired effect. For instance, such as asking for a drink of water and disposing quickly of several bucketfuls at a time, the Klansman remarking that it was the first drink he had had "since the battle of Manassas" or Shiloh or some other famous battle, when in reality the water went into a rubber bag concealed beneath the costume.

They would also remove their heads and hand them to the negroes to hold while they were drinking water. This was done by having a skull on top of the head, which was covered by a sheet. Then oftentimes they would offer to shake hands and ride off, leaving a skeleton hand with the negroes as a pleasing souvenir of their visits. These and many other devices that only a Ku-Klux could conceive of aroused such terror among the negroes that they would flee to the woods, only the whites of their eyes being visible.

The titles of the officers of the organization were all weird and uncanny, such as Grand Wizard, Grand Dragon, Grand Giant, Grand Cyclops, and many others, and the private members were called "Ghouls." The banner of the Ku-Klux Klan, of triangular shape, yellow with red border, carrying a fierce black dragon with fiery tongue and the inscription, "Quod semper, quod ubique, et quod ab omnibus," was another symbol of terror. The costumes were weird and fantastic. No uniform color was used, and so they varied in the different States. All white was a favorite, as it carried out the "ghost" idea; but red, yellow, and even black were used, according to the taste of the individual or the



MISSISSIPPI KU-KLUX.*

"Den," as the meeting place of each Klan was called. The costumes were made by the devoted women of the Southland—the wives, mothers, and sweethearts—who were always in the confidence of the Ku-Klux Klan. They were made with their own fingers and concealed in some specified place, and the Ku-Klux knew just where to find them after nightfall.

LEADERS OF THE KLAN.

Gen. George W. Gordon, of Confederate fame, was one of the Klan's early and wise leaders. He prepared the oath and ritual for the Klan and furnished a safe chart for them to follow in their dangerous work. In the fall of 1866 the Klan had spread with amazing rapidity, covering nearly all the Southern States; and Gen. Nathan Bedford Forrest, the great Confederate cavalry leader, was made "Grand Wizard of the Invisible Empire." The oath was administered to him by Capt. John W. Morton, afterwards Secretary of State of Tennessee, in Room No. 10 of the Maxwell House, Nashville, Tenn., and the Klan moved forward in its great work of rescue and protection. In 1869 General Forrest gave the order for disbandment, believing that the mission of the Klan had been accomplished, and the mighty Invisible Empire, not by force, but voluntarily, disbanded. The Klansmen folded their tents like the Arabs and silently passed from view. Their great mission of protection for the homes and women of the Southland had been accomplished, and these uncrowned heroes of the Southland desired no other reward.

WRONG IMPRESSIONS.

The Ku-Klux have been called cowards because they acted under disguise. Existing conditions must again be considered to explain this. Ex-Confederates were denied the right of the ballot, of testifying in court, and of carrying firearms. There

*Only picture extant of Ku-Klux taken from life. Used by courtesy of Dr. C. Kendrick, of Mississippi, an ex-Klansman.

were negro soldiers, legislators, and magistrates. Carpetbaggers held the reins of government, and to have acted in the open would have been equivalent to offering their arms for handcuffs and being sent to some Northern prison, there to languish and die, leaving loved ones at home at the mercy of despots and ruffians. The secrecy they were compelled to use also made it possible for evil men to assume the disguise of the Ku-Klux and to perpetrate wicked deeds that the real Ku-Klux did not permit. The real Ku-Klux were opposed to taking human life and never did so except as a last resort. The Ku-Klux have also been compared to the "night riders." This is entirely wrong, for the latter destroyed lives and property and carried out private vengeance and hatreds; but the Ku-Klux protected lives and property wherever it was possible to do so.

LESSONS TAUGHT BY THE KLAN

Several lessons were taught by the Klan which are so plain that "he that runs may read"

1. The inevitability of Anglo-Saxon supremacy. This was firmly established for all time by these brave men when every attempt was being made to trample white civilization underfoot.
2. The courage and patriotism of the Confederate soldier, tried on hundreds of battle fields. Returning home to desolation and poverty, he rose to meet an emergency during Reconstruction that called for most heroic action.
3. That truth will at last prevail. The Ku-Klux Klan was

founded on truth and honor; and now, after more than half a century has passed, the complete vindication of the Klan is being witnessed, bringing to mind the words of the poet:

"Truth crushed to earth shall rise again,
The eternal years of God are hers;
But Error, wounded, writhes in pain
And dies among his worshippers."

The Ku-Klux Klan was born in mystery, lived in mystery, and mystery will ever enshroud its grave.

As Minerva sprang from the brain of Jupiter clad in complete armor, so from the bosom of the Southland at a night, as it were, sprang this vast invisible, invincible army composed of the brave men of the South, fully armed and equipped, to redeem the land from oppression and destruction. Let parents see to it that respect for the Ku-Klux Klan is impressed upon the minds and hearts of their children, and this will be a monument far greater to these Southern heroes more enduring than marble or bronze.

[NOTE.—This article was written for the VETERAN by special request. Original letters of charter members, documents, and affidavits now in the possession of the writer verify all the statements made.—Editor.]

THE OLD-TIME NIGGER

BY E. W. WARD

(Dedicated to the Colonel in the old-time nigger, who was faithful even to the grave.)

'Tis ah-plowin' an' ah-hoein' an' ah-hillin' ob de corn—
Dat's de hard lot ob dis nigger in de place whar I was born.
De home an' old hog-pen wid de chimney tumble down,
An' de grub in an de raz-back 'ud be ake 'round de brown
Tain't on no S'wnee Ribber, but 'tis on de Ribber Jeems,
At de foot ob de ole plantation whar I was born, it seems,
Whar de Colonel own my doody, and Miss Mary loved my ma
In de happiest days of ah nigger's life in de leas before
de war.

Yes, times is changed. De Colonel's dead. Miss Mary's all
alone;
De Yankees dey done sot us free; de war time's come and
gone;
De mansion whar my white folks libed am falling to decay;
De gals dey all done married; Marse John done moved away.
But de old home place am jest de same; gits dearer day
by day.
An' I han't gwine to perambulate, but here Ise gwine ter
stay,
Ah-plowin' an' ah-hoein' an' ah-hillin' ob de corn,
Until I finds ah resting place by de Jeems whar I was born.

Yes, Ise an old-time nigger, and Ise not ashamed to say
Dat Ise jest as true to my white folks as in de slab'ry day.
I followed de Colonel to de war, and I fetched him home
ag'in,
And for every wound in his brave breast 'twas me dat felt
de pain.
I helped to shovel up de clay at de feet ob his ma and his pa,
And I wrapped him around in de ole gray coat dat he wore
'way to de war.
So I jest keep on ah-plowin' an' ah-hoein' till Gabriel blows
his horn,
An' de Colonel he'll welcome me jest as sure as you is born.



MOUNTED KU-KLUX IN FULL REGALIA.

THE FAILURE OF THE CONFEDERACY—WAS IT A BLESSING?

BY JAMES H. M'NEILLY, D.D., NASHVILLE, TENN.

(Continued from March number)

THE SOUTH'S MATERIAL PROGRESS.

A third ground on which we are asked to rejoice in the defeat of the Confederacy is the wonderful development of the South's material resources since the war and the consequent great increase in wealth. It is claimed that this progress is the result of the substitution of free for slave labor and the establishment of the supremacy of the central government unhindered by interference of the State authority.

There has been no doubt a vast increase of wealth attending the revolution in our economic system and the introduction of commerce and manufacture instead of the old, almost exclusive, devotion to agriculture, and of course there has been also large increase in the appliances for comfortable living. But we may well doubt that this has been brought about by emancipation and centralization rather than by the action of world-wide forces acting in all civilized countries and which would have brought about the same results under the old order in the South.

No one will deny that temporal and material prosperity is a legitimate object of pursuit. The eagerness with which men universally seek after wealth is a natural desire, indicating that it may be a great blessing in adding to human happiness and increasing man's effectiveness for good. But the earnestness and frequency of our Saviour's warnings against the perils of riches show that they may become a curse both to the individual and to society. They may be won at the sacrifice of far higher interests, and they may foster evils far worse than poverty. Not vain is the solemn question: "What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? Or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" Rome was greater in the days of her poverty, struggling for her right to be a nation, than when the nations poured their treasures into her lap as mistress of all the world. Little Holland's tragic conflict for existence against the mightiest empire of the world has stirred the admiration and inspired the emulation of men for three centuries. She had the same problems after gaining her independence that our own country had—a contest between centralized power and States' rights. Centralization won. But who would honor her in the luxury of her wealth rather than in the days of her poverty and sacrifice, when her treasures were men rather than gold and silver and costly merchandise?

History emphasizes the teaching of Revelation that there are higher values for a people than earthly possessions and that abundant riches may be the ruin of a nation. That which makes a State great is not the magnificence of luxury, not splendid cities nor mighty armaments, "but men who their duties know, but know their rights and, knowing, dare maintain." It is folly and affectation to profess contempt for wealth. Yet when it is gained or used to the sacrifice of manhood, then it is contemptible.

"Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay."

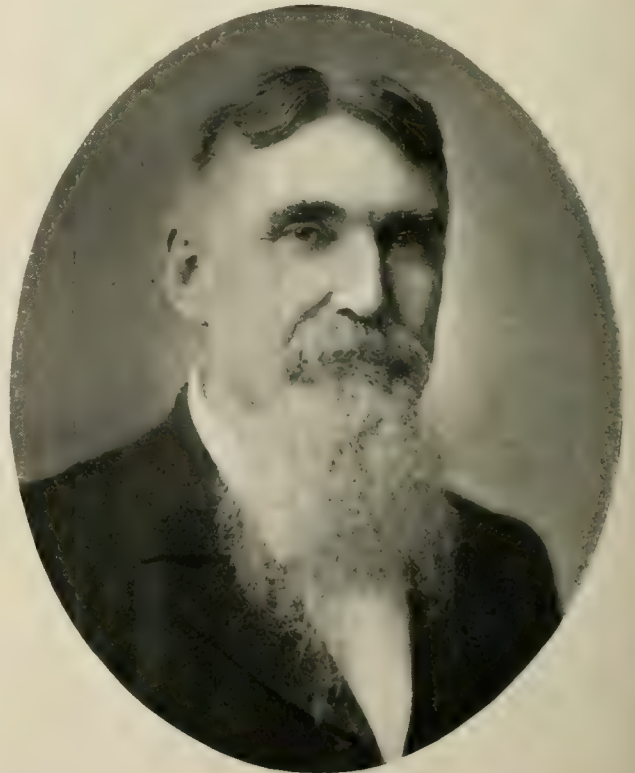
Mere material prosperity is no proof that a cause is just or that its triumph is a blessing. Some of the most despotic and tyrannical governments have shone with all the splendors that vast wealth, elegant culture, treasures of art could bestow. Before we can determine whether wealth is a blessing,

there are certain questions to be answered. By what means was that wealth gained? What was the cost of it in human toil, sacrifice, life? To what uses is it applied—to whom does it minister? What is its influence on the life and character of the mass of the people? What is its effect on the social and political order, on government and society? How distributed? In estimating the real benefit that has come to the South and, indeed, to the whole country by the immense and rapid development of our material economic resources these questions must be met and answered; and we are to consider not the immediate effect only, but the tendencies and whither they lead.

CHANGED CONDITIONS.

There can be no question that the conditions of life and labor have been radically changed, not only in the South, but in the whole country, and more completely in the South than in any other section as a result of the war; and the immense accumulation of wealth has largely affected the character of the people. To realize the greatness of the change it is needful to be reminded of the conditions in the South before the war, when the labor system embraced not only white men, but also four millions of slaves of the black race.

Before the great revolution the South was almost exclusively devoted to agriculture. In the farming States the slave population was scattered on farms of a few hundred acres and cultivated by comparatively few slaves, from five to fifty. In the planting States the plantations of cotton, tobacco, rice, and sugar covered a thousand acres or more, and the slaves were numbered often by hundreds.



REV. JAMES H. M'NEILLY.

Dr. McNeilly was appointed chaplain of the 40th Tennessee Infantry, Quarles's Brigade, and really served as chaplain of the brigade. He was in every battle of that command, going into the charges with the boys until they began dropping about him, when he took charge of the litter corps and gave attention to the wounded and dying.

It was the effort of every family claiming respectability, whether slaveholders or not, to own its own home in the land. The old Bible idea prevailed: "The profit of the earth is for all: the king himself is served by the field." (Eccles. v. 9.) The peculiar institution of domestic slavery was especially adapted to an agricultural life. There was a patriarchal flavor and simplicity about the institution that waited on the process of the seasons and that looked to and was dependent on the providential coming of the sunshine and the rain, which put that life out of touch with the rush and eager competition of the other portions of the country. There was a fine leisureliness that was mistaken for indolence. The conditions of comfort and happiness were very general among people of all classes. It was a life of industry, yet free from the strenuous striving of other sections; and it yielded a competency, but no great material profits. There were few great fortunes, and the returns from the large plantations were hardly more than sufficient to feed and clothe the workers. There was never a more contented and care-free body of laborers than the slaves, as a general rule.

The condition of the South was constantly by Northern writers contrasted with that of the North, much to our disadvantage and to the condemnation of slavery as an economic hindrance to our progress. New England was held up to us as a shining example of what free labor, with commerce and manufactures, could do for a community. With complacent egotism they boasted of their superior culture and sneered at our backwardness, and since the war with condescending approval they take to themselves the chief credit for our prosperity. We are urged by these orators, who rejoice in our defeat, to follow the pattern set for us by New England that we may reach the fullness of material success. Of course we recognize, without envy or jealousy, whatever is good or great in the history of the people of that section, who have triumphed over unfavorable conditions and have made the most of commerce and manufactures, to which they were driven by the necessities of adverse soil and climate. We recognize, too, the value and importance of the mining and manufacturing industries to the whole country for its development. We see the broadening influence of mingling with other sections and peoples in the exchange of commerce. No one would be so foolish as to deny that wealth brings comforts and opportunity for larger culture, and so may be a great blessing.

UNDEVELOPED RESOURCES

It is true that the development of the economic resources of a country is a great benefit to its people and to the world; and this development includes not only the discovery and use of its materials of wealth, its products of field and mine and stream, but also the training of the people themselves in various lines of industry to work up these resources most effectively for the comfort and progress of all.

It is true also that immense sources of wealth in the South lay undeveloped, even untouched, because of our system of labor. That system was a fact which came to us from the action of former generations, North and South. Four millions of negroes were among us; people of a race not only different from us in native and acquired character, but also inferior in every quality of effective manhood. They were to be fed, clothed, housed, directed in labor, cared for in sickness. The primal law applied to them, as to every race of men: "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread." The negro must work for his living or become a burden and

a menace to the land. He was peculiarly adapted to agriculture, especially in a climate like ours. In the existing conditions the only way to make him an effective member of the community was by a system of slavery. In other words, it was a question whether at that time the negro could earn his living in any other way than by agriculture, under the authority, control, and direction of a master. And, in spite of the constant charge of "unrequited toil," no laboring class was ever more liberally paid, as far as material wages are considered. While many negroes since emancipation have secured property, the race as a whole has not made a comfortable living for itself, and it has had the help and encouragement of the best white people of the South, as well as the gifts of the North.

If the South had been left to deal with the system unhindered by Northern interference, it might have trained the race to diversified industries and to become skilled laborers in the mechanical arts; for numbers of slaves were good carpenters, blacksmiths, bricklayers, masons, etc. Still, after nearly fifty years of freedom, comparatively few are employed in the great manufactures, and they are confined mostly to digging in the field or in the mine. But before the war the pressing need was to make a living for this vast mass of unskilled laborers, and agriculture was the easiest and the only way.

THE INDEPENDENT LIFE.

Another reason for the neglect of manufactures and commerce was that the Southern people by generations of experience preferred the freedom and independence of outdoor life. The farm would always give a living, and there was in the life relief from the care and anxiety which so largely attend the life that depends on one's own skill or craft. The people of the South lived much in the open air. Their climate invited to that. They hunted and fished. Even the work of the slaves was light compared with that exacted from the white laborer of the North. So it came that the South preferred this liberty with far less wealth rather than the toil that strives for wealth by exploiting natural resources.

Now, the results of the war have changed all this. Labor is free. Manufactures flourish in the South. Our people are active in commerce. The treasures of the hills, the forests, the fields, and the streams are discovered and utilized as never before. The question comes, Are we a better and a happier people? Are these advantages in any measure offset by disadvantages which are also the results of the war? Have we purchased these great benefits at too great a price? Did the manner of this development of material resources also introduce evils that in the long run will nullify the benefits? To many it appears as if emancipation and the removal of the checks on centralized power will ultimately bring a slavery of the masses more despotic than any African slavery ever was in the South, a slavery whose yoke can be thrown off and its fetters broken by some such terrible tragedy as the French Revolution at the close of the eighteenth century.

CENTRALIZED WEALTH

The real prosperity of a country is not so much in the accumulation of stores of wealth and in the development of its varied resources as in the equitable distribution of the means of comfortable and worthy living among the masses of the people. But as the result of the war we see vast aggregations of wealth concentrated in the hands of a few men. By their combinations they control the industries of the country.

They largely own the sources of wealth and the means or tools for their development. They own the mines, the factories, the railroads. The banking capital of the whole country is in the hands of a few; so that the census of 1890 shows that nine per cent of the population owned seventy-one per cent of the wealth, and sixty-three per cent of the population owned nine per cent of the wealth. It is probable that the disproportion is greater now. These few can dictate the wages of labor and also fix the prices of the necessities of life and so determine the cost of living. And there is to-day in various lines of industry a white slavery more grinding than the domestic slavery of the South could ever have shown. So we have the cruelties of child labor in the mills and the white slave traffic in young girls to minister to the lust of the idle rich.

To protect themselves against the combinations of wealth the toilers have organized the labor union; and while it has done much to check the despotism of capital and is a necessity for the securing of any fair wage for labor, yet its tendency is to hold its members to a slavery as tyrannical as that of its opponent, and its attitude to those who will not join it is intolerant and persecuting. Thus we are confronted with a war between capital and labor, and so the country is overrun with an army of tramps who do not work and, on the other hand, a swarm of idlers whose chief thought is how to waste the money they have not earned. When honest workmen cannot earn enough to support their families by their wages and a gathering of millionaires sit together in a palatial hotel at a \$15,000 banquet to consider how they can reduce wages so as to pay dividends on watered stock, as occurred a few years ago in New York City, surely there is something radically wrong with present conditions which foster such tyranny and oppression.

When a duds scion of wealth gives a \$500 dinner for his poodle and its associate dogs, while children in the city are starving, surely we face a condition where wealth is a curse rather than a blessing. And when it is replied that these are exceptions, yet they indicate tendencies that threaten ruin. The claim is sometimes made that this immense wealth in the hands of a few men is used in large charities and in building up the industries of the country and giving employment to labor and that the few can use it better for the general welfare. Still it is in their power at any time to oppress the masses, and the history of the world shows that unlimited power in the hands of one man or a set of men is certain to be abused. The check on the master in the days of slavery in the South was the fact that the slaves were members of the family. The institution was patriarchal, and sentiment rather than legislation was the slave's protection. But when greed for gain is the controlling motive, as it is in a commercial commonwealth, then there is no limit to the oppression that men will inflict for money. "The love of money is the root of all evil."

THE GOVERNMENT A PRIZE.

One of the evils of this unequal distribution of wealth is the separation of men into the two camps of those who control it and those who create it—capitalist and laborer—as I have mentioned, and each class looks upon the government as a prize to be won and used for its own special advantage. Politics becomes a conflict of opposing interests in which the varied divisions of each general class, as well as the classes themselves, are warring to secure control of government and direct legislation. Capital would use the power of the gov-

ernment to increase its profits and to make human life and comfort subservient to its rights of property; labor not only tries to secure protection, but to obtain more than it has justly earned. In either case we are threatened with a government controlled by the dollar or the demagogue. Capital by bribery and corruption would win unfair privileges and evade its just share of the burdens of taxation; labor by violence or by intimidation seeks to elect its legislators. And so the lawmaking bodies are apt to become mere registrars of the decrees of the plutocrat or the proletariat. Capital buys legislatures; labor bulldozes.

By the tariff the trusts are built up and are able to levy on the whole nation tribute on every article of use and to swell continually their enormous fortunes. On the other hand, by unjust taxation and restrictions on enterprise and by unfair limitations on hours of labor it is possible to deprive capital of its legitimate profit and thrift, industry, and economy of their proper fruits.

This lawlessness of rich and poor has been wonderfully increased since the war, and it generates contempt for government, not only in matters of property, but of life. Men buy their seats in official positions or are elected by fraud and intimidation, and office is used to make fortunes by selling legislation. The defaulters in business are multiplied enormously. We are becoming a nation of homicides—ten thousand in one year. No murderer is brought to the penalty of his crimes by the courts, and he escapes by bribery or by technicalities or by bullying witnesses, unless outraged justice is vindicated by lynch law. Even the courts, the last bulwarks of righteous law, are too often blind where weakness seeks redress against power.

These conditions are in large measure consequences of that spirit that saved the Union by overriding the Constitution, that made the government the instrument of a fanatical party, that plundered the South by armies of looters, that brought on her the horrors of Reconstruction, that taught that a Rebel had no right that a Unionist was bound to respect. In short, we are asked to rejoice in a material prosperity that was built on an utterly lawless destruction of our constitutional rights and is attended now by a disregard of law and justice for the sake of wealth.

SOCIAL EFFECT OF CENTRALIZED WEALTH.

One of the evils of the concentration of wealth in the hands of a few is to make the distinctions of society depend on merely material differences and to destroy that brotherhood of men founded on human sympathy. Its tendency is to make a man's social position, the estimation in which he is held and the influence he exercises in the community, depend on the amount of his property rather than on his character. The separation into rich and poor will always exist; but the distinction, especially in a republic, ought not to prevent the freest social intercourse. The establishment of an aristocracy founded on money is not only contrary to republican ideals, but it is the lowest form of aristocracy. Although the South was accused of fostering an aristocracy, there was no section where money had less to do in determining social position. Indeed, the institution of negro slavery made every white man jealous of his race privileges and gave to every white man a certain pride of social standing. During the Civil War the Confederate armies illustrated the mingling of rich and poor together on terms of social equality, and in our churches the same intermingling of all was seen, the official members of

the Church being chosen for their piety and wisdom and not for their wealth.

But since the war, not only in the South, but over the whole country, the tendency of the unequal distribution of wealth is to emphasize social distinctions; and men and women whose grandfathers were honest laborers, now having accumulated great riches, are very exclusive in their associations, rejecting the poor from their "set." There is as a result a growing chasm between the classes, a lack of sympathy that bodes no good. The rich expend their wealth in luxurious living, while the poor sink into hopeless and helpless misery. The statistics of poverty in the United States reveal a terrible contrast between the luxury of the few and the narrow and distressing condition of great masses of the people. When the bond of sympathy between the various classes of society is broken, it is dangerous to the continuance of the republic. The poor who have to struggle for a bare living see the largest portion of the wealth of the country appropriated by the few, who escape the burdens of the government that protects them and who gain possession of the very means of making a living, while they satisfy their consciences by doses of charity. The living wage is calculated to keep the poor in poverty and so to perpetuate the separation from the rich. When the separation has reached a certain stage, when sympathy has become dead, then the victims of social injustice will rise to destroy their oppressors, and their blind rage will be as unjust and cruel as was the heartless luxury of their oppressors. When the gulf between the rich and the poor reaches that stage, the doom of the nation is sealed.

It is true that we have not reached that point yet in our national life. But the social unrest indicates that this gathering of the wealth of the country into the hands of a few men, this forcing the masses to minister to the greed and luxury of the privileged classes, this lordly contempt for the poor, is having its effect in alienating the mass of the people who are poor from those who control the means of living, and they will arise in their desperation and destroy the social order which fosters such injustice.

EFFECT ON PERSONAL CHARACTER.

The congestion of wealth, the result of the war, which we are asked to rejoice in not only uses the government as its servant and breaks society into classes separated by mere material lines, but its influence on individual character has been injurious. The debasing of character is seen in the sharpness in business which condones successful dishonesty, in the disregard of plighted word, in the lax sense of honor, in the looseness of the marriage bond and the sexual immoralities of the social leaders, in the lack of reverence for the most sacred relations as parental, divine, patriotic. Among the rich this lowered character is shown in the loathsome revelations of the divorce courts, in the gigantic frauds and defalcations, and in the bribery and corruption of those in official positions. Among the poor, the injustice they have suffered has led to the shameless impurities of the slums, to the drunkenness and thievery which are the outcome of masses of people herded together like swine.

In the old days in the South a man defended the good name of the women of his family with his life, and any aspersion on his honor was resented on the instant. His word was his bond. To his mind the tricks of trade were thievery. However poor he might be, his vote was not for sale. As to his scrupulous integrity in official life, Hon. James G. Blaine, no friend of the South, has testified that, however extravagant

in spending his own money, he guarded the public treasury with absolute fidelity. But the tendency of enormous wealth is to make virtue in woman and honor in man commodities to be bought and sold in the market, and the tendency to hopeless poverty is to sell itself for mere carnal enjoyment and to become brutalized. In the South, before the war legislators were not bought, and honest poverty voted its sincere convictions.

EFFECT ON THE CHURCH AND RELIGION.

Once more the glorification of our immense earthly possessions tends to dissolve the holy sanctions of religion and to cause the service and worship of the Church to become merely formal, without the power of deep and vital piety. The Church of our Lord Jesus Christ is in the midst of a moral and spiritual crisis. She is more and more counting on numbers and material resources and is in danger of pandering to those who have the money to support her. There is much talk of "running the Church on business principles," which too often means conformity to the standards of this world and concession to this world's ideals.

We bewail the fact that the Church is losing her hold on the laboring masses and fails to reach the poor. Yet it is true that a large proportion of the wealthy classes have ceased to attend her services. It is true that immense sums of money are given for religion and philanthropy; but a small part of this, comparatively, is given distinctly to further the preaching and extension of the gospel, and it is understood by the givers that the Church's activities must not interfere with business or pleasure. The holy Sabbath has become a day of worldly recreation and amusement, and the Sunday railroad excursion and the Sunday theater take the place of the service of the house of God, and those who own the railroad and the theater are Church members! The magnificent sanctuaries, displaying the extravagance and the ostentation of vast wealth, are too often clubhouses, where the pulpit discusses the political, social, economic, scientific subjects of the day, and the minister is too often seen as the cringing sinner of the rich who support him, while he denounces the sins of those who are provoked to sin by the oppressions of his supporters. These are the evils of the period since the war. Before the war in the South education and religion were in close alliance; now the idea is to banish the Bible and ignore religion in the State schools. The teacher who is to exercise so powerful an influence on the rising generation may be an atheist; and if we object to him on that score, we are branded as illiberal fanatics, old fogies.

The very rich seem to feel that they do not need the gospel and are not subject to its restraints, and if their methods of gaining and using riches should expose them to God's wrath, they seem to think that they can bribe the Almighty to let them off by some large benefaction out of their ill-gotten gains.

On the other hand, the poor seem to feel that the Church has no message of help for them in their struggle, and they are unwilling to endure wrong and injustice here in the hope of a far-off heaven in the distant future. Too often they think that the wrongs they suffer justify them in violating the law of God and rejecting the gospel of his Son.

There is great outward activity of the Church. But is she as effective in character-building as she once was? It is an age of organization; and when men are incorporated in a body they are apt to lose their sense of personal responsibility, which is the foundation of real high character.

These four evil tendencies of the congestion of our great wealth are economic, political, social, and religious. They may well cause hesitation in believing that this immense material development is recompense sufficient to repay the fearful cost of preserving a Union that had become unsatisfactory and repugnant to the great majority of the people of the States composing it. I confess that to my mind no amount of material prosperity can justify the method of forcing freedom on a race utterly unfit for it, of depriving the States of that sovereignty which was guaranteed to them as a condition of entrance into the Union, of changing the nature of the government from a federated republic to a centralized nation, a prize for contending factions. I cannot think that the evils which have come with our defeat are light and only temporary or that they have reached their full measure. Neither do I by any means say that the evils are incurable. The main body of our people, rich and poor, North and South, are honest in their purposes and are honestly seeking to make the United States under the new order a great, free, prosperous nation, a blessing to the world, the abode not only of large material prosperity, but of justice, mercy, and peace. I am pointing out dangers which threaten to defeat this noble endeavor—dangers which I believe are the legitimate outcome of a war which violated the fundamental principles on which our government was founded, a victory which was the conquest of brute force over right and justice and over which I am not called to rejoice and be glad.

At the same time, having yielded to the superior force and honestly accepted the new order of things, I believe it is our solemn duty as patriots and Christians to strive in good faith in every legitimate way to correct the evils and avert the dangers that threaten us. We should seek to make the new nation a blessing to all of its citizens and to all the world. While I believe that the success of the Confederacy would in the end have secured all the benefits for which the Union forces fought and that without the evils which now beset us, yet the providence of God had some wise and holy and merciful purpose in permitting the wrath of man to work so terribly; for he can make the very wrath of man to praise him, and the residue of wrath he can restrain.

RESULTS OF CONFEDERATE INDEPENDENCE.

It is legitimate to inquire, in view of all the facts discussed, what would have been the effect on our condition, our institutions, and our future relations if the Confederate States had established their independence. I can, of course, only give my opinion, founded on certain physical features of the country, on certain racial characteristics of the people North and South, and on the sentiments of other nations, as well as on the fundamental principles for which we contended.

1. *Emancipation.*—There would have been certainly the gradual emancipation of the slaves on the following grounds: (1) The sentiment of the civilized world was opposed to slavery; and though our system was misunderstood and misjudged, yet no nation can hold out against a universal moral sentiment. (2) There was a feeling throughout the South from the beginning of the republic favorable to emancipation as soon as it could be done without danger to all concerned. If the abolition propaganda had not aroused opposition by its unjust misrepresentations and denunciations of slaveholders, the border States would have brought it about several years before the war. As it was, throughout the South there was a growing effort to correct the confessed evils of the system. The example of the border States would have necessitated

some form of emancipation, some modification of the system in the States farther south that would still have preserved the white man's control, while giving the negro freedom. (3) The conduct of the slaves during the war while left in charge of the master's family and interests was without a parallel in history; and this not only deserved freedom, but it called forth the sentiment of the Southern people favoring it. Gen. R. E. Lee freed his slaves in 1863. Conscientious masters so felt the burden of responsibility for the religious condition of their slaves that a great multitude of them had been brought into the Churches as fellow communicants with their masters. At the end of the war there were half a million of them members of the Church, and in the twenty-five years just before the war more than a million of them had been gathered into the Church. I believe that emancipation would have come in such a way as to avoid the dangers of race conflict, of social equality, and of giving the negro a political franchise for which he was not fitted. The South would have given him his liberty and every right necessary to the development of his manhood, and it would have secured to him the hearty interest and help of the white man. No doubt political rights would have been granted gradually as the negroes became prepared for their exercise. But the supremacy of the white man in the government would have been preserved and the distinction of the races maintained.

2. *An Alliance.*—There would have been a treaty of amity, an alliance offensive and defensive, between the sections. This kind of treaty would have been necessitated in spite of the bitterness engendered by the war. They being of the same racial stock, the interests in common as against any other nation, the great Mississippi River running through both sections, the dependence of each on the other—the corn of the West and Middle North needed in the South, the cotton of the South needed at the North—this would have prevented any need for a line of forts on the long-extended frontier, just as now no such line of forts is needed between the United States and Canada.

3. *A Restored Union.*—There would have been ultimately a restoration of the Union on terms that would leave no ground of misunderstanding as to the several spheres of Federal and State sovereignty. The rights of the States would have been thoroughly and clearly guarded. The rights of the central government would have been definitely marked and limited. Thus the efficiency and perpetuity of the republic, covering so wide and varied a territory and over a people of so many and such diverse interests, would have been secured—a federated republic of sovereign States. And so the question which is even yet constantly recurring as to the limits of the two sovereignties would have been put to rest. Instead of State sovereignty being a disintegrating factor, it would have been the strongest safeguard of liberty and of union, as Mr. Calhoun insisted. For the tendency to usurpation by the central government would have been at once checked by the clear understanding that a State could withdraw from the Union. But this would have been the last resort, only after everything else had failed and liberty itself was imperiled. This would have been the old Union as originally intended by the fathers. The Constitution could not have been set aside by the interpretation of a majority of a Supreme Court appointed by a partisan executive.

4. *The Taxing Power Guarded.*—The Constitution of the new Union would have so guarded the taxing powers of the central government that it would not have been possible for it by its tariffs to build up one section of the country at the ex-

pense of the others, nor to build up great trusts to levy tribute on the whole country for the benefit of the few. There could not have been the concentration of enormous wealth in a few hands, nor corporations strong enough to defy the government and trample on the law. The Confederate Constitution was simply the revision of the old, or rather the clear statement of the real meaning of the old.

I believe that if the Confederacy had succeeded some of the most difficult and dangerous problems now confronting us would have been settled right. The race problem; the problems of capital and labor; the distribution of wealth; the social relations, involving marriage, woman's rights, etc.; the question of public education, with its moral relations—in a word, the question of government of the people, by the people, and for the people would have been settled for all time.

THE EVACUATION OF RICHMOND.

BY MRS. A. M. HOUSTON, MERIDIAN, MISS., SECRETARY TELLERSON DAVIS HIGHWAY COMMITTEE, MISSISSIPPI DIVISION, U. D. C.

Regarding the recently published confidential letters of General Lee to President Davis during the Virginia campaigns, it has been cogently observed that a notable feature of the letters is the evident confidence of the General in the President. Rev. J. H. McNeilly in the December *VETERAN* writes: "These letters indirectly show the high character, exalted ideals, and devoted patriotism of the President, to whom they were addressed."

It has long been the desire of the writer to call attention to some of the circumstances attending the evacuation of Richmond. On page 668, Volume II., of "The Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government," we read the following: "In a previous chapter I promised to expose the fiction which imputed to me the removal of supplies intended for Lee's army at Amelia Courthouse. Though manufactured without one fiber of truth, it has been copied into so many books, formed the staple of so many jeremiads, and pointed so many malignant reflections that I deem it proper for myself and others concerned now to present facts that will overthrow this baseless fabric."

Mr. Davis quotes from Gen. I. M. St. John, commissary general of the Confederate army, who says that in February, 1865, on account of the military status, he found that the Army of Northern Virginia was with difficulty supplied day by day with reduced rations, and he at once proceeded to organize a system of appeal and of private contribution as auxiliary to the regular operations of the commissary service. With the earnest and very active aid of leading citizens of Virginia and North Carolina, this effort was attended with results exceeding expectations.

On or before March 15, 1865, the commissary general was able to report to the Secretary of War that, in addition to the daily issue of rations to the Army of Northern Virginia, there lay in depot, along the railroad between Greensboro, N. C., Lynchburg, Staunton, and Richmond, at least ten days' rations of bread and meat, collected especially for that army and subject to the requisition of its chief commissary officer; also that considerably over three hundred thousand rations were held in Richmond as a special reserve. There was collected by April 1 in depot subsistence stated in detail as follows: "At Richmond, Va., 300,000 rations, bread and meat; at Danville, 500,000 rations, bread; at Danville, 1,500,000 rations, meat; at Lynchburg, 180,000 rations, bread and meat; at

Greensboro, N. C., 1,500,000 rations, bread and meat. In addition, there were considerable supplies of tea, coffee, and sugar carefully reserved for hospital uses chiefly. These returns did not include the subsistence collections by the field trains of the Army of Northern Virginia under orders from its own headquarters, nor the depot collections at Charlottesville, Staunton, and other points on the Virginia Central Railroad to meet requisitions from the Confederates operating in the Valley and Western Virginia."

General St. John further states that to an inquiry by General Lee he replied: "That a daily delivery by cars and canal boats at or near Richmond of about five hundred tons of commissary stores was essential to provide for the Richmond siege reserve and other accumulations desired by the general commanding; that the depot collections were already sufficient to assure the meeting of these requisitions; and if the then existing military lines could be held, the commissary general felt encouraged as to the future of his own immediate department."

Mr. Davis here writes: "The procuring of supplies was only one of the difficulties by which we were beset. The deteriorated condition of the railroads and the deficiency of rolling stock embarrassed transportation, and there was yet another—the cavalry raids of the enemy frequently broke the railroads and destroyed trains."

General Lawton with great energy and good judgment improved the railroad transportation.

I quote again from the report of General St. John: "Upon the earliest information of the approaching evacuation instructions were asked from the War Department and the general commanding for the final disposition of the subsistence reserve in Richmond, then reported by Major Claiborne, past commissary, to exceed in quantity 350,000 rations. The reply, 'Send up Danville.' Richmond is not a rail center. It was received from army headquarters too late for action as all railroad transportation had been taken up by express orders for the archives, billion, and other government stores. All that remained to be done was to fill every accessible space with food and this was done and the trains burned southward."

General St. John says further that on March 31 or April 1 telegrams were received in Richmond regarding breadstuffs sent to Petersburg, which was done, and shipments "pressed to the extreme limit," etc. No calls by letter or requisition from the general commanding or from any other source, official or unofficial, had been received either by the commissary general or the assisting commissary general, but was any communication transmitted through the department channels to the bureau of subsistence for the collection of supplies at Amelia Courthouse. Had any requisition or communication been received at the bureau as late as April 1, it could have been met from the Richmond reserve with transportation on south-bound trains.

Gen. John C. Breckinridge in May, 1871, wrote as follows to General St. John: "A few days before the evacuation of Richmond you reported to me that you had ten days' rations accessible by rail to General Lee and subject to the orders of his chief commissary. I have no recollection of any communication from General Lee in regard to the accumulation of rations at Amelia Courthouse. The second or third day after the evacuation I recollect you said to General Lee in my presence that you had a large number of rations at a convenient point on the railroad and desired to know where you should place them. The General replied that the military situation made it impossible to answer."

Col. Thomas G. Williams, assistant commissary general, wrote General St. John: "In reply to your question with regard to the establishment of a depot of supplies at Amelia Courthouse, I have to say that I had no information of any such demand on the bureau."

Maj. J. H. Claiborne, assistant commissary general, wrote also: "No order was received by me, and, with full opportunities for information, I had no knowledge of any plan to send supplies to Amelia Courthouse."

Mr. Lewis E. Harvie, President of the Richmond and Danville and Piedmont Railroads, writes that special appeals were made to the people and contributions received until there were ample supplies for the army. "If its numbers had been double what they were," he further says, "I have never believed that any orders to place supplies of food at Amelia Courthouse were received by the commissary department," declaring that they could and would have been sent if the need had been known.

The quotations have been abridged as far as practicable. Mr. Davis writes on his own account: "It may perhaps be thought that the amount of evidence adduced is greater than necessary to disprove the very improbable assertion that instead of burden cars a passenger train had been loaded with provisions for Lee's army at Amelia Courthouse and that these passenger cars, without being permitted to unload the freight, had, in reckless disregard of the wants of our worn and hard-pressed defenders, been ordered to proceed immediately to Richmond, thus leaving them to starvation and the necessity to surrender in order to enable the executive department to escape; but, as I had no personal knowledge of the matter, it was necessary to quote those whose functions brought them into closer communication with the subject to which the calumny related. * * * In the night of the 22d, the same on which General Ewell evacuated the defenses of the capital and General Lee withdrew from Petersburg, I left Richmond and reached Danville on the next morning. Neither the president of the railroad, who was traveling with me, nor I knew that there was anything which required attention at Amelia Courthouse or other stations on the route. Had General Lee's letter to me, written on the afternoon of the 2d, been received at Richmond—and I think it was not—the fact that he proposed to march to Amelia Courthouse would have been known; but it would have been unjust to the officers of the commissary department to doubt that any requisition made or to be made for supplies had received or would receive the most prompt and efficient attention. If, however, I had known that General Lee wanted supplies placed at Amelia Courthouse, I would certainly have inquired as to the time of reaching that station and would have asked to have the train stopped so as to enable me to learn whether the supplies were in depot or not."

One reason for the high position occupied by the Confederacy in the world's estimation is found in the orderly and law-abiding manner of its organization and the fact that all its affairs were, so far as possible, conducted according to sane and proper regulations. Thus the struggle for independence was saved from going down in history as a disreputable insurrection rather than, as it will be, glorified for all time to come.

Swing, Rebel blade, through the halls of fame,
Where courage and justice left your name;
By the torches of glory your deeds shall flame
With the reckoning of time.

—Virginia Frazer Boyle.

CHESTER HOSPITAL, ON THE DELAWARE.

BY C. C. CUMMINGS, FORT WORTH, TEX.

There were two thousand Confederate prisoners from the battle field of Gettysburg gathered in this old town on the Delaware River. It was not a prison, though we were prisoners, but a hospital. It was about the middle of August, 1863, after the battle in July, that we were landed from the scows which brought us up the river through the canal from Baltimore, where we were concentrated for a time after being removed from the battle field. We passed Fort Delaware in the middle of this river a short while before landing at the wharf at Chester, the oldest town in the State of Pennsylvania, and you may be sure that we were rejoiced to escape a place with such a horrid reputation as this black spot in the river. I was among the first to debark from the scows and climbed up by the driver of an ambulance, when I began to question my blue-coated Jehu as to our destination and the kind of reception we were to meet with in our new quarters. I learned that a mile or so out of town was the high school building, in which the officers were quartered, and that the private soldiers were in wards of sixty men each, three wards in a row, making a division. These wards were constructed of box pine set upright, but were well fitted up with waterworks, which pumped from the river, and with every convenience of a regular hospital. "But," he said, looking at my uniform, "I see you are an officer and will go to the high school building, where you will receive more attention than the soldiery in the wards."

I held the rank of sergeant major, the highest noncommissioned officer; and as the adjutant had been killed on the field, Col. W. D. Holder, who started with me off the field, had promised me the promotion to his place, so I could very well have answered to the roll call of commissioned officers.

My companion in blue was young and impulsive, like myself, and, being inclined to assist me, urged me to go into the high school building, where the ladies would visit me every day with many attentions that I would not get in the wards. I was strongly tempted when I arrived at the parting of the ways—to go above in the large building or below in the humble wards—to seek promotion at the expense of a stretch of the facts; but my mentor, or, as Socrates would call it, my genius, said: "No; go into the wards." So I took the other way down into the wards.

In a month we were on our way back to Dixie's Land as of the rank and file among the exchanged; but those officers were sent to Johnson's Island, and many of them spent a dreadful winter there. Some of them never survived it, but are at rest there in unknown graves.

As I walked down the aisle of the first ward the thirty men who lay on each side in patent iron bedsteads, covered with sheets of snowy whiteness and pillows to match and each piece of linen branded "Chester Hospital," it seemed like a fairy scene compared to the rough barn where I lay at Cashtown, eight miles from the Gettysburg battle field, awaiting my turn to be cared for. So I stopped and exclaimed: "Boys, are you all Rebels in here?" The answer came back: "Yes, we are all Rebels." As I passed into the next ward a similar sight greeted me, and a similar question was answered with a similar reply; and it was so in the third and last ward of the division, where I had been assigned and where I found a single iron bedstead between a Georgian, Roby Wood, of Macon (now an M.D. in New York), and a dark-eyed, black-haired Floridian, from the classic St. John's River, named Livingston. When I took up quarters with these worthies,

I found them as full as ever of grit and pluck. We formed an alliance, offensive and defensive, to the effect that we would take no "sass from any Yankee, big or little, old or young."

On looking around for arms and weapons of war in case we should bring on a general engagement with the enemy, we found our equipments mustered about as follows: Wood, wounded in both thighs, had a pair of crutches; Livingston, wounded in the hip, had a big black hickory stick as his support; I, with my right hand left on the battle field, had only a black bottle filled with milk punch and a left hand not very much experienced in wielding so queer an implement of war. But soon the occasion developed itself for a skirmish. The fighting man will tell you he is never to blame, that the other fellow insulted him, and he was bound to fight. So I thought when, on going to supper at the foot of the division and carrying in my good arm my suffering remnant of a limb, I passed a son of the Emerald Isle in blue who had a huge basket filled with black bottles of milk punch to distribute among us, taking up in turn the empty bottles used. As I passed him he could not resist the Irish impulse to exclaim in Irish irony and humor "Och, Johnnie, ye have a baby, I see." This angered me, and before I reflected a moment on the consequences my carpet-slipped foot found lodgment against the rear of this son of "Erin Go Bragh." I then turned and fled to my fortifications. Wood raised his crutches at the irate Irishman, who followed after, and Livingston brandished his stick in midair and I my black bottle with my left hand, and a general insurrection was on the hands of "Old Ned" the clubfooted Irish ward master, who hobbled down the aisle, shouting: "Maie!" as he called me for short. "What in the Hades are ye doing? Don't ye know ye ain't among yer niggers here?" The old man in our short acquaintance had impressed me favorably as being kind hearted, and at once I told him that I had acted without thought. He called the surgeon and gave it out that I was to be sent to the dungeon, but I was not all the same. I was removed outside the building to a tent on the river's side with a Texan who had lost his leg, and we had a royal time out there, free to go and come at will. But for a long time it was given out in the wards that I had been sent to the dungeon to keep down like insurrections.

There was a bit of romance going on at this place worthy of brief mention. Before the war Fannie Kemble, celebrated as an actress, had married a Georgian, Pierce Butler, he of the famous family of that time in South Carolina. A daughter was born to them and was named Fannie Butler. The father and daughter took sides with the South, while the mother took the Northern side, and a divorce was the result. The father and daughter were constant in their visits to us here, bringing words and deeds of cheer, while the mother was writing books on the Union and for her side of the case. The daughter was a fair-haired Saxon in her appearance and charmed the hearts of those young surgeons so successfully with her natural graces and added wealth as an heiress that she had *carte blanche* to bring anything that stopped short of treason to the suffering soldiers of the South. Hence you may be prepared to learn that we fared sumptuously every day, and when the time came to say good-by we felt that we owed much to the Butlers for our good cheer in the classic old town near the Brandywine, where Lafayette was quartered when wounded. After the war a titled Englishman, visiting the rice fields of Southern Georgia or maybe South Carolina, met this fair rice bird, and they flitted across the waters so blue, where it is hoped they yet live in peace and happiness.

FOOT SHOT

BY C. A. FORD, ODESSA, MISS.

In the spring of 1863 General Grant, commanding the Federal forces operating against the Confederate stronghold, Vicksburg, conceived the plan of striking the fortified city in the rear by way of the Yazoo River. The Tallahatchie and Coldwater Rivers form the Yazoo in their conflux at Greenwood, Miss. Grant cut the levee on the Mississippi River, letting the water of the great river across this broad and fertile valley into the Tallahatchie, thereby turning his numerous fleet of gunboats and transports into the latter stream.

Colonel McCulloch, commanding the 2d Missouri Cavalry, took eight soldiers, including himself, Lieutenant Colonel Major, and my captain, George B. Harper, all of the same regiment, to scout over to the Tallahatchie River and learn of the movements of the enemy's fleet. In a few hours we had secured as many pirogues and skiffs to transport us over this vast sea of water as were necessary.

We awaited the coming of day by hanging nearly all night with a bevy of Dixie's fair sex assembled at a typical Southern home. Two hours before it was light orders were issued by the colonel to prepare for our expedition. Little caring for the danger we knew was ahead of us, we debarked near the hospitable and beautiful home of Mrs. Sherman, the ladies accompanying us down to the water's edge, bidding us fare well and wishing us all the success we were anticipating. Thinking little of the hazardous dangers our expedition was fraught with, we soon launched our craft to make our way to the bank of the Tallahatchie River, miles away.

We knew the enemy's small craft were constantly patrolling the wide area adjacent to the rivers over which they were transporting their troops. These streams parallel each other for a long distance, and the country was entirely flooded except for a few cases now and then of submerged plats of land. As we passed these islands we saw many deer, wild turkeys, and other natural denizens of this region driven to refuge on these high points.

On reaching the bank of the river where stood a log cabin, the only building left of an old Southern home, occupied by an aged couple of slaves, the old darky warned us of the frequent visits of the Yankees from their fleet in small boats. The old woman cooked us some bacon and corn bread from their meager supply, for which we compensated them liberally with some silver coin. While we were hastily discussing these plain but well-relished viands, the old man, stationed outside on picket, hurriedly reported the smoke of a steamer above the bend.

Colonel McCulloch had secured from a planter a large shotgun and loaded it heavily with buckshot, a very formidable cartridge at point-blank range. Standing on the bank of the river was a large weeping willow, and, getting permission from the colonel, I hastily climbed into this densely foliated tree, onto a limb projecting well out over the water, from which I watched the coming of the boat, not knowing whether it was a gunboat or steamboat. In a few minutes it hove in sight and proved to be the Dakota, a large Missouri River stern-wheel boat, heavily loaded with infantry. The soldiers seemed to be engaged in the then popular game of draw poker. Being somewhat familiar with the sport and of a social turn, I concluded to take a hand in the game. I drew only two cards, and these from the holsters in my belt, and opened fire with each pistol at about a thirty-foot range on that dense mass of blue. They were as thick as could well be packed on the hurricane deck of the boat. They rushed pell-mell

down the gangways leading to the cabin deck, many sliding down the pillars on the starboard side. "It looked like meetin' had broke." Before I had fired a few rounds Colonel McCulloch with his little force opened from a log crib which stood at the water's edge a murderous fire of buckshot at point-blank range. The confusion on the steamer was wild, the officer shouting commands not to be listened to.

The enemy were ready for, and doubtless expecting, emergencies. Their guards on the boiler deck stood with ready guns and opened a heavy fire on us, which made our little force seem insignificant. Seeing the smoke from my perch, they riddled the foliage of the tree, the fire becoming so hot that I let all holds loose and dropped to the ground, evacuating my position without orders. We knew the boat would have to land with the bow upstream, giving us ample time to make good our get-away in our boats moored near by.

On being sent back five days afterwards to the little battle ground, I found the crib riddled with musket balls and the dear old willow tree almost denuded of its foliage. The old negro reported that the boat was landed below and that fourteen dead were buried on some high ground.

LITTLE THINGS IN HISTORY.

COMPILED BY JOHN C. STILES, BRUNSWICK, GA

WANTED TO ARBITRATE.

The Governor of Maryland to Abraham Lincoln, April 22, 1861: "I respectfully suggest that Lord Lyons be requested to act as mediator between the contending parties of our country."

CHANGED THEIR DISPOSITION.

From a Northerner, April 27: "This war can be brought to a close in ninety days if pushed with the vigor with which the people now seem disposed to sustain it."

WHAT BUTLER FOUND IN BALTIMORE.

May 15: "I inclose a specimen of an explosive bullet, and the manufacturer, I am ashamed to say, is a man from Massachusetts."

SPOILED THEIR FUN.

From a Confederate, June 1: "The vindictiveness of the enemy is shown by the quickness with which they throw their shells at any body of men who may appear on the heights to view the engagement. One of our companies was fired at the moment they emerged from the woods to obtain a more satisfactory view of the fight."

THE PLEASANTRIES OF WAR.

Butler to Magruder, June 13: "You have done me the honor to inform me that the vidette Carter is not a prisoner of war taken in battle. That is quite true. He was asleep on post, and he informs me that his three companies left in such haste that they neglected to wake him up; and they being mounted and my men on foot, the race was a difficult one."

Magruder to Butler, June 15: "In respect to the vidette Carter, I desire to inform you that when a picket is placed for twenty-four hours, as in this case, at least one is allowed to sleep. This picket had orders to retreat before a large force

of the enemy. Four men against five thousand constituted such great odds as to have justified the retreat of the picket even without orders. Had Private Carter been awake, perhaps a retreat would have not been necessary."

"BRER RABBIT HE LAY LOW."

Northern report, June 18: "The enemy had a body of one hundred and fifty armed, picked negroes who were posted near us in a grainfield, but not observed by us. They lay flat in the grain and did not fire a gun."

HEADINGS OF CORRESPONDENCE FROM THE "YOUNG NAPOLEON" TO CONFEDERATE OFFICER.

"July 13th and 15th.—John Pegram, Esq., styling himself Lt. Colonel, P. A. C. S."

"To the officer commanding the forces commanded by the late Robt. S. Garnett, Esq., styling himself Brigadier General. C. S. A."

BRAVELY GOT OVER THEIR HORROR LATER.

Northern report, July 18: "Hardly had we arrived at this place when, to the horror of every right-minded person, several houses were broken open and others were in flames by the act of some of those who, it had been the boast of the loyal, came here to protect the oppressed and free the country from the domination of a hated party."

AWFULLY AWFUL.

Northern report, July 19: "Our skirmishers in falling back had several of their wounded bayoneted by order of one of the enemy's officers."

VERY COMMON AT THIS TIME.

Confederate report, July 23: "A murderous shower of shot and shell was poured upon us from a masked battery."

WANTED TO SHARE THE GLORY

Confederate report, July 24: "We took as prisoner Mr. Ely, a member of Congress from New York. The gentleman was armed with a revolver and had come upon the field to enjoy the pleasure of witnessing our defeat."

CONFIDENCE JARRED LOOSE BY BULL RUN.

Northern report, July 26: "It will take some time to bring this regiment up to that state of confidence in the managers of this war that it had prior to Sunday's affair."

SOUTH CAROLINA.

My motherland! Thou wert the first to fling
Thy virgin flag of freedom to the breeze,
The first to front along the neighboring seas
The imperious foeman's power;
But long before that hour,
While yet in false and vain imagining,
Thy sister nations would not own their foe
And turned to jest thy warnings.

—Paul Hamilton Hayne.

THE LAUREL HILL RETREAT IN 1861

BY LIEUT. P. S. HAGY, ABINGDON, VA.

We shall follow in this article more especially the career of the Glade Spring Rifle Company during its first five months of service in the Confederate army after the company's organization; and as it was a unit of the regiment to which it was attached, the history of the two bodies became blended.

The Glade Spring Rifle Company was brought into existence at a great rally of the people of Washington County, Va., at Abingdon on April 16, 1861, and the cause of the great gathering was the firing on Fort Sumter, at Charleston, S. C. The company consisted of ninety men, rank and file, who associated themselves together that day as twelve-month volunteers to serve in the embryo Confederate army. They selected Glade Spring as their camp and drill ground and the following Monday to meet there and form themselves into a military company, properly officered, and undergo a season of company drill. The day appointed for the assembling at Glade Spring found all who had enlisted present and ready to carry out the purpose for which they had come together. Each carpet sack contained a perfect medley of things for physical comfort: a "biled" shirt or two, towels, looking-glass, toothbrush, shaving utensils, and *billets-doux* from his best girl carefully incased and laid away in a secret place in his sack. Many of them brought trunks with stock enough to set up housekeeping, and, like old Mrs. Stallons, some, I have no doubt, left their homes provided with feather beds, but became more considerate and arrived with only one or two quilts and plenty of blankets.

On our arrival we found that the citizens of the town and surrounding country had joined together and prepared us comfortable barracks on the ground that is now the business center of that thriving little city.

The company organized by first electing Robert P. Carson captain, he being the only one of us who had a military education, and he was also to be our drillmaster. George Graham was chosen as our first lieutenant, James L. Cole second lieutenant, and Benjamin Snodgrass third lieutenant. P. S. Hagy was chosen first sergeant, William Allison second, Andrew Kelley third, and William R. Miller fourth sergeant; Michael Duff, John B. Allison, Benjamin Reed, and Samuel P. Edmonson, corporals. Under this organization we began to think that the safety of our infant Confederacy was well-nigh assured, for was not the very élite of Washington County's citizenship ready to uphold it?

Besides satisfactory progress in learning the art of war, we progressed equally well in verse and song; and, indeed, we soon became adepts in the eccentricities of the soldier mind that went far to keep him in heart and brush away the torpidity that gathered around him when left to a listless, wearisome life. Soon "Maryland, My Maryland," "Dixie," "O Dem Golden Slippers!" "My Old Kentucky Home," "The Old Folks at Home," "The Girl I Left Behind Me," and many of those old songs sung fifty years ago were familiar to us all and sung with that ecstasy that can be reached only by the soldier away from his home and childhood friends.

We soon became proficient in company drill and attracted such attention among the ladies that one more beautiful than the rest bethought herself to supply the company with a flag which she (Miss Doran) made and presented. She may feel honor and pride yet, if living, to know that the flag she presented was carried by the company through all its battles and not surrendered at Appomattox.

By the time we were drilled and flagged we felt ready for the call to Richmond, then the capital of the Confederacy. Like Delgado, we had the art of war in our belts, and the country would be safe with the Glade Spring Rifle Company in the vortex that separated Old Abe and Jeff Davis. Our name and fame had gone abroad, and we had been heard of as far away as Abingdon. A good old lady of that town, Mrs. Sallie Floyd, wife of Gen. John B. Floyd, had prepared us another flag and presented it to us in person. It was accepted by our captain with all the promises for its protection and defense that the language afforded. But yet there was no call from Richmond. In fact, it began to be whispered along the line that the war would be over before we would have an opportunity to prove to the Confederacy that we were the worthy descendants of our King's Mountain ancestors. At last we got the call, but it came the wrong way. On the 25th of May Capt. William E. Jones came to us from Abingdon, mustered the company into the service of the Confederate army, and ordered that the company assemble at Abingdon the next week and go into camp. I can remember that we were thinking that our place was at Richmond. We were drilled and ready for the fray, and what was the use of retreating instead of advancing? To go the wrong way was gall and bitterness.

When we arrived in Abingdon, we found already assembled there the Washington Mounted Rifles, Capt. William E. Jones; the Bristol company, Goodson Rifles, Capt. John F. Terry; the Washington Independents, Capt. James L. White; and the Virginia Mountain Boys, Capt. William White. The first mentioned was a mounted company. Again we set into drilling. We drilled and exercised with the best and sent the news from the seat of war. We had quite a nucleus on which to build a regiment, and all were anxious to be brought into active service. At last we were ordered to Richmond under the lead of Judge Samuel V. Fulkerson. This turn of fortune produced within us a combination of sports, and we began at once to make preparations for the start; delay might prove fatal to our aspirations to be present when the quarry was taken. The Confederate government had been established at Richmond some little time, just long enough for the people of the South to begin a serious study of war, and throughout the land an expectation of some great battle, but as for us warriors the time when the field of glory had all been removed, leaving the war a mere sport, it is to load ourselves with the plaudits of our countrymen.

The day and hour were set for our departure. A large number of box cars were waiting at the depot for our entrainment. It had been well "norated" through the country as to the time of our leaving, bringing a mixed multitude of the denizens of that section to see us off to the seat of war, also some fathers, mothers, sisters, brothers, and other relatives; and we went aboard through the fluttering and waving of handkerchiefs and, it may be, a few tablecloths in addition to give zest to our departure.

Thus we passed out under the leadership of Judge Fulkerson into that unknown bourne from which many of those dear boys never returned and whose remains now rest in fields of honor in distant lands. Judge Fulkerson was one of the most lovable of men. He was strictly just and democratic in demeanor and a careful guardian of his men, looking well after their interest and comfort. He could not strictly be called a military man, for he was not so trained, but he had valuable experience acquired in the Mexican War. That was great-

ly to his advantage when called to the position of colonel. Withal he was as brave a man as the bravest.

Our journey to the seat of government was in hilarity and cheer from start to finish. At that early period of the war the movement of troops electrified the people along the traveled highways. They gathered in the towns and cities and on the roadside to bid us good cheer, and where opportunity permitted food and delicacies were offered us in great abundance. Many of the boys appeared to consider our going to Richmond as a holiday excursion and kept up a jollification all the way except in their hours of sleep. My little war experience a year or two before on the border of Texas was just enough to bring my thoughts into a channel of partial meditation.

We were favored in our journey, and in due time we arrived at Richmond and were directed to the Fair Grounds, where we were domiciled in barracks prepared for the reception of arriving troops. The good people of Richmond could now feel at ease; and if the tocsin of war should sound, their hopes of safety lay in the invincibility of the Glade Spring Rifle Company. We found quite a number of troops assembled there from all parts of the Confederacy—regiments, battalions, and companies—busy drilling and preparing themselves to prove efficient in the field. Here we were brought under some semblance of military discipline. When we rambled into the city, we required a pass from the provost, lights had to disappear at taps, reveille was respected, and we were required to deport ourselves as soldiers.

I do not think I overestimate the Confederate soldier or do injustice to any others whose history I am acquainted with when the former is placed above all others as true, self-reliant, versatile, full of fun and fun-making, and withal an intensely patriotic being, alone or collectively, in camp or elsewhere. He was the cavalier of them all. In camp he was ever merry, expressing or exciting mirth. In the presence of ladies he was gallant and considerate, assuming his duty thereto as natural and becoming. The atmosphere and country in which he was born and reared had not yet become crowded in population, though it had enough for a healthful companionship. And thus he grew up under influences that developed his intellect and made him the superior individual that he was.

Judge Fulkerson had been appointed a colonel with instructions to form a regiment, using the companies he brought with him as a nucleus for its formation. The field officers were completed by the appointment of R. P. Carson, of the Glade Spring Rifles, as lieutenant colonel; Joseph T. Campbell, of the Independents, adjutant; and James L. Cole, of our company, regimental quartermaster. The regiment was designated as the 37th Virginia Infantry. To this organization were soon added four companies from the counties of Lee, Scott, and Russell; and one company from Washington County, under the captaincy of Robert Grant, completed the ten companies of the regiment. The last two companies named joined after the retreat, and Russell County later furnished another company for this regiment. This disorganized to some extent the Glade Spring Rifle Company, as it took from us to the regiment our captain, whose place was filled by the advancement of our first lieutenant, George Graham; and the place of James L. Cole, second lieutenant, was taken by the writer of this article.

General Robert Garnett, who was stationed at Laurel Hill with a small command to cope with a force of Federals under the command of Gen. George B. McClellan, then gathering at Philippi, in Barbour County, Northwest Virginia, for the

purpose of making a descent on Laurel Hill and Rich Mountain, was calling lustily on the authorities at Richmond for soldiers, real soldiers, to be sent to his assistance. The authorities rightfully concluded that we were the boys for the occasion. The regiment was largely composed of the Glade Spring Rifle Company, and that was an assurance that General Garnett's call for real soldiers would be strictly complied with by sending us. So we left Richmond for the front, going by rail to Staunton, that being the end of the railroad at that time. From there began our foot experience, in which we became so proficient. The course to our destination was northwest through a mountainous country and up what was known as the Northwestern Turnpike, extending through McDowell and Monterey, in Highland County, over the Allegheny Mountains to Beverly, in Randolph County, on to Laurel Hill, a distance we had to march of about one hundred miles. The view at times along the route was charming. The troops had been armed at Richmond with Enfield rifles with bayonets; and as the column passed along the road through the valley, at other times winding up and then moving along the side of the mountain, the sun gleaming down on their arms and lighting their serpentine course with a glittering brilliancy made a lasting impression on the mind. That and the natural scenery of those grand elevations impressed us with a sense of the beautiful and created within us feelings of awe at nature's grandeur.

General Garnett was relieved by our coming, and we were pleased at the prospect of a rest from our long march. We found there a line of breastworks already prepared that we thought entirely useless, for was not the Glade Spring Rifle Company on the ground? We were located in camp along and behind the breastworks, and soon we were snugly settled, we supposed, for the summer. We (my mess) supplied ourselves while at Richmond with a colored gentleman from Farmville to do our cooking, washing, and foraging. He was to act the Samaritan in case any or all of us became sick or wounded. He was of African descent and in color resembled a coal bin—Samuel by name. We were well pleased with him on the trip, for he kept us supplied with chickens, butter, and milk; but we frequently suspected that the money we gave him to buy chickens failed of its purpose. It was only a short time after our advent to Laurel Hill that, through Sam's manipulations, we appeared spick and span, clothes washed, boots shined, uniforms and hats brushed up, and so little of our wearisome march left visible that we might have easily been mistaken for country gentlemen. The boys all through the command regained their equanimity. There was life in the camp, and soon the surrounding neighborhood began to realize their presence. Spring houses unsecured failed to retain their milk and butter, and poultry began mysteriously to disappear, even the ducks and geese. On one occasion a member of the Glade Spring Rifle Company, a descendant of a King's Mountain ancestor and the owner of two one-gallon jugs, decided to go foraging. He was successful in his get-away, but on his return encountered the officer of the day, who accosted him with inquiry as to the contents of his jugs. There being a strick embargo on the introduction of "O-be-joyful" into the camp, the officer thought he had a case to report. But our member with honored ancestors was no fledgling. He handed the officer one of the jugs to examine, which he found to contain buttermilk. The other jug was then presented to him, but had previously been well smeared around the bung with milk; and, on seeing its condition, he let our strategist pass on. As a result we had spirits in camp for some time. What a Confederate soldier, from his

very initiation into the life of a soldier, could not think of and would not do, save a dishonorable act, was not worth the doing.

But those merry days were interrupted by rumors of war. Our friend McClellan was some twenty-five miles away, with a goodly number at his bidding. Several meetings had already taken place on the intermediate ground and salutations exchanged. Each party had tried to extend hospitality in taking the other party home with them. Indeed, we had not got straightened in our quarters and rested before it began to be told through camp that the general and his friends up at Philippi were planning to make us a real visit and extend a pressing invitation to return with them.

The Glade Spring Rifle Company, which had been christened Company F in the formation of the regiment, was located on the side of the road where it pierced the breastworks. One morning, about ten days after our arrival, a column of men came marching up the road and halted when the head of the column reached the breastworks to await the designation of their camp ground. They were a fine body of men, well drilled, and of fine appearance. Of course it was a point of interest to us to know who they were; and it was not long before we found out that they were the 1st Georgia Regiment, sent up by the authorities at Richmond to the help of the Macedonians. They began to giv us for stopping in such a place as the country there presented. Why did we not go on and seek better ground? If they went to sleep there, they would roll off their pallets down the hill and break their necks. They were not going to stop here, but farther on, and invited us to pull up and go with them. We advised them that they would do well to stop awhile with us and consider the matter. We knew that they would run without rolling off their pallets. We also told them that we had some dear friends up the road whom we thought of visiting soon and that if they were aiming to do the same it would be best for us all to go together. What a different state of mind this fine regiment of men were in a week later! While we were thus passing compliments a courier came down from the gap of the mountain in our front under whip and spur, passed through the opening of the breastworks at the road, and went rapidly up to our general's headquarters. A courier was seen to go from headquarters on a bee line to the colonel of the regiment yet formed in the road, and immediately it went off in a double-quick toward the gap of the mountain whence the courier had come. About this time a shell or two landed in our camp from over the mountain as a kind of "Howdy-do" to us; and we began to move, especially Sam. Before we got things fixed around and hid, there came a peremptory order to our colonel to follow after the 1st Georgia, even overtake them if we could. We hurriedly gave Sam a few orders to cook and told him to follow us up with a good warm dinner, we did not know exactly where, and we felt assured that he did not want to know. To our credit, we formed quickly and commenced the search for our friends who had gone before, whom we found holding in abeyance our friends from Philippi, who had conceived the idea of giving us a surprise party. There is little doubt of the surprise; but the hesitation of our visitors gave us a favorable opportunity to form a line of battle and prepare otherwise to impress them that we were at home. Two or three shells were thrown by Shumaker's Battery from our side at a house standing off to our left in which a few of the enemy had taken lodgment and were sending their compliments in the shape of Minie balls. When we began to acknowledge compliments, they skedaddled. There was quiet now on both

sides. One was forming a line of battle, while we were correcting any error in our line. For some reason I was in command of the company on that occasion and was ordered by Colonel Fulkerson to take position behind a large log that was lying parallel with, and thirty or thirty-five yards in front of, the battle line formed along the top of the mountain. This log was four feet or more in diameter and made a splendid breastwork, and the hill had a decline of something near forty-five degrees. After the boys were stationed I took position at the root, where the tree in falling had made an excavation, so that any one in it would be fairly well screened from the enemy's fire. I took off my canteen, hung it on a root, drew the ramrod from the gun, and stood it up against the root, so as to have it convenient when wanted.

In the meantime the enemy had employed their time in forming for the fray and soon appeared through the turnpike, advancing on our position. They came up in fine order and were drawing so near that I concluded it was time for the entertainment to begin. Feeling some natural nervousness on such an occasion, I concluded to step around and tell the boys along the log. Finding that the log had lost its charms and not a man was to be seen near it, I looked up the hill and saw the company, each man seemingly striving to be the first up and out of danger. For a moment the high opinion of the bravery of the men composing the Glade Spring Rifle Company, descendants of the heroes of King's Mountain, had taken a sickening thud. My first thought was of the Idumians at Buena Vista. In my distress, my eye detected Colonel Fulkerson, who beckoned me to fall back. I started at once to ascend the hill and had gone several steps when I thought myself of my ramrod. I did not think it would look well to go into battle with a gun and no ramrod, so I went back, put on my canteen and the ramrod in its place, then turned to take a look at the advancing lines below, now considerably closer and in full view through the beach timber below. Everything had become exact as expected. Concluding that the chance was too inviting to let it pass, I determined to send them my salutation. Colonel Fulkerson detected my intention and watched the effect of the shot. As soon as the report of the gun took place I wheeled and started to climb the hill, but had gone only a short distance before I was given more rest in the hands of the birds that in number seemed to be one for every leaf on the hill. Our boys had adopted the idea of safety and were lying flat on the ground, sending their respects down to their visitors in a somewhat promiscuous manner. The smoke from their guns was edging up through the leaves that covered the ground, and I feared I might purloin a *billet-doux* that they had started for their guest; but through smoke and bluster I landed safely behind the line. Our valor convinced the visiting party that we were at home, and that being all they were seeking for, they yielded the honor of victory to us and gracefully retired from the field.

We had saved to the Confederacy the whole of Northwest Virginia, had shaken the grip they had on Maryland, had strengthened the backbone of the "cooperheads" of the North; and but for the glory that perched on our arms the Confederacy would have gone to the bowwows. The part played by the Glade Spring Rifle Company was on a par with the achievement of their noble ancestors at King's Mountain. They did not dishonor themselves in leaving the log, but our leaders up the hill concluded to change the line. But little time intervened until our spies reported that the enemy was in full retreat.

We now had another enemy doubling up on us—hunger.

Sam had failed to gladden us with a good warm dinner, and it was getting late in the day. It was not long until we were permitted to return to camp, assemble together the broken threads of our serenity, and feel the weight of the glory we had achieved. The alacrity with which this permit was executed showed that the boys had no cooked provisions on hand when we received the order to follow the Georgians; or if they had, they failed to supply their haversacks. We anticipated that on our return there would be an abundance of good things ready to cheer the inner man and profuse apologies from Sam. But, alas! Sam had fled. He had thrown up his commission and disappeared from further history. The next day we spent telling how it all happened. On our arms and flag, the latter upheld and defended by Jabez Tomlinson, the spirit of our forefathers of the Revolution had settled, and we would meet with such laudation by the folks at home and our countrymen at large that monuments outrivaling those of Egypt would be erected to our memory. The camp was in an exuberant state of hilarity for at least twenty-four hours.

"What is that, Colonel? What did you say?" "Rich Mountain has been captured and Colonel Pegram and his regiment made prisoners. The enemy is in our rear." "How can that be?" General McClellan only wanted to know if we were all at home when he paid us a friendly visit while he was at Rich Mountain, persuading his many friends there to go to Philippi and partake of his hospitality. His invitation was so pressing that they went, and in so doing they forsook our back door and made it possible for him to enter in and persuade us to go also. This brought a change in our affairs.

At dark our tents were struck and our wagons loaded and pointed down the road, moving in a funeral-like manner, no whips cracking, no swearing, and some even thought that the wheels of the wagons ought to be muffled. We had been out-generated, even placed in a good situation for all to be captured. Rich Mountain was in possession of the enemy, who had a force much superior to ours.

About midnight on July 11 the 37th Virginia Regiment, left to man the breastworks, quietly withdrew to follow after the train that had already gone, even taking the Glade Spring Rifle company with them. Our point was Beverly, some ten miles down the turnpike, which, if we could reach and pass, would help us to avoid the toils McClellan was aiming to throw around us. The 1st Georgia Regiment had been out on duty the previous day, so it fell to its lot to bring up the rear of the retreating forces; but it was disconnected, and our part, through insufficient knowledge of its guide, became lost and tried to direct its course through the mountains. Reaching the vicinity of Beverly about daylight the next morning, the unwelcome word reached us that the way ahead was blockaded. Strange to say, it was done by a Confederate regiment escaping from Rich Mountain. Colonel Scott and his regiment, the 44th Virginia, had come down to the bridge spanning Shaver's Fork, in the vicinity of Beverly, and, fearing his command would meet with disaster, retreated, blockading the way behind him so thoroughly that when General Garnett and his command came to it it was found that they would not have time to remove the barriers before the enemy would be upon them. This left General Garnett two alternatives, to surrender his forces or take a northern course out of Virginia into Maryland and then back into Virginia. He took the latter course, and the very audacity of the move to a great extent proved its success, although he lost his life in the enterprise.

We arrived in the vicinity of Beverly the morning of the

12th, expecting to come up with our commissary wagons; but we were disappointed, as they had been turned in the direction of the retreat north down Shaver's Fork. We were halted for a little rest and partook of the little food we had in our haversacks. Here our real soldiering began. We entered into a road but little traveled, rocky, hilly, and mountainous. It was so different from the smooth turnpike over which all our foot movements heretofore had been that a telling effect both on the men and on the horses was soon felt. Measles had broken out through the different commands in a virulent form, and the suffering of the sick was intense. The worst cases had been provided for and were in wagons, but many cases were in the ranks and forded the creeks and rivers with the other troops. The section of country through which our road lay was destitute of comforts for the sick, could not supply us with provisions or forage for our horses, and want soon began to oppress us. All our transportation had disappeared. The only semblance of it left was Shumaker's Battery, which only proved to be our Nemesis. It was placed at the head of the column, and the enfeebled horses in ascending even a small grade in the road could go but a short distance without a halt, which made it very oppressive to the column following.

After an unbroken march night and day since leaving Laurel Hill, Saturday, the 13th, found us at Carrick's Ford, on Cheat River. The 37th Virginia was the last regiment to cross over. After it had passed to the high ground from the gorge, the enemy attacked and captured one section of the 1st Georgia Regiment that was bringing up the rear of the retreat. General Garnett was stationed with about two hundred men to defend our rear. In the conflict that ensued General Garnett was killed at the ford, but had inflicted a setback to the pursuit that gave us considerable relief. About this time our baggage wagons took fright and discarded our cooking utensils, trunks, clothing, and everything that they thought encumbered them in their flight. The wagons and transportation disappeared as a myth, and we never saw them again. Soon after the transaction at Carrick's Ford we began to come up with the discarded plunder. Here and there were wagons with horses and drivers gone. Colonel Carson, one of the former heroes of the Glade Spring Rifle Company, found his trunk by the roadside broken open and all his possessions gone except his razor.

We had passed out of Randolph County and nearly through Tucker and were now approaching Maryland, but we had to surround the north point of Great Backbone Mountain before any change of course could be taken. There was the enemy behind; and it was our great fear that we would encounter an overwhelming force when we reached the end of the mountain, as we would be within a mile of Red House Station, on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, that enabled the enemy to concentrate a force in a few hours. The doors of Northern prisons seemed to be standing wide open for us.

It will be remembered that Jabez Tomlinson, our color bearer, was the custodian of two flags—one waving above the braves of the élite of Washington County, while the other was in security on his person. He was troubled. These tokens of love and affection confided to his care were pressing heavily on his mind when he espied a hole in a near-by cliff. He conceived the idea of saving one dear emblem; so he put one therein, hoping his peregrinations would bring him that way again (most likely on his return from prison), when he would resurrect it. Thus he buried the proof of the high esteem Mrs. Sallie Floyd had manifested. Suffice it to say,

our color bearer was not taken prisoner, and he never again passed that way.

On Sunday, the 14th, in fear and trembling we approached the end of the mountain, and a view of Red House Station revealed no stir of unusual importance; in fact, it appeared to be in peaceful sleep in its cozy valley. This was a relief. Could we but reach the point ahead and find no foe awaiting us, our escape would be almost assured. The watchword was, "Onward, press forward!" The grim piles of earth that had so persistently obstructed our view on our right began to yield, and the blue southern sky took its place. The point of the mountain was at last reached, the turn made, and no enemy was visible by the scouts ahead. Dixie, fair Dixie, that had so long forsaken us, arose from the mist of distance with a smiling face, bidding us good cheer, extending to our tired ranks a welcome. We breathed freer. Now new life was substituted for doubt. Even the Glade Spring Rifle Company livened up to the occasion.

The extremity to which the troops and horses of our little army were reduced was one of much suffering. Many of the men fell short of a mouthful to break their fast until they got to the south branch of the Potomac River, forty miles farther. From the north point of the Great Backbone Mountain we changed our course to southeast, crossed the north branch of the Potomac, and entered what is now Grant County, in Northwest Virginia. The spirit of the troops returned. Even in their hungry, weary, sleep-deprived condition there was merriment in the ranks. A country citizen, in the rear of the column and wishing to pass it, started along the side to head it. His horse's tail was tied up, and when he had gotten partly along the line the boys began to gaily him. "Mister, mister, your horse's tail is tied up." By the time he passed the column he knew something of the perversity of the Confederate soldier. The people gathered by the roadside to see us pass. On one occasion there was a negro boy among the spectators, and one of the boys in the line thus addressed him: "Hello, Sambo. How came your eye out?" "Got it knocked out wid a lump o' sugar, boss," was the reply, which turned the brunt of that joke.

During our night marches it became necessary to keep a watch over one another during the frequent stops caused by the artillery ahead. If permitted to lie down, the boys would be asleep by the time they touched the ground. One of the Glade Spring Rifle Company, Thomas J. B. Wright, lay down and went to sleep and was left when the column moved on. The enemy came upon him, shot him in the leg, cut his leg off, and took him to the jail at Romney, where we found him when General Jackson made his winter campaign there in 1862. Men on that retreat walked the road as sound asleep as they ever were in their lives. I have done so myself.

On Monday, the 15th, after crossing the north branch of the Potomac, we crossed the Allegheny Mountains; and on Tuesday morning about ten o'clock we reached Petersburg, in Hardy County, a little town on the north bank of the south branch of the Potomac River. Here we made our first halt after leaving Laurel Hill, and corn meal and a little beef were issued to the troops. As we had no cooking utensils, the problem with us was to get the little we had cooked. Procuring some dry wood, most likely rails from a near-by fence, I built a fire on a flat rock, made my meal into dough on a corner of my blanket, removed the fire from the rock, and spread the dough thereon. The beef I cooked on a stick over the fire, and by the time the bread was partially cooked I commenced enjoying a delicious meal. Others were as inventive of ways and means as myself. In a word, our food

was quickly prepared and eaten in the similitude of the Israelites at the institution of the Passover, with our loins girded, our shoes on our feet, and our staffs in our hands, and eaten in haste. After this we passed over the river and pointed our course to Franklin, in Pendleton County. Finding that we had eluded them, the enemy gave up the chase when they arrived at Petersburg. We went on by easy stages, caring for our sick the best we could, the country through which we passed furnishing food and comforts we now had time and opportunity to gather in. We reached Monterey, in Highland County, July 20, 1861. Monterey! What sad recollections cluster around the name! For a time the entire town was a hospital. We deposited our sick to the best advantage. Measles appeared to redouble on us and to add to our distress. Typhoid fever broke out virulently in camp and town, taking heavy toll. The town could render but little assistance. Ten of the Glade Spring Rifle Company "passed over the river" inside of five weeks after our arrival, caused by a complication of the two diseases, of whom were Nathaniel Haden, William A. Clark, William C. Houston, Hugh C. Hawthorn, James H. Nye, Thomas Reed, P. B. Thurman, James Vanderpool, and James White. It is not possible to portray in words the distress that ruled the hour. Notwithstanding our efforts to care for them, some of these poor boys went out of the world lacking the comforts that the living are so glad to provide for a dying comrade. It taxed the living night and day to care for the sick and dying.

We had not been in Monterey long when the remnant of the 1st Georgia Regiment began to arrive in squads of two, three, and half a dozen at a time and at different times. When they took to the mountains they had become entangled in their meshes, but remained together until hunger dictated that they separate and seek food where best they could find it and to assemble at the rendezvous that would be pointed out to them by the mountaineers with whom they had in contact. The regiment was never reorganized but passed out of history.

When our pickets came in off duty the next day, Sunday, they reported having heard cannonading during the entire day, and they felt sure that a battle had been fought at some point in the east. The next day news came to us of the first Manassas battle and the great victory to the Confederate arms. This victory so electrified the country that the defeat and retreat from Laurel Hill was passed over as a mere incident and soon forgotten, and its importance was never understood or appreciated by the mass of the people.

Thus ended one of the most remarkable war incidents in our history—the audacity in daring to pass outside of a superior victorious foe and over a rough mountainous country road but little traveled; the tenacity with which the retreat was conducted, without food or rest for man or beast for four and one-half days and five nights, cumbered with a large number of sick; and the distance over which we traveled close to one hundred and fifty miles, closely pursued by an enemy two-thirds of the way, with seemingly unsurpassable danger ahead as well as in the rear. Its successful issue makes it equal to anything of the kind that has ever occurred.

In all our associations, in all our agreements, let us never lose sight of this fundamental maxim: That all power was originally lodged in, and consequently derived from, the people. We should wear it as a breastplate and buckle it on our armor.—George Mason (1775)



"When you think of us, think not of the tomb
Where you laid us down in sorrow;
But look aloft and beyond earth's gloom
And wait for the great to-morrow."

COL. WALTER H. TAYLOR.

Col. Walter H. Taylor, one of the most prominent citizens of Norfolk, Va., died there on the night of March 1, 1916, aged seventy-four years. He had been President of the Bank of Norfolk since 1877.

Colonel Taylor was born in Norfolk June 13, 1838, the son of Walter H. Taylor and Cornelia W. Cowdery, and had lived there continuously with the exception of four years in the War between the States, during which he served as a Confederate staff officer of Gen. R. E. Lee and was known as Lee's trusted adjutant. He was educated at the old Norfolk Academy, later spending three years at the Virginia Military Institute, which he left at the death of his father, during the yellow fever epidemic of 1855. He served with General Lee during the entire war in the West Virginia campaign, in South Carolina and Georgia, and finally in Northern Virginia, and he was with General Lee in every engagement in which that commander participated.

At the close of the war he returned to the city of his birth and entered the hardware business, in which he continued until 1877, when he accepted the presidency of the Marine Bank, to which office he was elected upon the death of his cousin, Richard Taylor, and he remained as president of this bank until his death. Colonel Taylor was especially interested in the Norfolk and Western Railway, and in point of service he was the oldest director of that company, having held a place on the board since 1885.

Because of his intimate association with General Lee, Colonel Taylor's book on "General Lee, 1861-65" is regarded as the most authentic dealing with the campaigns of Lee and gives many personal reminiscences of the Southern leader. This was published in 1906. His first book, covering the operations of the Army of Northern Virginia and entitled "Four Years under Lee," was published soon after the war.

MAJ. CATLETT CONWAY TALIAFERRO.

Maj. Catlett Conway Taliaferro, of Roanoke, Va., died suddenly on March 2, 1916, while on a business trip to New York City in the interest of the Norfolk and Western Railway Company, by which he was employed as a real estate agent.

Major Taliaferro was sixty-nine years old. He was one of the most prominent men of Virginia and was widely known throughout the South in his Confederate affiliations. At the age of fourteen years he ran away from his home, in Orange County, Va., and enlisted in Stonewall Jackson's brigade, serving under that great commander until the tragedy at Chancellorsville which cost the South so heavily in the death of Jackson. Major Taliaferro was detailed as one of the guards who accompanied the Southern leader's body to its resting place in Lexington, Va. He later joined General Lee's

command and was said to have been the General's truce bearer at the surrender at Appomattox. He was badly wounded in the fighting near Spottsylvania Courthouse and was given meritorious mention for gallantry as a courier and scout. He was buried at Hampden-Sidney, Va.

MRS. RUTH M. C. HALL.

Mrs. Ruth M. Carr Hall, widow of the late Col. Winchester Hall, who commanded the 26th Louisiana Infantry, was born in Oldham County, Ky. After her marriage she lived in Louisiana for many years. Her declining days were quietly spent in Pocomoke City, Md., where she passed away March 31, 1915, aged ninety-two years. Mrs. Hall was loyal to the traditions of the past and rejoiced to see the younger generation coming to the front in loving service for the veteran of the Confederacy and all he represents. She was an honored member of Ye Olde Arlington Chapter, United Daughters of the Confederacy.

B. F. KING.

B. F. King, a gallant Confederate soldier, of Kemper County, Miss., is resting from all the cares of life. Death came to him suddenly on October 23, 1915. He was born in Kemper County March 12, 1845, and enlisted in the Confederate army when eighteen years old as a member of Company C, 2d Mississippi Regiment, serving under Captain Rogers in

Armstrong's Brigade, Forrest's Cavalry. He was with Johnston from Resaca to Atlanta and with Hood from Atlanta to Jonesboro, to Nashville, and then by way of Columbus, Miss., to Selma, Ala., where he was in his last battle. In all the trying ordeals of that arduous service he never failed to answer roll call or to perform faithfully any duty assigned to him.

He was a devoted member of the Baptist Church and a Democrat of the old school; but it was in



B. F. KING.

his home and community that his life shone brightest. He was a kind husband and devoted father, an example for any one to follow. As a citizen he was modest and retiring; a safe counselor for those who came to him for advice. He was as loyal to friends as he was to principles.

He was twice married and is survived by his second wife, with her two daughters, Misses Alma Kate and Eileen King, and son, Lamar King, all of Battlefield, Miss., and by the children of his first marriage, who are: R. C. King, of Greenwood, Miss.; M. D. King, of Hattiesburg, Miss.; Mrs. Maggie Hester, of Lytle, Tex.; and Miss Vestry King, of Greenwood, Miss. A brother and sister, of Burley, Miss., also survive him.

He was tenderly laid to rest near his old home in Zion Cemetery, Kemper County, surrounded by many sorrowing friends and relatives.

COL. JAMES BLACKBURN.

After a long illness Col. James Blackburn died in Buffalo, N. Y., on December 14, 1915. He was born in Woodford County, Ky., April 30, 1834, and was a graduate of Center College, at Danville. At the beginning of the War between the States he was practicing law at Helena, Ark. He was a lawyer of attainments, able and eloquent in debate. Joining a company of which that iron soldier, Patrick R. Cleburne, was captain, he was elected a lieutenant at its organization. This company was a part of the 1st Arkansas Infantry, State Troops. Cleburne was colonel after the transfer of the regiment to the Confederate service, and it was then known as the 15th Arkansas Infantry.

Before the transfer of his regiment to the Confederate service Lieutenant Blackburn was elected captain of a company in another regiment. All of his service was in the Trans-Mississippi Department. He rose to the rank of lieutenant colonel and distinguished himself in the battle of Helena, Ark. After the war he resumed the practice of his profession at Helena, but later returned to Kentucky and was a farmer in Woodford County. He had every attribute of a nobleman. His soul was imbued with justice, and his heart was attuned with that broad humanity that could say, "Our country." His patriotism nerved his arm and steeled his heart to battle for the cause that he knew to be right. He had five brothers in the Confederate army, one of whom was the Hon. J. C. S. Blackburn, long a Congressman and United States Senator from Kentucky, and the only one now living. Another brother, Dr. Luke P. Blackburn, the philanthropist and noted specialist in treating yellow fever, was Governor of Kentucky after the war. He himself long represented his district in the Senate of Kentucky and was a member of the convention that framed the present Constitution. He was appointed United States marshal for Kentucky by President Cleveland. His wife, two sons, and a daughter survive him.

CAPT. THOMAS G. ELAM.

Thomas Gordon Elam, seventy-one years old, a prominent citizen and Confederate veteran, died at the home of his daughter in Salem, Va., after a brief illness.

Captain Elam, who was one of the best-known and best-loved veterans of Roanoke, was born in Campbell County, Va., November 8, 1844. In 1861, at the age of sixteen, he enlisted in the Clarksville Blues, Company E, 14th Virginia Regiment, and served four years, part of which time he was attached to Gen. Fitzhugh Lee's staff as field telegrapher. He learned the use of the telegraph while stationed at Drewry's Bluff. At the end of the war he held the rank of captain.

His home was in Suffolk for several years after the war, and there he was married to Miss Emily S. Arnold in 1870. For twenty years he was editor and owner of the Suffolk Herald and later editor of the Danville Register. He then went into the insurance business, in which he continued until his death. He had lived in Roanoke for eleven years.

Captain Elam was known wherever Confederate veterans congregated and was serving his second term as Commander of William Watts Camp, Confederate Veterans, of Roanoke. He was also First Lieutenant Grand Commander of the Virginia Confederate Veterans. His kindly greetings will be missed by his comrades at the Confederate reunions, which he so enjoyed.

Captain Elam is survived by his wife and three children, two daughters and a son.

Veterans of the Hupp-Deyerle and William Watts Camps.

Confederate Veterans, of Salem and Roanoke, were the honorary pallbearers at his funeral; while the active pallbearers were from the Albert Sidney Johnston Camp of Sons of Veterans.

DEATHS AT ATHENS, TEX.

Commander L. A. Powers reports the loss of the following members of Howdy Martin Camp, No. 65, Athens, Tex., since last report:

G. R. Evans, Company D, 33d Alabama; J. C. Copeland, Company C, 5th Arkansas; B. B. Brannon, Company E, 6th Texas; B. F. Smith, Company K, 12th Alabama; W. A. McCloud, Company A, 39th Alabama; A. Mobley, Company H, 40th Alabama; J. K. Simmons, Company M, 1st Alabama Cavalry; J. C. Shelton, Willis's Texas Battalion; Hugh Carter, Company H, 4th Texas; C. W. Harrison, Company K, 4th Georgia Infantry; E. G. Poston, Company F, 21st Texas Cavalry; W. A. Richardson, Monroe Home Guards; J. W. Fizzell, Company G, Kentucky Infantry; Dr. F. M. Matthews, surgeon 12th Texas; W. H. Hatcher, Company F, 4th Tennessee Cavalry; Capt. J. H. Wafford, Company K, 9th Arkansas Infantry.

CAPT. GEORGE L. WIRT.

Capt. George L. Wirt, who died in Dardanelle, Ark., July 14, 1915, was born in Bibbs County, Ala., November 21, 1844. While yet in his teens he enlisted in the Confederate service, going out and serving until the last battle was fought in the



CAPT. G. L. WIRT.

10th Alabama Regiment of Infantry. Sometime after the war he was happily married to Miss Anna Sanford, who survives him with one son, who has taken his father's place as manager of the credit sales department in the large mercantile business of J. D. Goldman & Co.

In 1877 Captain Wirt removed his family to Yell County, Ark. For some years he farmed and carried on a country mercantile business.

He was then elected county and probate judge and served very efficiently for four years. After his official career, he was again interested in the mercantile business until the Great Commander of the universe called him hence. He was laid to rest in the Brealey Cemetery under the auspices of the Masonic fraternity, of which he had been a member for more than thirty years, serving the last eighteen years as secretary of his lodge.

Captain Wirt was one of the most active charter members of McIntosh Camp, No. 531, U. C. V., and was its Commander until his death. This devoted husband, affectionate father, faithful veteran, zealous Mason, and accommodating neighbor leaves the world poorer in his death.

[From his friend and comrade, I. J. Jackson.]

WILLIAM C. VANMETER.

After a prolonged illness, William C. VanMeter, Christian gentleman and Confederate soldier, on January 31, 1916, heard "the one clear call" and went home "to the Master of all good workmen" with a record for brave and fruitful service both in peace and war. On his father's side he sprang from a sturdy, substantial pioneer stock which had much to do with the settling of the South Branch Valley of the Potomac and which grew into a large and influential family that sent many sons into the Confederate army. On December 22, 1838, very near the site of Old Fort Pleasants, William VanMeter was born and grew to manhood. He never lost his intense love for this spot; and though after the war he lived for some years in Illinois, he returned to this valley and lived again amid the scenes of his boyhood. His last years were spent near Petersburg, Grant County, W. Va., farther up in the same valley.

When the men of Virginia were called to arms, William VanMeter first joined the "Hardy Blues." All but twelve of this company were captured at Rich Mountain in the spring of 1861, paroled, and disbanded. He, though wounded, escaped and soon after joined Company E, 25th Virginia Infantry, in which he served till the close of the war. This company was first organized with the men who escaped capture at Rich Mountain, the membership coming from the Franklin Guards, Pendleton Rifles, South Branch Rifles, and Hardy Blues, and belonged to the 4th Brigade, Ewell's Division, Jackson's Corps, Army of Northern Virginia.

William VanMeter was not of that type of soldier that does brilliant, daring deeds, but of that type that presses steadily forward in the face of privation, and doubtless no better soldier followed the immortal Jackson. He was a man singularly free from "envy, malice, and all uncharitableness"; kind, gentle, generous, lovable, always respecting the rights and privileges of others; a man of sterling integrity and stainless Christian character. In youth he united with the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, in which he was for years an honored officer and worker. In 1868 he was married to Miss Margaret Chambers, and he is survived by five children, two sons and three daughters. Of his four brothers, three were also brave Confederate soldiers. He was buried in his Confederate uniform by his special request.

[From tribute by Mrs. Page Walton, Assistant Historian Winnie Davis Chapter, U. D. C., Moorefield, W. Va.]

JOHN HENRY EIFFERT.

The oldest Confederate veteran known has joined the silent majority. John Henry Eiffert, of whom a sketch was given in the *VETERAN* for May, 1915, as a veteran of the Confederacy who had passed the century mark, died on October 20, 1915, at Webber's Falls, Okla., at the age of one hundred and one years and twenty days. Mr. Eiffert was born in Lexington, S. C., October 1, 1814, and went to East Tennessee in 1830. There in 1848 he married the widow of Dr. R. T. Hanks, who was Margaret Ann Ward Morgan. When the war came on, he joined the second company raised in his town, which was under command of his son-in-law, Capt. Wellington W. McClelland, and served during the entire war. After the war he went with his family to the Cherokee Nation (now Oklahoma) and settled at Webber's Falls, where he lived to the time of his death, loved and respected by all who knew him. Even when near his hundredth year he was as active as many men in the eighties and read a great deal, taking great interest in what was going on in the outside world.

LIEUT. E. M. ANDERSON.

Lieut. Ephraim McDowell Anderson was born in Knoxville, Tenn., June 29, 1843, but in his youth the family removed to Missouri and settled in Monroe County. In 1861 he became a member of the Missouri State Guards and served under Gen. Sterling Price in all the campaigns and battles of that service, including Carthage, Springfield, and Lexington. Early in 1862, while in winter quarters at Springfield, Mo., the first Confederate brigade was formed under command of Gen. Henry Little, who was later killed at Iuka, Miss. Lieutenant Anderson became a member of Company G, 2d Confederate Regiment, under Capt. F. M. Cockrell, later a brigadier general.

Soon after the close of the struggle between the States E. M. Anderson wrote the first history of Missouri comrades in the Confederate service; but when less than a hundred copies were ready for delivery the house of publication was destroyed by fire, and his labor of years was lost. He had been importuned in late years to republish this history, and it was his intention to do so had his health improved. He had been ailing for many years, and in the hope of benefit he went to the Confederate Home at Higginville for a short while in the latter part of 1915, leaving a home of opulence and plenty to mingle again with old comrades. On January 10, 1916, he quietly passed away. His funeral was attended by more than one hundred veterans, and the officiating minister was a member of his company during all the days of trial.

[From tribute by W. J. Erwin, Company E, 3d Missouri Regiment, 1st Brigade.]

JAMES A. CHANDLER.

James Anderson Chandler was born January 30, 1842, and died November 28, 1915. He was mustered into the Confederate service on July 11, 1861, and proceeded to Richmond, Va., where a regiment was organized. His service was as a member of Company A, 16th Georgia Regiment, of Cobb's, Wofford's, and, lastly, Dubose's Brigade, Kershaw's Division, Longstreet's Corps, A. N. V., and he gave faithful and honorable service during the entire conflict. He was twice made prisoner, first at South Mountain, Md., September 14, 1862, when he was detailed as a nurse for wounded comrades until exchanged. He was again captured at Knoxville, Tenn., November 29, 1864, and again detailed as a nurse for wounded comrades, and he was finally sent to prison at Rock Island, Ill., where he remained until paroled and sent home in 1865.

In September, 1865, he was married to Miss Nancy Catharine McGinnis, from which union there were born eleven children, six sons and five daughters. Forty-six grandchildren (thirty-eight now living) and nine great-grandchildren make the number of his descendants. Our comrade was born in a family of fifteen children, thirteen sons and two daughters. He had seven brothers in the Confederate service, three of whom survive him. He was a charter member of Camp John H. Morgan, No. 1330, U. C. V., of Commerce, Ga., of which he was Ensign till his death.

[Tribute by his comrade and lifelong friend, G. W. O'Kelley, lieutenant Company A, 16th Georgia Regiment.]

WILLIAM J. DURBIN.

At his home, in Norfolk, Va., on June 2, 1915, there passed to his reward William J. Durbin, a brave and gallant soldier. Though a mere boy, he enlisted at the first call of the South and was in many of the hardest-fought battles of the Army of Tennessee until desperately wounded on June 16, 1864. He was never again able for service.

Always more thoughtful of others than of himself, his good influence still lives and manifests itself in the lives and service of those who were so fortunate as to know him.

JOSIAH STEWART HOUSE.

J. S. House was born January 11, 1843, and died December 17, 1915, after a brief illness. Enlisting in the Confederate army, he served as a member of Hill's 47th Tennessee Regiment, Army of Tennessee, taking part in the battles of Shiloh, Richmond, Perryville, Murfreesboro, Missionary Ridge, Chickamauga, New Hope Church, Peach Tree Creek, Atlanta, Columbia, Spring Hill, Franklin, Nashville, and others in which his command participated. He was ever true to the principles for which he fought. The Confederate cause was sacred to him. As a citizen he was modest and retiring and had the esteem of his fellow men. He took great interest in the welfare of young men, and it was his nature to look on the bright side of life. He was a good husband and a loving father.



J. S. HOUSE.

For several years his home was with his son Jacob, in Gibson County, Tenn., where he died. He was for many years a member of the Masonic fraternity and of the Baptist Church.

From the fire of battle of four long years J. S. House returned to his home and was one of the brave men whose judgment in Reconstruction days helped to curb the resentment of impetuous Southerners when sorely tried by the Federal authorities and changed conditions in the South.

With sincere appreciation of the friendship that existed between us, it is in sadness that I place this humble tribute to his memory.

W. F. PIERCE.

J. M. GILL.

James M. Gill, born in Greene County, Ala., June 18, 1842, was a son of Nathan Gill, a native of South Carolina. The family removed from Alabama to Arkansas, and there James M. Gill grew to manhood. At eighteen he enlisted in the Confederate service in Company G, 12th Arkansas Regiment, and his service was mainly east of the Mississippi River. He was taken prisoner at Island No. 10 and sent to Camp Douglas, Chicago, where he remained five months before being sent to Vicksburg and exchanged. He was captured again at Fort Hudson, but was soon paroled and sent home. After four months he was again exchanged and saw service on the west side of the Mississippi. His command looked after General Steele and kept him back until after Banks's defeat on Red River, then went to Marshall, Tex.

Mr. Gill went to Arkansas after the surrender, but in 1869 he removed to Texas and located in Ellis County. Here he was married to Miss Texas Wright, and to this union was born one son. Wife and son survive him. For some fifteen years the family have lived in Coleman County. Surviving comrades of Mr. Gill are asked to write to his son, E. W. Gill, Santa Anna, Tex.

FRANK MARKEE KIDD.

Frank Markee Kidd was born at Lexington, Ky., October 24, 1841, and died at his home, near Marshall, Mo., June 12, 1915. He was married on the 30th of July, 1879, to Mrs. Sarah Allison Stewart, widow of Edward George Stewart, of Dumfries, Scotland. To this marriage were born eight children, of whom two sons and one daughter survive.

Mr. Kidd was a Confederate soldier, enlisting in the year 1861 at Camp Trousdale, Tenn., in Woodward's Squadron, Company B, afterwards consolidated into Helm's Regiment, Gen. A. S. Johnston in command. Mustered out at Chattanooga, Tenn., he reenlisted the same year at Lexington, Ky., in Company D, 8th Kentucky, under Colonel Cluke, General Morgan's command. He was captured at Salineville, Ohio, the same day General Morgan was captured and sent to Camp Chase, near Columbus, Ohio, and afterwards to Camp Douglas, where he was imprisoned for eight months. His company was with President Davis the day before his capture.

Comrade Kidd was paroled at Athens, Ga., June 7, 1865. He was an enthusiastic worker and member of Gen. John S. Marmaduke Camp, No. 554, U. C. V., at Marshall, Mo., and was highly revered by his comrades and host of friends.

ROBERT N. GUYN.

Robert Newton Guyn, member of the 8th Kentucky Cavalry with Col. R. S. Cooke, died at Lee's Summit, Mo., on the 10th of January, 1916. Mr. Guyn was born in Woodford County, Ky., on April 25, 1840. In August, 1862, he volunteered in Company B, 8th Kentucky Cavalry, and was a faithful, earnest, conscientious and brave soldier. He saw service with Gen. John H. Morgan and took part in that gallant soldier wherever duty called. He was in the engagements which made Morgan's command famous. At Hartsville and on the Christmas raid in 1862, and in all the engagements in Middle Tennessee during the spring and summer of that year he acquitted himself as a brave and efficient soldier. He was captured on the Highways and remained in prison until near the close of the war, when he was exchanged.

He married Miss Drake and moved to Missouri, and at the time of his death he was engaged in the grocery business at Lee's Summit. He is survived by his wife and two children. Modest, reserved, loyal, true, honest, and kind in all the relations of life, he passed away respected and honored by all who knew him.

C. J. DUTART.

On February 5, 1916, at his home, in La Ward, Tex., Charles John Dutart passed away after a protracted illness. The burial was at Edna.

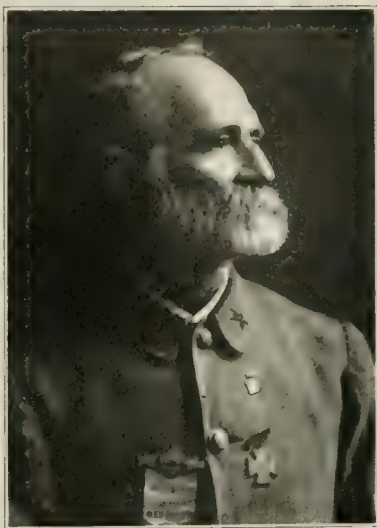
Charles Dutart was born February 23, 1846, in St. Thomas Parish, near Charleston, S. C. His parents were descendants of the Huguenots who came from France. The family moved to Jackson County, Tex., when he was only ten years of age, and he had been a resident there since that time.

When eighteen years of age Mr. Dutart enlisted in the Confederate army, and he served in the 2d Texas Infantry until the close of the struggle. He made a gallant and true soldier, and he had ample opportunity to prove his valor upon the fields of battle. After the war he went back to Texas and Jackson County. In 1893 he was united in marriage to Miss Nellie McChesney, who, with three children, two sons and a daughter, survives him.

MAJ. R. P. PADDISON.

After many weeks of suffering, Maj. R. P. Paddison passed away, in his seventy-sixth year, at his home, in Point Caswell, Pender County, N. C., on November 23, 1915. He was a loyal Confederate veteran. His last public act was in raising funds for the erection of the Confederate monument at Burgaw, in his home county, and his last public appearance was as master of ceremonies when the monument was unveiled last May.

With his younger brother, J. R. Paddison, he enlisted in the service of the Confederacy in April, 1861, at Clinton, N. C., and served throughout the war in Company A, 61st North Carolina Regiment, Hoke's Division. He served first as a noncommissioned officer in a company called the "Sampson Rangers," the first company organized in the county, with which he was sent to Fort Johnson. He was later appointed hospital steward and remained at Fort Johnson during an epidemic of yellow fever in 1862 and of smallpox during the winter of the same year. After that he was transferred to Wilmington Hospital No. 4, where he remained till the close of the war.



MAJ. R. P. PADDISON.

Major Paddison was a son of George Paddison, a very scholarly gentleman, a graduate of Oxford University, England, who came to Virginia just after his marriage in England. In 1856 the family went to North Carolina, the parents dying in 1866. Of Major Paddison's four brothers, there are only two survivors, Maj. J. R. Paddison, of Mount Airy, N. C., and A. H. Paddison, of Burgaw, N. C. He is survived by two sons and three daughters. He was a member of Surrey County Camp, No. 797, U. C. V., at Mount Airy, N. C., also an aid on the staff of the Commander of North Carolina Division, U. C. V. The funeral was held with the honors of the Masonic fraternity, of which he had been a member for many years, and he was laid away in his Confederate uniform.

W. D. McINTOSH.

The summons so anxiously awaited came to one of God's noblemen at the close of January 23 when the gentle spirit of W. D. McIntosh passed into the great beyond. His earthly pilgrimage was over fourscore years. He died at the home of his son in Hereford, Tex., and was buried at Rosebud on the 26th.

W. D. McIntosh was born July 18, 1843, in Darlington, S. C., but moved to Mississippi, and from that State he enlisted in the 20th Mississippi Regiment under General Forrest and did gallant service throughout the War between the States, receiving a wound in the battle of Corinth.

In October, 1865, he was married to Miss Marian Hardy, of Hardyville, near Newton, Miss., and twelve years later they went to Texas, locating in Robertson County, later living in Milam and Falls Counties. He united with the Bap-

tist Church in 1866 and lived a loyal, consistent Christian life. His chief characteristics were honesty, truthfulness, loyalty to his friends and to his convictions. He is survived by four sons.

DR. A. L. ELCAN.

Dr. Archibald Liebig Elcan, a former prominent practicing physician of Memphis and who was also well known throughout West Tennessee, died at his home, in Los Angeles, Cal., in February, 1916. He went to California about ten years ago on account of the poor health of himself and a daughter, leaving one of the foremost practices in Memphis.

Dr. Elcan was born October 20, 1844, in Fayette County, near Belmont, now known as Mason. He joined the Confederate army in 1862 before he was eighteen years of age, serving first with Capt. Sam T. Taylor's company and later with Major General Loring in a secretarial and aid-de-camp capacity until February 24, 1864, when he joined Company B, 7th Tennessee Cavalry, of Forrest's command. He was wounded while charging beside General Forrest at Prairie Mound, Miss., where Forrest led on foot, his horse having been shot from under him. He was again wounded in the retreat from Nashville near Richland Creek. At the close of the war he was first sergeant in Company B. Dr. Elcan was an honorary member of Company A, the crack Confederate company of Memphis.

After the war Dr. Elcan read medicine, took a full college course, and practiced medicine in Tipton County. He also served as a member of the legislature and as a justice of the peace in that county. He was well known as a writer for several leading medical journals and as a contributor to the daily and weekly press of this section. He moved to Memphis in 1888 and devoted himself exclusively to his practice. He was married on November 4, 1869, to Miss Bettie Taylor, daughter of Dr. Joshua Swayne, of Carroll County, Tenn. Three daughters and a son survive him.

CAPT. OLIVER FRAZER REDD.

Capt. Oliver Frazer Redd, than whom a soldier more loyal to the South never lived, ripe in years and full of the affections of his friends, sleeps the last sleep under the sod of his beloved Kentucky. Death came to him at his home, in Lexington, Ky., and on the 22d of February he was laid to rest, attended by comrades and friends, who loved him for his many sterling traits and devotion to high ideals. He loved everything connected with the Confederacy and was for many years Secretary of the Confederate Veterans' Association of Lexington, and he took great pride and pleasure in the work.

Joining a Missouri regiment at the beginning of the war, Captain Redd was several times promoted for gallantry and finally appointed aid on the staff of Gen. Joseph Shelby. He was severely wounded in the battle of Wilson's Creek, from which he never fully recovered; but his sufferings through many years never caused him to repine or lose his cheerfulness. At the close of the war he went with his commander to Mexico, where they remained till peace was restored. On his return he declined to take the oath of allegiance and remained to the last an uncompromising, unreconstructed Rebel. Until his health rendered it impossible, Captain Redd was an active worker in the First Presbyterian Church, of which he had been a member for many years. He is survived by his wife, who was Miss Kate Frazer, and children, three daughters and a son, the latter a resident of Birmingham, Ala. He has left them the rich legacy of a good name and an example of Christian faith and fortitude.

JAMES DICKSON POLLOCK.

James Dickson Pollock was born August 27, 1841, near Cumberland, Md., on the west bend of the Potomac River, and died near Barton, Md., on January 27, 1916, in his seventy-fifth year. He served four years in Company F, 7th Virginia Cavalry, and for his faithful service he had received the Confederate cross of honor through the Daughters of the Confederacy of Maryland. After the war closed he returned to his home, near Cumberland, and there his life was spent on his farm until March, 1915, when he removed to a farm near Barton. He was married in 1896 to Miss Nellie Morris, who, with their children, two sons and four daughters, lives to mourn the loss of this kind and loving husband and father. His eldest child was named Winnie Davis Pollock, in memory of the cause he loved.



J. D. POLLOCK

Comrade Pollock was a member of the James Brechee Camp, U. C. V., of Cumberland, as long as it was kept up. There are few of the veterans there now. Although never a member of the Church, he held to the faith of his parents, who were Presbyterians.

DR. H. V. COLLINS.

The Mortuary Committee of Barker Camp, No. 1555, U. C. V., Jacksonville, Tex., composed of E. S. McCall, W. J. Pearce, and Jerome Hall, reports the death of another member.

Dr. H. V. Collins was born June 27, 1844, in Warren County, Ga., and died at his home, in Jacksonville, Tex., February 11, 1916. He was a faithful member of the Camp since its organization, in 1904, and filled the position of Camp Surgeon until the day of his death. He enlisted as a private soldier in the Confederate army in August, 1861, serving in Captain Pruden's company, 32d Georgia Infantry. He served on the coast of Georgia until Sherman's army reached Savannah and then went to Hardee's Corps, in Joe Johnston's army, and served there until mustered out at Goldsboro, N. C., reaching home in May, 1865.

By his own exertions he became a doctor after the war, taking a course of lectures at Jefferson College, Philadelphia, and graduating at the Medical College in Savannah, Ga., in 1869. He was married to Miss O. J. Floyd, a daughter of T. S. Floyd, of Columbia, Ala., at which place he practiced medicine one year. He then went to Texas and located at Beaumont, going from there to Old Town Bluff, in Tyler County, Tex. From this place he moved to Jacksonville in 1883 and made his home there until his death. His wife and three daughters and an only brother survive him, all living at Jacksonville. More than thirty-three years of his life were spent in this community, and his sterling qualities as a man

and neighbor were often manifest in his work among all classes. He had been a member of the First Baptist Church for more than thirty years. He was also a member of the Masonic Lodge of Jacksonville and was buried by that order.

THOMAS NATH ELDER.

"Uncle" Tom Elder, as he was affectionately called by all who knew him, passed away in December, 1915, at the ripe age of ninety-two years. He was born in 1824, making his home always in the rural district in what is known as the "Big Spring Settlement," of Oconee County, Ga. A son of the soil, "Mother Earth" had peculiarly endowed him with a gift of wonderful endurance. Just a few years prior to his death he could with ease walk a distance of six miles without apparent fatigue. He possessed a sweet Christian spirit, and this venerable patriarch was esteemed highly by his friends and acquaintances. He was a devoted member of the Christian Church and held the office of elder at the time of his death. Enlisting in the Confederate army in July, 1863, as a member of Company A, 4th Georgia Militia, General Phillips's brigade, General Smith's command, Mr. Elder served honorably as a private until the surrender, engaging in the battles of Atlanta and vicinity. He was twice married, first to Miss Lucy Brown, to whom were born five children. His second wife was Miss Nancy A. Elder, and of that union there were three children, several of whom survive him.

THOMAS UHL.

At his home, in Dallas County, near Wheatland, Tex., Thomas Uhl died on February 15, 1916. He was born in Allegany County, Md., February 21, 1840, and thus lacked but a few days of having completed his seventy-sixth year. He was left an orphan at the age of six years and went to Texas in 1858 with a herd of sheep. Enlisting in the Con-



THOMAS UHL.

federate army in September, 1861, as a member of Company F, 6th Texas Cavalry, Sul Ross's regiment, he served with this command until the close of the war. His comrades honored him many years with the position of President of the Ross Brigade Association. When it was consolidated with Granbury's and Ector's Brigades at Ennis last August, he was elected First Vice President of the new organization. He was a recognized leader in all the annual meetings. Comrade Uhl married

Miss Emily Branson in 1867; and of their three children, a son survives, with the mother.

He was a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. At his burial twenty-six Confederate veterans acted as honorary pallbearers. In his death Dallas County has lost one of its oldest and most highly honored citizens and his family a devoted husband and father; his comrades, one whom they will sadly miss.

REV. PATRICK F. BRANNAN.

The life of Rev. Father Patrick Francis Brannan, who was laid to rest at Weatherford, Tex., on February 1, 1916, was an interesting and unusual one. As a citizen, soldier, lawyer, public official, and missionary priest his experiences were many and varied.

Patrick Brannan was born November 30, 1848, at Columbus, Ga. He was a mere lad when the war broke out; but, imbued with love for the Southland, he went into service as a drummer boy at the age of fourteen, serving with the 15th Alabama, Company K. During a part of his service Colonel Oats (later Governor of Alabama) was in command of his regiment, and he took a great interest in young Brannan because of his enthusiasm and diminutive size. The colonel reprimanded the impulsive drummer boy several times for getting into the firing line, but he would get back into the thick of the fray at every opportunity. He often alluded to the tender solicitude of his colonel during his boyish patriotic outbreaks. They were always warm friends.

When the war was over, Patrick Brannan took up the study of law at Louisville, Ky., was admitted to the bar, and began his practice in that city. Removing to Texas, he settled at Weatherford and practiced his profession there. During the trial of a case in Cleburne he met Miss Mary Powers, to whom he was later married. A son and a daughter were born to them and survive him.

He became a great friend and protégé of Governor Lanham and was a frequent and welcome visitor at the Lanham households in Weatherford, in Washington, and in Austin. In 1882 he became mayor of Weatherford, being the first Democrat to hold the office, and he filled it efficiently. In the very zenith of his career as a lawyer his wife died, and he determined to devote his life to the Church. Entering the Catholic seminary in Baltimore, he completed an eight-year course in three years, and after his ordination he began his service as a missionary priest, which he continued until death, his missions extending over the United States.

WILLIAM G. DELASHMUTT.

William G. DeLashmutt, aged seventy-seven years, died December 16, 1915, at his home, in Martinsville, Ill. He was a son of Judge Elias DeLashmutt. He was a native of Frederick County, Md., and married a daughter of Philip Reich. She survives him, with four children.

At the outbreak of the War between the States Mr. DeLashmutt cast his lot with the South, enlisting in Company D, 1st Maryland Cavalry. He was badly wounded in the battle at Pollard's Farm. Company D was raised in Frederick County, and Mr. DeLashmutt was a member of Alexander Young Camp, U. C. V., of Frederick. His last visit east was when he attended the reunion of Confederate and Union veterans at Gettysburg in July, 1913.

CHARLES B. FIELDS.

Charles B. Fields, aged seventy-five, who died at his home, in Castlewood, Russell County, Va., on February 22 and was buried with Masonic honors in Sinking Spring Cemetery, at Abingdon, was a veteran of the Confederacy, having served throughout the War between the States as a member of Company D, 1st Virginia Cavalry. At the close of the war he moved to California, where he was a successful building contractor, retiring from business several years ago and returning to Virginia on account of ill health. He is survived by two daughters, who reside in California.

W. B. LANGFORD.

On the night of November 27 the soul of W. Bed. Langford peacefully and quietly "crossed the bar and put out to sea," having abiding faith in the Master's care. Mr. Langford was born April 14, 1848, in Oconee County, Ga. As a lad of sixteen in July, 1863, he enlisted in the Confederate army, Company A, 4th Georgia Militia, General Phillips's brigade, General Smith's command, to battle for the beloved cause. He received his baptism of fire in the battles of Atlanta, Griswoldville, and vicinity, serving gallantly until the surrender, when he returned to his home. He resumed his trade of wheelwright and carriage maker and also engaged in agricultural pursuits and merchandising, in which he was successful and accumulated some property. Always evincing an active interest in affairs of his town and Church, he was a man esteemed by his fellow citizens for the many honorable traits of his sturdy, self-reliant character. On November 29, 1867, he was married to Miss Ellen Elder, and to them were born six daughters, three of whom, with their mother, the companion of his youth and age, survive him.

ROBERT O'BRIEN.

Robert O'Brien, a highly respected citizen of Jackson County, Tex., died on January 29, 1916, at the home of his brother, near Edna, and he was laid to rest in the old family burial ground, near Ganado.

Robert O'Brien was born May 26, 1835, in Bedford, Trimble County, Ky. He went to Texas in 1859 and later settled in Jackson County. At the outbreak of the War between the States he enlisted for the Confederacy, becoming one of Terry's Texas Rangers, 8th Texas, Company H, and serving to the end of the war. The first two years of service were under General Forrest, and later he was under General Wheeler. He was a gallant and fearless soldier, and such men made Terry's Texas Rangers famous. When the Texas Rangers were breaking rank to return home to peaceful pursuits, General Wheeler in an address paid a high tribute to them, which every Ranger treasured highly.

On February 21, 1866, Mr. O'Brien was united in marriage to Miss Fredrica Elliott. Their only child died at the age of nine years.

ISAAC H. STRIDER.

Isaac H. Strider, seventy-five years old, died December 20, 1915, near Leetown, W. Va. He was for years President of the Bank of Charlestown and also a member of the Jefferson County Court. He served in the Confederate army as a member of the late Capt. George Baylor's company, B, 12th Virginia Cavalry. Mr. Strider married Miss Sarah Reich, daughter of the late Philip Reich, of Frederick, Md., who, with four children, survives him.

Mr. DeLashmutt and Mr. Strider married sisters. They were devoted comrades, and the death of one hastened that of the other. A few weeks previous to their death their only sister, Mrs. Phæbe Reich, passed away.

WILLIAM H. McLEAN.

William Hewlett McLean, a native of Winston County, Ala., was at LaGrange in 1860-61 as a State cadet. From 1862 to the close of the war he served in Company A, 11th Alabama Cavalry, under Forrest. He was wounded at Harrisburg, Miss., in July, 1864, and again in Hood's Tennessee campaign in December of the same year. He died in Alabama on the 6th of August, 1915, in his seventy-second year.

WILLIAM FLETCHER TARPLEY.

William Fletcher Tarpley was born in the eighth district of Giles County, Tenn., in May, 1835, and died February 14, 1916, within one mile of his birthplace, having lived his whole life in the same section, except the four years he served in the Confederate army. In the early part of 1861 he responded to the call of his country and enlisted in the first company that left Pulaski, which was Company K, Fields's 1st Tennessee Regiment. He served throughout the entire war, surrendering with Gen. Joe Johnston in North Carolina. He was in every battle in which his command took part. No soldier answered more roll calls than he. At the time of his death he was the only member of his company that surrendered with his regiment and the only one living in Giles County out of one hundred and thirty. A few of his comrades were in prison at the time of surrender, and a few had joined other commands. He was plain, unassuming, one of God's noblemen, honest, truthful, moral in the fullest sense, and tried to practice the golden rule. He never sought an accepted office. A fine tribute was paid by a friend when he said that it would take a great deal of adverse testimony to convince him that Fletcher was ever in the wrong. A comrade who was reared with him and served in the same company during the war said he never knew of his doing wrong or saying a mean or ugly thing about any one. He now sleeps in Pulaski Cemetery with comrades, awaiting the grand reveille.



W. F. TARPLEY

Judge James W. McBroom, soldier, lawyer, and jurist, a prominent citizen of Abingdon, Va., died there on January 12, 1916. He was born April 10, 1835, in Prince George County, Va. He attended the University of Virginia and afterwards graduated from the Law School of Cumberland University, Lebanon, Tenn., in 1858. Volunteering in the State troops May 6, 1861, he was commissioned by Governor Letcher as first lieutenant in the Prince George Rifles, which afterwards became Company C, 6th Virginia Battalion, C. S. A. He served with this company until January, 1862, when he was elected captain of a battery of artillery and stationed on James River, where his command was engaged in planting torpedoes in the river to prevent the enemy's gunboats from coming up to Richmond. He was in this branch of the service until 1864, by which time General Grant had flanked his way around General Lee's little squad of dauntless heroes, crossed to the south side of James River, and laid siege to Petersburg. He was appointed captain of scouts by Gen. Henry A. Wise, as he was familiar with all the roads and bypaths in the swamps in that region, and by his fine judgment, cool and deliberate courage he kept General Lee posted

JUDGE JAMES W. MCBROOM

on every move the enemy made, for which he was highly commended by his chief.

On one of his scouts he came upon a squad of Yankee marauders who were annoying a family in Sussex County, Va. As he approached from the rear of the house, the enemy being in front, a young lady stepped out on the back porch and warned him of the presence of the enemy. He was in no way discouraged, but opened fire on them, and, being taken by surprise, they were soon routed. This young lady was Miss Henrietta Jackson, and the family records show that on the 12th of April, 1865, she became the bride of Captain McBroom, and from that time she was the sharer of his joys and sorrows. Six children blessed their union, three sons and three daughters. Besides his widow and children, he is survived by an aged sister.

[From a tribute by his friend and comrade, Thomas W. Godley, Commander of William E. Jones Camp, U. C. V., Abingdon, Va.]

JAMES CHESNUT, SR.

James Chesnut, Sr., died at the home of his daughter in Gainesville, Fla., on February 15, 1916, at the age of eighty-one years. He was one of the first settlers of Alachua County and one of the most esteemed citizens of the State. He was born at Camden, S. C., a son of John and Ellen W. Chesnut. In 1856 he was married to Amelia M. McCaa, of Camden, and they removed to Florida in 1861, settling on a large plantation near Alachua, and there they lived until a few years ago, when they moved to Gainesville. When the War between the States came on, Captain Chesnut entered the service of the Confederacy and served throughout the four years of conflict as a member of Company C, 2d Florida Cavalry. His death removes the last of that company, which was under Capt. William Chambers. Returning home after the surrender, for nearly half a century he devoted his attention to his plantation and became one of the most successful planters in the State of Florida. For some years he was President of the Bank of Alachua, resigning on account of advanced years. He was highly regarded by people in all walks of life.

DEATHS IN CAMP STUART.

Vic Reinhardt, Adjutant, reports losses in J. E. B. Stuart Camp, No. 45, U. C. V., Terrell, Tex., for 1915:

W. C. Dennis, private, Company G, 12th Texas Cavalry
E. C. Perry, second lieutenant, Company K, 17th Texas Infantry.
W. N. Laney, private, Hoskins's Battery, Mississippi Artillery.

J. S. Wall, private, 8th Tennessee Cavalry.
O. C. Phillips, private, Company D, 20th Texas Cavalry.
Members of the 41st Tennessee Infantry will be sorry to learn of the death of Comrade J. T. Rowell. He belonged to Company D and was a gallant, brave soldier, a good citizen, and a Christian gentleman. He died in Terrell, Tex., February 20, 1916.

DEATHS IN McELHANEY CAMP.

J. W. Bausell, Commander, reports the following deaths in McElhanev Camp, U. C. V., Pulaski, Va.:

J. E. Boardman, 22d Virginia Cavalry.
H. W. Martin, first sergeant, Company C, 29th Virginia Regiment.

Abel Smith, 21st Virginia Cavalry.
James Bartel, 37th Virginia Infantry.
These comrades were true and loyal soldiers and model citizens.

IN MEMORY OF MY BROTHER.

(Published by request.)

Young as the youngest who donned the gray,
 True as the truest that wore it,
 Brave as the bravest he marched away
 (Hot tears on the cheeks of his mother lay),
 Triumphant waved our flag one day—
 He fell in the front before it.

Firm as the firmest, where duty led
 He hurried without a falter;
 Bold as the boldest he fought and bled,
 And the day was won—but the field was red—
 And the blood of his fresh young heart was shed
 On his country's hallowed altar.

On the trampled breast of the battle plain
 Where the foremost ranks had wrestled,
 On his pale, pure face not a mark of pain
 (His mother dreams they will meet again),
 The fairest form amid all the slain,
 Like a child asleep he nestled.

In the solemn shades of the wood that swept
 The field where his comrades found him,
 They buried him there—and the big tears crept
 Into strong men's eyes that had seldom wept.
 (His mother—God pity her!—smiled and slept,
 Dreaming her arms were around him.)

A grave in the woods with the grass o'ergrown,
 A grave in the heart of his mother—
 His clay in the one lies lifeless and lone;
 There is not a name, there is not a stone,
 And only the voice of the winds maketh moan
 O'er the grave where never a flower is strewn,
 But—his memory lives in the other.

—Father Ryan.

A BIG-HEARTED PRIEST.

BY COL. W. D. PICKETT, LEXINGTON, KY.

Recent circumstances have recalled to my mind certain incidents of the early months of 1863 which, of no importance in a military sense, prove that even when the dark clouds of war envelop the land there will occasionally shine forth bright spots to cheer and for the time dispel the clouds of gloom.

The battle of Murfreesboro had been fought. On its blood-stained fields there had fallen in killed and wounded about twenty-five thousand gallant men. The two armies, as if exhausted by their labors, appeared to have mutually agreed to separate, the one going into winter quarters around Murfreesboro, the other around Tullahoma and Shelbyville. The smoke of the battle field had scarcely raised, the sufferings of the wounded had not ceased, when there came through the lines to Tullahoma under a flag of truce a priest or bishop of the Catholic Church from Nashville. On some mission of his Church he was going as far south as Augusta and Savannah, Ga. His arrival would not have attracted attention but for the fact that before proceeding farther south he was allowed to visit the different camps of the army and to deliver letters

that he had brought with him from Nashville. Before leaving Nashville these letters had been collected from the families and friends of soldiers of the Confederate army "on honor" that they should contain no information of a military character and that the seals should not be broken in passing the lines. This stipulation was made with the consent of General Rosecrans, commanding the Federal army, who was himself a devout Roman Catholic. In delivering these letters the kindly priest gave notice that he would return in a short time and carry back through the lines all letters intrusted to him for their relatives and friends in Nashville or elsewhere. At the same time they were told that the letters might be sealed with the permission of both army headquarters. "But remember, boys, on your honor there must be no military information in the letters."

I recall distinctly the appearance of this kindly priest, broad-shouldered, slightly above medium height, rather portly in appearance, and made the more so by his overcoat pockets being stuffed full of letters. His countenance beamed with bonhomie and good fellowship.

In due time he returned, collected the letters with the renewed injunction, "Now, on your honor, boys," and passed back through the lines, his pockets more distended with letters, if possible, than on his first appearance. Those letters doubtless gave joy and gladness to the heart of many a mother and wife and sweetheart of those gallant soldiers, from whom the fortunes of war had so long separated them.

I was so impressed at the time that I have never forgotten this big-hearted priest and grieve that his name has passed from memory. It was an Irish name, and on glancing over a sketch of Bishop Feehan he appeared to fit into the incident; but he did not reside in Nashville in 1863. Perhaps the records of his Church in Nashville would reveal the name of this priest, who was then a resident of that city. His name and this incident are worthy of being preserved in the records of the war.

WILLIE HARDEE.

The article in the January VETERAN on "General Hardee's Son" recalls to me one of the most deplorable incidents of that bloody struggle. I was a member of General Hardee's staff for the last three and a half years of the war and was paroled at Greensboro, N. C., with the rank of colonel and assistant inspector of General Hardee's corps, C. S. A.; so I am familiar with the facts in relation to the death of Willie Hardee. The statement in regard to his death is substantially correct. He was never published as a member of the staff, as he was too young. His father was very devoted to his only son, and under the circumstances he naturally came to his father for about two years before the end. I think, however, it is a mistake to say that he had even enlisted in any regiment. It was said that on his eighteenth birthday he enlisted as a private in the 8th Texas Cavalry, one of the most distinguished cavalry regiments of the Confederate army. A few days after his enlistment the battle of Bentonville, N. C., was fought for the possession of an important bridge, in which the Confederates were successful. In the charge of his regiment, General Hardee leading it, Willie Hardee was killed. It was sad, indeed, that in this last battle of the war fought east of the Mississippi father and son were forever separated by the enemy's bullets.

Willie Hardee was a noble boy. I was much attached to him, as were all who knew him, and his death was deeply regretted.

CAMP BEAUREGARD.

BY MRS. GEORGE T. FULLER, MAYFIELD, KY.

Camp Beauregard is located one mile northeast of Water Valley, Ky., which is on the Louisville Division of the Illinois Central Railroad, about midway between Louisville, Ky., and Memphis, Tenn. It was named in honor of General Beauregard, who was at that time in command of the Western division of the Confederate forces.

The loss of life while in camp was very heavy, caused by camp diseases, pneumonia, typhoid fever, and cerebrospinal meningitis. Dr. George C. Phillips, of Lexington, Miss., surgeon of the 22d Mississippi Infantry, who is now Holmes County's health officer, says in a letter of recent date: "At one time it looked as if every one was going to get sick. I remember reporting seventy-five cases of typhoid fever and typhoid pneumonia on one day. We were camped about a mile from the other regiments of the brigade. I had no communication with them, but learned from Dr. Mears that their sick list and death rate were heavy. I had more than I could attend to. In the meantime cerebrospinal meningitis attacked the troops, the 22d Mississippi first, the first man dying in six hours. Two men came in from drill at noon and while waiting for dinner were attacked, one falling over in violent convulsions; the other began to roll his eyes, twist his head, and then fell like one shot. Neither ever spoke again, and before sundown both were dead. The men became depressed and gloomy. They had come out to fight the enemies

of their country in human shape, but not in the form of fever and pestilence."

The regiments stationed there the longest that suffered with diseases and among which the loss was greatest were the 1st Missouri Infantry, 25th or 1st Mississippi, 9th and 10th Arkansas Infantry, and the 22d Mississippi. These regiments were there most of the time the camp was occupied, which was from September, 1861, to March, 1862. All the troops stationed at Camp Beauregard were transient except these. It is said that the 10th Arkansas lost over four hundred men.

Camp Beauregard was considered a very important fort on account of its being so near the middle of the dividing line between the Northern and Southern troops, this line of battle running from Columbus, Ky., to Fort Donelson, Tenn. There are six of our Southern States—Arkansas, Kentucky, Louisiana, Mississippi, and Tennessee—whose sons lie there in unmarked and unkept graves. The greater number of these graves are on a high hill, and if we had a monument erected there, say at least twenty-five feet high, it could be seen from the surrounding country for miles around. And, too, by erecting a monument there we would preserve a Confederate historic point for future generations which otherwise will eventually be forgotten. Here rest gallant and brave sons of our Southland.

The generals under General Beauregard were General Allen, who had mixed troops from Tennessee and Mississippi; General Bowen, in command of two Arkansas regiments; General Bille, in command of troops from Mississippi. Col. Clay King was commander of the Kentuckians, commonly known as "Clay King's Hell Hounds." King's Battalion of Kentucky Cavalry was composed of Bille's, Pett's, and Swan's companies.

The following forces were in camp at Camp Beauregard from September, 1861, to March, 1862: 1st Missouri Infantry, commanded by Colonel Rich; 1st, 22d, and 25th Mississippi Infantry, Hudson's Mississippi Battery, 9th Arkansas, commanded by Colonel Dunlap; 10th Arkansas Infantry, commanded by Colonel Morris; 22d and 27th Tennessee Infantry, Neely's and Haywood's companies, Tennessee Cavalry, afterwards assigned to the 7th Tennessee Cavalry, and Williams's Tennessee Battery; Beltzhoover's Louisiana Battery, three Alabama troops, which were afterwards merged into the 1st Confederate Cavalry; a Mississippi company, commanded by Colonel Bonham, who died there, but his body was carried to his home; a Mississippi Valley regiment, commanded by Colonel Martin; Colonel Logwood's battalion of Tennessee cavalry. Col. Burrell Williams was in command of a Mississippi regiment; Colonel Russell, of the 12th Tennessee; Captain Holt, of Murray, Ky., and Captain Outlaw, of Moscow, Ky., in command of two Kentucky companies. Ex-Senator Mike Taylor, of Fulton, Ky., says: "There were one or two companies from Florida there."

Camp Beauregard has been so long neglected that it has been with much difficulty that this meager history of it has been collected.

CAMP BEAUREGARD MONUMENT FUND.

Amount previously reported	\$485 57
W. E. Spurlin, Camden, Ala. (souvenir blanket).....	12 00
Robert Tyler Chapter, U. D. C., Hickman, Ky.....	10 00
New Orleans Chapter, U. D. C.....	10 00
J. P. May, Quitman, Miss.....	1 00

Total contributions to January 28, 1916..... \$518 57



THE PROPOSED CAMP BEAUREGARD MONUMENT.

CAPTURED GUNS AT LONE JACK, MO.

BY JOHN S. KRITSER, TAYLOR, TEX.

I enlisted in Independence, Mo., in Capt. Upton Hays's company, which at the time belonged to Capt. W. C. Quantrill's command and was with him in the battle of Lone Jack, Mo. For the numbers engaged, that was as hard-fought a battle as any during the war. Colonel Cockrell, of Johnson County, Mo., commanded the raw volunteers on the Confederate side, all untrained to the rattle of musketry and the shriek of shells—all good farm boys, but Southern "until further orders" and stayers from start to finish.

Colonel Smart, I think, was in command of the Federals. We brought on the attack just as the first streaks of dawn showed in the calm eastern skies. This was on the 16th of August, 1862. The Federals had two pieces of artillery, and the first time we charged them we were driven back to a hedge fence of bois d'arc. We were armed with muzzle-loading shotguns and old brindle-stock squirrel rifles and scant ammunition at that. But those old shotguns, properly loaded with buckshot, about twenty blue whistlers in each barrel, were certainly angel makers; and when one of those old-time squirrel, deer, and turkey killers dropped on one knee as though about to offer up supplications to the throne of divine grace, threw his well-trained eye along the octagonal barrel of his trusty "Betsy," eye well down in back and front sights on that old fowling piece, and put his index finger on that old and faithful hair trigger, there was sure to be meat in the pot—in other words, a dead Yankee near the cannon.

We charged the guns and took them again, but again had to fall back before the deadly fire of those improved guns and six-shooters. But we again loaded our old-timers and went at them like a biting sow, took the guns, and turned them on the former owners and began to kill their horses to keep those that were alive from making their everlasting escape. Only a part of them got away and went like the devil to Lexington, Mo., in Lafayette County. We buried the dead next day and started south. We named our captured guns the "Lone Jack" pieces, and General Shelby kept them in our old brigade almost all the time until the close of hostilities. Our gallant Hays was fated not to stay with us long, as he was killed at Newtonia the day after we elected him colonel. Our regiment lost four colonels during the war. When it was over, I went with General Shelby and others to Old Mexico, where Emperor Maximilian gave us land on which to start a colony down at Cordova, in the coffee country. But when he was killed by the Mexicans, or the Liberal party, as it was called, that was the death knell to the coffee-raising into which we intended to embark. We named our colony "Carlotta," after the empress. I then went to Havana with my old captain, M. M. Langhorne, my brother Martin, Tom Collins, Holbert Cole, and Henry Chiles, and from there to New York and back to our old Independence home.

A large number, if not quite all, of the dear old boys who in the long ago answered to the roll when their names were called have long since answered to the last roll call. We are all old now, those who are living, and in a few years more we will join our old comrades and answer "Present" when the roll is called up yonder. I was seventy-three years old on the 11th of last July. I wrote out the muster roll of old Company E, 2d Missouri Cavalry, General Shelby's brigade and division, from memory after fifty years. I have been a subscriber to the *VETERAN* for a long time and always read everything in it.

EIGHTH TEXAS CAVALRY AT BENTONVILLE.

BY M. J. DAVIS, GAINESVILLE, TEX.

The January number of the *VETERAN* gives an account of the death of General Hardee's son at Bentonville, N. C. I was in that engagement and, I suppose, near him when he received his death wound. I was a member of Cummings's Georgia Brigade. More than half of our command were captured at Nashville, and we had only one hundred and fifty-two in the brigade at Bentonville. When we moved from Mississippi to South Carolina, at Orangeburg, we were separated from the division and joined Hardee's troops on their retreat from Charleston. We were sent as a guard for a train of artillery to Smithfield, N. C., and were there when the fight of the 19th of March took place. On the 20th we went down to Bentonville and lay in reserve until about four o'clock in the afternoon of the 21st, when a courier dashed up to Colonel Henderson, and we were ordered into line at once, double-quickened back to a point near Bentonville, and then faced east. We soon met a few cavalry and then struck a line of infantry that had just begun to intrench. They fled back to their second line, leaving a line of ditching tools and knapsacks as far as we could see in the open pine woods. We had passed this line some thirty or forty yards when they began to pepper us at a lively rate. We halted some eighty yards away, and all that could get behind trees. We were giving them the best that we had in our shop, when we heard a yell to our right, and the 8th Texas Cavalry, some twenty-five or thirty strong, dashed by us at breakneck speed right into the line of infantry; but few of them got back.

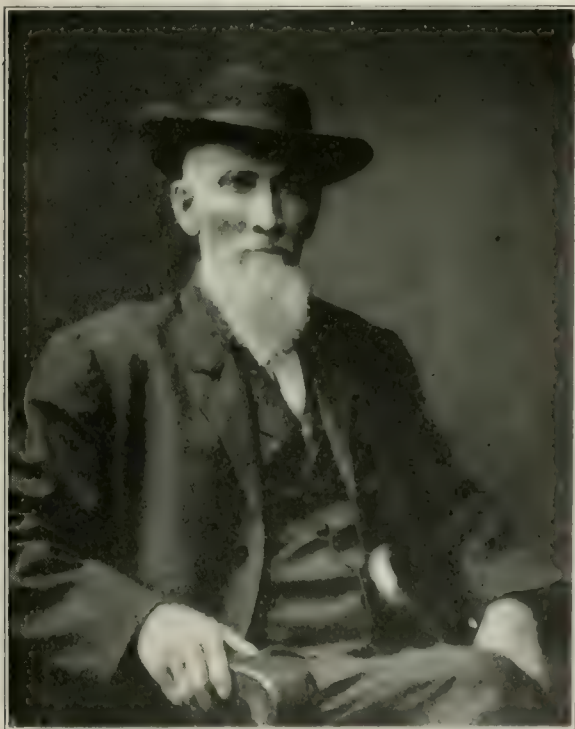
Gen. J. E. Johnston says in his "Narrative" that General Hardee's only son, a noble youth of sixteen years, was attached to the 8th Texas Cavalry and was mortally wounded there. The Federals began to close in on us from both sides, and we had to get out in a hurry. We fell back to the edge of a field, where we met Generals Johnston, Hardee, and Wade Hampton. It was the first time we had seen "Old Joe" since he was relieved of his command at Atlanta. We gave him three cheers. He raised his hat and spoke some words that I failed to catch, but some that were nearer him said he told Colonel Henderson to compliment that brigade for him; that they had saved the army. That set us on fire again, and we would have charged Old Nick himself if Joe Johnston had ordered us to.

About that time a battery dashed up, and an officer called for twelve volunteers from our ranks to support the battery that was preparing to advance. I lined up with the guard; but a cousin, who was wounded in the leg, saw me and hobbled around to beg me not to go with the guard, as he was wounded and had to go to the rear, and his brother Willis and I were all of our kindred left. I broke down and told him I could not go with the guard, but would stay with his brother. Cheatham's Division soon got there and went forward. It began to rain, and there was only heavy skirmish-firing that evening. That night Johnston withdrew his forces from Bentonville.

RECONSTRUCTION.—The "Reconstruction of the South" was, on the part of the people of the North at large, simply that which in national life is more than a crime, a blunder. On the part of the leaders who planned it and carried it through it was a cool, deliberate, calculated act, violative of the terms on which the South had surrendered and disbanded her broken armies.—*Thomas Nelson Page.*

ACTIVE SERVICE AND PRISON.

Lewis E. Simpson, of Alexandria, Tenn., who has been an interested patron of the *VETERAN* from its beginning, entered the Confederate service in his nineteenth year, in February, 1861, becoming a member of Company F, 24th Tennessee Infantry. This regiment was formed at Murfreesboro and went from that place to Bowling Green, Ky., then to Corinth, Miss., in 1862. After taking part in the battle of Shiloh, it went back to Corinth and was in the battle there, going thence to Tupelo for a while and then on a raid with General Bragg by Atlanta, Birmingham, and Nashville, into Kentucky, taking part in the



LEWIS E. SIMPSON.

battle of Perryville. It was then sent to Camp Dick Robinson and from there, by way of Cumberland Gap, back to Tennessee and was in the fight at Murfreesboro. Going next to Chattanooga, the regiment took part in the battle of Chickamauga and was then at Missionary Ridge, where Comrade Simpson was taken prisoner in front of Bragg's headquarters. He was sent to Nashville and placed in the Zollicoffer Barracks; from there he was sent to Rock Island, where he stayed for fifteen months. During the time he was so afflicted with rheumatism that his release was at last obtained by special petition to President Lincoln, and he returned home in March, 1865. He was slightly wounded by a shell during his service.

EXPLOSIVE BULLETS.

BY JAMES A. LYONS, GLADE SPRING, VA.

Members of Strahl's and Maney's Brigades will have no difficulty in recalling our rear guard engagement with Schofield's advance at the Octagon house, near Adairsville, Ga., in May, 1864. In the race for a rail fence about midway between the opposing forces we reached it first and drove the enemy back to the shelter of the woods. Our line was stubbornly held in the face of a galling fire until nightfall. Orders to retire were received about ten or eleven o'clock

Three of our regiment, 19th Tennessee, were killed and numbers wounded.

While under orders to reserve our fire in anticipation of a charge by the enemy I distinctly heard several times overhead snaps from passing bullets much like the bursting of a musket cap. Suspecting explosive bullets, I gave the matter close attention. Immediately following the sound indicated in one instance, I saw where something from the bullet making it struck the ground, shaking blades of wheat there about six inches high. At imminent risk of being shot I crawled back and searched for the fragment of what I was sure was an exploded bullet, but failed to locate it. Later observation of Federal ammunition convinced me that it must have been the Williams patent bullet, referred to on page 95 of the February *VETERAN*.

Mr. Bannerman's description of it is so clearly at fault as to indicate his misunderstanding of Brig. Gen. John Pitman, of the United States Ordnance Department. With one of these bullets before me as I write, I am prepared to say that the "plug" was of lead, not zinc, that the object of the plug was not "to expand the lead bullet into taking the spiral rifle grooves of the barrel," but primarily at least to expand the zinc disk between the plug and the bullet so that it scraped the bore clean in its passage through the barrel. My recollection is that there was one Williams bullet in each package of rifle cartridges, as shown in captured ammunition.

Such bullets were more dangerous than the ordinary pattern in that the two lead parts were capable of inflicting wounds by separation before striking, also by complicating a wound by separation after striking, and especially from liability of poisoning from the zinc disk if overlooked in probing the wound. I saw these three pieces drawn one at a time from wounds inflicted by the Williams bullet. As illustrative of the tendency suggested, at Shy's Hill, Nashville, Tenn., the plug of one of those bullets was left in my neck handkerchief after the passage of the ball just under my chin.

SONS OF MARYLAND

BY JOSEPH E. SEITH, EASTON, MD.

Talbot County, Md., has a just pride in her contribution of men to the Confederate cause. Of the eighty-six men that left this county and devoted their services to the Confederacy, we gave Admiral Franklin Buchanan, chief of the Confederate navy; Dr. Edward Napoleon Covey, surgeon general of the cavalry; Gen. Charles Sydney Winder, killed at Cedar Mountain; Gen. Lloyd Tilghman, killed at Baker's Crossing, near Vicksburg; Col. A. B. Hardcastle, who commanded a Mississippi regiment; Col. Charles F. Sears, who commanded a North Carolina regiment; Maj. A. C. C. Thompson, of the 3d Georgia Regiment; Capt. John W. Bennett, who commanded a gunboat in the battle of Mobile and made a desperate fight, finally sinking his boat to prevent her capture; Capt. Oswald Tilghman, who was in Fort Edward at the time of its surrender; Lieut. John Leeds Tilghman, Lieut. Robert H. Goldsborough, and Lieut. William Byus. This was a percentage of prominent commissioned officers that didn't often fall to such a small number of men.

The schoolmates of many of these boys have had a granite monument erected on the public square of Easton in their honor, and the names of those young men are all carved on the monument. A bronze statue will be placed on it in May. This will be modeled on Longfellow's "Excelsior," a youth bearing a banner, symbolic of youthful enthusiasm and courage. A few of our Confederates still survive.

SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS

ORGANIZED IN JULY, 1896, AT RICHMOND, VA.

OFFICERS, 1915-16.

Commander in Chief, W. N. Brandon, Little Rock, Ark.
Adjutant in Chief, N. B. Forrest, Biloxi, Miss.

STAFF.

Inspector in Chief, A. J. Wilson, Little Rock, Ark.
Quartermaster in Chief, Edwin A. Taylor, Memphis, Tenn.
Commissary in Chief, Ben Watts, Cave Spring, Ga.
Judge Advocate in Chief, M. E. Dunnaway, Little Rock, Ark.
Surgeon in Chief, Dr. J. Garnett King, Fredericksburg, Va.
Chaplain in Chief, Rev. J. Cleveland Hall, Danville, Va.
Historian in Chief, Dr. Thomas M. Owen, Montgomery, Ala.

DEPARTMENT COMMANDERS.

Army of Northern Virginia Department, Ernest G. Baldwin, Roanoke, Va.
Army of Tennessee Department, John S. Cleghorn, Summerville, Ga.
Army of the Trans-Mississippi Department, Creed Caldwell, Pine Bluff, Ark.

EXECUTIVE COUNCIL.

W. N. Brandon, Little Rock, Ark., Chairman.
C. Seton Fleming, Jacksonville, Fla., Secretary.
P. J. Mullen, Rome, Ga.
Edgar Scurry, Wichita Falls, Tex.
F. R. Fravel, Ballston, Va.
Seymour Stewart, St. Louis, Mo.

COMMITTEES.

Relief Committee: A. D. Smith, Jr., Chairman, Fayetteville, W. Va.
Monument Committee: R. B. Haughton, Chairman, St. Louis, Mo.
Finance Committee: W. McDonald Lee, Chairman, Irvington, Va.

DIVISION COMMANDERS.

Alabama, Adolph D. Bloch, Mobile.
Arkansas, A. W. Parke, Little Rock.
California, H. P. Watkins, Los Angeles.
Colorado, A. D. Marshall, Denver.
District of Columbia, Charles H. Keel, Washington.
Eastern, Percy C. Magnus, New York, N. Y.
Florida, W. W. Harriess, Ocala.
Georgia, J. S. Palmer, Macon.
Kentucky, Logan N. Rock, Louisville.
Louisiana, J. W. McWilliams, Monroe.
Maryland, —
Mississippi, George C. Myers, Jackson.
Missouri, Colin M. Selph, St. Louis.
North Carolina, Dr. J. M. Northington, Boardman.
Oklahoma, Merritt J. Glass, Tulsa.
Pacific, Merritt F. Gilmer, Seattle, Wash.
South Carolina, Weller Rothrock, Aiken.
Southwest, Carl Hinton, Silver City, N. Mex.
Tennessee, W. C. Chandler, Memphis.
Texas, W. R. Blain, Beaumont.
Virginia, Dr. J. C. King, Fredericksburg.
West Virginia, E. R. Garland, Huntington.

[This department is conducted by N. B. Forrest, Adjutant in Chief S. C. V., Biloxi, Miss., to whom all communications and inquiries should be addressed.]

GENERAL HEADQUARTERS.

Adjutant in Chief Forrest is busily engaged preparing for the coming Reunion. Muster rolls for the return of the *per capita* tax have been forwarded to all the Camps, and the officers of the Camps are urged to see that these rolls are filled out and returned to headquarters without delay.

A special appeal has been made to the Alabama Sons to organize, and efforts are being made to reinstate every dead Camp in that Division. Organization papers have been forwarded to every Veteran Camp and every U. D. C. Chapter in the State with the request that they aid in forming Camps.

Several amendments to the constitution have been forwarded to headquarters and will be sent to all the Camps thirty days prior to the Reunion, as required by the constitution. All comrades or Camps having amendments that they desire to present to the convention are requested to send them to Adjutant Forrest without delay, or they will not be considered.

The Committee on Marking the Battle Fields is now being appointed, and as soon as completed notice of same will be

forwarded to all the Camps in the Confederation. This is one of the most important committees ever recommended by the organization, as upon it will devolve the work of raising the funds to mark the battle fields and historical points of the South. Special care is being exercised in the selection of this committee, as it will be permanent and will have to solicit the support of all sections. Dr. Clarence Julian Owens, of Washington, D. C., has been appointed General Chairman. Dr. Owens was Commander in Chief of the S. C. V. for two terms and is now Managing Director of the Southern Commercial Congress.

An important resolution will be introduced at the Birmingham convention by Adjutant Forrest providing for the appointment of a committee whose duty it shall be to prepare a pamphlet on the histories now in use in the schools and colleges. This pamphlet will take up all the histories by name, outlining clearly and concisely any objections to them, so that all objectionable and sectional histories may be eliminated. It is proposed to have thousands of copies of this pamphlet printed for distribution throughout the South, and the organization is pledged to aid in removing all histories that do not tell the truth. A fight will be made upon all partisan and sectional histories, as the Confederation realizes that no real progress can be made until a fair and impartial history is introduced. Prominent historians and writers from all sections are invited and urged to attend the convention and aid in the movement.

A special invitation has been given the Past Commanders in Chief of the S. C. V. to attend the Birmingham Reunion. These officers are as follows: J. E. B. Stuart, Newport News, Va.; Robert A. Smythe and Walter Colquitt, Atlanta, Ga.; Biscoe Hindman, Chicago, Ill.; R. B. Haughton, St. Louis, Mo.; Thomas P. Stone, Waco, Tex.; W. McL. Fayssoux, New Orleans, La.; N. R. Tisdal, Tyler, Tex.; Thomas M. Owen, Montgomery, Ala.; J. W. Apperson, Biloxi, Miss.; Clarence J. Owens, Washington, D. C.; J. P. Norfleet, Memphis, Tenn.; W. W. Old, Jr., Norfolk, Va.; Seymour Stewart, St. Louis, Mo.

It is proposed to organize the Past Commanders into a board of directors, so that they may aid in the work of the organization.

The constitution requires that all Department, Division, Brigade, and Staff officers send in a written report thirty days prior to the Reunion. The attention of all officers is called to this provision, and they are requested to comply with same and forward their reports to Adjutant Forrest.

Special attention is called to the prize offer of Mrs. T. J. Latham, of Memphis, in which a cash prize is to be given to the member submitting the best essay on "The Causes That Led to the War between the States," as outlined in General Order No. 3, copies of which were mailed to all Camps and officers. All members of the Confederation are urged to compete for this prize, all papers to be mailed to Adjutant Forrest by April 15. Papers must be accompanied by a certificate signed by the Commander or Adjutant of an active Camp stating that the comrade is a member in good standing.

ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA DEPARTMENT.

Department Commander Baldwin is working hard to get his department in shape. He is keeping in close touch with his Division and Brigade Commanders and rendering them all the assistance possible. Special attention is called to his General Order No. 4, giving the amount of pensions paid the Confederate soldiers in that section.

ARMY OF TENNESSEE DEPARTMENT.

Comrade John S. Cleghorn, recently appointed Commander of the Tennessee Department, is reorganizing that department. He is in daily touch with his Division Commanders and has been of great assistance to them in their work. He has written personal letters to every Camp in Alabama and Georgia urging them to send delegates to Birmingham.

CONFEDERATION NOTES.

ALABAMA DIVISION.

Division Commander Block is actively at work reorganizing the Alabama Division. Brigade Commanders R. E. L. Niel, of Montgomery, and R. F. McConnell, of Attalla, are giving him loyal support and advise that they are organizing several new Camps in their department. Special efforts are being made to reinstate all of the dead Camps in Alabama, so that they may be prepared to take part in the Reunion.

ARKANSAS DIVISION.

Division Commander A. W. Parke, of Little Rock, has promised a live Camp of Sons for every county in that State. He has recently written several hundred letters to points in the State offering to visit any town that would call a meeting for the purpose of forming a Camp. The Little Rock Camp expects to report fully five hundred members at Birmingham.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA DIVISION.

The most active Camp in the Confederation is the Washington Camp at Washington, D. C. This Camp holds regular monthly meetings that are attended by many of the most prominent men in Washington. At these meetings historical papers are read by the members and the subjects discussed. Every meeting of the Camp results in adding new members. They also take an active part in the social life of the capital, the annual ball given by the Camp being one of the season's most brilliant affairs and is largely attended by representative Southerners.

GEORGIA DIVISION.

Commander Palmer, of the Georgia Division, is making a determined effort to bring his Division to the front and is receiving the support of Department Commander Cleghorn and Comrade Mullen, a member of the Executive Council. He has enlisted the aid of his friends among the National Guard throughout the State and expects to show a decided increase in the number of Camps.

LOUISIANA DIVISION.

Division Commander McWilliams reports the appointment of the following officers: S. B. Kennedy, Lake Providence, Commander First Brigade; Lauren Dickson, New Orleans, Commander Second Brigade; W. M. Barrow, Baton Rouge, Commander Third Brigade; Samuel Levy, Lake Charles, Commander Fourth Brigade; Edmund Maurin, Donaldsonville, Commander Fifth Brigade. Efforts are being made to reinstate a number of the inactive Camps, and a large attendance from this Division is expected at Birmingham.

MISSISSIPPI DIVISION.

Comrade E. N. Scudder, of Mayersville, formerly a member of the Executive Council, has been appointed Commander of the Mississippi Division. Mississippi ranked second in number of Camps at the Richmond Reunion, and Commander Scudder intends to capture first honors this year. Both the Veterans and the U. D. C. have promised their support in organizing Camps all over the State.

NORTH CAROLINA DIVISION.

Commander Northington, of the North Carolina Division, has aroused more interest in the work of the Sons than has been manifested in his State in many years. New Camps are now being organized at several points. The Daughters, through their President, Mrs. Little, are rendering assistance in the work and are now organizing half a dozen new Camps.

OKLAHOMA DIVISION.

Merritt J. Glass, of Tulsa, Okla., Commander of the Oklahoma Division, has appointed William Hailey, of McAlester, as Commander of the Eastern Brigade and Tate Brady, of Tulsa, Commander of the Indian Brigade. All of these officers are actively at work reorganizing their departments, and Oklahoma expects to report fifty Camps at the Birmingham Reunion. Tulsa, Okla., will invite the Veterans and Sons to meet in that city in 1917.

The Stand Watie Camp at Tulsa has elected Comrade R. A. Josey as Commander and expects to have fully three hundred members by May 1. Comrade Josey is a Texan and had seven uncles, both grandfathers, and his father in the Confederate service.

VIRGINIA DIVISION.

Dr. J. Garnett King, Commander of the Virginia Division, expects a large representation from his State at the Reunion. He has been ably supported by Comrade Cary, Commander of the Fourth Brigade, who is now organizing a number of new Camps in his Brigade. The Fredericksburg Camp expects to have fully one hundred men in uniform at Birmingham.

WASHINGTON CAMP.

Washington Camp, No. 305, is manifesting much interest in the coming Reunion to be held in Birmingham, Ala., next May. The Camp will be represented by a large delegation, including many prominent men in official life.

Washington Camp has had a splendid opportunity this year

of keeping in very close touch with the officers of the general organization through two very active men who are members of the Camp and also on the staff of N. B. Forrest, Adjutant in Chief—namely, Comrade Frank Russell Fravel, member of the Executive Council, and Comrade James Roy Price, Assistant Adjutant in Chief and Chairman of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN Subscription Committee. These men have been the instigators of many good moves that this Camp has taken up and pushed forward.



F. R. FRAVEL.

OUR "DIXIE LAND."

BY JAMES T. HARRISON, COLUMBUS, MISS.

In the past few months many favorable comments have come through our great official organ, the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, in reference to Dr. M. B. Wharton's words sung to the tune of "Dixie." The first time these beautiful words were ever rendered on an official occasion was in Birmingham, Ala., in 1908, during the Confederate Reunion there. Mrs. J. Griff Edwards, of Portsmouth, Va. (now Mrs. Hampden Osborne), leader and organizer of the Confederate Choirs, rendered the song at the afternoon session of the first great meeting of the U. C. V. Mrs. Osborne says:

"For many years I had tried to find appropriate words which the Confederate Choir might sing to the tune of 'Dixie.' 'Dixie' was immortal, but how could the senseless doggerel be immortalized as written by Emmett? Many poems were sent me from North, South, East, and West. After carefully studying each one and weighing well its merit, I finally decided on the now famous poem as written by Dr. M. B. Wharton. When I first read the stanza,

'Tis the land where rules the Anglo-Saxon,
The land of Davis, Lee, and Jackson,'

I felt that the goal of my ambition had been reached. How grand it would be to further glorify these beloved heroes through the immortal strain of 'Dixie'! 'Song forbids glorious deeds to die.' As a leader of the Confederate Choirs I accepted these words. With a heart filled with anxiety as to how they would be received, I appeared before the enormous throng which filled the auditorium in Birmingham and gave to the world these beautiful words to the tune of 'Dixie.' When I stepped to the front of the great platform, every nerve in my frail body quivered, and a wretched feeling of nervous dread took hold of me. I sang the first stanza, and a great applause greeted my ears. Could it be true? I tried the second verse as best I could. The applause grew greater; and when I reached the glorious part where the tribute of homage and love was paid to our great heroes, Davis, Lee, and Jackson, the audience burst forth in a tumultuous voice of acceptance and appreciation. With tear-dimmed eyes and trembling form I simply stood amazed. Hundreds and hundreds of dear old veterans rushed to the platform and expressed their approval and appreciation of the song. My effort had been crowned with success. 'Dixie Land' should live on and on in the future through these immortal words. At each session during the great gatherings in Birmingham I was requested to sing that same 'Dixie Land.' How my heart, which had so ached with painful anxiety, swelled with pride when I realized that the victory was won! Ever since then the Confederate Choirs have sung those same words to the tune of 'Dixie' and have always been received with the greatest enthusiasm.

"Thus began the use of Dr. Wharton's now famous poem, which he gave to the Confederate Choirs and which I have been singing ever since. I'm glad I live in Dixie."

Edward Fontaine, of Charlottesville, Va., asks that any one who has a copy of the poem, "All Quiet Along the Potomac To-Night," with date of its earliest issue, will kindly communicate with him. The authorship of this poem has long been in dispute, the claim of Maj. Lamar Fontaine, of Mississippi, being credited by the South, while Northern publications give the credit to Mrs. Ethel Lynn Beers, of Massachusetts.

MISS FANNIE MARR, POET.

BY J. E. COPELAND, M.D., ROUND HILL, VA.

The poem, "My Suit of Confederate Gray," published anonymously on page 489 of the VETERAN for November, was written years ago by Miss Fannie H. Marr, of Warrenton, Fauquier County, Va. The poem was originally published in the Baltimore Sun and duly accredited to its author, and it was then copied by a number of newspapers in the South, as its sentiment struck a responsive chord in the hearts of those who sympathized with the Confederate cause. Miss Marr has written a number of other poems, some of which were published in the Baltimore Sun. Of one of them, "Memorial Flowers," the editor of the paper in which it was published wrote: "It glows with poetic fire." On February 4, 1907, the poem on "My Suit of Confederate Gray" was again published in the Sun, this time being signed by a citizen of Baltimore. The plagiarism was promptly exposed.

Miss Fannie H. Marr is a sister of the John Quincy Marr who was a member of the Secession Convention of Virginia and captain of the Warrenton Rifles. He was killed in an engagement with a detachment of fifty or sixty men of the 2d United States Cavalry, commanded by Lieut. Charles H. Tompkins, at Fairfax Courthouse, Va., on June 1, 1861, being the first Confederate soldier killed in an engagement with the enemy in the War between the States. For an account of this engagement see reports of Lieutenant Tompkins, U. S. A., Brig. Gen. M. L. Bonham, C. S. A., and Lieut. Col. (afterwards Lieut. Gen.) Richard S. Ewell, C. S. A., in command of the post at Fairfax Courthouse, in "Official Records of the Union and Confederate Armies," Series I., Volume II., page 59, *et seq.*

A GREAT HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES.

One of the great needs of the South has been a thorough single-volume history of the United States. Some of the requisites of such a history are absolute fairness to all sections, due proportion in setting forth events, a clear statement of the principles, political and social, involved in the progress of the republic, and all put in an interesting, readable style, so arranged as to make it easy to refer to any particular event.

These important qualities are met and satisfied in a "History of the United States," by Matthew Page Andrews, of Baltimore. It is in one volume, 12mo, and has three hundred and seventy-eight pages, with forty-eight pages of Appendix. It is published by J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia. The author is a Southern man, a Virginian, with New England ancestors, and he does justice to the South and her part in the formation and establishment of the republic and in her great fight for the Constitution in 1861-65. He also does justice to the sturdy virtues of the Northern States and to the courage and devotion of their soldiers who fought for the Union. There are elaborate histories of our country in many volumes, which few have time to read. There are smaller histories written mainly from a partisan standpoint, which give perverted views of our history. This is the fairest that I have seen. It is commended by prominent men North and South. Gen. Horatio King and Charles Francis Adams, as well as Southerners, have commended it.

J. H. McNEILLY, D.D.

HISTORY OF THE KU-KLUX KLAN.

The article on the Ku-Klux Klan appearing in this number of the *VETERAN* will be especially appreciated at this time, when so much interest in that mysterious organization has been aroused by the presentation of that wonderful photo play, "The Birth of a Nation," which is founded on the operations of the Klan in South Carolina. The writer of the article, Mrs. S. E. F. Rose, ex-President of the Mississippi Division, U. D. C., is widely known for her historical work and especially for her history of the Ku-Klux Klan, which has been issued in book form for use in our schools so the coming generations of the South may be properly informed of the purposes of such an organization, heretofore so little understood even by many who were benefited by its existence. The book has been unanimously indorsed by Confederate organizations and adopted as supplementary reading in some of our schools. The many favorable comments on and indorsements of the work show that its need has been felt.

Mrs. Rose very kindly prepared this article by special request of the *VETERAN*, that the general search for information on the subject now could be met largely in this way. Her book gives this history more in detail, includes letters from the charter members, a sketch of Gen. N. B. Forrest, leader of the Klan, and is attractively illustrated. It is sold at eighty-five cents, postpaid. Send orders to Mrs. S. E. F. Rose, West Point, Miss.

"GRANDMOTHER STORIES FROM THE LAND OF USED-TO-BE."

A book that has elicited much favorable comment is this collection of stories of American valor and heroism from the War of the Revolution to the War between the States which is published under the title of "Grandmother Stories from the Land of Used-to-Be." The author, Howard Meriwether Lovett, is due much credit for the pleasing style of these stories, which makes them enjoyable as reading while being instructive on certain historical lines. Deeds of valor long lost sight of and the inventions and discoveries of certain of our men of genius are thus preserved for the present and future generations. As the book becomes more widely known it is the more highly appreciated. The author is having some trouble arising from misquotation of the title and infringement of her copyright, and she asks that it be referred to as "Grandmother Stories" when it is necessary to shorten the title rather than to use the latter part of it, as that does not identify it. The book is handled exclusively by the Columbian Book Store, Publishers, 81-83 Whitehall Street, Atlanta, Ga., the only distributing point. The price is \$1.50, postpaid.

CONFEDERATE MONEY.

Don't fail to respond to the request of Paymaster-General J. M. Williams, of Memphis, Tenn., for Confederate money with which to settle the "back pay" of Confederates during the Reunion in Birmingham. This is a unique and popular feature of the Reunion, and all who have these old bills are earnestly urged to donate them for this purpose. These bills are highly appreciated souvenirs of the Reunion.

THE OFFICIAL BADGE.

The official badge for the Birmingham Reunion consists of a medallion representing a bale of cotton, Alabama's great staple, and on this are printed the place and time of the Reunion. On the red and white ribbon pendant are printed the name of the wearer's Division, place, name, and number of his Camp. It is neat and comprehensive and will make a most desirable souvenir of the Reunion. Send your order to Gen. William E. Mickle, Adjutant General U. C. V., New Orleans, La., at the following prices: Single badge, 50 cents; three to five, 35 cents each; in lots of six to fifty, 25 cents each; fifty to one hundred, 22 cents each; more than one hundred, 20 cents each.

THE REUNION NUMBER.

The *VETERAN* for May will be the special Reunion number and will be devoted largely to Alabama history, in honor of the State where the Reunion is to be held. The part taken by the State in the stirring days of 1861-65, the loyalty of her people, their stern courage and patriotism, will be recorded in this number by some of the best writers of the State, whose gifted pens could find no more congenial subject. This history, with appropriate and attractive illustrations, will make the number an interesting souvenir of the Birmingham Reunion of 1916.

To Widows of United States Officers Who Entered the Confederate Service: Write me and hear of something that may be of pecuniary advantage.

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who died in the hands of the Union forces is requested by the War Department in order that these graves shall receive national attention. Please write, giving name of the soldier or sailor and burial place, to

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"LIFE OF GEN. STAND WATIE."

Mrs. Mabel W. Anderson, of Pryor, Okla., has written a book on the life of General Watie, the only Indian brigadier general in the Confederate army, which also gives all the Confederate history of the Indian Territory. The book should be of great interest to all Southerners and to the lovers of history as well. Price, 55 cents, postpaid. Send all orders to the author.

Mrs. S. L. Love, R. R. No. 1, Box 19-A, Chattanooga, Tenn., would like to hear from any surviving comrade or friend of Fount P. Hurvey, who served in the 3d Arkansas Cavalry and who was stationed for a while at the beginning of the war near Kingston, Tenn.

Mrs. Robert J. Baldrige 67 West Oak Street, Denton, Tex., wishes to correspond with some veteran who remembers her husband, who enlisted at Murfreesboro, Tenn. She does not know his command, but thinks he was in the infantry. He was a prisoner at Camp Chase for many months.

R. G. King, of Bailey, Miss., writes that in September, 1864, four Johnnies charged a picket post of four Yanks on the east side of the Chattahoochee River. One was killed and the others captured. They were then fired on by other Yankee pickets and retreated with their prisoners. He wants to know if any of these men are still living.

S. G. Frazier, of Sale Creek, Tenn., in order to help J. W. Gentry get a pension, wants information concerning the whereabouts of Jerre Connaway or his family. The last heard of him he was living in Murray County, Ga., near Springplace. He would also like to hear from any member of Company A, 8th Battalion of Georgia Infantry.

Mrs. Ella Gibbons Rowland, 1109 Lindsay Avenue, Gainesville, Tex., wants to hear from some comrade who remembers her father, W. T. Gibbons, first lieutenant 14th Texas Regiment. He was wounded in the battle of Nashville and died in the Federal hospital. She has a letter to her father signed by Margaret Chaffin, Columbia, Tenn.

Dr. George B. Howard, of Mound City, Ill., in order to get a pension for the widow of Sergt. A. J. Simmons, wants to communicate with any of the following: Lieutenant Hale, of Company F; Lieutenant Yarbrough, of Company C; Lieutenant Owens, of Company G; Sergeant Harding, of Company H; Sergeant Barnes, of Company E—all detailed in 1864 from the 3d Regiment of Kentucky Mounted Infantry, with other officers from the Army of Tennessee and Mississippi, to see that the conscript law was enforced in the mountains of Alabama, Tennessee, Georgia, and Kentucky. Information is wanted as to whether they were captured, discharged, or what became of them.

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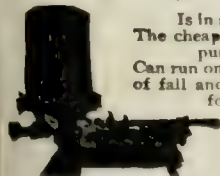
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letters mailed before 1870. Any kind
except three-cent United States. A. B.
Palne, 1353 Beacon St., Brookline, Mass.

Miss M. W. Freeman, Librarian of
Goodwyn Institute, Memphis, Tenn.,
wants copies of the VETERAN from Jan-
uary to October, 1893, and for Novem-
ber, 1897.

Mrs. S. W. Bourquin, of Barney, Ga.,
wants to hear from some one who can
give her information of her husband's
record. She thinks he enlisted from
Chatham County in the 25th Georgia.

J. B. Floyd, of Summers, Ark., wants
to establish the record of his father.
Will H. Floyd, who was in the Confed-
erate army and was wounded at Pine
Bluff, Ark. He would like to hear
from some of his old comrades.

J. M. Lynn, of Breckinridge, Tex.,
wants to hear from all members of the
10th Kentucky Cavalry, Gen. John Mor-
gan's division, A. R. Johnson's brigade,
who were in the battles of Snow Hill
and Milton, Tenn., and who will attend
the Birmingham Reunion in May.

Mrs. S. W. Purcell, 119 South May-
belle Street, Tulsa, Okla., wants to know
the company and regiment to which
William Quinn Purcell belonged. He
enlisted at Memphis, Tenn., and served
four years, most of the time as scout.
She thinks he was with Forrest and
Morgan.

Robert D. Wilson, of Manchester,
Tenn., has old copies of the VETERAN
for sale from 1894 to date. Some of
these volumes are complete; others are
odd numbers. Any one wishing to fill
out volumes can communicate with
him. Mr. Wilson also has belt buckles,
both C. S. and U. S., a snap that was
used by soldiers in carrying their blan-
kets, Minie balls, several little war relics,
etc., which he would like to dispose of.

J. W. Bolen, 438 West Beardsley Ave-
nue, Elkhart, Ind., enlisted at the age
of thirteen in Captain Casey's company
at Liberty, Va., in the fall of 1861. He
has forgotten his company and number
of regiment, but remembers they were
mustered into service in December at
Staunton, Va. After that he was sick in
a hospital for two months. He was with
Stonewall Jackson's corps. He would
like to hear from some of his comrades
and also from Captain Casey's son, who,
he thinks, is located in Chicago with
some railroad.



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A. E. Carnahan, of Cane Hill, Ark.,
in order to get a pension for the widow
of Marshall Wilson Howell, of Company
D, 31st West Virginia Infantry, under
Captain Berry, asks for response from
any surviving comrades.

Confederate Veteran.

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VOL. XXIV.

NASHVILLE, TENN., MAY, 1916.

No. 5 J. A. CUNNINGHAM,
EDITOR.

"VETERANS FIRST!"

(From Reunion Headquarters.)

The slogan of "Veterans First!" has been adopted as the official watchword during preparations for the Birmingham Reunion, and it is being lived up to in every detail of the arrangements that are almost completed for the entertainment of the Confederate Veterans, May 16-18. Every citizen of Birmingham serving on the various committees has in mind, first and last, the comfort and welfare of the old soldiers who will honor Birmingham by their presence, and nothing will be left undone to make this Reunion the most enjoyable, from every point of view, in the history of Reunions of the United Confederate Veterans. Robert A. Brown, formerly of South Carolina, who is Chairman of the Executive Committee, is the son of a Confederate veteran; and when he decided to take the chairmanship of the general committee he made it plain and without qualification that he was for the old soldiers first, last, and all the time. His position is reflected by every one connected with the organization

and is reëchoed by the entire citizenship of Birmingham. So it is a promise Birmingham makes on her honor that when the old vanguard comes within her gates it will receive the most glorious welcome that the Southland has ever witnessed.

The general camp for perhaps five thousand veterans who will be the special guests of Birmingham will be maintained at the State Fair Grounds. The government of the United States has leased the committee five thousand cots, which

will be placed in fine, clean buildings and in company formation, so that members of certain companies may again woo slumber side by side as they did in the sixties. At the Fair Grounds a commissary department will serve meals every hour of the day. There will also be a concert at the Fair Grounds every day during the Reunion, and several vaudeville acts will be given for the old soldiers if our plans are successful. In other words, Chairman Brown wants it made known that the veterans who stay at the Fair Grounds will have the cream of entertainment. A sham battle between a company of veterans from Fort Worth, Tex., and a body of the Alabama National Guard will be one of the star attrac-



THE HEART OF THE CITY.

Birmingham's "Grand Canyon," showing First Avenue at Twentieth Street, the most highly developed corner in any Southern city.

Confederate Veteran.

tions of the entire Reunion, and there are other plans under way for the entertainment of all visitors.

The parade, which will be under the command of Gen. C. W. Hooper, commanding the Alabama Division, U. C. V., will be short, as the plan is to relieve the veterans of a tiresome march. The city wanted to furnish automobiles for them, but these hardy veterans sent word to the Reunion Committee that they preferred to walk in the parade, as they did in the war, and General Young himself announced that he would walk rather than use an automobile. In this parade, which will be on Thursday, May 18, there will be over five thousand school children singing patriotic songs and waving Confederate flags. There will also be fifteen bands in the parade, which is expected to be one of the most interesting and attractive in the history of these Reunions.

Birmingham confidently looks forward to the biggest crowd at the Reunion that has ever been in the city, and plans are being made to take care of every one. There are three new hotels of large size built since the 1908 Reunion, while the entire city is peppered with smaller hostels of the most attractive character, which will help to carry the burden of the huge attendance. In addition, the city promises without reservation that the homes of all the people of Birmingham will be opened wide to receive the veterans and their friends who will flock here from every portion of the country to do honor to the former Confederate soldiers. There will be no lack of hospitality on the part of Birmingham citizens in handling the Reunion. Every one will be made to feel at home.

One of the special attractions of the convention will be the address by Irvin Cobb, the famous correspondent and wit, who has promised to deliver the principal address to the veterans. Mr. Cobb is a nephew of the commander of the famous Cobb's Battery and also the son of a Confederate soldier. A most interesting address is anticipated, of which he says: "I can only tell the Confederate veterans what it is to be an American and the son of a Confederate soldier."

Reunion headquarters will be located at the Chamber of Commerce Building. The registration offices will be at the corner of Nineteenth Street and First Avenue, and the State headquarters will be located at the same point. The headquarters of General Young will be at the Tutwiler Hotel,

while other commanders U. C. V. will be located at the various hotels in the city. The sessions of the convention will be held in the Bijou Theater.

The Chamber of Commerce of Birmingham and the hotel men of the city, without exception, promise that there will be no inflation in prices either for rooms or for meals during the Reunion. A committee in charge of this work will make a close inspection daily of restaurants and will see that the promise is strictly kept.

The welfare of the veterans extends also to their comfort in case of indisposition while attending the Reunion. Two hospitals will be operated, one at the State Fair Grounds, where the permanent camp will be located, and the other in the building on the corner of Nineteenth Street and First Avenue, where the State headquarters are located. This is accessible to every part of the downtown district. The city will also have a large force of outside detectives here to maintain a close scrutiny of the crowds, so that no pick-pockets or other crooks may take advantage of the crowded conditions and embarrass the veterans by lifting their purses or watches. (It would be well for every one to be careful that no valuables are carried in outside pockets.)

Every detail of the Reunion is being rapidly adjusted, and Birmingham awaits the coming of the veterans with the calm assurance that they will be made happy in the experiences and associations of a most wonderful gathering.

BIRMINGHAM.

Birmingham is not yet fifty years old, but has become one of the most progressive cities of the South.

The first sale of city lots took place in June, 1871.

Its first newspaper was established there in 1872.

Since its first coke iron was manufactured in 1874, Birmingham has become a manufacturing center because of the cheapness of fuel and the abundance of its raw material.

Birmingham is the center of the cotton belt and of the most wonderful mineral region of the world. It handles 125,000 bales of cotton annually, is a clay-working center, and has inexhaustible cement resources. It mines 13,000,000 tons of coal annually and has the largest supply of iron ore in the world. It fixes the price of iron for the world and makes the best steel rails.

It is a great railroad center, no less than a dozen railway systems making connections here.



SPONSOR FOR THE SOUTH.

Miss Gladys Kernan, of New Orleans, has been appointed Sponsor for the South at the Birmingham Reunion. Miss Kernan is a granddaughter of Gen. A. B. Booth, Commander of the Louisiana Division, U. C. V.

ALABAMA TROOPS FIRST TO RE-ENLIST.

("Official War Records," Volume LX., 1149.)

Joint resolution of thanks to the Alabama troops who have reënlisted for the war:

"Whereas the Alabama troops, composing the brigade commanded by Brig. Gen. Cullen A. Battle, in the Army of Northern Virginia, volunteered in the service of the Confederate States in the early part of the year 1861 upon the first call for troops for the defense of Virginia, have participated in every battle fought by that army from the battle of Seven Pines to that of Gettysburg, always winning by their gallantry and devotion deserved praise and honor, and now, after enduring for nearly three years the hardships and dangers of active military service, have reënlisted for the war; therefore

"Resolved by the Congress of the Confederate States of America, That the thanks of Congress are due and are hereby cordially tendered to the Alabama troops, who by renewing the offer of their services to the country for the war in advance of any legislative action have shown a spirit undaunted, a heroic determination to battle ever until the independence of their country is established, and a consecration to the cause of liberty worthy of imitation by their comrades.

"Resolved, That the President be requested to communicate a copy of these resolutions to the commander of the troops of said brigade as an evidence of the grateful appreciation of Congress of their fortitude and heroism during the trials and dangers of past services and of their late act of patriotism, confirming the faith and reassuring the hope of the patriot.

"Approved February 6, 1863."

LIEUT. WILLIAM T. GLASSELL, OF ALABAMA.

BY JOHN WITHERSPOON DUBOSE.

Among heroic Alabamians upon the seas, we should reckon this one and rescue his name. The government keeps at Washington the office of naval records and library. Some research by the Department of Archives and History, distinguished for exhaustive work, has failed thus far to trace the genealogy of the name or to place the honor upon the country which gave nativity to our hero. The government records introduce the name of W. T. Glassell to American history. In this is one example only among many where the political emergency of the era is left to interpret the conduct of public servants.

The library and naval war records show that W. T. Glassell was "dismissed" from the United States navy on December 6, 1861. We shall pursue the authenticity of the government narrative in this instance.

W. T. Glassell entered the navy from Alabama as midshipman on March 15, 1848. He was honorably promoted in succeeding years of continuous service. On June 15, 1854, he was advanced to past midshipman. On September 15, 1855, he was advanced to master, and on the next day he was advanced to lieutenant.

Lieutenant Glassell was ordered to duty in the East Indian waters. In 1861, late in the year, it is assumed, his vessel reached New York upon return. War between the United States and the Confederate States raged. Lieutenant Glassell was invited to take the new oath prescribed by the United States government. He refused. His name was dropped from the roll, and he was committed to prison without trial on November 5, 1861, at Fort Warren, at the port of Boston. He applied for parole, as he was charged with no crime, but was refused. The Secretary of War for the Confederacy,



ROEBUCK SPRINGS GOLF AND COUNTRY CLUB, BIRMINGHAM.

Mr. Benjamin, to relieve the situation, proposed to advance Glassell and De Bree to the rank of captain and to offer prisoners of the same rank in exchange; but the enemy rejected the proposal.

The Confederate commanding general, Huger, then at Norfolk, sought an interview with General Wood, in command at Fort Monroe, to effect the exchange of Glassell and De Bree and Julius Myers, of the navy, for army officers, but failed.

The government at Washington continued obdurate, and the prisoners remained at Fort Warren until the last week of the next July.

On July 28, 1862. Colonel Dimick, commanding the fort, telegraphed to his superior: "Shall send also two lieutenants of the navy, De Bree and Glassell. Some eight or nine of the prisoners say they will be hanged if they go South. Some have taken the oath of allegiance." There was no explanation of the alleged peril to freed prisoners who might return South.

After seven months of political imprisonment at Fort Warren, Lieutenants Glassell and De Bree were exchanged as military prisoners on July 31. We hear of the former promptly in the Confederate navy at Charleston. His direct commander was Commodore Ingraham, while General Beauregard commanded the department on land and adjacent waters.

Under orders of Beauregard, Capt. Francis D. Lee, of the engineers, fitted up ten boats belonging to the navy to do torpedo work on the blockading fleet of the invader. On the night of March 10, Commodore Ingraham yielding to the urgency of Lieutenant Glassell, that young officer attempted by one of these boats, with a crew of seven or eight men, to find such work as he might. The boat got aground in Drunken Dick Shoal. His enterprise failed, therefore, before it made progress. He cut away the gearing and succeeded in bringing back the torpedo with all attachments. The mode of attack was the invention of Captain Lee, who complained that Glassell's failure was unjust to the mode. Glassell should not have been permitted to go out with a single boat and one torpedo to strike the hostile fleet.

The following month Glassell was more successful. On the week following the memorable attack by the fleet on Sumter, heretofore described, General Beauregard sent Glassell with a small boat and a small crew to board the partly submerged and abandoned monitor, the Keokuk, that had foundered in battle. Lieutenant Glassell made this report April 13:

"General: Having made a visit to the Keokuk this morning with a view of obtaining the effect of your batteries upon her iron turrets, I succeeded in procuring the trophies which it

affords me much pleasure to forward to you—viz., two United States flags, two pennants, and three signal flags. Several other articles were also obtained—a hammock, springs, lanterns, etc.—which are on board the Chicora."

Later in the same year (1863), on the night of October 5,

Lieutenant Glassell, then perhaps thirty years old, undertook an enterprise that left a parallel to the next generation of Alabamians in the Santiago Bay by Lieut. R. P. Hobson. General Beauregard made this brief official report the next day by telegram:

"CHARLESTON,
October 6, 1863,
7:12 P.M.

"Last night Lieutenant Glassell, Confederate States navy, gallantly attempted to blow up the Ironsides with the small cigar torpedo boat David. Explosion occurred at the proper time, but either charge was too small or torpedo boat too near surface of

water. Damage thus far not apparent. Lieutenant Glassell and one man were captured; other two returned safely with boat. Commotion on board the Ironsides reported very great."

The commanding general, with characteristic anxiety for accuracy in a soldier, reported "thus far damage not apparent" to the enemy. Time justified a very different report. The little Confederate steam launch, not costing in the building more than a few hundred dollars, with a crew of four resolute and intelligent Confederate sailors, at a single blow disabled for all time the pride of the United States navy, fully manned and equipped for war.

We extract from Colonel Roman's monumental work, "Military Campaigns of General Beauregard": "The Ironsides never fired another shot (on the coast of South Carolina) after this attack upon her. She remained some time at her anchorage off Morris Island, evidently undergoing repairing. She was then sent to Port Royal, probably to fit her for her voyage to Philadelphia, where she remained until destroyed by fire after the war."

The humiliation inflicted by Glassell on Admiral Dahlgren explained the revenge of that high officer, which we shall see.

President Davis ("Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government," Volume II., page 208) gives the following luminous account of Glassell's expedition: "There were one hundred and twenty-three of these torpedoes placed in Charleston Harbor and Stones River. It was blockaded by thirteen large ships and ironclads, with six or seven store ships and some twenty other vessels. The position of each one was known, and they could be approached within half a mile, which made it easy to attack, destroy, or disperse them at night by floating



MAJ. GEN. CHARLES W. HOOPER.

General Hooper is commander of the Alabama Division, U. C. V., and will be chief marshal of the Reunion parade. A picture is also given of him as the young Confederate private of Company E, 8th Georgia Regiment, taken on the day he enlisted at Rome, Ga., May 10, 1861.

torpedoes connected together by twos by a rope one hundred and thirty yards long buoyed up and stretched across the current by two boats which were to be dropped in ebbing tide, to float down among the vessels. * * * An act of devoted daring was here performed by Commander (?) W. T. Glassell, Confederate States navy, which claims more than passing notice. * * * The new Ironsides, the pride of their fleet, lay on Morris Island. This Glassell resolved to attack with a steam launch (the David) carrying a torpedo spur at the bow. With an engineer, pilot, and fireman he stirred for the Ironsides under cover of hazy night. As he approached he was hailed by the lookout, and the next moment he struck the Ironsides and exploded the torpedo about fifteen feet from the keel. An immense volume of water was thrown up, covering the little boat, and, pieces of timber falling in the engine of the David, it was rendered entirely unmanageable. So as to deprive Commander (?) Glassell of the means of escape on which he had relied, a rapid fire was concentrated upon him from the decks of the ships."

President Davis recites, as above quoted, that the steam launch David, which attacked the Ironsides, was disabled by "pieces of timber falling in the engine, so that it was entirely unmanageable," and therefore Lieutenant Glassell and James Sullivan, second fireman, were thrown into the sea.

We have a record which is more in detail and abounding in tragic incident. The flag officer, John Randolph, reported to General Beauregard the day after the attack that the report of the acting engineer, James H. Toombs, who accompanied the David and was one of the two who escaped with the launch, was "entirely correct and reliable." Engineer Toombs wrote:

"I have the honor to report that on Monday evening, the 5th inst., Lieut. W. T. Glassell, Confederate navy, in charge of the propeller David, a small submerged steamer, with the following crew—viz.: James H. Toombs, acting first assistant engineer; Walker Cannon, pilot; James Sullivan, second fireman—started to the city and proceeded down the main ship channel, passing through the entire enemy's vessels and barges until we arrived abreast of the United States frigate Ironsides at 8:30 P.M. We then stood off and on for thirty minutes waiting for the flood tide to make.

"At 9 P.M., everything being favorable and every one in favor of the attack, we headed for the Ironsides. When within fifty yards of her, we were hailed, which was answered by a shot from a double-barreled gun in the hands of Lieutenant Glassell. In two minutes we struck the ship (we going at full speed) under the starboard quarter about fifteen feet from her stern post, exploding our torpedo about six and a half feet under her bottom. The enemy fired rapidly with small arms, riddling the vessel, but doing us no harm. The column of water thrown up was so great that it recoiled upon our frail bark in such a force as to put the fires out and lead us to suppose that the vessel would sink. The engine was reversed for backing, but the shock occasioned by the jar had been so great as to throw the iron ballast among the machinery, which prevented the working. During the delay the vessel, owing to the tide and wind, hung under the quarter of the Ironsides, the fire upon us being kept up the whole time.

"Finding ourselves in this critical position and believing our vessel to be in a sinking condition, we concluded that the only means of saving our lives was to jump overboard, trusting that we would be picked up by the boats of the enemy. Lieutenant Glassell and the fireman, James Sullivan, swam

off in the direction of the enemy's vessel, each being provided with a life preserver, and were not seen afterwards. The pilot stuck to the vessel, and I, being overboard at the time and finding that no quarter would be shown, as we called out that we surrendered, concluded that it was best to make one more effort to save the vessel. Accordingly, I returned to her and rebuilt my fires and after some delay got up steam enough to man the machinery. The pilot then took the wheel, and we steamed up the channel, passing once more through the fleet and within three feet of the Monitor, being subjected the whole time to the continuous fire of small arms, the Ironsides firing two eleven-inch shots at us.

"The pilot, Mr. Cannon, has won for himself a reputation that time cannot efface and deserves well of his country, as without his valuable aid I could not have reached the city.

"The conduct of Lieutenant Glassell was as cool and collected as if he had been on an excursion of pleasure, and the hope of all is that he may yet be in safety. The fireman, James Sullivan, acted in a manner that reflected credit upon himself, having remained at his post until relieved by me."

It will be not unimportant to note that the attack of the David was delivered from the seaside and not from the land-side, whence it had commenced. So the two of the crew and the two on the boat had to pass through the line of the fleet after attack was given.

The work, "The Military Operations of General Beauregard," by one of his staff, Colonel Roman, of Louisiana, gives this account:

"He [Glassell] was picked up by the boat of a Federal transport schooner, whence it was transferred to the guard ship Ottawa, lying outside of the rest of the fleet. He was ordered at first by Admiral Dahlgren to be ironed and in case of resistance to be double-ironed; but through the intercession of his friend, Capt. W. D. Whiting, commanding the Ottawa, he was released on giving his parole not to escape from the ship.

"The fireman, Sullivan, had taken refuge on the rudder of the new Ironsides, where he was discovered, put in irons, and kept in a dark cell until sent with Glassell to New York to be tried and hanged, as reported by New York papers, for using an engine of war not recognized by civilized nations."

A profound and painful anxiety possessed the government at Richmond when news that the two captives were threatened with ignominious death. The Confederate commissioner for exchange of prisoners made indignant protest to the authorities at Washington. The report of the intended execution of the two prisoners was denied there. They were finally exchanged.

Lieutenant General Hardee was detached from the Army of Tennessee to displace General Beauregard at Charleston, who was ordered to another field, supposed to be more important. We find that on November 7, 1864, Hardee applied for Commander Glassell, who had been reported commander for the attack on the Ironsides, to be among others for special assignment in torpedo application.

When Charleston was evacuated in the winter of 1865, Glassell was ordered to Richmond and there placed in the "Webfoot" Sailors' Brigade, commanded by Admiral Raphael Semmes.

Swing, rustless blade, in the dauntless hand;
Ride, soul of a god, through the deathless band,
Through the low green mounds or the breadth of the land,
Wherever your legions dwell. —Virginia Frazer Boyle.

FLAGS OF THE CONFEDERACY.

BY JUDGE WALTER A. MONTGOMERY, RALEIGH, N. C.

There were three flags of the Confederate States in successive use during the short life of a little more than four years of that government. The first flag, generally known as the Stars and Bars, was adopted by the Provisional Congress at Montgomery, Ala., on March 4, 1861; the second one, at Richmond, Va., on May 1, 1863; and the third, at Richmond on February 4, 1865, at regular sessions of the Congress.

It appears from contemporaneous accounts—the Journal of the Provisional Congress of the Confederate States and prominent newspapers published in the South—that the matter of adopting a flag for the Confederate States by the Provisional Congress at Montgomery excited much public interest throughout the South and was attended with heated discussion both in and out of the Congress. Numerous and variegated were the designs and models submitted to the Congress for adoption, most of them modifications or variations of the Stars and Stripes. It seemed that by far the greater weight of public sentiment favored a flag that should “differ from the Stars and Stripes only enough to make it easily distinguishable,” and that was the prevailing judgment of the members of the Congress. A leading Southern newspaper in an article on the subject declared that “there was a general desire to depart as little as possible from the old flag.”

THE STARS AND BARS.

Mr. Porcher Miles, of South Carolina, chairman of the committee selected to consider the adoption of a flag, recommended one entirely different from the Stars and Stripes, but it appears from the report of the committee that concessions were made to the popular demand. The language of the report in that respect was: “It must be admitted, however, that something was conceded to what seemed so strong and earnest a desire to retain at least a suggestion of the old Stars and Stripes.” The committee, as appears from their report, did not adopt either or any of the designs or models of flags submitted to them and recommended one of their own designing, which was the one that was adopted by the Congress. The committee had been authorized to procure the services of a draftsman. It appears also from the Journal of the Congress that after the adoption of the flag recommended by the committee all the models of flags which had been submitted for consideration were by resolution of the Congress ordered into the hands of the clerk of that body to be returned to the authors upon their being called for.

The flag which was adopted did not give general satisfaction. Neither those who desired to retain the flag of the United States or one closely resembling it, nor those who thought the new flag resembled too nearly the Stars and Stripes, nor those who were desirous of having every trace of the Stars and Stripes omitted were pleased with the Stars and Bars. It was raised for the first time over the Capitol at Montgomery by the granddaughter of former President John Tyler on March 4, 1861. It had seven stars in a circle in the blue union, one representing Texas, although that State had not on that day ratified the Provisional Constitution of the Confederate States. Her seven delegates had been present, however, for several days in anticipation of the adoption of that constitution by that State.

ADOPTION OF THE FIRST CONFEDERATE FLAG.

The records of the Provisional Congress of the Confederate States, preserved in the Journal of that body, show that on the 9th of February, 1861, a committee of six—one from each of the seceded States (Mr. Miles, chairman, of South Carolina; Burton, of Georgia; Shorter, of Alabama; Harris, of Mississippi; Sparrow, of Louisiana; and Morton, of Florida; the Texas delegation not having arrived)—was appointed to consider the adoption of a flag; that on the same day Mr. Memminger presented a model for the flag designed by the ladies of South Carolina and another model offered by a gentleman of the city of Charleston accompanying the same with explanatory remarks; that on the 12th of February Mr.



THE STARS AND BARS.

Thomas R. R. Cobb presented a design for a flag, seal, and coat of arms forwarded by Mr. Edwin V. Sharp, of Augusta, Ga., which, on motion of Mr. Cobb, was referred to the select committee on the flag; that on the next day Mr. Alexander H. Stephens presented a flag which was referred to the committee, and on the same day Mr. Robert Toombs presented a model for a flag, accompanied by a communication from Mr. J. M. Spelman, which was referred to the special committee on flags and seals; that on the 16th of February designs for flags were presented by Messrs. Barton, Cobb, and Memminger and referred to the committee; and that on the 22d, 23d, 26th, 27th, and 28th of February designs for a flag were respectively presented by Mr. Hale, Mr. Wright, Mr. Hale, Mr. Wright, and Mr. Curry, and all were referred to the special committee.

It is also shown by the Journal that on the 4th of March, 1861, Mr. Miles, for the Committee on Flag and Seal, made a report to the Congress and that the report was adopted on the same day and an order made that the whole of the report on the flag be entered on the Journal.

In the 7th of March it further appears from the Journal that a resolution was passed directing that "all models for flags be placed in the custody of the clerk of Congress, who shall return them to their authors when called for."

The report of the committee was, according to the order, entered in full on the Journal (Volume I., pages 101 and 102), and it will be found interesting, especially as indicative of the motives which inspired the creators of the flag and also as showing that the Stars and Bars was not a design of any individual, but was the work and design of the committee.

Mr. Miles, for the Committee on the Flag and Seal of the Confederacy, made the following report:

"The committee appointed to select a proper flag for the Confederate States of America beg leave to report that they have given this subject due consideration and carefully inspected all of the designs and models submitted to them. The number of these has been immense, but they all may be divided into two great classes:

"1. Those which copy and preserve the principal features of the United States flag, with slight and unimportant modifications.

"2. Those which are very elaborate, complicated, or fantastical. The objection to the first class is that some of them at any considerable distance could readily be distinguished from the one which they imitate. Whatever attachment may be felt from association for the Stars and Stripes (an attachment which your committee may be permitted to say they do not all share), it is manifest that in inaugurating a new government we cannot with any propriety or without encountering very obvious practical difficulties retain the flag of the government from which we have withdrawn. There is no propriety in retaining the ensign of a government which, in the opinion of the States composing this Confederacy, has become so oppressive and injurious to their interests as to require their separation from it. It is idle to talk of 'keeping' the flag of the United States when we have voluntarily seceded from them. It is superfluous to dwell upon the practical difficulties which would flow from the fact of two distinct and probably hostile governments, both employing the same or very similar flags. It would be a political and military solecism. [It would produce endless confusion and mistakes. It would lead to perpetual disputes.*] As to 'the glories of the old flag,' we must bear in mind that the battles of the Revolution, about which our fondest and proudest memories cluster, were not fought beneath its folds. And although in more recent times—in the War of 1812 and in the war with Mexico—the South did win her fair share of glory and shed a full measure of blood under its guidance and in its defense, we think the impartial page of history will preserve and commemorate the fact more imperishably than a mere piece of striped bunting. When the colonists achieved their independence of the 'mother country' (which up to the last they fondly called her) they did not desire to retain the British flag or anything at all similar to it. Yet under that flag they had been planted and nurtured and fostered. Under that flag they had fought in their infancy for their very existence against more than one determined foe; under it they

had repelled and driven back the relentless savage and carried it farther and farther into the decreasing wilderness as the standard of civilization and religion; under it the youthful Washington won his spurs in the memorable and unfortunate expedition of Braddock; and Americans helped to plant it on the heights of Abraham, where the immortal Wolfe fell covered with glory in the arms of victory. But our forefathers when they separated themselves from Great Britain—a separation not on account of their hatred of the English constitution or of English institutions, but in consequence of the tyrannical and unconstitutional rule of Lord North's administration and because their destiny beckoned them on to independent expansion and achievement—cast no lingering, regretful looks behind. They were proud of their race and lineage, proud of their heritage in the glories and genius and language of Old England; but they were influenced by the spirit of the motto of the great Hampden, '*Vestigia nulla retrorsum.*' They were determined to build up a new power among the nations of the world. They, therefore, did not attempt 'to keep the old flag.' We think it good to imitate them in this comparatively little matter, as well as to emulate them in greater and more important ones.

"The committee in examining the representations of the flags of all countries found that Liberia and the Sandwich Islands had flags so similar to that of the United States that it seemed to them an additional, if not in itself a conclusive, reason why we should not 'keep,' copy, or imitate it. They felt no inclination to borrow a second hand what had been pilfered and appropriated by a free negro community and a race of savages. It must be admitted, however, that something was conceded by the committee to what seemed s



THE FIRST BATTLE FLAG.

In 1861, after the first battle of Manassas, this flag with the St. Andrew's Cross was adopted as the battle flag of the Confederate States army. The Misses Carey (Helene and Constance), of Virginia, made three flags and presented them to Generals Johnston, Van Dorn, and Beauregard. The latter's flag was sent by him to New Orleans and, upon the fall of that city, to Havana; then it was returned to New Orleans and placed in custody of the Washington Artillery, where it is at present.

*Not in the Journal, but contained in original report on file in the War Department.

strong and earnest a desire to retain at least a suggestion of the old Stars and Stripes. So much for the mass of models and designs more or less copied from, or assimilated to, the United States flag.

"With reference to the second class of designs—those of an elaborate and complicated character, but many of them showing considerable artistic skill and taste—the committee will merely remark that, however pretty they may be when made up by the cunning skill of a fair lady's fingers in silk, satin, and embroidery, they are not appropriate as flags. A flag should be simple, readily made, and, above all, capable of being made up in bunting. It should be different from the flag of any other country, place, or people. It should be significant. It should be readily distinguishable at a distance. The colors should be well contrasted and durable, and, lastly and not the least important point, it should be effective and handsome.

"The committee humbly think that the flag which they submit combines these requisites. It is very easy to make. It is entirely different from any national flag. The three colors of which it is composed—red, white, and blue—are the true republican colors. In heraldry they are emblematic of the three great virtues, valor, purity, and truth. Naval men assure us that it can be recognized and distinguished at a great distance. The colors contrast admirably and are lasting. In effect and appearance it must speak for itself.

"Your committee, therefore, recommend that the flag of the Confederate States of America shall consist of a red field with a white space extending horizontally through the center and equal in width to one-third the width of the flag, the red spaces above and below to be of the same width as the white, the union blue extending down through the white space and stopping at the lower red space, in the center of the union a circle of white stars corresponding in number with the States of the Confederacy. If adopted, long may it wave over a brave, a free, and a virtuous people! May the career of the Confederacy, whose duty it will then be to support and defend it, be such as to endear it to our children's children as the flag of a loved, because a just and benign, government and the cherished symbol of its valor, purity, and truth!

"Respectfully submitted.

WILLIAM PORCHER MILES, *Chairman.*"

THE CONFEDERATE BATTLE FLAG.

The Stars and Bars continued to be the national flag of the Confederate States until May 1, 1863, when the second Confederate flag was adopted. But shortly after the first battle of Manassas a flag for service in the field was created for the army around Manassas, then known as the Army of the Potomac. It became within a year the battle flag of all the Confederate armies and was borne by the troops throughout the war.

It seemed abnormal that in the civil life of the people one flag should be regarded as the national flag and another borne by the fighting men in battle; but there was thought to be a necessity for the creation of the battle flag at the time it was adopted. The resemblance between the Stars and Stripes and the Stars and Bars made it somewhat difficult to distinguish at a distance the two flags, and at the battle of Manassas, especially on the Confederate left, where occurred the Confederate flanking movement, some confusion ensued because of this resemblance. On account of that incident General Beauregard, of the Army of the Potomac, and Gen. G. W. Smith, commanding the Army of the Shenandoah, determined to make a flag for the use of the troops under their

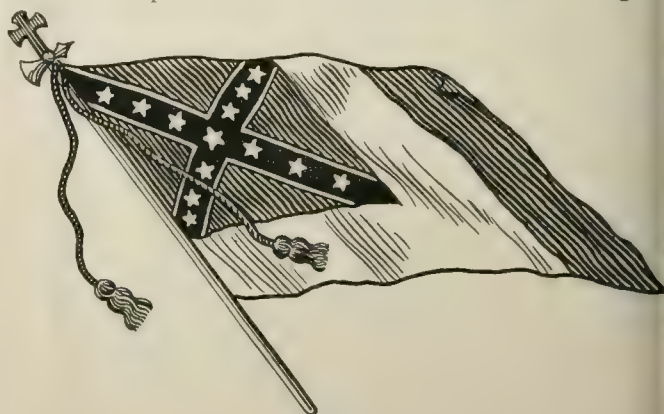
commands, the flag to be entirely different from any State or Federal flag.

Many designs for the battle flag were submitted, the two favorite ones differing only as to the shape of the cross, one bearing the St. Andrew's and the other the Latin. Both were oblong. But Gen. J. E. Johnston, in general command of the forces around Manassas, preferred a square flag. In General Beauregard's account of the selection between the two models he wrote: "We finally adopted in September, 1861, the well-known battle flag of the Army of the Potomac [as it was first called] to which our soldiers became so devoted. Its field was red or crimson; its bars were blue and, running diagonally across from one corner to the other, formed the Greek cross; the stars on the bars were white or gold, their number being equal to the number of States in the Confederacy; the blue bars were separated from the red field by a small white fillet. The size of the flag for infantry was fixed at 4x4 feet, for artillery at 3x3 feet, and for cavalry 2½x2½ feet."

THE SECOND AND THIRD CONFEDERATE FLAGS.

The Confederate Congress on May 1, 1863, adopted another national flag, the second flag of the Confederate States, in the place of the Stars and Bars. The new flag was described in the language of the act of Congress which created it as follows: "The field to be white, the length double the width of the flag, with the union (now used as the battle flag) to be a square of two-thirds the width of the flag, having the ground red; thereon a broad saltier of blue bordered with white and emblazoned with white mullets, or five-pointed stars, corresponding in number to that of the Confederate States." Objections to this flag were at once raised and continued until it was altered. The objections were that it resembled closely the white ensign of Great Britain and also a flag of truce. When hanging limp, it showed all white.

The objections were so well taken that the Congress on February 4, 1865, adopted the third flag, which was officially described as follows: "The width two-thirds of its length; the union, now used as a battle flag, to be in width three-fifths of the width of the flag and so proportioned as to leave the length of the field on the side of the union twice the width below it; to have a ground of red and broad blue saltier thereon bordered with white and emblazoned with mullets, or five-pointed stars, corresponding in number to that of the Confederate States; the field to be white except the outer half of the union, which shall be a red bar extending the width of the flag." This flag was, in fact, a duplicate of the second Confederate flag, with the addition of a broad transverse strip of red at the end the whole width of the flag.



LAST FLAG OF THE CONFEDERACY.

RAISING THE FIRST CONFEDERATE FLAG.

BY MRS. MARIE BANKHEAD OWEN, MONTGOMERY, ALA.

A proud and aristocratic woman recently stood beside the Confederate monument that glorifies Capitol Hill, in Montgomery, and lifted her eyes to the flagpole that reaches up toward the heavens from the great dome of that historic building. The interest of the visitor's gaze was altogether reminiscent. Fifty-five years ago she had stood at the base of that dome and pulled the cord which unfurled to the breeze the ensign of a new nation, the Stars and Bars of the provisional government of the Confederate States of America.

This interested beholder of things present, looking back through the mists of bygone years, was none other than Miss Letitia Christian Tyler, granddaughter of President John Tyler, who, when a young girl in her early teens, was invited by President Jefferson Davis to raise the first flag of the Confederacy. On account of this historic incident Miss Tyler is a figure of importance in the annals of the period, and because of her association with the event her recollections, though brief, are worthy of preservation.

Miss Tyler was born in the White House, at Washington. Her parents were Robert, eldest son of John Tyler, President of the United States, and Priscilla, daughter of Thomas Cooper, a distinguished English actor. She was passing the winter of 1860-61 with the families of Mr. Frederick Raoul, of Mount Meigs, a plantation settlement fifteen miles from Montgomery, and Dr. Thomas Taylor, residing in the city. She was in Montgomery on January 11, 1861, when Alabama seceded; and though in the midst of the stirring scenes of the time, she was too youthful to fully realize their significance. While a guest in the home of Dr. Taylor the news came that his native State, South Carolina, had seceded from the Union.

When it was known that the granddaughter of a former President of the United States was in the capital city of the new Confederacy, an invitation was extended to Miss Letitia Tyler by President Jefferson Davis to raise the first flag.

"It has been so long ago that many of the details of the event have faded from my memory," said Miss Tyler when asked to give her recollections of that great day. "I know that great crowds of people were constantly about the State-house and Capitol grounds, as companies of soldiers were being mustered into service, and interested people were on hand to watch the doings of the Provisional Congress of the Confederacy. I cannot now recall, even if I ever had heard, who designed the flag. I clearly remember ascending the stairs that led to the dome of the building and that I was escorted by Hon. Alex B. Clitherall, one of the Confederate officials. Dr. and Mrs. Thomas Taylor and several other persons accompanied us to the top of the Capitol. Below us were vast throngs of people, who were watching and waiting for the signal to unfurl the flag of the new nation. On reaching the base of the dome I found the flag all ready, and the cord was handed me. Then I began to pull it, and up climbed the flag to the top of the pole and floated out boldly on the stiff March wind. The hundreds of people below us sent up a mighty shout. Cannon roared out a salute, and my heart beat with wild joy and excitement. May I recall further," she said, "that my father, although residing in the North, never lost one whit of his love for the South; but he never taught us sectional things. Because he was so much a Southerner, his position was one of suspicion and hate on the part of the people there; and when it became known that

his daughter had actually raised a Confederate flag, feeling against him became very intense. It was not long before he removed South with his family."

More than half a century has passed since that fateful 4th of March when the Confederate Stars and Bars was unfurled before the eager throngs who stood below and shouted their defiance to injustice and oppression. The majority of those liberty-loving men and women have long since entered into eternal peace. But some abide, and Miss Tyler on this historic anniversary looked up at the great dome and recalled the events in which she was a gracious and unique figure; but fallible memory denied the return of the vision as of that other day in all its fullness.

"I do not know who designed the flag. I cannot recall the facts of its history." These words carried their measure of regret as the fair girl of another day told the story to an interested group of friends.

FLAG OF THE CONFEDERATE STATES.

FROM THE MONTGOMERY WEEKLY ADVERTISER, MARCH 4, 1911.

The 4th of March was an eventful day in the provisional capital of the Confederate States of America, as well as in Washington. At 3:30 P.M. on yesterday the flag of the Confederate States of America was flung out to the breeze from the staff on the Capitol, and as its proud folds gradually unfolded it seemed to wave defiance to the northern wind that came rushing down from the Potomac laden with threats of abolition coercion. A large concourse of spectators had assembled on Capitol Hill, and the number would doubtless have been trebled had it been possible to give an earlier announcement of the ceremony.

Miss L. C. T. Tyler, one of the fairest descendants of the Old Dominion and a granddaughter of the venerable ex-President of the late United States, had been selected to perform the principal part upon this occasion. When the time had arrived for raising the banner, Miss Tyler steadily and with heart throbbing with patriotic emotion elevated the flag to the summit of the staff; cannon thundered forth a salute, the vast assemblage rent the air with shouts of welcome, and the people of the South had for the first time a view of the Southern flag.

Ere there was time to take one hasty glance at the national ensign, the eyes of all were upturned to gaze at what would perhaps at any time have attracted unusual attention, but on this occasion seemed really a providential omen. Scarcely had the first report from the salute died away when a large and beautifully defined circle of blue vapor rose slowly over the assemblage of Southern spirits there assembled to vow allegiance to the Southern banner, rested for many seconds on a level with the flag of the Confederate States, then gradually ascended until lost to the gaze of the multitude. It was a most beautiful and auspicious omen, and those who look with an eye of faith to the glorious future of our Confederacy could but believe that the same God that vouchsafed to the Christian emperor the cross in the heavens as a promise of victory had this day given to a young nation striving for liberty a divine augury of hope and national durability.

The flag of the Confederate States was the work of the committee appointed by Congress, none of the designs sent by individuals as models having been thought suitable. It consists of three bars of red and white. The upper is red,

the middle white, and the lower red. The lower bar extends the whole width of the flag, and just above it, next to the staff on the upper left-hand corner of the flag, is a blue union with the seven stars in a circle. The design is simple, easily recognized, and sufficiently distinct from the old "Gridiron." Long may it wave over a free, prosperous, and united people!

[NOTE.—The foregoing is a carefully compared copy from the original in the Montgomery Weekly Advertiser of March 6, 1861, preserved in the Alabama State Department of Archives and History. The article appears to have been originally published in the Daily Advertiser of March 5, 1861, and carried forward into the weekly issue of the next day. The date, March 5, appears at the head of the column in which the article is printed.]

CAPTURE OF PLYMOUTH, N. C.

BY REV. E. A. WRIGHT, BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

On the Roanoke River, in the northeast part of North Carolina, is the town of Plymouth. In "Regimental Histories of North Carolina Troops" in the War between the States it is stated that in the capture of this strongly fortified town the following troops were engaged: Ransom's Brigade, with the 8th North Carolina Regiment of Clingman's attached, Hoke's North Carolina Brigade, the 43d North Carolina Regiment, and Terry's Virginia Brigade. These were the infantry troops assigned to Gen. Benjamin Frederick Hoke, the senior brigadier in command of all troops sent to capture Plymouth. Besides these, General Hoke was ably assisted by the iron-clad ram Albemarle, built at Halifax, in Halifax County, on the Roanoke River, at least seventy-five miles above Plymouth. In addition to the above, we had on this expedition Col. J. R. Dearing's cavalry regiment and two batteries of horse artillery, under Captain Star, of Wilmington, N. C., and also a battery from Mobile, Ala.

Up to the date of this attack Plymouth had been in possession of the Federals for about two years, and at this time it was under the command of Gen. Henry W. Wessell, who had under him about six thousand men, including two companies of North Carolina deserters, under Captains Johnson and Haggard. While the siege was going on, in the nighttime a considerable number of these deserters also deserted Wessell, floated down the river in canoes, and took refuge in the woods. After the war such undesirables on the Confederate side down in Eastern North Carolina, especially in Washington County, of which Plymouth was the county seat, were called "Buffaloes" and by that appellation are known to this day.

General Hoke, with his troopers, arrived in front of Plymouth on the 18th of April, 1864, and on that night I, a lieutenant of Company I, 35th North Carolina Regiment, was sent out in command of pickets to drive in the Yankee pickets. I was out all night and had succeeded in driving all pickets in our immediate front behind the breastworks surrounding the town. On the 19th General Ransom moved down to the left, and during that night he forced the passage of Coneby Creek, a narrow but deep stream on the east of the town. Capt. Barney Lane had gone before the brigade, crossed the creek, and thus had gotten in between the creek and the river. When we reached the creek, we heard Captain Lane's men sending out the Rebel yell and driving the Yankees' pickets pell-mell into Plymouth.

Our brigade, under Ransom, crossed Coneby Creek on a pontoon bridge about midnight. When we had gotten fully over, the brigade was deployed into line, arranged just as Ransom wanted it to be, then there came to us "boys" that most pleasant of all commands: "Stack arms; lie down and rest until daybreak." The rest was very refreshing to me, for I had not closed my eyes in slumber for more than twenty-four hours. Corporal James Council and I went together, and not far off we found a fisherman's flat-bottomed boat, about five feet wide, in which he and I lay down to sleep. Just before "slumber's chain had bound us" Corporal Council said to me: "Lieutenant Wright, this will be our last sleep together, for before to-morrow night I shall be sleeping my eternal sleep." I said: "Jimmy, don't talk that way. Let us go to sleep."

On the morning of the 20th of April, 1864, Ransom's Brigade took part in one of the grandest charges, heroic from start to finish, that were made in any battle in the strenuous War between the States. The charge commenced at early sunrise, when the signal was sent up by the ram Albemarle, and by 4 P.M. the town of Plymouth was ours, with General Wessell, the commander, and about six thousand men and officers. In this charge, for over a quarter of a mile on an open field in front of a six-gun battery, raked with grape and canister, we made good and captured the fort.

True to his prediction of the night before, Corporal Council was lying in that sleep that knows no waking, together with fifty gallant men of the 35th Regiment of North Carolina Troops. Maj. Simon B. Taylor, of our regiment, now living at Catherine Lake, Onslow County, N. C., in the eighty-first year of his age, was severely wounded in his right knee. He was the first man to mount the fort to receive the surrender of the boys in blue, who had made such a gallant defense. With the assistance of a comrade, I helped Major Taylor up to the parapets of the fort, and then some one kindly helped me up; so he and I were side by side when the white flag was put into his hands. He waved it high, so it might be seen by the gallant boys in gray who had made the charge, not surpassed by any that was made in the most heroic of wars.

KNIGHTS OF THE WHITE CAMELIA.

BY JOHN W. BROUGHTON, LORMAN, MISS.

The organization of the Knights of the White Camelia was formed in New Orleans, La., in 1867 for the protection of the whites against negro insurrection, as such was necessary all over the South, which was then overrun by carpetbaggers and scalawags, office seekers who were using methods of inciting the negroes to rise that they might hold their offices. The plans adopted were to organize companies and, under the name of the Crescent City White League, at different times have large torchlight processions on the streets of New Orleans, the idea being to let the negroes know what to expect in case of an uprising. This organization was kept up until the noted fight on the 14th of September, 1874, resulting in the overthrow of the misrule which was then in full swing. I became a member of the Knights of the White Camelia in the fall of 1867 and remained as such until January, 1869, when I moved to Rodney, Miss.

Gen. Adna R. Chaffee, U. S. A., and his oldest brother, Maj. Orestes P. Chaffee, C. S. A., were both engaged in the battle of Lookout Mountain, though unknown to each other; while a younger brother was killed on the Union side.

ALABAMA—THE RELATION OF THE STATE TO THE BIRTH OF THE SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY.

BY JOHN WITHERSPOON DUBOSE.

The most enduring national character belongs to that family of men which most has loved the traditions of preceding generations and built upon institutions and forms of government under which it had received life. The history of the Jews has been through the ages the depository of original Jewish character, which, like the broken mirror, is in all its fragments the same.

The province of the United Confederate Veterans' Association is to make sure the history of its country, the motives of its ambition, the processes of its vitality, and the heroism that immortalizes its disappointment.

The people of Alabama, with spontaneous and universal acclaim, with acute knowledge, with instinct of the generations, wait to greet upon their soil the twenty-seventh annual Reunion of the United Confederate Veterans—the unparalleled veterans!

Alabama on this fair page would recall how the star did stand where millions of great people turned their hopes of American principles of political government. The Reunion in annual assemblage is not only a memorial to invite the quick and future generations to the fallen, but it is an echoing of the immortal truth that fell.

The Confederacy was not a revolution, was not rebellion nor insurrection, nor was it "secession." In good order and under law, laid in the foundations of the American idea, in wisdom accepted by our great men and approved by the people in conventions, the history of the Southern Confederacy appeals to

the advancing expanse of human intelligence. It was written aforetime of the foundations of the Southern Confederacy that "whenever the form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the government to alter or abolish it and to institute a new government."

In the annals of time no nation ready-born was so enlightened in the art of civil government, so resourceful in self-defense, so rich within its possessions, and so populous upon call as that formed in the Senate chamber of the Capitol of Alabama. It is not amiss to bring here to the comparative test the physical resources of the two Confederacies, the Northern and the Southern. We select seven items of national strength common to both—to wit: (1) Cash value of farms, (2) capital in manufactures, (3) capital in banks, (4) value of railroad mileage and improvements constructed in the decade 1850-60, (5) value of sailing vessels, (6) value of steamboats, (7) value of slave property, owned only in the one, but the usufruct chiefly in the other section.

The North, with twice the aggregate population, had of these enumerated assets \$6,707,385,721, while the South, or Slave States, had \$5,490,607,721. (Census of 1860.)

A Federal organization of American States was an original policy of Virginia. Virginia led the first Congress of this kind in the world, which met at Philadelphia September 5, 1774. Patrick Henry said he had come as "an American," not as a Virginian. Virginia had two to three times the wealth and population of some other States. It had a half dozen times the territory of many. The Congress resolved that the vote should be taken so that each colony should count one. Thus the Federal system was given birth.

Mr. Lincoln said Texas was not an independent State. History is eloquent with renunciation of the error.

While the Congress sat two years later, still at Philadelphia, Virginia called a convention May 5, 1776, at Williamsburg. The convention resolved to declare State independence and to prepare a State Constitution. The convention considered whether the Congress should be notified of the independence of State Constitutions for all the colonies. The vote was rejected. The Constitution that remained for a half century over Virginia was thus adopted June 29, the week before the Declaration of Independence.

The grounds or data held as proper authorities for an intelligent estimate of the action of the Southern States and their wisdom in the reorganization of their Federal government may be recalled:

1. The memorandum bequeathed by George Mason.
2. The petition led by Dr. Franklin to the first session of the First Congress to abolish the importation of African slaves.

MASON'S MEMORANDUM.

"GIVEN ON HALL, September 30, 1792.

"*Ex relatione G. Mason.* The Constitution as agreed to till a fortnight before the convention rose was such a one as he would have set his hand and heart to. First, the President was to be elected for seven years, then ineligible for seven years more; second, rotation in the Senate; third, a vote of two-thirds on legislation on particular subjects and expressly that of navigation. The three New England States were constantly with us in all questions. (Rhode Island not there, and New York seldom.) So that it was these three States with the five Southern ones against Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and Delaware. With respect to the importation of slaves, it was left to Congress. This disturbed the southern-



JOHN WITHERSPOON DUBOSE,

Author of "Life and Times of Yancey," "Gen. Joe Wheeler and the Army of Tennessee," and other historical works.

most States, which knew that Congress would immediately suppress the importation of slaves. These two States, therefore, struck up a bargain with the New England States. If they would admit slaves for some years, the two southernmost, they would join in changing the clause which required two-thirds of the legislature in any vote. It was done. These articles were changed accordingly, and from that moment the two southernmost States and the Northern ones joined Pennsylvania, Jersey, and Delaware and made the eight to three against us instead of eight to three for us, as it had been through the whole convention. Under this coalition the great principles of the Constitution were changed in the last days of the convention. —."

THE FIRST ATTACK UPON THE CONSTITUTION.

On Thursday, February 11, 1790, at the first session of the First Congress, Mr. Thomas Fitzsimon, of Pennsylvania, presented from his seat in the House the address of the yearly Quaker, or Friend, meeting of Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Delaware, and the western parts of Maryland and Virginia, held at Philadelphia, against the continuance of the African slave trade and praying Congress to remove that reproach from the land. At the same time Mr. John Lawrence, of New York, from his seat in the House presented an address to the same effect from the Society of Friends in New York. The next day the memorial of the Pennsylvania society for promoting the abolition of slavery, the relief of free negroes unlawfully held in bondage, and the improvement of the conditions of the African race was presented and read.

The memorial was signed by Benjamin Franklin, President. A bitter debate in the House followed. The question did not reach the Senate. The Committee on Memorials reported, and the House accepted its action: "That Congress has no authority to interfere in the emancipation of slaves or in the treatment of them within any of the States, it remaining with the several States alone to provide any regulations therein which humanity and true policy may require." The report further advised, and was accepted, that Congress had authority to restrain Americans from the African slave trade with foreign countries and had authority to provide regulations for the humane treatment of African importations on shipboard anywhere, it is supposed.

Notwithstanding, the Quakers and others persisted. Two years later Warner Mifflin, a citizen of Delaware, presented a petition to the House for the general emancipation of slavery. Mr. John Steele, of North Carolina, moved that "the paper purporting to be a petition from Warner Mifflin be returned to him by the clerk of the House and that the entry of said petition be expunged from the journal." The House consented to the motion of Mr. Steele. ("Benton's Abridgment," Volume I.)

THE ALABAMA PLATFORM

James K. Polk, of Tennessee, a slaveholder, long in high public office, came into the Presidency by the Democratic party at the election of 1844. The President took the duties of his office with undisguised ambition that his administration should acquire the beautiful Bay of San Francisco, then ostensibly a possession of Mexico. His policy was to follow the example of the Louisiana Purchase. A treaty of peace with Mexico, following our conquest, was negotiated by the Polk administration. The treaty gave the United States the vast magnificent wild territory, with the coveted bay included. But before the war with Mexico—two years, indeed, prior to the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo—President Polk sent a

special message to Congress asking for money to purchase territory from that neighboring country.

Now, as of old, came up from Pennsylvania a plaint from the "struck bargain" of the Constitution involving slavery.

In 1846 Mr. David Wilmot, representative from Pennsylvania, classed as a Democrat, a man of mediocre standing in his party, moved an amendment to the appropriation bill to meet the President's call. The amendment required "that neither slavery nor involuntary servitude shall ever exist in any part of said territory except for crime," etc. That was the thought that a quarter of a century before alarmed Mr. Jefferson as a "fire bell in the night."

Thus prepared, Alabama now enters sectional politics with her potentiality. The House bill came to the Senate. Senator Dixon Lewis, from Alabama, moved to strike off the Wilmot proviso. Thus the red rag was waved to the "bargain-struck." Public feeling in the South, now intensely excited, saw that the rivalry of the sections was to take the place of "bargain-struck" in the rule of the government.

The quadrennial convention of the Democrats of Alabama assembled in the Capitol in February, 1848, all the counties being represented but Covington, an inferior political factor. The business of the convention was to publish a party platform and select delegates to the National Democratic Convention expected to nominate a President and Vice President at Baltimore later in the year and to select electors.

With the utmost enthusiasm and without a note of dissent the State Convention passed a platform. This Alabama platform became the argument upon which the Southern Confederacy rested. This utterance of the Democracy of Alabama ripened into the birth of the Confederacy under the same roof where the State platform was published.

The author of the Alabama platform was William Lowndes Yancey, a lawyer of Montgomery, a young man born in Hancock County, Ga., of distinguished ancestry.

The proposition published by the Democratic party of Alabama as aforesaid was:

"Resolved, That this convention pledge itself to the country and the members pledge themselves to each other under no political necessity whatever to support for the offices of President and Vice President of the United States any persons who shall not be openly and unequivocally opposed to either the forms of excluding slavery from the territories of the United States mentioned in these resolutions as being alike in violation of the Constitution and of the just and equal rights of the citizens of the slaveholding States."

Eight years passed. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" planted the bountiful seed of fanaticism on both sides of the ocean. The various factions of the anti-Southern following were preparing to unite to put out a Presidential ticket for 1856 to rule or ruin. The Governor of Alabama, John Anthony Winston, invited seventy citizens to unite with him in a circular to the people. The people were called to assemble by their delegates in the hall of the House of Representatives to determine what to do. They came—the most remarkable political meeting of that epoch of American history. The mass, regardless of all political antecedents that had divided them, assembled. The convention sat day and night on January 8, continuing through the next day. This mass meeting by their delegates selected a delegation to represent Alabama in the quadrennial national convention of the Democratic party to meet at Cincinnati soon to nominate 1856 candidates for President and Vice President of the United States. The head of the delegation chosen was Hon. John Forsythe, of Mobile, a famous

Democratic leader.' The convention next in order selected the electors, Mr. William L. Yancey being at the head. The delegation sent to Cincinnati was instructed to insist upon the incorporation of the principles of the Alabama platform of 1848 in the national platform, and the Cincinnati platform complied with the Alabama request.

Stephen A. Douglas, a candidate before that convention for President, was defeated, as Alabama required.

Alabama alone of all the States appeared at the National Democratic Convention at Cincinnati in 1856, as represented by a delegation chosen by a mass meeting of the people. Alabama alone sent its delegation instructed to demand of the

Cincinnati convention the acknowledgment of the equal rights of the South in the benefit of the common domain.

SITUATION IN 1856.

The rapid growth of the revolution of the North, urged by the New England immigration societies, by the vigor of the Republican party, by the free States in nullifying the Federal Constitution, the "bargain-struck," by the general approval of Northern political leaders of the incendiaryism of John Brown—these and cognate acts of sympathy in the North had the effect of uniting the South upon the policies of Alabama, which were firm and intelligent.



INAUGURATION OF PRESIDENT DAVIS AT MONTGOMERY IN 1861.

The University of the State was changed to a military school with design to prepare officers for the militia or volunteer army. The academy at Glennville, in an extreme eastern county, and LaGrange College, in a northwest county, were military schools. An act to organize military companies and arm them in the most efficient way was formed.

ALABAMA'S FIRST SECESSION MOVEMENT.

In the early weeks of the session of 1859 the Senate passed a joint resolution unanimously and later the House with practical unanimity. This action placed Alabama in priority of the States which by conventional process prepared themselves to secede and organize the Southern Confederacy.

The joint resolution stood as impeachable testimony for all time to the solemnity of the public mind and the courage of the people—to wit:

"Whereas antislavery agitation, persistently continued in the nonslaveholding States of the Union for more than a third of a century, marked at every stage of its progress by contempt for the obligations of law and the sanctity of compacts, evincing a deadly hostility to the rights and institutions of the Southern people and a settled purpose to effect their overthrow even by the subversion of the Constitution and at the hazard of violence and bloodshed; and whereas a sectional party calling itself Republican, committed alike by its own acts and antecedents and the public avowals and secret machinations of its leaders to the execution of these atrocious designs, has acquired the ascendancy in nearly every Northern State and hopes by success in the approaching Presidential election to seize the government itself; and whereas to permit those whose unmistakable aim is to pervert its whole machinery to the destruction of a portion of its members would be an act of suicidal folly and madness almost without parallel in history; and whereas the General Assembly of Alabama, representing a people loyally devoted to the Union of the Constitution, but scorning the Union which fanaticism would erect upon its ruins, deem it their solemn duty to provide in advance the means by which they may escape such peril and dishonor and devise new securities for perpetuating the blessings of liberty to themselves and their posterity."

The sovereign convention anticipated was next elected on December 24, 1860, and assembled January 8 following in the hall of the House of Representatives.

THE CHARLESTON CONVENTION.

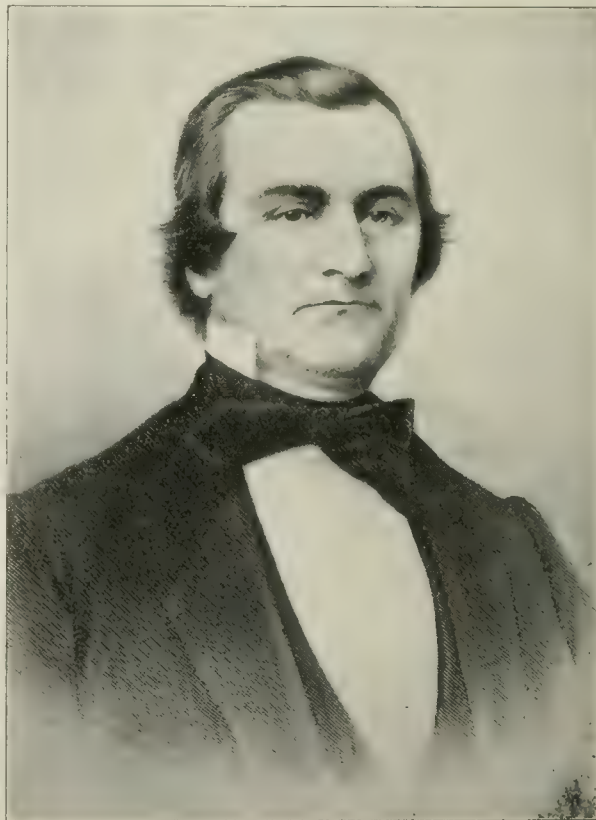
The quadrennial convention of the National Democratic party was appointed to meet at a certain political center, Charleston, S. C. The strategical choice of the city was evident. The convention assembled with omens of distress. The Dred Scott decree had divided the Supreme Court in interpretation of the "bargain-struck"; the national party now assembled represented the dissension that rent the Union. The majority of the delegates were free-State men from States that had already decided the controversy to come before the convention. All the free States, except California and Oregon, had fallen into the embrace of the new Republican party. It was not to be expected that States which had set up after full debate Republican party governments in all departments, Republican partisan legislatures, Republican partisan executives, Republican partisan courts would within a few months elect Democratic electoral colleges directed by the Alabama platform of 1848.

Alabama entered the Charleston convention known of her pledge by her legislature and by her dominant party to resist the election of a revolutionary or black Republican President. The delegation sent to the National Convention by the Alabama State Democratic Convention took seats instructed to withdraw unless the Alabama platform of 1848 should be accepted by the platform of 1860.

YANCEY.

By common consent of both factions of the Charleston convention, both North and South, Yancey should be intrusted to argue the cause of the South. Yancey was to speak for Alabama. "While others wavered, caught now at this expedient and again at that to turn the current he was setting against them, against the Union itself, he held steadfast, undoubting, to his simple theme. * * * Above all, his words rang upon every theme he touched in a voice whose slightest tone thrilled along the blood, so rich, so flexible was it, so compact of the quiet passion of the mind." (Wilson's "History of the American People," Volume IV., page 281.)

Every hotel was packed, every inn overflowed, boats at the wharf became lodging places for visitors to the convention and delegates. Yancey and his brother occupied jointly a comfortable chamber. The brother had sought an hour of repose. The orator entered and with an amused air said: "I have just heard news; I have received from the Douglas men an offer of a trade. Let Douglas take the nomination now; second place on the ticket falls to me. The Douglas men will see to it that I shall succeed to the prize in 1864." (Statement made to this writer while a guest at the home of the brother, Hon. B. C. Yancey.)



WILLIAM LOWNDES YANCEY.

The afternoon appointed for Yancey's speech arrived.

"The convention adjourned to meet at four o'clock in the afternoon. Yancey and Pugh, Senator from Ohio, would speak for their respective sections. The President, Caleb Cushing, of Boston, resumed his seat. The floor and galleries were packed and the street without with hundreds debarred. Mr. Alfred Huger, a distinguished Charlestonian, a friend of the orator's youth, accosted him at the door: 'Remember, it is great to have a giant's strength, but greater not to use it.' * * * In the gloaming of the May day, the high hall ablaze with light, the most elegant society of America gathered there, Mr. Yancey passed from his seat to the stage. Instantly there burst forth from floor, from lobbies, and from galleries the most wonderful demonstration an orator ever evoked. Frenzied crowds on the streets took up the shouts from within and sped their deep tones far away into the homes of the citizens. On rang the plaudits within and without. 'The ladies covered him with flowers.' (Morning report.) 'The silenced orator brushed a tear from his eye.' In sheer weariness of its own ardor the clamor ceased.

"In tone and manner, even as a guest of the drawing room would address the company, the orator inquired of the President if the rule limiting the time to the floor might be relaxed so that the discussion of the point upon which the orator might be engaged when called should be allowed to be concluded. The answer of the chair was drowned in the cry from the floor 'Go on! Go on!'

"An hour and a half, alternating between profound silence and vehement applause, a Northern delegate addressed the chair, complaining that the convention was compelled to submit to the indignity of proceedings unsuited to the place and occasion. United States Marshal Rynders, a notable politician, a delegate from New York, called in ringing words: 'If you would stop the applause, you must quiet Mr. Yancey.' As soon as his voice could be heard, Mr. B. F. Butler, delegate from Massachusetts, shouted: 'I will march a regiment to the support of Mr. Yancey.'" ("Life and Times of Yancey.")

The orator had not let fall a syllable of "regiments." His calm was notable, his action was moderate, his utterance was "logic on fire." Wilson's description of him in his "History of the American People" carefully suppresses the feature of the delivery that is a key to the truth. Yancey did not speak to please, but to convince. His demeanor in general while in delivery and the general tone of his voice would have been becoming to a gentleman in private converse with a circle of friends. Mr. Wilson never saw the man. For want of knowledge where he wrote and for want of sympathy where he rendered judgment the renowned author teaches: "He was a man of no majesty of presence, no adventurous grace of manner." The curious may compare the portrait of Yancey in the book where many portraits of great Americans stand. It may be assumed that Yancey stood face to face among the great anywhere to be recognized as of among nature's peers. The photograph from which the picture in Mr. Wilson's book is taken was made in New York in 1860.

THE LEADERSHIP OF ALABAMA

We recount somewhat of the consecutive political acts of Alabama that were leading acts that in eleven years foretold the erection of the Confederate States of America:

1. The State Democratic Convention of 1848 instructed its delegates to the National Convention to meet at Baltimore. No other State, North or South, so instructed its delegates to that convention.

2. Alabama on January 8, 1856, convened by delegates to a mass meeting in the Capitol, regardless of all previous political affiliations, to demand admission to the National Democratic Convention at Cincinnati with the principles of the Alabama platform of 1848. No other State, North or South, so instructed its delegates.

3. The Democracy of Alabama, preponderating the State with overwhelming force, assembled at the Capitol on January 11, 1860. The people thus in convention selected eight leading citizens to represent them in the National Democratic Convention at Charleston—to wit, F. S. Lyon (by acclamation), Leroy Pope Walker, William L. Yancey, A. B. Meek, John A. Winston, Levi W. Lawler, D. W. Baine, and H. D. Smith, selected by the convention by ballot. Nineteen other delegates filled the State's quota, selected by the chair.

The delegation as a whole was instructed to insist upon the incorporation of the Alabama platform of 1848 in the platform of the party at Charleston. The delegation was instructed by the State Convention to withdraw from the National Convention upon the refusal of the incorporation of the Alabama platform of 1848. No other State, North or South, so instructed its delegates.

4. Alabama led the Southern States withdrawing from the Charleston National Democratic Convention; not because of the accidental alphabetical order on the roll, but because of instructions where no other instructions appeared save those of Alabama.

5. The legislature of Alabama led all the Southern States in the matter of time in the enactment of the necessary enabling power of the people to convene a secession convention.

6. Alabama alone of the Southern States or of any of the States did depute one of its private citizens to canvass the whole Union, from Boston to New Orleans, to preach the legacy to the country, the "bargain struck," upon which the sections were brought into the government.

YANCEY'S CANVASS

Mr. Yancey protested against the personal duty. His dedication was refused by his fellow citizens. His engagements with the fall courts must be abandoned at serious professional and financial loss. The demand upon him now came from the North. The opening speech was delivered at Memphis in an open lot on the night of August 14. A self-constituted committee of gentlemen advised the orator not to attempt to keep his appointment because of bodily risk from a mob. The speech was delivered without the least preliminary arrangement for the orator's protection. The effect upon the audience was wonderful.

Appointments followed and were kept promptly at Atlanta, Knoxville, Richmond, Va., and Staunton. He spoke at Washington. He said: "The only issue in this campaign is the integrity of the Constitution." He passed on to speak at Annapolis, at Easton, and at Frederick. At every place the orator was met with extraordinary interest, like nothing of political discussion ever before seen.

Cooper Institute, at New York, was selected for his delivery. The hall was packed to its limit. Amidst cheers of welcome, the packed audience rose as the orator was introduced; shouts of derision floated through the halls, and cries of "Order, order" mingled with hisses.

The orator, with familiar self-control, said: "Fellow citizens of New York, I trust an Alabamian may yet speak to the citizens of New York in a spirit of fellowship. * * * I speak to you to-night for the home I love better than any

other home, for the State I love better than any other State, for the section I love better than any other section."

At Faneuil Hall, later returning to several places in the interior of New York, he closed the canvass of the free States in Cincinnati with a wonderful demonstration. The Pike Theater, at Cincinnati, was the meeting place, crowded beyond its capacity. In the peroration of two hours' fascinating delivery the orator said: "I am not a prophet; I make no prophecy. It does not become me here to indulge in gasconade. But, my countrymen, you cannot carry out the policy of the black Republican party. You cannot carry it out and expect the South to remain submissively bowing down to your supremacy. We are for Union. What Union? For the Union, gentlemen, contained between these two lids [holding up a copy of the Constitution]. * * * May that spirit of justice and truth which prevailed among our common ancestry be ours to prevail in the loyal bosoms and great hearts of this people, and may they respect each other as our fathers respected each other! * * * If you have power, exercise it like men. If you have intelligence, show it in the manner in which you administer this government. If you have justice, let it prevail though the heavens fall. But do not, do not, my friends of the North—I say it before you in no spirit, gentlemen, of servile submission to your power or servile acknowledgment of that power, for as God rules I have no fear of it, much as I respect it—but do not merely because you feel that you have the power, do not wreath your arms around the pillars of our liberty and, like a blinded Samson, pull down that great temple upon your heads as well as ours."

At several places in Kentucky and at Nashville, Tenn., the orator spoke. Arriving near New Orleans, a special committee met him for an escort of honor. Business was suspended as for a holiday. The several gay uniformed military companies, several brass bands, and a vast throng of people awaited the train. A procession bore the orator in great state and enthusiasm. At Mobile and at Montgomery unequalled public demonstration received his arrival, as if to surpass the honors their countryman had been reaping abroad.

A NEW ORATORY.

No demonstrations of welcome of a private citizen had ever been exhibited as in the case of this Alabamian in the United States, North or South. The oratorical tour of this Alabamian in 1860, prior to the national election of November, was the earliest of equal importance known to the United States. It is said of the oratory in this tour that, while the speeches in consecutive order were laid before the world by the daily newspapers, the changing audience heard fresh deliveries. The topic was one everywhere, but fresh light was shed upon it at every place. At New Orleans the orator gave the difference he found between Northern and Southern methods of practical politics in its lower sense. He had been told that a candidate for Congress in New York had paid out \$50,000 for his success. He said: "I was twice elected to Congress, and my outlay was only \$5." He drove his horses from home to home through nine large counties, a welcome guest in every one.

A FEARLESS GOVERNOR.

Governor Moore, on his own official responsibility, acted in anticipation of the act of secession. Even before delegates had been chosen to the Secession Convention the Governor appealed to the banks within the State to suspend specie payment. The Governor argued that the State would in all probability soon need at least one million dollars coin. Again,



THE STATE CAPITOL AT MONTGOMERY.

before the ordinance of secession passed, this Governor of Alabama gave notice to the President of the United States, Mr. Buchanan, that on his own responsibility he had taken armed possession of the United States forts, Morgan and Gaines, and arsenal near Mobile, the munitions of war found there, and the Mount Vernon arsenals.

THE CONFEDERATE GOVERNMENT.

It may be profitable to recall that the ordinance of secession was passed by South Carolina earlier than any State, December 20, 1860, although, as we have seen, Alabama was the first to prepare to call its convention. I happen to hold a personal letter addressed by Hon. Robert Barnwell Rhett, Jr., editor of the Charleston Daily Mercury, at the time here discussed. The editor was naturally anxious to keep in touch with the important events transpiring about him. The letter states that the editor's father, then the leading statesman of South Carolina after Calhoun, used his persuasion with the Secession Convention there to name the capital of Alabama to which South Carolina would invite the sister Southern States to meet to reorganize their Federal relations. The choice of the capital was recommended because of the leadership of Yancey, of Alabama, in the project.

CONFEDERATE CONGRESS.

At the hour of noon on February 4, 1861, deputies from six States—South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, and Louisiana—met in the Senate chamber of Alabama. Alabama appropriated the first purse, the sum of \$500,000, to its use as a gift. On the third day it received from Mr. Memminger, of South Carolina, the report of the Provisional Constitution of the Confederate States of America to exist for one year from the date upon which it might be adopted by the Congress. This action, without referendum, was final.

Deputies to the Congress were not all of one mind. Mr. Withers, from South Carolina, omitted to kiss the Bible while taking the oath. Hon. A. H. Stephens, of Georgia, a Whig and Unionist of extraordinary influence, had resisted the secession of his State. He reluctantly appeared as a deputy in the Congress. He had consented to leave home only in the hope that he might prevail with the Congress to set up a duplicate of the government of the United States, amended. (Stephens's "Pictorial United States.") There was regret

later of a complex civil system. Yancey thought it was premature. He would have recommended a Congress of one house without a President. A commanding general in the field, with a legislature to fix taxes, should have been the practical Federal system.

THE CONSTITUTION.

It was the latest refinement of the American idea. It was the revival of the Constitution of 1787. Mr. Memminger, of South Carolina, reported the Provisional Constitution, and Mr. Rhett, of that State, reported the Permanent Constitution.

PRESIDENT DAVIS.

The President elect was found by the messenger sent in the garden. Mr. Davis was perhaps the most impressive in bearing of American public men. With General Lee, he ranked with men of importance in majesty of demeanor. Horace Greeley said upon his visit to Congress that Mr. Davis was offensive, not so much in what he said, but in his manner.

The selection of Mr. Davis as President was logical and inevitable. When he appeared on the platform of the car that bore him forward to the capital, his presence converted to the secession faith the waiting throng at the station. A Whig and still a Unionist who viewed the procession passing to inaugurate the President remained true to his ancestral faith until Mr. Davis became the center of attraction. "When I got a full view of him, I would have followed him to death," he exclaimed. The city government selected Yancey to deliver its municipal welcome at the principal hotel. The words were so well spoken, "The man and the hour have met," so warmed the listening hearts, that the social order, the Cradle of the Confederacy, Alabama Division, United Daughters of the Confederacy, years later had them chiseled in white marble at the outer door of the building.

No doubt the newly made government recommended itself to the reputation of the President in all countries. He was widely known as a Senator of peculiar enlightenment. The Southern-bred of the officers of the United States army generally came to the Confederate service; some Northern-bred also came. The position of Mr. Davis as leader of that service had a determining effect upon perhaps all. Lincoln had then little acquaintance of civil or military men of his time.

BEAUREGARD.

The Beauregard family had been more than a century in Louisiana. They were of the aristocracy. The Confederate general had been educated with utmost care. While a lad of eleven he was placed in New York under the tutelage of two of the great Napoleon's high officers. He was entered at West Point in his sixteenth year. He graduated as second in his class of forty-five. He distinguished himself in Mexico. Several years later he spoke of an inclination to leave the army. General Scott, hearing the report, wrote earnestly and affectionately to the young officer urging him to abandon the thought. "They [Beauregard's services] bind the affections of the army to you and perhaps bind you to us." Gen. Persifer F. Smith, under whom he served in Mexico, wrote, "I assure you, dear Beauregard," that he shouldn't think of the step. The retirement contemplated was abandoned. Early in 1861 Major Beauregard was made commandant at West Point. The Secretary of War promptly revoked the promotion of an officer from the far South.

Four days after President Davis had taken the oath of

office he ordered Secretary of War Walker to telegraph to Major Beauregard for his presence in the urgency at the executive office. On February 26 the call was obeyed. He was then appointed brigadier general, the first commissioned with rank so high. The General was ordered to Charleston, where the Confederacy had not a soldier or a gun. He was expected to get troops and arms from Governor Pickens.

THE IRON SHIP EPISODE.

One of the most interesting of government incidents at Montgomery that reached the public ear was known as the "iron ship" purchase.

Mr. Prioleau, of Charleston, a member of the John Fraser & Co. London mercantile business, conceived a plan to obtain ships in Europe for the Confederacy, exchanged for cotton by the government. With this view he reached London. Most opportunely, he found there ten iron ships in port waiting for a purchaser. Four of the fleet were large and of capacity for war; the six remaining were smaller, but sufficient for use. He was to pay for the whole fleet. The total cost of buying, arming, and fitting out the fleet of ten ships was estimated on its being placed on the Confederate coast for action. The seller was acting for a company of East India men, who had need of money. The price agreed upon was four thousand bales of cotton. The negotiation was closed. The offer of the ships was made to the government at Montgomery, but it was not accepted. (Letter of C. K. Prioleau, "Military Operations of General Beauregard," Volume I, page 59.) The same ten vessels were used by the British government to transport troops and munitions of war to Canada at the time of the "Trent Outrage."

Mr. Davis gave his singular and interesting explanation of the main complaint against the government while at Montgomery, as follows: "At the time of secession there were not less than three million bales of cotton in the South—plantation bales of four hundred pounds weight each. These the Secretary of the Treasury recommended to buy from the planters at ten cents in Confederate currency. These three million bales were to be rushed off to Europe before the blockade was of any efficiency and there held for one or two years, until the price reached not less than sixty or eighty cents per pound, and we all know that it reached much higher during the war. This would have given a cash basis in Europe of not less than a thousand million dollars in gold, and all securities drawn against this balance in bank would maintain par value. Such a sum would have more than sufficed all the needs of the Confederacy during the war, would have sufficed with economic management for a war of twice the actual duration, and this evidence of Southern prosperity and stability could but have acted powerfully on the minds, the securities, and the avarice of the New England rulers of the North." ("Prison Life of Jefferson Davis," by Dr. Cravens, page 175.)

Mr. Davis said he privately approved the plan, but had not time to study and take the responsibility of directing until too late. Toombs and Stephens earnestly pressed the cotton purchase and exportation. Stephens said that it would be the basis of "the best currency the world ever saw."

THE DECLARATION OF WAR.

This was the most impressive legislative act of the Congress enacted at Montgomery. It was announced as against the United States by the Provisional Congress in the Senate

chamber of Alabama May 4, 1861. The United States never declared war against the Confederate States. That government thought its policy to wage war as an insurrection.

There was but one war, and that was between the two Confederacies. The war thus engaged remained four years on two thousand fields with great slaughter and devastation. There was no "rebellion," no "civil war," no "war of secession," no "war of the States."

Alabama never vacated her elements of autonomy in singular or in concrete, nor did any States in confederation with her. Her civil functions, from Governor down, were in full transaction under her law at all times until invaded by arms and conquered. The situation was American and unparalleled.

There was the pact of thirty-one States—and what? There had been no adjudication nor even an adjudicator visible to say what. Under the situation eleven States, unbridled, confederated together. The English tongue does not attempt to produce "civil law" from the collusion of eleven States with any number of other States upon a political theory, identity in prosperity.

The "war of secession" degenerates to an epithet with other epithets dangerously to befog history. The Confederacy was in full organization at Montgomery. The President of the United States then denied his own authority to molest its course. Governor Moore, in perfect confidence, gave notice to President Buchanan that he had taken armed possession of United States property in the name of the State. No revenge was offered, and no remedy was proposed. A new political party came into power under Lincoln to execute new and revolutionary purposes.

Alabama waged no war as a State against any other State.

The Constitution of the Confederacy forbade such war. The "War of the States" is a delusion and a confession. Alabama waged no war, offensive or defensive, against Illinois or any other State. The States of the Confederacy renounced each the right to make war by the specific proviso of the Constitution.

There was but one war waged in 1861-65. It was war under the flag of the Confederate States, the troops wearing Confederate States uniforms, the officers bearing the commissions of the government of the Confederate States. When we tell the story of our war, we should refer to the nation which bore our flag by its true name.

NORTH ALABAMA IN THE WAR.

BY MRS. J. D. WEEDEN, HISTORIAN FLORENCE CHAPTER, U. D. C.

No part of the State proved so great a battle field as North Alabama from the constant invasion of the Federal army. From Florence and Lauderdale Counties nine companies of one hundred men each volunteered during 1861, besides the many who repleted the ranks afterwards. The first company left that place on April 1 and, with one from Huntsville, went to Mobile, where the 7th Alabama Regiment was formed and sent to Fort Barnacas to protect the Gulf States from invasion. Two weeks later the second company from Florence and Huntsville was made a part of the 4th Alabama in General Lee's army, immortalized for its bravery. Numberless brave deeds were performed by these dauntless soldiers, who were of the leading families of the two towns.

Captain Ray, who commanded the Patton Invincibles, was noted for his heroic bravery. This company was equipped with uniforms, overcoats, etc., by Governor Patton, and all were supplied with Testaments. Gov. Robert Patton gave three sons to the cause. Capt. John Brahan Patton was at Fort Barnacas in the 7th Alabama and was later transferred to the 35th Alabama. He served faithfully the four years and was severely wounded in the battle of Franklin, Tenn., from which he never recovered. William Patton, having had military training, organized his own company, equipped it, and kept it in tents several weeks in Florence, drilling the men and preparing them for service. His company was put in the 16th Alabama under General Zollicoffer. In the battle of Shiloh, while leading his company in an effort to take a battery, waving his sword and calling out, "Boys, follow me," a Minie ball pierced his brain. Thus one of the most promising young men of Alabama was lost to the cause. Robert Patton, the third son, left the State University as orderly sergeant with the one hundred cadets which were given as an escort to Gen. Gideon Pillow and afterwards transferred as escort to Gen. Dan Adams. He was killed at Selma just a week before General Lee surrendered at Appomattox.

Governor Patton, until the secession of Alabama, was a strong Union man. He was President of the Senate when the convention met at Montgomery January 8, 1861. When Yancey came out of the convention and announced that the ordinance of secession had passed, Governor Patton was called on to speak. Standing on the Capitol steps, he spoke to the large crowd in waiting and deplored secession; said it would bring ruin and desolation to the South and cause bloodshed over the land—a prophetic utterance. He was appointed Confederate commissioner and during the war raised thousands of dollars with which to purchase supplies for the army. He was elected Governor of Alabama in November, 1865, but was displaced in 1867 when an act of Congress placed the State under military rule.



JOHN PELHAM, OF ALABAMA,

Youngest colonel of artillery in the Army of Northern Virginia, of whom General Lee said: "It is glorious to see such courage in one so young."

MOBILE IN THE WAR BETWEEN THE STATES

BY BENJAMIN B. COX, MOBILE, ALA.

Mobile is an old Southern city which has the distinction of having lived and thrived under five flags. It is filled with historic places and is noted for its contributions of men and materials of war that have made the city famous the world over. The trials of her people in war and during visitations of pestilence, flood, and famine have made them renowned for their courage. Her people are hospitable, and the right hand of fellowship is always extended to the stranger who comes within her gates. Her geographical position, together with her great possibilities afforded by a magnificent river system, is attracting the attention of the government as a most suitable site for a government dry dock for a shipbuilding plant. Notwithstanding her trials and tribulations, and they have been many, she is now forcing herself to a position of prominence in the commercial world. It is the intention of the writer to picture some of the scenes and incidents in and around this old city during the War between the States.

CELEBRATING THE SECESSION OF VIRGINIA

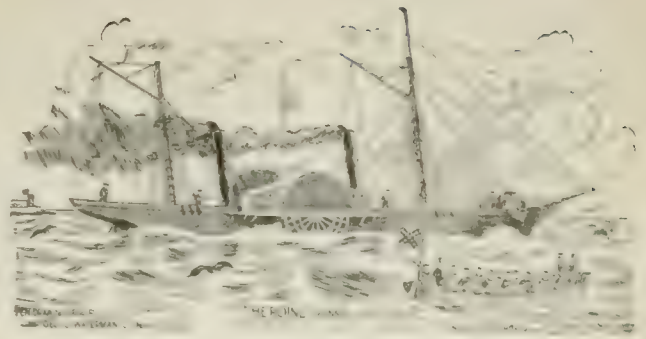
In the early part of April, 1861, the Alabama State Artillery placed one of its field pieces on the wharf at the foot of Government Street and with a detachment of its company fired a salute in honor of the fact that by an act of the legislature the State of Virginia had withdrawn from the Union. War between the States was then a certainty. The war god had mounted his charger, and the word of command was, "Follow me." Excitement prevailed throughout the city, the troops were made ready to move, and on the afternoon of April 23, 1861, amid the booming of cannon and the ringing of bells, the Mobile Cadets left the city by boat, then followed the Mobile Rifles on the 24th, the Washington Light Infantry on the 25th, and the Gulf City Guards on the 26th. These companies were sent to Montgomery, Ala., where, with other companies, they were mustered into service as the 3d Alabama Infantry and sent to Virginia.

The sights presented on the days of the departure of these companies can never be effaced from the memory of those who were witnesses. It was Mobile's first offering on the altar of sacrifice for a cause that she held sacred. The river steamers St. Charles, St. Nicholas, and Southern Republic had flags flying, bands and steam calliopes playing "Dixie," while mothers, fathers, sweethearts, and wives, in the midst of heart-rending sobs and tears, bade their loved ones good by.

As soon as they could be made ready the German Fusiliers, the Guard Lafayette, the City Troop, and the Alabama State Artillery followed. From this time on warlike demonstrations were to be seen on every hand. On May 28, 1861, the Federal steamer Powhatan, under command of Lieut. David U. Porter, hove to off Mobile Bar, and the commander at once notified the British consul that permission would be given the towboats to take at once all the British merchantmen to sea. When this had been accomplished, Mobile was blockaded and completely closed up, except for the occasional arrival and departure of a blockade runner.

BLOCKADE RUNNERS

The Cuba, Denby, Heroine, Mary, Gray Jacket, Red Gauntlet, and the Alice Vivian composed the fleet of daring ships that were engaged in this trade. Cotton for Havana was their principal cargo, where it was sold to the English people, the principal return cargo of these ships being rum, tobacco, medi-



cines, and dry goods. The Denby, the Mary, and the Heroine were constructed of iron and were built on the Clyde, in England. The Cuba was an old mail line steamer between New Orleans and Mobile. The Alice Vivian was an upriver steamer converted for the purpose. The Gray Jacket and the Red Gauntlet were built by the Meaher Brothers at Magazine Point, three miles above the city. The Cuba was blown up in the Gulf when about to be overtaken by a Federal steamer. All her crew, who escaped in small boats, were captured and sent to Dry Tortugas with the remains of the ship. The Denby was built and operated by John Gordon, a very wealthy stevedore, to whom this little boat brought great wealth by her many dangerous exploits. The Mary was built by Thomas Henry, a very rich and successful merchant of Mobile. This boat was also a great money-maker. The other boats made a trip once a month, but were not as successful.

BUILDING A NAVY

The first actual preparation for the building of a navy for the defense of Mobile was commenced after the legislature of Alabama on November 8, 1861, passed a bill, prepared and introduced by Mr. C. C. Langdon, appropriating the sum of \$150,000 for the construction of a navy yard and ships. The commission immediately set about its work. Prior to the war there were three large, well-built lighters used in the transportation of cotton and other products to the ships in the lower bay—the Baltic, Duck Key, and the Kearsage. Of these the commission selected the steamer Baltic as being the most suitable for conversion and in time had transformed her into a gunboat and ram. This commission also selected the mail line steamer Florida, and she also was converted into a gunboat and renamed the Selma and did splendid service in the battle of Mobile Bay. The Baltic was placed in command of Lieut. James D. Johnston and the Selma under Lieut. Patrick U. Murphy. On the completion of these two boats the commission had expended the appropriation made by the legislature, and after their report to that body they were discharged with a vote of thanks.

While these boats were being made ready the government had established a navy yard at Mobile, which was part of the one that had been established at Selma, with Commodore Farrand in charge at Selma and Captain Wadlington in command at Mobile.

The Gaines and the Morgan were both built on the river front at Mobile, the former at a point between Madison and Canal Streets, and the latter between Charleston and Texas Streets at a point near the old dry dock in the Choctaw

Swamp district. The supervision of construction of the Gaines was under William Beard, and that of the Morgan was under Thomas Templeton, both of these men being shipbuilders and masters at their trade. After the war they lived out their lives in Mobile.

When these boats were completed, the Morgan was placed in command of Lieut. George W. Harrison and the Gaines in command of Lieut. J. W. Bennett. The launching of these vessels was made the occasion of a great celebration, and each was attended by people of note in the State of that day. Although a small boy at the time, the writer remembers seeing the workmen when the word was given to knock the chocks from under the cradles on which these boats were built and when the great crash came saw them glide gently and beautifully, with flags flying, into Mobile River, a sight which he hopes to see some day again in Mobile.

Shortly after the building of the Gaines and Morgan the ram Tennessee, which was partially constructed at Selma, was floated to Mobile to have her armament placed on her. She was landed at the foot of Theater Street, to be in close proximity to the foundry of I. D. Spear & Co. This firm was also the owner of the Selma Iron Works. Between the foundries of Spear & Co. and Park & Lyons this ship was completed and made ready for sea. On account of the shallow water on Dog River Bar, caissons were built and placed under the vessel to lift her over the shoal places in the channel. On March 24, 1864, Lieutenant Commander James D. Johnston was placed in command of the ship, and on May 16 Admiral Buchanan's flag was hoisted on the Tennessee. On the 18th of May, 1864, she was towed up Mobile River and into Spanish River and down the channel to the anchorage in Mobile Bay.

With the Baltic, Selma, Morgan, Gaines, and Tennessee, the fleet at Mobile, under command of Admiral Buchanan, was now complete.

THE SUBMARINE HUNLEY.

This little cigar-shaped craft was named for a Mr. Hunley, a very well-to-do cotton merchant of New Orleans, who had promoted the building of a submarine at New Orleans which, for some reason or other, was not a success. William McClintic prevailed upon him to come to Mobile, and, in company with Thomas Park and Thomas B. Lyons, of the firm of Park & Lyons, and William A. Alexander, he began at once the construction of the submarine Hunley, better known as the cigar boat on account of its resemblance to a cigar. This was the first submarine boat ever built that did the work of destruction for which it was intended. The keel of this vessel was laid in the old Bethel Church, on Water Street, between Theater and Monroe Streets. Her outside construction was of boiler iron riveted together, and when this was done she was sent to the foundry of Park & Lyons, where the mechanical part of the boat was made and where she was finished. She was then placed in charge of Lieut. John A. Payne, who handled the boat around Mobile until it was decided to send her to operate around Charleston Harbor. John Payne was sent to the gunboat Gaines, and the Hunley was given to the command of Lieut. George E. Dixon.

Previous to the war Dixon was an upriver steamboat engineer, and when the war broke out he joined the Washington Light Infantry, Company B, under command of John F. Cothran, and was made first lieutenant of this company. Dixon left Mobile with seven other Mobilians, and their operations around Charleston in the sinking of the United States steamship Hoosatic brought fame to this little submarine, although losing herself and those that were in her.

Some have written that Lieut. John A. Payne was with this boat in Charleston Harbor, but such is not the fact. John Payne was second lieutenant of the gunboat Gaines and helped to fight that ship in the battle of Mobile Bay. There are yet living one or two citizens who, in company with myself, played about this boat when we were boys.

TROOPS RECEIVED BY PRESIDENT DAVIS.

In the spring of 1862 the fire department brigade was organized of members of the several fire companies. This brigade and the companies in Mobile from the lower coast towns prior to their being sent to the front were reviewed on Government Street by President Jefferson Davis and his staff. After this they were dispatched to the front, and then the city began to have a lonesome appearance.

On the outskirts a battery was built on every road entering the city, and quite a number were built within the corporate limits, these forts being manned by the Alabama State Artillery. The ladies of Mobile, moved by a spirit of patriotic pride, sold their jewelry and diamonds and paid for the construction of a fort on the Bay Shell Road just below Choctaw Point, which was known as the Ladies' Battery. In the Bay of Mobile two batteries were built, one to the east of the channel at the entrance to Mobile Bay and known as Battery Gladden, and the other at the mouth of Spanish River, about two miles to the north and east, known as Battery McIntosh. These forts were in command of Hutchinson's Battery.

The care of the city was left to the home guard. This company was in command of Capt. Price Williams, Sr., and its members were men too old for service, ranging in age from fifty to seventy-five years of age. They were armed with pikes and did police duty about the city.

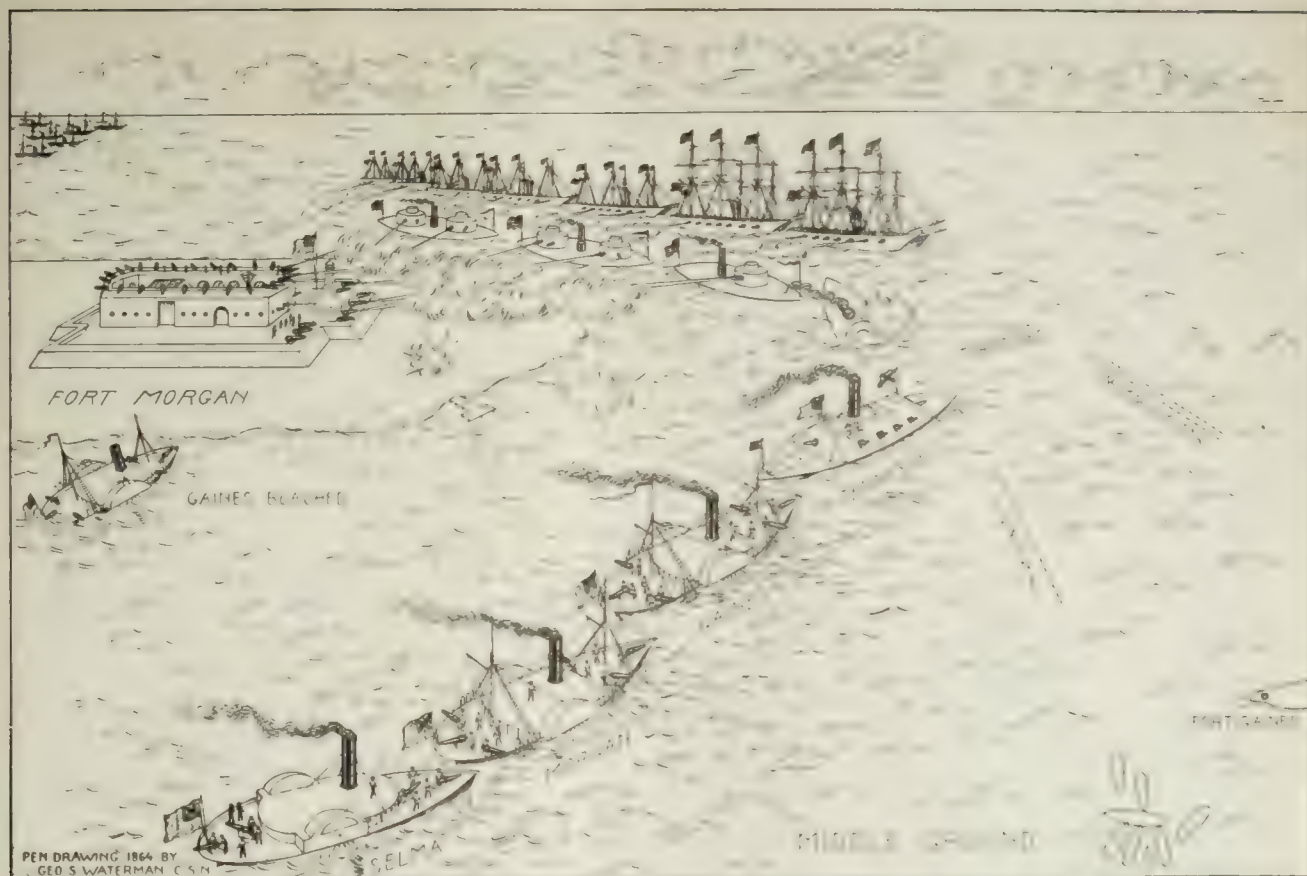
After the expected naval engagement had taken place in Mobile Bay, the suffering of the people of our city will never be forgotten until death has claimed the last person who was in Mobile at the time. The people were hungry and had to be provided for. Soup houses were established throughout the city, and every day those who were in need were furnished bread and soup. This means of relief was continued until the end.

BATTLE AT SPANISH FORT.

Canby's army was now working its way up the eastern shore of Mobile Bay to attack Spanish Fort in an effort to take the city of Mobile. In this fight two thousand Confederate soldiers in this fort held in check sixty thousand Federal troops for one week. The attack on the fort began on Monday and continued without intermission day and night until the following Saturday, when they were forced, on account of lack of ammunition, to evacuate. The booming of cannon and the rattle of musketry could be easily heard, and at night the bursting of shells and the flashes from the cannon could be plainly seen from the docks in Mobile.

One morning in the month of April, 1865, the mayor, Hon. R. H. Slough, accompanied by members of the city council in carriages, made ready to surrender the city and proceeded, with a large white flag flying, to a point near the old Magnolia Race Course, on the Bay Shell Road, where they met the Federal troops and surrendered the city. The United States transport General Banks landed a squad of marines in the lower part of the city, and they at once proceeded to the customhouse, where they hoisted the American flag.

At about three o'clock in the evening of the same day the Federal troops entered the city, coming up Conception Street.



FORT MORGAN AND THE BLOCKADING FLEET

In a short while the whole city was filled with Federal soldiers, and inside of a week there were about twenty thousand soldiers in Mobile. Their coming was a great source of revenue, and for a time money was plentiful. Shortly after their arrival the news of the surrender of General Lee was received in Mobile, and the war was at an end, after four long years of suffering. Shortly afterwards a horrible accident occurred in Mobile which added more suffering.

THE EXPLOSION AT MOBILE

Of all the many disastrous occurrences that it has been the misfortune of Mobile to be visited with, the explosion in the cotton warehouse district was the most serious. On the afternoon of May 25, 1895, between two and three o'clock, while our city was yet in the hands of the invading army, through the careless handling of loaded ammunition which was being placed in an improvised arsenal, a shell was exploded, and almost all of the buildings in the cotton district were destroyed, together with hundreds of lives of our citizens. On the 20th of August, 1895, a meeting of all those whose property had been destroyed was held in the office of the Mobile Insurance Company. Mr. Jonathan Emanuel, on motion, nominated Mr. Nelson W. Perry as chairman and Mr. Charles H. Fonde as secretary, and a special committee was appointed for the purpose of arriving at the facts regarding the cause of the disastrous accident and the amount of damage sustained by each individual firm or corporation, which was intended to serve as a basis for indemnity against the United States government. The final report of the committee made an estimate of the damage to property at \$728,892.

By the courtesy of John A. McCarron of Mobile, who was himself a Confederate soldier, the writer came into possession of the report of Mr. Fonde, which is on hand here, printed in 1895 and is doubtless the only copy now in existence. This report goes into detail as to the destruction and death which followed the explosion, and tells how the water of Mobile was polluted by the burning of the lives of the rescuers, many of whom ventured too far into the burning district, led on by the greed of the place and others. And the water of Mobile was not checked even by the rumor that there were large quantities of powder in the ruins not yet exploded. The streets of the city were strewn with the debris, and many stores and buildings were destroyed. Where the explosion occurred a pond of water ten feet deep was left.

THE DEFENSE OF MOBILE BAY

This story would not be complete without mention of the most historic naval engagement ever recorded, and in order to get accurate information the writer called on Gen. J. W. Whiting, the man who fired the first gun in the battle of Mobile Bay. All through the telling of his story, the flashing of his eyes, the tremor in his voice, and the occasional start from his chair showed that he was fighting over again the battle of that eventful day of August 5, 1864. The following is General Whiting's own story:

"In July, 1864, the Federal fleet was largely increased. Toward the end of July it became evident that an attack would be made, as the number of war ships had been increased to fourteen large ships and four monitors, and Fed-

eral troops had been landed on the west end of Dauphin Island and opened an attack on Fort Gaines, three-quarters of a mile distant across the Bay of Mobile. Anticipating an attack by the Federal ships, the garrison of Fort Morgan had slept on the ramparts for several nights. On the night of August 4, 1864, I was officer of the day and remained on the ramparts with the troops. About 6 A.M. on the 5th I



GEN. J. W. WHITING.

noticed a movement of the Federal ships which indicated an intention to enter the bay and run by the forts. I so notified Gen. R. L. Page (a native of Norfolk, Va.), who was in charge. Soon all the troops were at their posts, awaiting the approach of the fleet, which was led by the four monitors. I had the most prominent battery on the fort, and when the fleet got within gunshot General Page turned to me and said, 'Open the fight, sir,' which was instantly done, my fire being followed by all the guns of the fort that could be brought to bear. The roar of the guns was terrific, so much so that orders had to be screamed to the gunners who were within three feet. The hulls of the wooden ships could not be seen on account of the dense smoke. The Confederate naval ships, one ironclad and three little weak wooden vessels, now engaged the Federal ships, and the fighting was fierce. The first ship in line of the Federal fleet was the monitor Tecumseh. When nearly opposite the fort, I observed confusion on her and reported the fact to General Page. He said, 'Give her another shot,' which I directed myself. She had been struck by a torpedo and turned turtle. Fourteen men escaped, and about one hundred went down with the ship.

"During the heavy firing from the fort and while the men from the torpedoed monitor were in the bay one of the Federal ships sent a yawl to pick them up. When this was noticed by the officers on the fort, not a gun was fired at the

rescuing party, and they were landed safely aboard the ships of their fleet.

"The Oneida, being the last ship in the line, suffered the most. After the siege and during the ceremonies of surrender, a naval officer came up to me and, introducing himself, said: 'I understand you commanded the battery over the lighthouse.' On my affirmative response, he then said: 'A shell from the rifle gun struck and exploded the steam drum of the Oneida's boiler, wounding and scalding thirty or forty men. Where was the gun made?' I told him.

"Some extracts from the report of Lieut. John Coddington Kinney, first lieutenant of the 13th Connecticut Infantry and acting signal officer, U. S. A., who was on duty on the flagship Hartford during the passage of the fort, will give an idea of the carnage and wreck done during the battle. This report says:

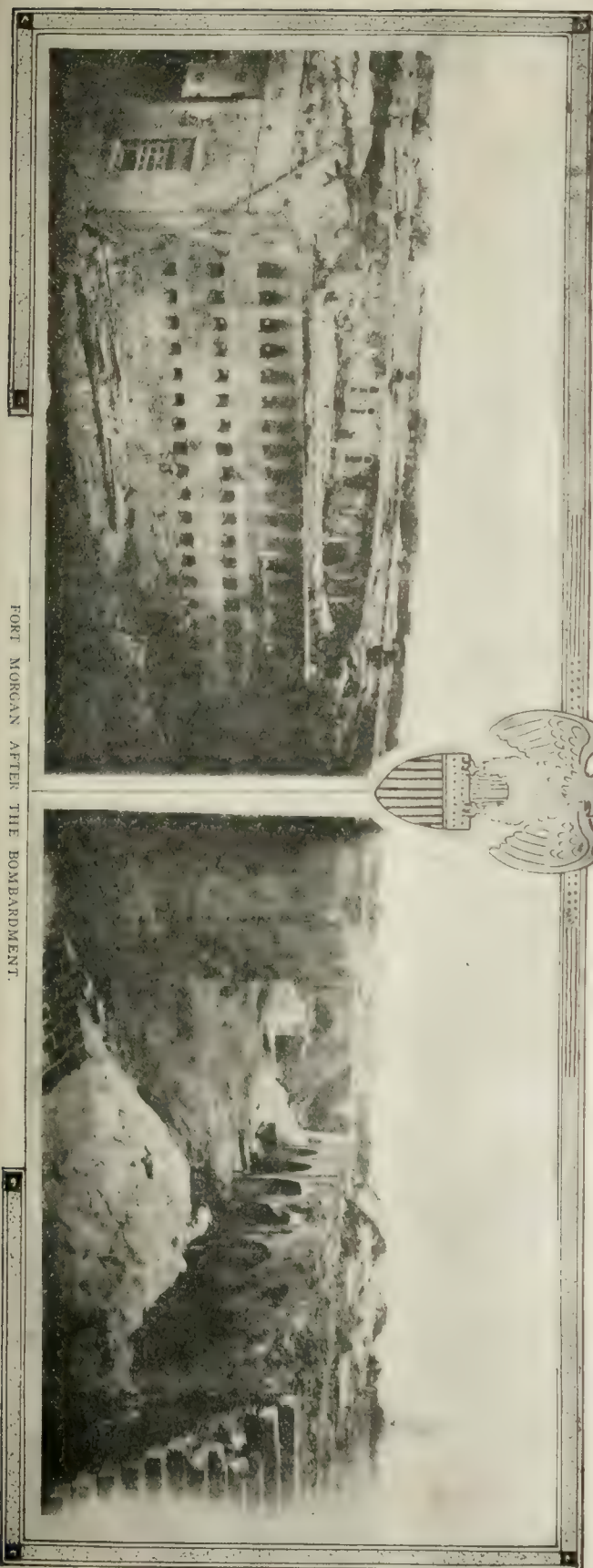
"Owing to the Hartford's position, only a few of her guns could be used, while a deadly rain of shot and shell was falling on her, and her men were cut down by scores, unable to reply. The sight on deck was sickening beyond the power of words to portray. Shot after shot came through the side, mowing down men, deluging the decks with blood, and scattering mangled fragments of humanity so thick that it was difficult to stand on deck, so slippery it was. The old, old expressions of the "scupper's running blood," "the slippery deck," etc., give but the faintest idea of the spectacle on the Hartford.

"The bodies of the dead were placed in a long row on the port side, while the wounded were sent below until the surgeon's quarters would hold no more. A solid shot coming through the bow struck a gunner on the neck, completely severing his head from his body. One poor fellow (afterwards an object of interest at the great sanitary commission fair in New York) lost both legs by a cannon ball. As he fell he threw up both arms just in time to have them also carried away by another shot. At one gun all the crew on one side were swept down by a shot which came crashing through the bulwarks. A shell burst between the two forward guns in charge of Lieutenant Tyson, wounding fifteen men."

General Whiting's narrative concludes: "The garrison at Fort Morgan consisted of five companies of Alabama artillery, one company of the 21st Alabama Infantry, and two skeleton companies of Tennessee heavy artillery, in all about five hundred men, from which should be deducted the sick and extra-duty men, leaving for active service four hundred and twenty-five men."

The battle of Mobile Bay between the ram Tennessee, the Morgan, Gaines, and Selma and the Federal fleet took place about eight miles up the bay from Fort Morgan. The history of the conflict has been so often told that its repetition here would be tiresome; but I cannot close this article without telling of a human incident which took place during that battle.

Capt. Patrick U. Murphy, of the Confederate gunboat Selma, and Captain Jouette, of the United States steamship Metocomet, previous to the war were classmates at college, and during the war each knew of the other's whereabouts. When the fight was at its height and the ships of the Federal fleet were fighting in formation line, Captain Jouette knew that Captain Murphy commanded the Selma. He signaled to the flagship Hartford for permission to engage the Selma alone. Back came the signal, "Go ahead," and in a few minutes the duel between old friends was on. For a few



moments the fighting was fast and furious, during which Captain Murphy was wounded by a splinter and had to be carried below deck. The *Metocomet*, being the better-equipped boat, soon compelled the *Selma* to strike her colors. Soon after the duel was over the gig of the *Metocomet* was alongside of the *Selma*, and as Captain Jouette went up the companionway he was seen to have something in his hand resembling a leather grip. He went immediately to Captain Murphy's quarters and took the formal surrender of the ship. The little black leather grip was opened, and a "Here's to you" and a "Drink hearty" were indulged in. Two old friends had met, had fought out the fight, had performed their duty as men, and buried their differences in that social exchange. Captain Jouette had Captain Murphy removed to his quarters aboard the *Metocomet*, on which the other wounded of the *Selma* were conveyed as prisoners of war, and placed in the hospital at Pensacola, Fla.

After the close of the war Capt. Pat Murphy spent the rest of his life in Mobile. His days were spent without labor, for every door was open to him, and to take money from Capt. Pat Murphy for his daily refreshments was not in keeping with the Southern spirit; in fact, his money was counterfeit.

NEWS OF FALLEN VETERANS REACHES WASHINGTON

On the fall of the defenses of Mobile, Secretary of the United States Navy, Gideon Welles sent the following telegram to the Washington Navy Yard:

NAVY DEPT. WASH. September 5, 1864

"Commodore J. B. Montgomery, Commander of Navy Yard, Washington, D. C. Fire a salute of one hundred guns at twelve o'clock in honor of the capture of the defenses of Mobile."

GIDEON WELLES

Secretary of the Navy

THE FATHER'S ADDRESS

Father Abram J. Ryan delivered an address before a Confederate Memorial Association in Wilmington, N. C., in 1879. After his address many ladies of the town went to his hotel and asked for his autograph. Not having an autograph album, Mrs. S. V. Darby asked Father Ryan to write in her prayer book, and he wrote these lines:

My name is nothing,
And my songs are less.
The poet passes
With his songs away
Echoes of earth
And little worth.
The priest's sweet masses
And his fervent prayer,
When all song passes,
Live for'er and e'er,
And I will pray for thee.
How much more strong
Than any song
Is prayer, which moves eternity!
May God's grace
Shine o'er thy way
And guide thy heart
To heaven's eternal day!

—Abram J. Ryan

SELMA AND DALLAS COUNTY, ALA.

BY D. M. SCOTT, ACTIVE ASSISTANT ADJUTANT GENERAL
ALABAMA DIVISION, U. C. V.

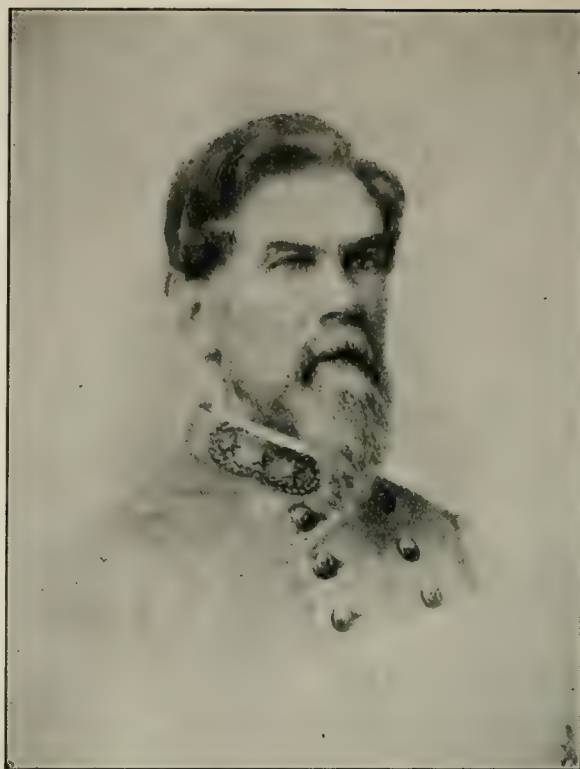
In 1815 a pioneer from Tennessee, Thomas Moore, located at High Soap Stone Bluff, on the Alabama River, and established a trading point and steamboat landing, naming it Moore's Bluff.

In 1817 the Selma Town Land Company was organized by William R. King, afterwards Vice President of the United States. Colonel King owned large bodies of land in King's Bend and lived in royal style, owning many slaves. The company laid out streets and sold lots. On the 4th of December, 1820, an act of the legislature incorporated the town of Selma.

Colonel King was a literary character, fond of the ancient poets, and found in the poems of Ossian, the blind poet, his inspiration. Caledonia, father of Ossian, had his residence at Selma. Among these poems were the "Songs of Selma," and from this source Colonel King secured the name given to this beautiful city, perhaps the only town of the Old South that clings tenaciously to its traditions. Cahaba was the county seat until after the close of the war of the sixties, when the county courthouse was removed to Selma.

The manhood of Selma was aroused when the tocsin of war sounded in April, 1861, and in a few months five companies of gallant young men were organized. Capt. N. H. R. Dawson raised the first company, the Magnolia Cadets, followed by Capt. Thomas J. Goldsby and the Governor's Guards. Then came the sober and settled men under Capt. T. C. Daniels, of the Selma Blues, who left the Commercial Bank as cashier to lead this company. Captain Daniels was killed leading his company in the battle of Second Manassas. Then followed the Phoenix Reds, under Capt. J. M. Dedman. The fifth company was commanded by Dr. James Kent. Thus did the little town of Selma within twelve months furnish to the Confederate army over six hundred men, rank and file. Cahaba furnished one company, the Rifles, commanded by Capt. C. C. Pegues, who fell in battle as colonel of the 5th Alabama Infantry. This was not all, for Selma furnished many men for other companies not raised in Selma. More than twelve hundred men of Selma served the Confederacy.

When the war began its destruction of life and property, the advantages given by nature to the location of Selma soon became apparent. The Confederate government had to have cartridges, saltpeter, powder, shot and shell, rifles and cannons, and ironclad gunboats. For the production of all these the facilities were greater at Selma than at any other place in the South, save perhaps Richmond, Va. A niter-mining bureau was established by Colonel Hunt, superintended by Jonathan Haralson, and a naval foundry, under competent mechanics, where the largest cannons were made of Alabama iron. Capt. Catesby A. R. Jones, an eminent naval constructor, was in command of the navy yard and naval foundry. An arsenal, within the walls of which were employed hundreds of men and women, under command of Col. J. L. White, manufactured cartridges, clothing, knapsacks, and other quartermaster supplies. There were many privately armed ironworks, all employed by the government for various departments. Not only was Selma the most advantageous point for manufactories, but it was accessible and surrounded by one of the most productive sections of the South. Corn, fodder, hay, bacon, and beef cattle could be more easily centered at Selma than at any other point to be distributed to all the Confederate armies. Under Maj. S. E. Thames and Capt. John C. Graham, the subsistence department distributed millions of dollars.



GEN. WILLIAM J. HARDEE.

General Hardee was a native of Georgia, but made his home in Selma after the war and is buried there.

In the navy yard were constructed the ironclads Tennessee, Selma, Morgan, and Gaines, all equipped to completeness, not equaled by any in the Federal navy, and all from material made at Selma, thus proving that as powerful and perfect ships could be built at Selma as anywhere in the world from Alabama materials and mounted with guns of the largest caliber. It is not inappropriate here to quote the account of the conspicuous part these four ironclads took in the naval battle of Mobile Bay on August 5, 1861, given in the official report by Commodore Farragut, commanding the Federal navy: "At six o'clock in the morning the fleet of fourteen splendid vessels with slow and stately pace steered toward Fort Morgan. The Hartford, the flagship, with the Tecumseh in the lead, fired the first shot. Both Forts Morgan and Gaines opened on the fleet. The Tecumseh struck a torpedo, and the gallant Cravens and his crew, about one hundred and twenty soldiers, found a watery grave. Every gun that could be brought to bear from the fleet was constantly served. In the beginning Fort Morgan itself seemed like a wall of fire, but in a few minutes was obscured by smoke. As the Tecumseh sank, the Hartford rushed forward and took the lead. One hour of intense excitement, one hour of straining toil at the guns, and the fleet passed the fort and entered the bay. Then the Confederate navy—the ram Tennessee, the Morgan, the Gaines, and the Selma—opened fire. The Metocomet gave chase to the Selma and captured her and her crew of ninety officers and men. The Morgan escaped up the bay. The Gaines took shelter under the guns of Fort Morgan. The iron ram Tennessee, like a monstrous thing of life, stood up with threatening aspect for the Hartford. Seeing this, the commodore [Farragut] signaled the monitors and wooden

vessel best adapted to attack her, not only with their guns, but bows on at full speed. For two hours the struggle was desperate and fearful. The ironclads grappled fiercely with their huge antagonist, the wooden vessels with no romantic valor bore down on her invulnerable sides. Finally the Manhattan with fifteen-inch shot penetrated her armor, and a shot from a monitor in her steering apparatus rendered her helpless. The white flag appeared, and twenty officers and one hundred and seventy men surrendered. Her loss was only eight men killed and wounded, Commodore Buchanan, her commander, being seriously wounded. The loss in the Federal navy was fifty-two killed and one hundred and seventy wounded."

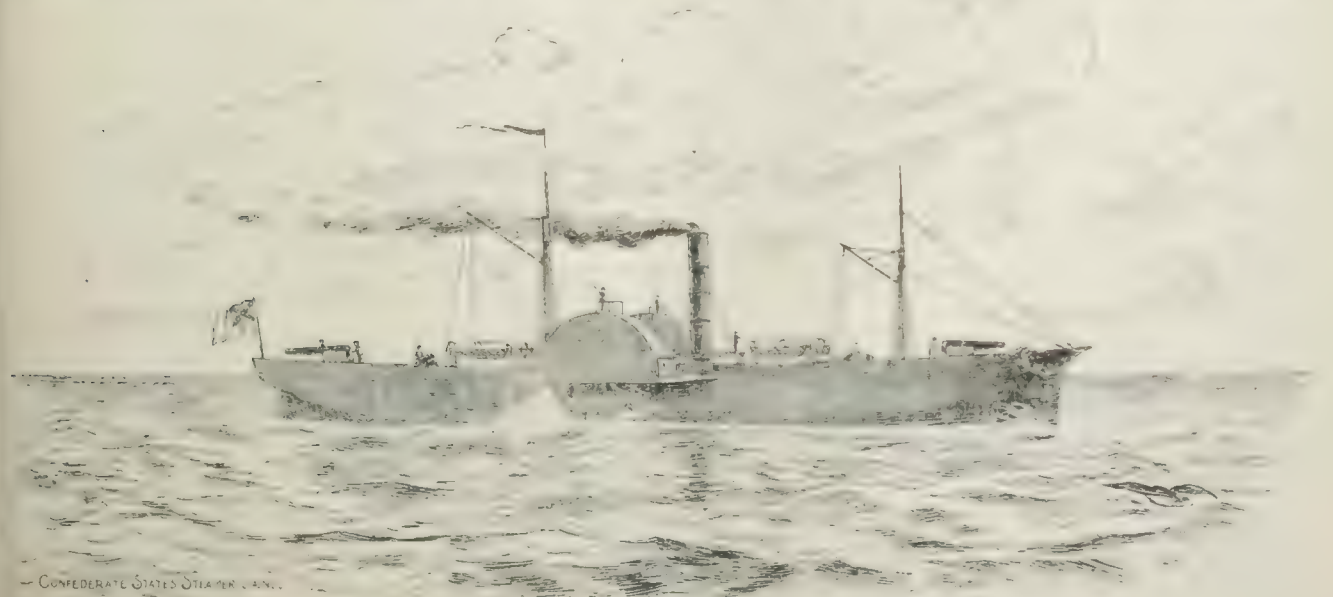
Thus did a Selma built vessel single handed fight for two hours at close quarters the combined struggles of thirteen of the finest-constructed vessels of the Federal navy, a contest unexampled in the history of naval warfare, and at a loss of only eight killed and wounded of a crew of one hundred and ninety officers and men.

As a matter of precaution, Selma was fortified. Experienced engineers planned the fortifications. These were built by slaves impressed from the surrounding territory. A bastioned line was constructed around the city from the mouth of Beech Creek, on the southeast, to Valley Creek, on the west, where it empties into the Alabama River. The capacities of Selma and its importance to the Confederacy were recognized by the Federal government as early as 1862. But to reach it baffled their commanders. General Sherman first made the effort to reach it from the west, but after reaching Meridian, one hundred and seven miles west, was forced to retreat to the Mississippi River. General Grierson, from Memphis, was intercepted by Forrest and retreated. General Roussin made an effort in 1864 and was defeated at Cheshaw, Ala., twenty miles east of Selma, by Lockhart's Alabama Battalion. Finally, in the winter of 1864, through the advice of General Thomas, Federal, commanding the Army of Tennessee, Gen. J. B. Wilson was selected to raid Selma. He was an experienced officer, prudent and sagacious. General Wilson was given *carte blanche* in the selection of his command, and soon an army of sixteen thousand men of the flower of the Federal army were assembled at Gayles Springs, on the Tennessee

River. The best-equipped cavalry force of the world at that time, reinforced by splendid artillery, marched south on the 17th of March, 1865. The Tennessee River was crossed on the morning of March 17 in three divisions, commanded by Generals McCook, Long, and Upson. They moved without opposition almost until the 1st of April, 1865. At Ebenezer Church, near Dixie Station, Ala., twenty-seven miles northeast of Selma, General Forrest made a stand to oppose the invaders. There, it is said, Forrest and Captain Taylor, of the 17th Indiana, had a running fight with sabers, resulting in the death of Taylor. Forrest fell back on Selma hard pressed, as he had a very inferior force in numbers. On the night of April 1 Wilson's army rested near Plantersville, twenty-two miles northeast of Selma. Forrest was then at Selma, and Gen. Dick Taylor was located at Selma. Forrest informed him that he could not hold Selma and advised a retreat. Taylor insisted on holding Selma, but left Forrest "with the bag to hold," as he left Selma on the gray dawn of the early morning of April 2. Wilson moved Selma about noon of Sunday, April 2. Awaiting his army of sixteen thousand men, he prepared for assaults on the Confederate lines. Late in the afternoon the assault was made. The Confederate works were manned by only a handful of men, nothing to resist an immense army. Forrest had left only one or two thousand men. He escaped with a small remnant, finding Wilson, and after marching by a circuitous route reached Marion, Ala., twenty-eight miles southeast of Selma. About ten o'clock on Sunday night the saturnalia began. "Burn, burn, burn," was the order, and the town was consumed—the arsenal, cavalry roundup, navy yard and all public buildings. In the destruction most of the business houses were burned, and Selma as a base of supplies was fairly a wreck.

Old men and boys, ministers and physicians, decorated guns and were placed in the line to oppose the invaders. Several prominent citizens were killed and many wounded. Among these killed were Rev. H. H. Phipps, Col. William Minter, and Rev. Mr. Small, a Presbyterian minister. Houses were sacked and robbed of everything valuable. With the fall of Selma and the evacuation of Richmond on the same day, April 2, 1865, the Confederacy fell.

Soon after Wilson left orders were sent to the army to



—CONFEDERATE STATES STEAMER JOHN.

less than three months the saw, hammer, and trowel were busy, and by the fall of 1865 Selma presented a thriving appearance. The only thing to mar its prospects was the appearance of smallpox in most virulent form. It was not confined to the poorer classes, but attacked people in all stations. The most remarkable change was in the currency. In less than a month a thousand-dollar Confederate bill would not buy one's breakfast. Greenbacks were almost as abundant as Confederate money had been, and the change in currency was scarcely felt.

In May, 1866, the courthouse was removed to Selma from Cahaba, and the latter was a deserted village. The Selma of to-day is a new-made Selma. Capital, brains, and energy have produced a city of 20,000 with unparalleled river facilities and three trunk lines of railway. Selma bids fair to be one of the South's most prominent cities.

[The following part of this article about Cahaba and Dallas County during the war was prepared by Mrs. Anna G. Fry, a daughter of Hon. Reese Gayle, who was a brave Confederate soldier and a distinguished lawyer. Mrs. Fry's husband, Dr. J. T. Fry, was surgeon of the 1st Texas Regiment and later in charge of the hospital at Matagorda, Tex.:]

LIFE IN DALLAS COUNTY DURING THE WAR.

In 1861 Dallas County was in the zenith of its glory. Throughout its broad domain wealth and luxury prevailed. There were few poor people. Those who were not wealthy were in easy, comfortable circumstances. The beautiful homes of the wealthy planters were fitted up with every comfort and luxury that heart could wish. Surrounded by broad acres of fertile plantations; huge crops of cotton growing in the fields; hundreds of bales of cotton in the hands of commission merchants in Mobile or piled under gin houses waiting to be sold; corncribs overflowing from last year's crops; smokehouses full of home-cured meats; droves of fine stock—horses, mules, sheep, and goats—feeding on luxuriant pastures of Bermuda grass, blue grass, clover, and rye; the negroes, singing and laughing in the fields, free from all care and responsibility, and, like their owners, a happy, contented people surrounded by peace and plenty—it was an ideal pastoral life.

When Alabama seceded at the first call to arms, many of the most prominent and wealthy men left these beautiful homes, enlisted in the army, and went at once to the front. Many too old to go to the war hired substitutes. Numbers not only enlisted, but also gave large sums of money to aid the Confederate government. Others physically unable to enter the army made bountiful contributions in cash. Mr. Joel E. Mathews, who resided near Cahaba, gave \$15,000, besides equipping several companies from his private purse. Capt. Robert Hatcher, Col. Sam Hill, Judge John S. Hunter, Dr. Allison Saltmarsh, Dr. T. W. Gill, James D. Craig, E. M. Perine, Reese D. Gayle, and other wealthy men in this vicinity and throughout the country also made generous contributions to the government in money and negroes to work on the breastworks at Selma and Mobile. At Portland it was said that \$150,000 was contributed in one day.

Cahaba, a place noted for its culture, wealth, and hospitality, was at this time the capital city of Dallas County. As in every other place in the county, the people were intensely loyal to the Confederate cause. Political meetings were a nightly occurrence. Blue cockades were on every breast; the greatest excitement and the wildest enthusiasm prevailed. The Cahaba Rifles were mustered into service and went at once to the front. The night before the company left a per-

fect ovation was given them at Saltmarsh Hall, and a beautiful silk flag was presented by Miss Anna M. Vasser, one of Cahaba's most brilliant daughters. In an eloquent address Capt. Christopher C. Pegues accepted the banner, and as he ceased speaking and flung it to the breeze the house resounded with the wildest applause.



"For life was fair, and life was sweet,
And time sped by on flying feet."

The next morning the company held a review, and Judge Pettus made them a parting address. They then formed ranks, marched to the river, and went aboard the Southern Republic, one of the largest and most beautiful steamers on the Alabama River, and left for Montgomery and from there to Virginia, where they were soon to be in the thickest of the fight. Many of the Cahaba Rifles had with them their bodyservants, who, with gray blankets, haversacks, and cedar canteens strapped on their shoulders and wearing the Confederate gray uniform, marched behind the company as they all went aboard the boat. At the landing the banks of the river were crowded with men, women, children, and servants waiting to see them off. Every heart was filled with grief; every eye was misty with unshed tears. From all over the country they had come—from Selma, Pleasant Hill, Burnsville, Summerfield, Harrells, Roads, Orrville, and Portland—mothers, sisters, sweethearts, and wives, to bid a last farewell to their loved ones. As the boat floated off from the landing the band played the "Bonnie Blue Flag." The soldiers shouted, handkerchiefs waved, women wept and watched longingly until the steamer turned the bend in the river and passed from sight.

After the departure of the Cahaba Rifles, the days sped wearily by with us. Each heart was filled with melancholy. We knew not how soon we would be called upon to mourn the death of some dear ones. So many of our best young men had gone! Only a few, besides the old men and the youths,

were left at home with the women and children. If the war continued, we knew that our young boys would leave for the army as soon as they were able to shoulder a musket. Already some had enlisted and gone to the front—John Babcock, Tom Moss, Claude Vogelín, Walter Roarch, and many others of our handsome, promising youths not out of their teens. The others we knew would follow. Even now they could scarcely be restrained. But we could not give way to dark forebodings, nor sit down and nurse our grief. It was time for action; the necessities of the future were pressing upon us.

No one could with certainty predict how long the war would last. Some said six months; others, not so optimistic, thought it would extend far into the years, and immediately they began preparations to become self-sustaining. We knew we had enough provisions and clothing on hand for present use, for everybody bought what was needed at the beginning of one year to last until the next. Flour, sugar, molasses, coffee, tea, wines and liquors, brandies, spices, and condiments were all bought in wholesale quantities and stored away in the spacious storerooms attached to every residence, not to mention the dry goods, bolts of cloth, linen, domestic and linsey and osnaburg for the negroes on the plantations and the house servants, and the boxes of hats and shoes and medicines that were now on hand. But if our ports were blockaded, these supplies would soon become exhausted, and we would then be left entirely dependent upon our own resources. At this time nothing was made in the county. There were no manufactories of any kind. Only a few old-fashioned relics of a former age, knew how to spin, and few had spinning wheels except their little old-time flax wheels that had been kept as curiosities. But, wonderful as it may seem, in a few months the buzz of the wheel and the noise of the loom were heard everywhere.

As the war went on, societies were formed in every town and hamlet to make clothes for the soldiers. Our evenings were spent in knitting socks, scarfs, and suspenders to be sent to the Army of Virginia and in making lint for the hospitals. Our days were kept busy sewing and making clothes. Every stitch we placed was a rosary of prayer for the success of our cause. It has often been wondered how the people of the South were able so quickly to adapt themselves to the great changes rendered necessary by the blockade during the Confederate war. But the Southerners, who were so reduced as the war went on and so compelled to rely on their own resources, belonged to the Anglo-Saxon race, a race which, we all know, despite the clamor of race quality, has civilized America. "Blood will tell," and when it became necessary to provide what we could do, every man, woman, and child large enough to understand the situation rose to the occasion and were only too glad to immolate themselves upon the altar of the Confederacy.



Before the war very little besides corn and cotton had been raised in Dallas County; but now as time passed great changes took place, and everything necessary to sustain life was grown in abundance, as well as many of the luxuries. Wheat, rice, rice, peas, and potatoes were cultivated and yielded an abundant harvest. Many and various were the means employed for threshing the wheat. Some planters arranged threshers and fans to their ginhouses and portable threshers went from plantation to plantation threshing for a part of the season. Others resorted to ruder methods and, like the people of ancient times, placed the wheat on a floor made of ruts and frailed it out. A still more primitive mode was that of taking a sheaf of wheat in both hands and frailing it over a barrel or box under which was placed a sack to catch the grain. They told us that it was formerly the custom to place the wheat in a basket and pouring it from one to another, the grain striking the sides of the baskets, there were large troughs, dug from bodies of trees eight or ten feet long, in which wheat was sorted, drawn, and freshly culled. Wheat was sometimes placed in these troughs and the grain beaten out with a long stick or wooden mallet and winnowed by the wind. But at a later time we had to pay a government miller, some of our neighbors did after paying the miller a good salary, to thresh and winnow the wheat crop. It was not uncommon to have a mill for a whole town for flour; but it was difficult to get bolting cloth, and the mills did not like to make the bolted meal. It was sometimes said that wheat could be made into flour in the hands and feet of men, and it made good ginger cakes combined with sorghum molasses. Rice was grown in some of the bottom lands as well as in the uplands. There were no mills to beat it with, and it also had to be beaten out as a wooden spurtle and winnowed by the wind. It was heavy and white, but rather more brown than if cleaned by a mill or mill.

Sugar was scarce and hard to get; for while sorghum was grown in abundance, it would not make sugar and only a few were able to get such a quantity of it. Mills were erected to grind the sorghum cane. For there we had to use wooden cylinders, the strange as it may now appear to us with our immense deposits of iron ore in Alabama, iron was scarce, and things made of iron were hard to get. These wooden cylinders did not extract all the juice from the cane; but that which was left was not lost, as we had plenty of hogs to which it could be fed. Many of our people raised almost entirely on sorghum. Molasses and sugar were also made from watermelons, and this syrup was thought to be finer than that made from sugar cane. It was similar to that made from maple sugar and tasted especially good with our Confederate buckwheat cakes made from meal ground out of chicken corn, which we found a fine substitute for buckwheat. The watermelon sugar also made delicious candy, combined with wheat, hickory nuts, or ground peas. Many who had maple trees on their plantations made maple sugar and syrup as good as that from the North. We also found that a good substitute for chocolate could be made out of peas parched and ground and mixed into a paste with their own oil, which was extracted for burning in our lamps and for other uses where olive oil or sweet oil was needed.

For castor oil we had the palma christi, or castor oil plant, which ordinarily grew wild, but was now cultivated in patches for its beans, from which castor oil as thick and clear as that sold by druggists was extracted. Shoes and leather for making them soon became scarce. So the planters were forced to tan their own leather, and they produced a beautiful, soft, pliant leather from which not only were shoes made for the

soldiers and those at home, but it was used for harness, army saddles, ladies' sidesaddles, ambulance traces, and for everything where leather was needed. All kinds of hides were tanned—horses, mules, cows, dogs, and, by some of the poorer classes, hogs. But leather from hog hides did not prove satisfactory; the pores were too large and too wide apart, and it stretched so that it was not desirable for many purposes. There was a large public tannery in Cahaba. Some of the most beautiful shoes seen during the war were made from chamois skin from the Clarke County deer. They had the appearance of suede shoes, so fashionable in late years.

No shoe blacking or polish could be bought during the blockade, and it had to be made out of soot and oil of some kind, usually that from ground peas or lard. This blacking was applied with brushes made of hog bristles, and over this was applied a paste made of bolted meal or starch. When dried, it gave the shoes a very bright polish, equal to the finest French dressing. Later on it was found that china berries made a fine blacking when combined with soot, and in the Confederate papers of those days may be found advertisements for china berries by the bushel.

Each household became a factory within itself. On every plantation scores of negro women were kept busy spinning and weaving. Spinning wheels, reels, and warping frames stood around everywhere. An old Scotchman, a Mr. Reid, went from plantation to plantation to teach the use of the flying shuttle and the more intricate art of weaving beautiful cloth in stripes, plaids, and poplin effects, which made lovely dresses. They also learned to weave coverlets, blankets, carpets, and fancy cloth. At Orrville looms and spinning jennies were manufactured, but the spinning machines were not as satisfactory as the spinning by hand.

It was difficult at first to get dyes to color our thread and cloth; but this difficulty was soon overcome, for our near-by woods supplied the bark, leaves, and roots that contained the necessary coloring matter. The wild myrtle yielded a nice gray dye for woolen goods. Sumac berries and walnut hulls dyed a beautiful brown; the root of the pine tree, a beautiful garnet; the pokeberry, a dark, rich magenta; the wild indigo, a lovely blue; hickory bark combined with alum, a brilliant green; the rare "queen's delight," a jet-black; while the pine and sweet gum bark boiled together made our own beautiful Confederate gray, to which there is no shade or color under the sun equal and none so dear to the Southern heart. All of these dyes had to be set with copperas, which was also homemade by placing a small quantity of salt and vinegar in a vessel and casting in old iron, rusty nails, etc.

Nearly all the plantations and small farms in Dallas County had large flocks of sheep, and out of the wool we learned to weave our own beautiful Confederate gray cloth, which seemed to us as soft and silky as broadcloth and which was so becoming to our Southern men. All kinds of cotton and woolen goods were woven throughout Dallas County. Flannels, colored and white or plaids, bright-colored balmorals, which were so fashionable with grave or gay borders, and beautiful blankets and coverlets were manufactured on every plantation. Carpets were also made in some places. Yet a few months before we did not know what a spinning wheel or loom was.

In those Confederate days it was also difficult to procure drugs. Everything of foreign manufacture was cut off by the blockade. Quinine was so high that few could afford to buy it, a two-ounce bottle costing from ten to thirty dollars. The berries of the dogwood tree, which were found to con-

tain the properties of cinchona and Peruvian bark, were used as a substitute for the much-needed quinine in our malarial districts. Boneset grew wild abundantly. It was found to be a fine tonic and a remedy for chills and ague. An efficacious cordial for dysentery was made out of the blackberry root, but ripe persimmons were found to be more drastic in effect. Raspberry and huckleberry roots were also used for cordials when the persimmons were not in season. An extract of the bark of wild cherry and dogwood trees was used for chills and fever, and roots of the mullein plant, globeflower, wild cherry, and white ash were regarded as an infallible remedy for coughs and all lung troubles. In many places poppies were planted in the gardens to furnish opium, from which laudanum was made, so necessary in the hospitals and at home. There were two distilleries in the county in charge of the government, where whisky and brandies were made for the army, one at Cahaba and the other at the Bruce Gill plantation, near Cahaba.

Bicarbonate of soda, so necessary in making bread, could scarcely be obtained; but we found that the ash from corn-cobs made a good substitute, particularly the ash of the red cob, which was stronger and thought to contain more soda. Hops were scarce and hard to get. Only a few people had hop vines growing in their gardens, and in some seasons these did not flower at all. So for our yeast cakes we substituted



A CONFEDERATE CANDLE.

yeast made from fig or peach tree leaves. We also made light bread from the old-fashioned milk yeast and from the California beer seed, so much in use before and during the war.

Occasionally we would get a few things that had run the blockade at Memphis or New Orleans, but we had to depend on our own ingenuity to supply the necessities of existence. A calico dress often cost fifty or sixty dollars.

We raised our own meats, had plenty of lard, poultry and eggs, butter and milk, from which we learned to make delicious cheese, as fine as the imported.

We soon became experts in knitting and crocheting useful as well as fancy articles—gloves, shawls, stockings, tapes, sacks, and Vandykes, as well as beautiful lace and insertion—from the homespun thread. Lamb's wool was used for knitting gloves and socks for the soldiers, as the wool protected their feet better on the long marches.

There were few idle moments spent by the women of Dallas County in Confederate times. When out for a call or spending the day with a neighbor, every lady had her knitting or sewing, and their fingers were busy every moment. Even girls ten and twelve years old could knit a sock a day, and a pair of steel knitting needles was regarded as a great treasure. For heavy knitting, such as rubias and scarfs for the soldiers, we used large needles of cedar or white oak, fifteen or twenty inches long, made and polished by the soldier boys in their hours of idleness, when at home on furlough, or convalescing at the hospitals. They also made beautiful rings from gutta-percha buttons, inlaid with silver and gold when they could be had. Every girl was proud to wear one of these simple rings.

Sunday shoes and slippers were made at home out of scraps of merino, broadcloth, and other twilled goods by these ladies so fortunate as to find such materials in their scrap bags or trunks of cast-off clothing, and many ladies became expert at putting on the soles of homemade leather. We also learned to spin our sewing thread almost as fine as the Coats or Clarke cotton.

At this time the old-fashioned Shaker bonnets were very much used. They were made by some of our Dallas County women from the tall rushes that grew on the banks of the creeks and rivers and also from wheat and oat straw. The skirts for these bonnets were made from "single thread sley cloth," as it was then known, dyed any selected color, but gray was the most fashionable shade. A pretty young face within a Shaker bonnet was most attractive. The straw of the pine, oats, and wheat was used for hats, also corn shucks and the swamp palmetto. The palmetto was boiled and bleached, then cut into fine strips and braided. These braids were then sewed together and pressed into any desired shape. For trimming these hats we made plumes from geese or duck feathers or robbed the game cock of its long, beautiful plumage of iridescent coloring, combined with scraps of silk, tulle, and lace, relics of a more prosperous time. Some used peafowl feathers, but these were considered unlucky.

Buttons for our clothes were also a great consideration. Machines were soon invented for making them of wood, which, dyed, sandpapered, and varnished, were quite pretty; but buttons made of cloth or the common gourd covered with homespun were considered more lasting, as they could be washed and boiled without coming to pieces.

As the war progressed we were thrown more and more upon our own resources, and it seemed that we were always equal to the demands upon our ingenuity. Aside from having

to provide clothing for their own families and the soldiers at the front, the Southern matrons had to see that the negroes on the plantations and of their households were properly provided for. Every spring and autumn two suits around were given to each man, woman, and child; and it was no small task to have the thread spun, the cloth woven, and the clothing cut and made under their own personal supervision and inspection for the slaves on large plantations, in many instances numbering five or six hundred, besides seeing to the manufacture of the numerous other things needed.

Each household made its own soap and starch. Soap was made from tallow or grease when it could be had, but finally we had to substitute cotton seed and corn shucks, which were placed in a boiling pot of lye, leached from strong wood ashes, and boiled until coagulated. To harden and prepare this soap for hand use salt was added, and it was perfumed with rose leaves or the wild bergamot. Starch was made from bran of wheat flour, green corn or sweet potatoes grated. It was regarded as quite an accomplishment for a matron to know how to make white starch, and we of Dallas County soon learned to make it as white and fine as any ever brought.

Putty and cement were also made in a very simple way. A Spanish potato was roasted in hot ashes, a tablespoonful of flour added, and then applied to whatever needed to be mended and hardened. This paste was as durable as putty. We also needed lime for building purposes, so large lime kilns were erected and the lime rocks of Dallas County burned into the best quality of lime.

Before the war very little kerosene was used, the oil or compressed lard being more generally preferred. Lard was now too scarce to be used for oil, so from ground peas we made oil to burn in our lamps. We had also to resort to molding tallow candles, an art which had become almost obsolete, but it was necessary and beautiful tallow candles were made, almost as white and firm as sperm, by boiling the tallow with the heart of the prickly pear and also the mistle berries that grow in the swamps. Tallow, like everything else, became scarce when there was such a great demand for it, and in some homes the candles had to be kept for State occasions. Other lights were now improvised, especially in those sections where pine knots did not grow, and the Confederate candle came into use. This was made of strands of thread twisted together to form a wick two or three yards long. This wick was saturated in tallow and bees wax and wound round and round a bottle from base to neck, closely and evenly. When ready to light, the oil was loosened from the bottle, raised an inch or so above the mouth, and pressed with the thumb to the bottle's neck. When the wick burned to the bottle's mouth, the same process of uncoiling was repeated. This gave a steady flame and made a cheap, inexpensive light. The sweet gum butt also made a pretty fairy-like light, and when saturated in oil and ignited it burned nicely.

One of our most difficult tasks was to find a substitute for coffee, something so indispensable to a good meal in our Southern life, and we had to have it three times a day. Coffee soon rose to thirty dollars a pound and then to sixty and seventy dollars a pound, which made it entirely beyond use, except for the fortunate few who happened to have a supply on hand when the war began or were rich enough to pay five or six hundred dollars for a sack run through the blockade. A number of substitutes were tried. Okra seed nicely parched and ground came nearer the flavor of real coffee for some, while others preferred yam potatoes sliced, dried, and

ground. Still others liked browned wheat, parched corn, or parched meal. While all these made a passable beverage, they were but poor substitutes for real Rio, Java, and Mocha, to which we were accustomed. We also had several substitutes for tea, but the leaves of the black raspberry vine were considered the best. The leaves of the huckleberry, the blackberry, and the holly tree were also used, as well as the leaves of the Upon plant, with which so many flower gardens were hedged around. These leaves were gathered, dried, and packed away carefully in bottles or jars until needed.

While many became expert in making fine pens from the gray goose quill, which even after the war were still used by some of the old-time people in preference to steel pens, yet paper and ink were scarce and hard to get, a quire of letter paper costing as much as \$40 and envelopes in proportion. Some of the merchants had on hand a supply of wall paper, and this was cut into sheets of letter size and sold for writing paper. Envelopes were also made of it. Envelopes of all white paper that came with letters were turned inside out and used the second time, and in many old libraries may be found books with the flyleaves missing, on which were written love letters to the Confederate boys in the army when some girls wished to send especially nice epistles. For ink we used logwood dye, or lamp black, mixed with water.

In the early days of Dallas County, before cotton was generally introduced into Alabama, flax had been successfully grown and spun into thread by some who understood the process of preparing it for use. A few old ladies now had their patches of flax, their quaint little old flax wheels were again brought into use, and they spun and wove some pretty linen goods, some of which was bleached as white as Irish linen, while some was kept in the natural shade to be used as summer suits for ladies and gentlemen. So few understood this art, and it was such a tedious process, that the growing and weaving of flax did not become common. My grandfather had a suit of clothes made from home-woven linen that my grandmother wove, and she also sent President Davis enough of the material for a suit.

We took advantage of every resource. We laughed at our privations and inconveniences. We not only fed and clothed the people of our county, but aided and helped to feed the people of the entire South, civil as well as military; and we felt proud of our independence and fortitude, especially when we remembered how utterly unprepared we were when Alabama seceded and the war began and how little we knew of manufacturing anything, and the wonder is how we ever learned to do all that we did.

Despite the hardships and anxieties of those dark days, we still had our social gatherings, where our ladies and girls were gowned in calico and homespun or made-over dresses dug from the chests of long ago, the old-time dresses our grandmothers wore.

In every household in town and country were soldiers on furlough recuperating from sickness or wounds, nursed back to health by the unfaltering attention of our women. While convalescing nothing was spared that would contribute to their amusement. Walking parties, horseback rides, charades, and tableaux were quite the rage, especially tableaux representing our secession period. Many of the soldiers with us on furlough were from Virginia, Missouri, and Texas and were entirely cut off from their homes. Some of them played beautifully on the banjo, guitar, and violin. As nearly all Southern girls were fine musicians, music became quite a pastime and no doubt was a great solace to many

homesick hearts beneath the gray jackets of the Confederacy. Patriotic songs were sung everywhere, as well as those breathing the sweetest sentiments of love and devotion. It was a chivalrous age, such as might have existed in the time of Sir Walter Scott and in the days of "Lady Rowena and Rebecca." For refreshments at our parties we had different kinds of cake, made occasionally from sugar and flour, but more frequently from bolted meal and sorghum molasses. Our Confederate fruit cake was a marvel, composed of dried apples, peaches, figs, walnuts and hickory nuts, and flavored with what few spices we could beg, borrow, or buy, and corn whisky made by the government. This was also used for our eggnog when we could get it. Then we had persimmon beer made of molasses, and scuppernong and muscadine wine instead of champagne.



In 1864 Cahaba became an army post in command of Capt. John H. Allison, from New Orleans. Several regiments of soldiers were stationed there. Three thousand Federal prisoners were confined in the Babcock Warehouse, on the banks of the Alabama River. The old Bell Tavern was turned into a hospital, where the soldiers of both sides were cared for. Our citizens were kind and considerate of the Yankee prisoners, many of whom were on parole, and it was said that for this reason Wilson and his raiders spared Cahaba when Selma was burned. There were a number of refugees with us from New Orleans, Memphis, and North Mississippi. Many of their homes had been burned and everything destroyed. As a rule, they were refined, cultivated people, who found a cordial welcome with us and added greatly to our social life.

Our reading club met weekly, when Shakespeare, Byron, Moore, and Scott were read and discussed, and occasionally we got a copy of some recent work that had run the blockade, "Les Miserables" or a volume of Dickens; but generally only our Southern writers were cared for, and the poems of Paul Hayne and Father Ryan were read and reread almost until memorized, and the works of Augusta Evans were enjoyed by all. The club also edited a paper called the Garland, in honor of Miss Kate Garland, a young lady from Virginia, who was its first president. In this paper were published many brilliant essays and poetry, all breathing the utmost devotion to the Confederate cause.

We also had our sewing society weekly to make clothes for the army, and each month large boxes containing all the delicacies the times afforded and packed with clothing were forwarded to the soldiers. Each week different ladies were delegated to nurse in the hospital, which was in charge of the army surgeons, Drs. Hill and Whitfield.

The churches throughout Dallas County were opened every Sunday and were filled with devout men and women praying

for the success of the Confederacy. At Cahaba Captain Henderson, chaplain of the post, frequently filled the pulpit of the Methodist church. At one of our weekly prayer meetings a good, kind old lady, a perfect mother in the Church, who always prayed in public, ended her prayer with a most earnest appeal for the South: "O Lord God Almighty, have mercy upon our poor country. Protect us from the Northern hordes who are overflowing and ravishing our land. Remove the abolitionist and all in authority who are pressing this awful, cruel war upon us. Take them in thy merciful hands and convey them safely to Father Abraham's bosom, where they will forever be at peace and free from sin and suffering. Take them now at once, O Father, before they will have committed any more crimes to add to the long list already against them." The entire congregation united in an earnest "Amen." The next day, when told that she had prayed for the utter annihilation of the United States government, she was shocked and surprised beyond measure.

Now and then the stern realities of war were forced upon us by hearing that some of our loved ones were dead, wounded, missing, lying sick in distant hospitals, or killed in battle and their remains sent back to us after weeks of weary watching and waiting, travel being so slow in those days. One who left us in the midst of a noble, useful life, a young lawyer of Selma, whose future was bright with promise, a member of the gallant 4th Alabama Regiment, was brought back dead, having been buried alive while under the effects of a heavy narcotic administered by a Union family posing as Southern sympathizers with whom he had stopped while sick in East Tennessee. Another, a member of the Cahaba Rifles, in the flush of early manhood, came home wounded, shot through the head and blind for life. So horrible, so heart-rending was it all! But we never despaired. No thought of giving up ever entered our hearts. We were struggling hard to overcome the difficulties by which we were surrounded. We were working, fasting, praying, day and night, that victory might be ours. Later on, day by day, news came of defeat after defeat. Many of our brave Cahaba Rifles had been killed, wounded, or were dead. At Antietam only five responded to the roll call of the company after the battle was over. Friends and relatives in other commands were reported dead, wounded, missing, or maimed for life. All our sacrifice seemed in vain. The God of battle was against us.

In the spring of 1865 we heard that Wilson's raiders were marching on to Selma—German, Irish, and Hessian hirelings, the scum of Europe imported to fight our Southern chivalry, burning and destroying everything as they came. The prisoners were removed from Cahaba and the post abandoned. For weeks we lived in constant fear and trembling of indescribable terror. All the sick soldiers at home on furlough, scarcely able to walk, hurried back to the front. All the old men and boys were armed for duty, ready to join General Forrest when he reached our vicinity. Jewelry, silver, and valuables of all kinds were sent to the swamps to be buried, and the stock was hidden in the cane thickets. Finally, it was felt no longer safe for the old men and boys to remain at home; they might be caught and hanged. Then the women and children collected together in different houses, protected alone by our faithful slaves, who at night slept in the halls and on the galleries of our homes, armed to the teeth for our defense and protection. With them we felt almost as safe as if surrounded by an army.

Finally Wilson, with his blood-drunken raiders, reached Selma. General Taylor had ruthlessly abandoned the place

and left it to the mercy of the invading foe. For weeks he was shipping troops, supplies, and cotton to Mobile. Three weeks before he had urged a prominent lady, at whose house he made his headquarters, to leave the town and seek safety elsewhere. When General Forrest reached Selma, there was no commander to be found, no army of defense, only a few hundred men at the arsenal and government works. These he at once organized and sent to the breastworks that surrounded the city, reinforced by the boys and old men who rallied at once to the defense of their homes. The battle was bravely fought, but the victory was lost. Pitiful it was, but still more pitiful to feel that the place had not been properly garrisoned.

General Forrest cut his way out of Selma and went to Marion, where he got a message from General Wilson to come back to Cahaba under a flag of truce. They met at the old Crocheron house, on the banks of the Alabama River, near the mouth of Cahaba. After the interview, General Forrest and his escort dashed out of town, and we did not hear of him again until he surrendered at Gainesville, Ga., April 10, 1865.

When the surrender came, in 1865, in all the South there could not have been found a more prosperous country or one that was more self-sustaining than here in Dallas County. But the surrender was followed with colossal ruin. The negroes, who had been loyal and faithful during the war and to whom we ever looked for protection and trusted with our lives while our Southern men were in the army, now, elated with freedom, left their houses and flocked to the Yankee camps to become pensioners of the government and spend their time in idleness; while the plantations grew up in weeds, plows lay idle in the fields, and the stock and hogs were left to live as best they might. On my father's plantation alone were eight hundred hogs that went wild in the swamps. Our soldiers were coming home ragged, weary, and footsore. Our Confederate money was worthless. They had no gold or greenbacks. They had not even a silver dollar on which to start life again, but they were not discouraged or downhearted.

All who owned land were glad to let the Confederates finish making the crops, in many instances free of all rent, and soon the boys in gray were as bravely plowing and hoeing in the fields, men of culture and position, as when fighting at Manassas or Seven Pines. General Morgan and his two sons, John and George, and Mr. R. D. Houler, of Cahaba, and his two sons rented land on my grandmother's place, the old Gill plantation. Every Friday evening they hitched their plow mules to General Morgan's old army ambulance and returned

to their homes in Cahaba to remain over Sunday. Friday nights were with us the fashionable evenings for entertainments. The young men could not leave their field work in the middle of the week; but on Friday they would "lay off" and come from all over the country, riding twenty and thirty



miles, to our starvation and calico parties, coming early enough in the day to make engagements with the girls for the evening. We would dance until the wee sma' hours, and after escorting the girls home the young men returned to their farms until Sunday, when they again appeared at church, still in their Confederate gray suits, minus the brass buttons, perfect Apollos, as gay and care-free as if they had never known the sound of a Yankee bullet or had been reduced from wealthy heirs of numberless slaves to hewers of wood and drawers of water. How proud we were of them! How we admired their pluck and energy! How we lavished attentions upon them, feeling that they were fighting as brave a battle for independence in the fields of Dallas County as when in the Army of Virginia.

In the fall of 1865, after the crops were gathered and the cotton sold, the Confederate gray began to disappear. Our young men then had some money with which to indulge their gentlemanly tastes, and at a party given in November by Col. and Mrs. G. W. Gayle, the first ceremonious function after the surrender, we danced with gentlemen in citizens' clothes for the first time in four years. How strange and unnatural they appeared to us! How stiff and formal the white kid gloves and broadcloth suits! They did not seem at all themselves, and we now realized that our soldier boys had gone, never to return; and however much we might yearn for the brass buttons and the old gray jackets of the Confederacy, they were folded away, never to be worn again.

In a short while military rule was forced upon us. Our own old servants had to be hired through the Freedman's Bureau; but, still more bitter, we had to renew our allegiance to the United States and ask pardon for seceding and fighting against the government, while in our hearts we felt and knew we had done no wrong. We knew we had a right to secede and fight for those rights guaranteed to us by the Constitution of this same United States, but we had been overpowered and had to bend our necks to the yoke of the conqueror. In the first years of the Confederacy, at a banquet given in Cahaba, among the speeches made and toasts drunk was one by Col. George W. Gayle, "Death and damnation to the whole Yankee nation," followed by a reward of a million dollars for Abe Lincoln's head. An account of this entertainment and the speeches made on the occasion, brilliant and fired with Southern sentiment, was published throughout the North. Colonel Gayle was denounced "as a traitor, one of a family of secession agitators that ought to be exterminated."

Noble, kind-hearted, generous, and impulsive, all acquainted with him knew that this ardent expression was only an outburst of Southern enthusiasm, with no thought that it would be taken seriously. But after Lincoln's assassination, to the consternation and grief of the entire community, he was arrested by Captain Cocheran, of the United States army, afterwards postmaster at Selma, carried North, and imprisoned with President Davis and Hon. C. C. Clay. Colonel Gayle had known President Johnson as a young man when he plied his trade as tailor. Each at that time recognized the natural intellectual superiority of the other, and time had not obliterated the memory of those early days. Now that Mr. Johnson was in power, he responded to the appeals of Colonel Gayle's friends and granted executive clemency, despite the Herculean efforts of Stanton, Secretary of War, to have him condemned as accessory to the plot to murder Lincoln.

There was much pathos connected with those trying days, much silent tragedy, as well as romance and farce, out of which volumes might be written. It has been claimed that

nothing is ever lost, no word spoken, but that reverberates through eternity, no event or action that is not indelibly impressed upon space. If this be true, when the great scroll of time unrolls, what a magnificent epic there will be of the South and her mighty effort for liberty and independence!

THE JEFF DAVIS ARTILLERY AT BLOODY ANGLE.

BY JOHN PURIFOY, SECRETARY OF STATE OF ALABAMA.

The Jeff Davis Artillery was an Alabama battery of field artillery, composed largely of schoolboys from Central Alabama. Having received its equipment, it reached the seat of war in North Virginia, in the vicinity of Manassas and Bull Run, during the last days of September, 1861, where it became a component part of that grand body of soldiers known to history as the Army of Northern Virginia. All its campaigns were participated in by the battery, and the thunder of its guns and the shriek of its shot, shell, and canister were mingled with those of the other organizations of that army in nearly all of the great battles fought by it and in many of the smaller ones. The blood of many of its patriotic members watered the gory fields of Pennsylvania, Maryland, and noble old Virginia. The bones of many of its heroic dead found last resting places in the soil of those States on the fields of glory where their lifeblood was poured out.

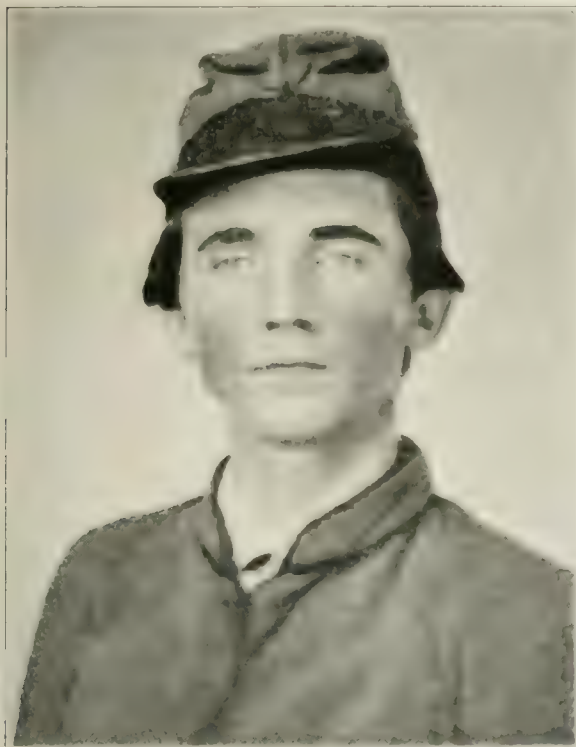
The incidents with which this narrative deals took place in 1864. The campaign of that year had opened when the Federal army, under Gen. U. S. Grant, crossed the Rapidan River on the 4th of May, and General Lee attacked it the next day in the Wilderness. The Federal army, moving by the left flank, and the Confederate army, moving by the right flank to meet it, had met on the 8th of May near Spottsylvania Courthouse, Va. Considerable maneuvering and bloody fighting took place during the following three days.

On the evening of the 11th, which had been a day of comparative quiet, just before dark, Gen. A. L. Long, commander of artillery of Ewell's Confederate (2d) Corps, issued orders for the removal of the artillery from the lines. This was done in anticipation of another flank movement of the Federal army, when the Confederate artillery would be prepared to move promptly to meet it.

The locality in the vicinity of the lines occupied by Ewell's Corps was covered with dense undergrowth, pine thickets, and briar patches, interspersed with small streams and boggy marshes, through which ran temporary, tortuous roads. It was because of the great difficulty of moving the artillery after night that it had been removed from the lines before dark on the evening of the 11th. Instead of moving by the left flank, the 2d Federal Army Corps, commanded by Gen. W. S. Hancock, during the night of the 11th was massed in front of that part of the Confederate line occupied by the division of Gen. Edward Johnson, of Ewell's Corps. This movement on the part of the Federals was not discovered until about three o'clock on the morning of the 12th. Active efforts were made to reinstate the Confederate artillery, but the difficulties confronting it were not overcome in time.

The darkness and dense fog, which prevented a prompt return of the Confederate artillery, were of great advantage to the assaulting Federals. They were enabled to approach and quietly capture the Confederate pickets without being discovered and to reach the Confederate works without discovery. The result was the capture of the Confederate works and the infantry troops defending them before the greater part of the

returning artillery reached them and the capture of nearly all the returning Confederate batteries before they succeeded in reaching their assigned places. That part of the Confederate line occupied by the division of Gen. Edward Johnson, to the left of Stuart's Brigade, had been so quietly captured that the returning batteries were not aware of it. As they galloped in column toward their assigned positions they were met by the exultant, victorious enemy and their guns and men taken possession of.



JOHN PURFOY, JEFF DAVIS ARTILLERY

The captured batteries were parts of Page's and Cutshaw's Battalions, the two battalions being commanded by Col. Thomas H. Carter. The Jeff Davis Artillery was one of the four batteries composing Page's Battalion, and it succeeded by prompt action in reaching its position before that part of the works was captured. Its position was the salient about one and a half miles north of Spottsylvania Courthouse. This salient is known to history as "Bloody Angle," so called from the fierce and bloody fighting about it on that date. Pieces numbered one and two, composing the first section of the battery, were located on the right side of the angle, near the apex, and pieces numbered three and four, composing the second section, were located on the left side of the angle, near the apex. The infantry troops occupying that part of the line were the regiments composing the brigade of Gen. George H. Stuart, of Maj. Gen. Edward Johnson's division.

The Confederate line, to the left of the battery's position, could be seen but a short distance. The battery went into position shortly after dawn, after a hurried and difficult trip over a rough and crooked road, crossed by boggy marshes. One or two of the caissons were left sticking in one of these marshes.

There was but little shooting going on at this time, and there was but little in sight to indicate the near approach of the furious storm which so quickly burst upon the battery.

Subsequent information showed that, to the left of the angle, all that part of the line occupied by Johnson's Division was in possession of the enemy before the battery reached its position. The capture, however, had been so quietly made that the troops near the angle were not aware of it. An occasional musket shot was heard, but these were so few that they attracted little attention. All was expectation, however, as the men knew in reason that the hour at which they had been called and the speed at which they had been rushed through the dark woods and across the treacherous marshes meant work ahead.

Owing to the formation of the ground, whose surface gradually rose to the crest of the hill, about one hundred and fifty yards in front of the guns of the second section, an advancing column could not be seen until the men composing it had appeared from behind the crest. The battery had been in position but a short while when the assaulting column of the enemy was seen by the men of the second section. When first seen, it was within canister range.

The officers and men of the infantry were quietly lounging behind the earthworks, feeling secure, as the pickets had given no alarm or notice of the approach of the enemy. The men at the two guns, however, were on the lookout, and as soon as the assaulting column was discovered so close and advancing they began to clamor for permission to shoot, and the two gun corporals actually ordered canister and began firing.

General Stuart ordered that the firing cease, as his pickets were in front and were being fired on. Captain Reese, in command of the battery, repeated General Stuart's order, but the men immediately protested that there were no Confederate pickets in sight, that the field was blue with the advancing enemy, and began firing in spite of orders to the contrary. General Stuart soon realized that in the darkness, and fog his pickets had been captured before they had fired a gun. The canister from the two guns caused the advancing column to halt and even halt. It produced its usual destructive effect. Each discharge had cut a lane through the ranks of the assaulting column. As the column was several lines deep, the destruction wrought was heavy.

When this firing began, the enemy had made its appearance in front of the first section of the battery in position on the right side of the angle. But soon after the first shots were fired the men at these guns discovered a column of Federals advancing from the left along the inside and in the rear of the Confederate works, having crossed the works to the left of the angle. The head of the column had approached very near the guns before its discovery. The two guns were immediately reversed, charged with canister, and fired into the column, causing it to halt. About this time Major R. C. M. Page rode to the first piece and ordered it to limber up and move off. He continued to the limber chest of the next piece and gave the same order, but did not go farther, presumably because the other two guns were practically surrounded by the enemy. He then rode in the opposite direction. The men of the first gun promptly moved in concert and succeeded in escaping with it. As soon as Major Page delivered his order the writer, who was in charge of the limber chest, ordered the drivers to mount and drive to the gun, that it might be hooked on. Two of the three promptly obeyed. The third one, instead of obeying, crouched to the ground, apparently paralyzed with fear.

As soon as the guns ceased firing and preparation began to move out, the confused Federal ranks recovered their nerve.

and the musket fire became intense. When the column first made its appearance in the rear of the battery, no firing was going on. When the reversed guns opened fire, it awoke the men of the Federal column to the fact that they had encountered opposition, and they opened fire at everything in sight. Immediately after the artillery opened, the infantry of Stuart's Brigade from behind the transverse, which had been constructed along the rear of the works on the left of the angle, fired a volley into the advancing column.

The frightened driver crouched nearer the ground, and no amount of coaxing or threatening inspired him to obey. When the men attempted to draw the gun to the limber, the drivers, seeing the approaching danger, did not wait for the gun, but attempted to escape without it. They galloped too near the enemy, and the horses were shot down and all three drivers shot, two being killed and the third severely wounded. This destroyed the hopes of the men to save the gun and put a stop to their efforts. But the somber horrors of Federal prison life stared them in the face. Their subsequent efforts were given over to making their escape. In this work there was no concert of action. Every man acted for himself. When they left the field of strife, showers of Minie balls swarmed after them, and the command from their friends (?) the enemy, "Surrender, you Rebels!" was hissed from a thousand throats.

The manner of their escape is best illustrated by the experience of the Irishman who was attached to a Federal command at Manassas July 21, 1861, when the Federal army became so badly demoralized. A friend afterwards said to him: "Pat, you didn't run, did you?" "Begorra, thim as didn't run are there yit," said he.

Three of the four guns carried into that action, with their limber chests and horses, several of which were killed, were captured by the Federal army. Captain Reese and Lieutenant Bates, the only commissioned officers with the battery, three sergeants, two corporals, and twenty-eight privates were captured. Six of the captured privates died in a few months from their prison privations. Four privates—William Batton, A. J. Blanks, T. M. Bradley, and W. R. Harris—were killed. There is no record to show the number of wounded.

The men who escaped with the gun that was saved stopped at the first point which offered a prospect of rallying the demoralized troops. This gun and another which had been abandoned were placed in position and manned by the escaped men of the Jeff Davis Artillery, and the thunder of these two guns was a contribution to the din of battle that raged that entire day.

Our great Lee, whose first information of the movement of the Federal General Hancock was the announcement of the disaster, immediately galloped forward in the darkness of the morning and learned the extent of it. He and his staff were soon busy rallying the demoralized and fleeing troops which had escaped capture. The disaster aroused his combative nature, and he attempted to lead more than one column of infantry during the day toward the captured angle. Each time he attempted to lead a column his generals earnestly remonstrated with him, and protesting shouts of "Go back, General Lee," and promises to do their duty, without his exposure to the great danger of leading them, were heard from the men in the ranks.

From early dawn to late at night the incessant thunder of artillery and roll of musketry continued. The Confederate columns drawn from the lines on each side of the angle threw themselves into the breach and vied with each other

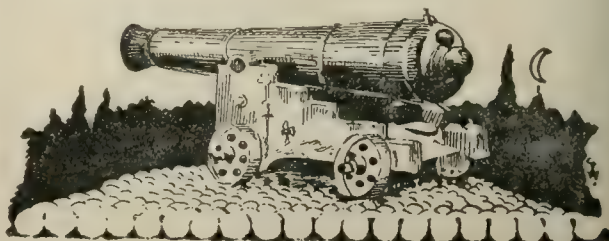
in their impetuous courage to stay the tide of the impending disaster. The exultant column of Hancock's command as it flowed through the breach, cheered on by the hope of dire disaster and destruction of their ever-present and undismayed antagonist, the Army of Northern Virginia, was met by these reinforcing columns of Confederates and hurled back to the captured works, where bayonets and clubbed muskets were used, and musket-shooting at close range was kept up far into the night.

The effective work of single companies and the results achieved by such in contests of the magnitude of the Bloody Angle, at Spottsylvania Courthouse, on the 12th of May, 1864, are likely to be overshadowed by the achievements of the greater bodies of troops. In all the accounts of this disaster on the Confederate side the references to Page's Battalion show that the guns composing it were captured in their futile efforts to reach the lines and without being fired. This narrative will record the fact that the Jeff Davis Artillery, commanded by Capt. William J. Reese, one of the batteries of Page's Battalion, did go into position and made a brave resistance in its efforts to stay the Federal avalanche thrown against the Confederate salient, the Bloody Angle, that its work was the first resistance that the triumphant Federal column met, and that it initiated the bloody and fierce battle known as the Battle of Bloody Angle, at Spottsylvania Courthouse, May 12, 1864.

The force that first mixed with the men and guns of the section in position on the left of the salient approached from the rear and demanded their surrender. Almost simultaneously a part of the assaulting column, advancing along the front of and nearly parallel to the Confederate works, reaching the position of the guns, made the same demand. The latter forces were a part of the column that had been repulsed by the fire of the guns, but were so far to the Confederate left as not to be greatly affected by the fire.

The importance and value of the brief but effective resistance made by the Jeff Davis Artillery in its efforts to stay the assaults of Hancock on the Bloody Angle cannot be estimated. The line with its defending infantry to the left of the angle had been seized before the battery reached its position. When the victorious enemy had come within canister range and these missiles had been thrown into its ranks with such destruction as to cause confusion, it produced a delay the value of every moment of which was inestimable. It gave time to formulate plans and place reinforcing lines to meet the dire situation and thus enabled the Confederates to retrieve their losses.

The fierceness of the battles which were fought in the Wilderness May 5 and 6, 1864, and at Spottsylvania Courthouse May 8 and 9, inclusive, is shown by the fact that Confederate ordnance officers gathered from them more than 120,000 pounds of lead, which was remolded into bullets and used again before the close of the campaign of 1864.



THE WOMEN OF ALABAMA IN THE WAR

BY MARY PHELAN WATT, MONTGOMERY, ALA.

In attempting an article on the women of Alabama during the War between the States, 1861-65, I hesitate because the recollections of one then in early teens is limited in regard to the people and events of that wonderful period in our beloved South. Many have helped me in recalling incidents and deeds of the time, but so many cannot "remember." I believe a few of Alabama's notable women are foremost in the history of that time.

Mrs. Virginia Tunstall Clay-Clopton, Mrs. Judge Hopkins, Mrs. Clayton (mother of Judge Henry D. Clayton), Mrs. General Gorgas (mother of our most distinguished Dr. William Gorgas), Mrs. Augusta Evans Wilson, Madam LeVert, and scores of others of more retired lives worked and prayed for our dear Southern Confederacy. These were of the best of Alabama.

It must be remembered that in those days a woman's name rarely appeared in print. In fact, it was considered "bad form," and the men of her family would have resented it as a personal offense; hence the great deeds of those grand women were not chronicled.

Mrs. Virginia Clay Clopton, while not a native Alabamian, lived from childhood in Alabama. Her history is almost international, certainly national. The part she played in the Confederacy is well known. Possessing that charm born of a great mind, combined with the biggest and sweetest heart that ever woman had, made her a power in large as well as in small affairs.

Mrs. Arthur F. Hopkins, who was Juliet Opie, of Virginia, was another adopted daughter of Alabama. Her zeal and ability were so great in the hospitals of Mobile in the beginning of the war that the authorities at Richmond, Va., the capital, requested her to come there and take charge of all hospitals. She did such noble work that Congress, to make acknowledgment, had her picture placed upon the twenty-five-cent shinplaster and later upon the fifty-dollar bill. In her large correspondence was a letter from General Lee, saying, "You have done more for the South than all the women." The State of Alabama sent official thanks to Mrs. Hopkins for her devotion to the sick and wounded. During the battle of Seven Pines she was twice wounded in discharging her duties, once so severely that a broken bone in her leg had

to be removed, causing a slight limp in her walk during the remainder of her life—a long and glorious one. She died in Washington in 1890. In her book, "White and Black under the Old Régime," Mrs. Clayton, wife of General Clayton, tells most charmingly of the experiences and labors of this lovely woman for the Confederacy.

I knew little of Mrs. Gorgas during the war; but if her life was as full of greatness then in doing every good work as in later years, enough has been said. I once heard General Lee say to her: "You are a great woman." Her very personality was inspiring, and what a power for good she was at the University of Alabama as librarian every one who knew her can testify.

Augusta Evans Wilson, Alabama's distinguished novelist, was among the most ardent and faithful workers in Mobile, adored by all the young soldiers stationed there. Among them was my brother, John Phelan, with his battery. He often told me of her kindness to them.

In Montgomery, where possible more soldiers were mobilized and passed from one army to the other, the women, young and old, were as full of enthusiasm and patriotism as anywhere. There were aid societies, hospital societies, Church aid societies, and every woman "aided."

I well remember the delight it gave us young girls after school to go down Commerce Street to the "aid society," where Mrs. Eliza Moore as president was ever cutting out pants and jackets and overcoats, at first of fine gray cloth and afterwards of homemade jeans, almost any muddy color. With the larger "scraps" she would let us cover the bright tin canteens, while the more efficient made haversacks of the largest pieces, others would make the cover, with tapes, for the caps of unbleached domestic as a protection from sun

and wind. Mrs. Moore was Miss Catharine, sister of Judge Alexander Cathard, of Montgomery, and of Mr. George Cathard, of Mobile. Her granddaughter, Grace Bird, now the widow of Judge Thomas G. Jones, and his sister, Mary Jones, now Mrs. William Gester, were among the girls who worked. On one occasion Mrs. Moore was employed at the Capitol by the government to cut sheets of twenty-five and sixty-cent shinplasters, and we girls helped her. "They say" we were paid too much for our work.

Mrs. Sophy (Aunt Sophy) Bibb, a woman of great ability, inherited from a long able ancestry, and of noble character, was



MRS. JULIA JACKSON CHRISTIAN PRESTON AND CHILDREN

The Matron of Honor for North Carolina at the Birmingham Reunion is the granddaughter of Stonewall Jackson, whose picture is here given with her two little daughters, Anna Jackson Preston, aged four, and Julia Cortlandt Preston, three months old.

president of the hospitals, always doing deeds of mercy to the wounded, sick, and dying.

Another faithful and untiring woman in loyalty to her country was Mrs. W. B. Bell. In the sweet kindness of her nature, her home, her hands, and her heart were ever full, nursing the sick and suffering and carrying the daintiest dishes to the convalescents. She had one son at the front. Her daughter, Miss Bettie Bell, worked by the side of her mother, and many a grateful soldier boy lost his heart to her. Many letters in her possession now tell of their loving gratitude.

When Napoleon was asked, "Who is the greatest woman in France?" he replied: "The woman who has borne most sons to fight for their country." My mother, Mrs. John D. Phelan, came under this head. She gave to her country four gallant soldiers, two being killed in battle. Her time was not only given to supplying them with clothes, socks, and blankets, but she worked in hospitals and aid societies, and her home was ever open to soldiers passing through Montgomery. She was intrepid and fearless. Upon one occasion her cool courage saved the life of a Confederate soldier who was fleeing from the Yankees just after Wilson's raid reached Montgomery. He jumped the fence, ran under the house, and hid beneath the steps. Mrs. Phelan met the Yankees calmly, let them search every nook and corner in the house, but kept them from under the house, and our soldier escaped.

After the war was over and all hearts bowed down with the weight of woe," the realization that so many of our heroes were buried in temporary shallow graves or their bones were bleaching in the sun and rain caused the determination to gather their remains together for proper burial. After a strong appeal from my father, Judge Phelan, in the daily papers, Mrs. Phelan, Mrs. Sophy Bibb, and Mrs. W. O. Baldwin, whose oldest boy, only a lad, filled the grave of a gallant soldier, called a mass meeting of the women of Montgomery, and the Ladies' Memorial Association was formed. They gave fitting burial to the dead and erected monuments over them. Still in existence, this Association has recently celebrated its fiftieth anniversary.

Mrs. Patrick Savage, another of Napoleon's "great," gave six sons to the Confederate service. The seventh, only a lad, was killed by a shot from a Yankee ship at Fernandina, Fla., a most pathetic incident. The town was being evacuated by the Confederates, and Michael Savage, with another lad, was going to the train. Some indiscreet person fired a gun in the street. The Yankees, taking it for an uprising, fired from their ship only one cannon ball, but it reached those two boys and killed them instantly. Professor Savage, her husband, was an educator in Montgomery for many years.

Mrs. Benjamin Fitzpatrick, wife of the wise and true Senator from Alabama, was ever his guiding star. In Washington her unusual beauty and lovely nature made her a general favorite. Returning, after the State seceded, to their vast plantation in Alabama, twelve miles from Montgomery, she was ever busy with her many servants at the looms, weaving jeans and spinning yarn for socks and blankets. The home was an abiding place for the sick and wounded soldiers. One, I remember, was Capt. Tom Taylor, son of the Senator from Louisiana, their Washington friend. He was there for many months on crutches. This incident in connection with him I recall vividly. He, on his crutches, and a party of us young people were waiting at the wharf for our boat, the Dixie, to take us up the Alabama River on our way to Governor Fitzpatrick's, when a soldier walked up, a brand-new pair of boots thrown over his shoulder, and said: "I am trying to go to

Governor Fitzpatrick's to see Capt. Tom Taylor." He joined our party and introduced his friend, Major Grant. About dusk our boat started up the river. When about ten miles up, the Folly came rushing downstream after leaving her cargo of cotton on the other side to save it from the expected Yankees. Our boat was also loaded to the gunwales with cotton for the same purpose. In the twinkling of an eye the Folly had collided with the Dixie, which began to sink rapidly. Our lives were saved by the coolness of the captain and officers lashing together cotton bales into rafts.

No account of Montgomery women would be complete without mention of the extensive Bellinger family. Mrs. Carnot Bellinger was the first woman to provide a place for the sick and needy soldiers. She fitted up an outhouse at her home as a temporary hospital, the first here, and administered with her own hands to their wants. Mrs. Bellinger gave two sons to the army. Her sister, Mrs. Taylor, gave her four sons and her services at all times to aid societies, hospitals, etc. She was the mother of the beautiful Sallie Taylor, whose husband, Gen. J. W. A. Sanford, was distinguished as a soldier and citizen.



GEORGIA'S REPRESENTATIVES AT BIRMINGHAM REUNION.

Sponsor, Miss Callie Hoke Smith, daughter of Senator Hoke Smith, of Georgia, and granddaughter of Maj. Gen. Thomas R. R. Cobb. Maids of Honor: Miss Kate Osborne, of Savannah (on left); Miss Annie Laurie Walker, of Waycross.



REPRESENTING TEXAS AT BIRMINGHAM REUNION.

Sponsor, Miss Elizabeth F. Crawford, of Dallas. Maid of Honor, Miss Nellie Craig. Corpus Christi.

Mrs. Hailes, another sister, gave her two boys, both in their teens, to fight for their country, and she was also a faithful and loyal worker. Mrs. Massalon Allen, a daughter of Mrs. Bellinger, though young, was a patriot in every sense and is until this day. Eighty "years young," everything Confederate is dear to her heart.

Mrs. George Goldthwaite also gave her time and energy, as well as three sons, to the service. Her two daughters, Miss Anna (now Mrs. Emmet Seibels) and Miss Mollie (now Mrs. Thomas Arrington), were always conspicuous in their work and I suppose had more soldier beaux and helped to make and present more flags than any others.

Mrs. John A. Elmore worked unflinchingly in hospitals and at all times. She had one son in the army. It must be remembered that there were no Red Cross nurses and very few trained nurses, if any, and those noble women nursed the sick and wounded and comforted the dying.

Among them, too, was Mrs. Franklin Randolph, a real mother in Israel. She had the most utter contempt for "bombproof" positions and for those who shirked bullets. Her two gallant sons were at the front.

Mrs. Caroline Hausman was President of the Hebrew Women's Hospitals, and none of the community worked with more fidelity for our Southern cause than the Hebrews. They were in the army and in every department. Mrs. Hausman's daughter, Miss Pauline, now President of the Ladies' Memorial Association, tells this interesting incident as told her

by her mother. In her hospital labors Mrs. Hausman found a poor suffering soldier whose leg was so severely wounded that it had to be amputated. He would only consent, he said, if Mrs. Hausman would hold his hand while the surgeon amputated it. With quiet courage she held his hand during the operation. When just able to speak he looked up into her face and whispered, "Mother." Mrs. Hausman's daughter also tells of an amusing occurrence. Her mother went down to the hospital one day, as usual, and told Jupiter, the faithful slave in charge of the commissary, met her. When she ordered something for the sick to eat, he said: "Laws, Miss Hausman, dey ain't nothing to cook. Dem young ladies come down here and cook ev'rything for dem orfusers." The devoted services of faithful Jupiter and many other slaves who worked in the hospitals will never be forgotten.

In North Alabama the women were more tried than in the southern part. They had both armies to feed and were taxed to their utmost. When the Yankees raided all through the Tennessee Valley, a corps visited the home of my uncle, Dr. A. S. Harris. His wife, a frail, delicate woman, stood bravely to defend her pantries, ordering them not to go in. "I have only my preserves in there." With profanity they said to her: "That's just what we are looking for." The young ladies were indignant, and as one particularly was heaping invectives on them a soldier said: "What's the matter with her? Is she drunk?" She quickly replied: "I must be, as I have been seeing blue devils all day." The Yankees took every piece of a handsome blue Wedgewood china set of one hundred pieces over a hundred years old. They also took every horse, mule, and forty cows. A most pathetic scene was at nightfall when the little calves came running home from the pasture and there were no mothers to meet them. The commander was so tyrannical and overbearing to my uncle that he said to him: "Sir, you have the advantage of me now; but if I ever do meet you on equal grounds, I will hold you to account."

The greatest heroine of Alabama was Emma Sansom. Her bravery in mounting behind General Forrest on his horse and showing him where to ford Black Creek and thereby save his army has been written in song and story. In acknowledgment of her heroic act the Daughters of the Confederacy had painted a lovely portrait of her, which hangs in the State Capitol in the History and Archives Department.

In Selma, Tuscaloosa, Tuskegee—in fact, throughout the State, as all over the South—there were aid societies, hospital societies; and as for knitting socks and mufflers, I don't think there was any matron or maid who didn't knit. One sweet woman was so intent upon her soldiers' socks that she forgot it was Sunday and was knitting for dear life when the old servant, Uncle Stephen, came in horrified and said: "My God, Miss May, don't you know hit's Sunday?" It was equal to the fad of the present of knitting for the Belgians. Even at the largest functions at that time the gayly dressed (or undressed) ladies would knit between dances, much of it being so poorly done that it had to be discarded. It was not a fad of a season with us, but for four long years. So much so that the Montgomery Advertiser of April, 1862, published the following resolution passed by the Congress:

"Resolved by the Congress of the Confederate States of America, That the thanks of the Confederacy are eminently due and are hereby tendered to the patriotic women of the Confederacy for the energy, zeal, and untiring devotion which they have manifested in furnishing voluntary contributions to our soldiers in the field and in the various military hospitals throughout the country."

United Daughters of the Confederacy.

MRS. CORDELIA POWELL ODENHEIMER, *President General.*

MRS. J. H. STEWART, *First Vice President General.*

MRS. L. M. BASHINSKY, *Second Vice President General.*

MRS. LULU A. LOVELL, *Third Vice President General.*

MRS. F. M. WILLIAMS, *Recording Secretary General.*

MRS. W. F. BAKER, *Corresponding Secretary General.*

MRS. C. B. TATE, *Treasurer General.*

MRS. ORLANDO HALLIBURTON, *Registrar General.*

MISS MILDRED RUTHERFORD, *Historian General.*

MRS. JOHN W. TENCH, *Custodian Cross of Honor.*

MRS. W. K. BEARD, *Custodian Flags and Pennants.*

"Love Makes Memory Eternal."

FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.

Dear Daughters: I have attended two meetings of the Arlington Monument Association in Washington, D. C., recently, at which the affairs of the Association have been fully discussed, and present herewith the audited account to date of the Treasurer. I make an earnest appeal to you, Daughters, to pay the balance due Sir Moses Ezekiel at once and suggest that ten cents *per capita* be collected by each Chapter. I will acknowledge in my letter in the VETERAN all sums sent by the State Directors to the Treasurer, Mr. Wallace Streater.

TREASURER'S REPORT.

At the Norfolk convention in 1907 the United Daughters of the Confederacy undertook the task of erecting the Arlington Confederate Monument. Immediately following the convention and in accordance with the plans adopted by it, the present Arlington Confederate Monument Association was organized for the purpose of erecting a suitable Confederate memorial in the greatest national cemetery.

In 1910 a contract was made with Sir Moses Ezekiel, the great Virginia sculptor, to furnish a complete monument for \$35,000, of which \$30,000 was to be paid directly to the sculptor in stated installments, and \$5,000 was to be retained and expended by the Executive Committee of the Association as his agents for preparing the foundation and base for the bronze monument and for freight and erecting charges, the balance, if any, to be paid over to him on the completion of the contract.

At the Little Rock convention, held a short time after the first contract was made, it was decided that the monument should cost \$50,000 at least, "with the hope of \$75,000." (Little Rock Minutes, page 86.) The contract with the sculptor was thereupon modified to call for a \$50,000 monument, the sculptor directly to receive \$40,000 in installments and also whatever balance that might be left out of \$10,000 retained by the Executive Committee to expend as the representative of the sculptor for the cost of foundation, granite base, freights, and erection charges after such expenses had been paid.

The contract proceeded in due course to completion. The cost of foundation, base, freights, and erecting amounted to \$8,229.08, leaving a balance of \$1,770.92, which was turned over to the sculptor, in addition to the \$40,000 which had been paid to him in installments according to contract. The monument was unveiled and delivered to the United States on June 4, 1914, and was accepted by the President the same day.

The somewhat indefinite resolution of the Little Rock convention undoubtedly led the sculptor to believe that, even though his contract with the Executive Committee called for a \$50,000 monument, he might be paid more than that sum if he furnished a memorial artistically and intrinsically worth

more than that amount. And so he projected his masterpiece on a larger scale than had been contemplated, resulting in a work of art of a greater intrinsic value than it would have been possible to procure at the price named in the contract.

The equities of the case appealed to the Savannah convention so strongly that it resolved to reimburse the sculptor in the sum of \$8,229, that being the amount, less eight cents, which had been paid for him by the Executive Committee for the purpose above indicated. The effect of the Savannah resolution is to give to the sculptor \$50,000 for the work actually done by him, leaving the cost of foundation, base, freights, and erection to be borne by the general society.

Since the Savannah convention the sculptor has been paid \$2,503.75 by the Treasurer of the Association. The general society has assumed to pay out of its treasury \$1,000 toward redeeming the Savannah pledge, so that there remains to be raised \$4,725.25.

If every one will aid just a little, this can be done before the next convention and the sculptor paid in full the amount promised him by the United Daughters of the Confederacy at the Savannah convention. Nobly have the Daughters responded heretofore to all appeals; nobly and speedily may they respond now to wipe out this outstanding obligation!

A word more should be added. All of the money which has been contributed has not been given to or expended for Sir Moses Ezekiel. We had to secure some stationery, to pay for premiums on bonds, for the printing and distribution of circular letters of appeal and reports, and to meet one or two miscellaneous charges. In addition, it was found necessary to change the grade of a large portion of the Confederate section at Arlington, to close and fill in several roadways, and construct a system of cement walks and basins. The ceremonies incident to laying the corner stone in November, 1912, and the unveiling of the completed monument in June, 1914, necessitated the expenditure of considerable sums. All of these expenses, aggregating \$5,770.29, have been paid out of the funds collected.

The following gives in some detail the sources of receipt and the matters of expenditure of the funds collected by the Association from organization to March 1, 1916:

Receipts.

From the United Daughters of the Confederacy:

General society.....	\$ 2,950 00
Confederate Seals Committee.....	1,874 27
Alabama	1,172 03
Arizona	12 50
Arkansas	995 74
California	1,974 41

Colorado	\$	66 00	
District of Columbia.....		2,667 03	
Florida		1,704 15	
Georgia		2,090 51	
Illinois		385 50	
Indiana		41 25	
Kentucky		971 10	
Louisiana		441 25	
Maryland		1,491 40	
Massachusetts		5 00	
Mexico		20 00	
Minnesota		50 30	
Mississippi		2,424 51	
Missouri		1,020 40	
Montana		100 00	
Nebraska		25 75	
New Mexico.....		26 00	
New York.....		4,495 33	
North Carolina		2,549 79	
Ohio		33 22	
Oklahoma		162 82	
Oregon		51 00	
Pennsylvania		297 38	
South Carolina		3,573 38	
Tennessee		2,258 64	
Texas		1,915 05	
Utah		12 50	
Virginia		6,595 77	
Washington		202 86	
West Virginia		948 07	\$46,211 81
From the United Confederate Veterans.		567 57	
From the Sons of Confederate Veterans.		75 00	
From personal contributions.....		3,135 93	
From miscellaneous sources:			
Old A. C. M. A.....		1,593 76	
Arlington Memorial Day collections		4,151 35	
Lectures		500 20	
Survivors 43d New Jersey Volunteers.		100 00	
Southern Relief Society		25 00	
Sale of "Histories"		86 25	
Unknown donors.....		25 00	
Interest on deposits		1,895 44	8,473 00
Total			\$58,403 31

Disbursements

Monument:			
Sir Moses Ezekiel, direct payment...	\$44,274 67		
Expenses for foundation, base, freight, and erecting charges.	8,220 08	\$52,503 75	
Office expenses:			
Stationery	\$ 47 87		
Postage and telegrams	20 73	74 00	
Premiums on bonds.....		342 50	
Publicity:			
Printing circulars and reports	\$ 500 75		
Postage, expressage, etc., and distributing same.....	182 33		
Rent of theater for lecture.....	200 00	973 08	
Expenses incident to laying corner stone in November, 1912.....		594 05	
Expenses incident to unveiling.....		2,660 30	
For work done in changing grade, etc., of grounds.....		1,020 70	

Miscellaneous expenses:

Refund of money erroneously turned in by Memorial Day Committee....	\$ 15 00
Testimonial to civil engineer for several years' work given without cost.	90 00—\$ 105 00

Total actually expended.	\$58,274 04
Balance March 1, 1916...	180 27

\$58,403 31

WALLACE STREETER, Treasurer

A. C. MUDDMAN, Certified Accountant.

I again call your attention to the ruling of the San Francisco convention which calls for all sums, excepting those collected for the Arlington and Shiloh monuments, be sent to Mrs. C. B. Tate, Treasurer General U. D. C., Pulaski, Va.

My heartfelt sympathy goes forth to those who suffered through the catastrophes at Nashville, Tenn., August, Ga., and Paris, Tex.

Hoping to meet many of you at the Birmingham Reunion, believe me,

Faithfully yours, CORDELIA POWELL ODENHEIMER,
President General U. D. C.

SCHOLARSHIPS AWARDED BY THE UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY

The General Committee on Education through its chairman, Miss Pepperbaum, of Charleston, S. C., on March 1 issued its eighth annual circular dealing with the awards of scholarships owned by the United Daughters of the Confederacy. This circular shows forty scholarships administered by this General Committee, namely:

1. A scholarship in full, of board and tuition, at Vassar College, Poughkeepsie, N. Y., valued at \$500 per annum.
2. A scholarship in full, of board and tuition, at Washington and Lee University, Lexington, Va., valued at \$350 per annum.
3. A scholarship of free tuition at Sophie Newcomb College, Tulane University, New Orleans, La., valued at \$100 per annum.
4. A scholarship in part at the Lucy Cobb Institute, Athens, Ga., valued at \$190 per annum (No. I.).
5. A scholarship in part at the Lucy Cobb Institute, Athens, Ga., valued at \$190 per annum (No. II.).
6. A scholarship of free tuition at the University of North Carolina, Chapel Hill, N. C., valued at \$60 per annum.
7. A scholarship of free tuition at the Alabama Polytechnic Institute, Auburn, Ala., valued at \$50 per annum.
8. A scholarship of free tuition at the University of Alabama, University, Ala., valued at \$60 per annum.
9. A scholarship of free tuition at the Alabama Polytechnic Institute (No. II.), valued at \$50 per annum.
10. "The Alice Bristol Scholarship" (a scholarship in full, of board and tuition) at the Bristol School, Washington, D. C., valued at \$1,000 per annum.
11. A scholarship of free tuition at the University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia, Pa., valued at \$200 per annum (academic course).
12. A scholarship in full, of board and tuition, at the Loretta Mother House, Nerinx, Ky., valued at \$250 per annum.
13. A scholarship of free tuition at the Medical College of the State of South Carolina, Charleston, S. C., valued at \$120 per annum.

14. A scholarship of free tuition at Agnes Scott College, Decatur, Ga., valued at \$75 per annum.

15-36. Twenty-two scholarships of free tuition in the academic course at the University of Virginia, Charlottesville, Va., valued at \$95 per annum each and available in the following States: Alabama, Arkansas, California, Colorado, District of Columbia, Florida, Georgia, Illinois, Kentucky, Louisiana, Maryland, Mississippi, Missouri, North Carolina, Ohio, Oklahoma, South Carolina, Tennessee, Texas, Virginia, West Virginia, and Washington. Tenure: Two years for each student.

37. A scholarship of free tuition at St. Mary's School, Memphis, Tenn., valued at \$100 per annum. Open to girls from six years to sixteen.

38. "The Thomas Martin Memorial Scholarship" free tuition at Martin College, Pulaski, Tenn., valued at \$100 per annum.

39. A partial scholarship at Converse College, Spartanburg, S. C., valued at \$100 per annum.

40. A partial scholarship at the Fleet School, Flat Rock, N. C., valued at \$400 per annum. Open to boys of high school age. Tenure: One year for each student.

Of these, seven are filled through September, 1916—namely:

The Sophie Newcomb Scholarship, filled by Miss Lilian Fortier, Louisiana.

The Loretta Mother House Scholarship, filled by Miss Ellen Saunders, Tennessee.

The Alice Bristol Scholarship, filled by Miss Ruth B. Thompson, Hot Springs, Ark.

The Medical College of the State of South Carolina Scholarship, filled by Mr. J. Decherd Guess, Ehrhardt, S. C.

The Lucy Cobb Scholarship (No. II.), filled by Miss J. J. Hutchison, Georgia.

The University of Virginia Scholarship for the District of Columbia, filled by Alfred Rives Shands, Washington, D. C.

The University of Alabama Scholarship, filled by Miss Anne Boulet, Alabama.

The following thirty-four scholarships are open for competition September 1, 1916:

1. The Vassar Scholarship, valued at \$500 per annum.

2. The University of North Carolina Scholarship, valued at \$60 per annum.

3. The Alabama Polytechnic Scholarship (No. I.), valued at \$50 per annum.

4. The Alabama Polytechnic Scholarship (No. II.), valued at \$50 per annum.

5. The Alice Bristol Scholarship, valued at \$1,000 per annum.

6. The Washington and Lee Scholarship, valued at \$350 per annum.

7. The University of Pennsylvania Scholarship in the academic course, valued at \$200 per annum.

8-28. The twenty-one vacant scholarships at the University of Virginia in the academic course, open to Alabama, Arkansas, California, Colorado, Florida, Georgia, Illinois, Kentucky, Louisiana, Maryland, Mississippi, Missouri, North Carolina, Ohio, Oklahoma, South Carolina, Tennessee, Texas, Virginia, West Virginia, Washington, valued at \$95 each per annum.

29. The Thomas Martin Memorial Scholarship, valued at \$100 per annum.

30. The St. Mary's School Scholarship, valued at \$100 per annum.

31. The Converse College Scholarship, valued at \$100 per annum.

32. The Fleet School Scholarship, valued at \$400 per annum.

33. The Lucy Cobb Scholarship (No. I.), valued at \$190 per annum.

34. The Agnes Scott Scholarship, valued at \$75 per annum.

The Washington and Lee and the Vassar Scholarships will be awarded by competitive examination given June 19-24 in every State where the U. D. C. have a candidate for these scholarships. The Bristol Scholarship is open to all States for competition except Arkansas, Florida, Georgia, and Oklahoma, as they have already enjoyed its benefits. All applications for these scholarships must be sent to the Chairman of Education in the State in which the applicant resides. The following is the list of State Chairmen of Education. Each State will apply through its own chairman, who will furnish the necessary detailed information as to scholastic requirements, age, Confederate record, indorsements, etc.:

Alabama, Mrs. L. M. Bashinsky, Troy.

Arkansas, Mrs. J. T. Beal, 1701 Center Street, Little Rock.

California, Mrs. J. H. Stewart, Los Angeles.

District of Columbia, Mrs. F. W. H. Weeks, 1920 Sunderland Place, Washington.

Florida, Mrs. H. W. Tribble, 404 Marion Street, Lake City.

Georgia, Mrs. L. G. Lang, P. O. Box 6, Sandersville; Mrs. F. T. Walden (scholarships), Augusta.

Kentucky, Mrs. Claud E. Miller, 424 Aylesford Place, Lexington.

Louisiana, Mrs. F. C. Tompkins, 1501 Sixth Street, New Orleans.

Mississippi, Mrs. A. J. Aven, Clinton.

Missouri, Mrs. Elma Ealy, 419 Belvue Street, Cape Girardeau.

New York, Mrs. John A. Renahan (New York Chapter), 601 West One Hundred and Fifteenth Street, New York City; Mrs. Francis E. Hill (M. M. Sullivan Chapter), 196 Ashland Avenue, Bloomfield, N. J.

North Carolina, Miss Anne J. Gash, Pisgah Forest.

Ohio, Mrs. John L. Shearer, 3436 Cornell Place, Cincinnati.

South Carolina, Miss Armida Moses, Washington Street, Sumter.

Tennessee, Mrs. W. H. Davis, 940 Russell Street, Nashville. Texas, Mrs. Mary E. Bryan, 1619 LaBranch Street, Houston.

Virginia, Mrs. Yates McA. Wilson, 402 Court Street, Portsmouth.

West Virginia, Mrs. Rudd Neel, Huntington.

The summary of the report of the U. D. C. work for education in 1915 as given at the San Francisco convention is shown by the circular to be as follows: "Five hundred and eighty-seven and a half scholarships, valued at \$61,216, were awarded annually by the U. D. C. Of these, forty-three are general scholarships, valued at \$6,050; five hundred and forty-four and a half State scholarships, valued at \$55,166 annually—an increase in 1915 of one hundred and ninety-six scholarships and an increased money value of \$18,163."

Your Chairman of Education has just been notified by the faculty of Vassar College that our U. D. C. scholarship girl, Ruth Walker, of Cartersville, Ga., is graduating there this June on the honor list and has made the highest scholastic fraternity Phi Beta Kappa. This report should encourage us to a new effort for securing an equally fine girl to take Miss Walker's place at Vassar. This can be done if the individual U. D. C.'s spread abroad the news of this opportunity for our young women.

MARY B. POPPENHEIM,

Chairman Committee on Education.

Historian General's Page

BY MISS MILDRED LEWIS RUTHERFORD, ATHENS, GA.

The need was so great that one thousand additional copies of "Historical Sins of Omission and Commission" have been published out of the Day Booklet Fund. The interest is so rapidly increasing in the study of historical programs that the following information is given for future guidance:

PUBLICATIONS PROVIDED FROM THE DAY BOOKLET FUND

"The South in the Building of the Nation." Washington, 1912. Ten cents.

"Thirteen Periods of United States History." New Orleans, 1913. Ten cents.

"Historical Sins of Omission and Commission" (second edition). San Francisco, 1915. Ten cents.

"Wrongs of History Righted" (two thousand copies on hand). Savannah, 1914. One cent.

Athens Banner. Ladies' Memorial Association. Ten cents
"What the South May Claim" will be from the press in two weeks. Funds have not been available from the general fund, U. D. C., and the Day Booklet Fund is exhausted, so the pamphlet has been delayed and could not be issued earlier. Major Littlefield and Mrs. Rosenberg, of Galveston, Tex., have sent \$110 to further this publication. It is hoped that sufficient advertisements may be secured to issue as many as ten thousand copies, so that Chapters using the programs may have the pamphlet for only the postage. Be sure to secure copies of this for June programs.

Some Chapters and C. of C. Auxiliaries have not asked for their quota of programs; hence those Chapters following the study outlined by the Historian General may have extra copies by applying.

There are some "Open Letters" uncalled for by State Historians, so those desiring the 1915 "Open Letter" from the Historian General may also secure copies upon application.

Please note in "What the South May Claim" the "Questions Answered" by the Historian General, giving her authority for statements contained in her four addresses, also note corrections in names and dates.

Urgent requests have come for the Historian General to prepare information to be used in connection with essay contests in schools along the following lines:

"The True History of Jefferson Davis."

"The True History of Abraham Lincoln."

"The Life of Thaddeus Stevens."

"The True Story of John Brown."

"Who Were the Carpetbaggers and the Scalawags during Reconstruction Days?"

"What Was the Freedman's Bureau? Why and When Established?"

"The Women of the Confederacy."

These requests will be answered in the paper, "What the South May Claim."

U. D. C. PROGRAM FOR JUNE, 1916

JEFFERSON DAVIS, BORN JUNE 3, 1808

Ritual.

1. Describe the childhood of Jefferson Davis and anecdotes connected with those early days.

2. Give sketches of his father and mother, brothers and sisters. Leading characteristics of father and mother.

3. His early school days and incidents connected with his teachers in those days.

4. Give some incidents connected with his life at West Point.

5. What textbook used there taught him to go with his State if she ever seceded?

6. Give incidents connected with his military life in the Black Hawk and Mexican Wars.

7. Read extracts from his speech as United States Senator on the right of secession. ("Congressional Records.")

8. How was he honored when he returned to Mississippi? Why declined?

9. Name the members of his Cabinet. Were they all true to him?

10. Give incidents connected with his prison life.

11. Give some tributes that have been paid to him.

12. What organization is trying to buy his birthplace in Kentucky?

Reading: "Visit to General Jackson."

"DAVIS'S CHARACTERISTICS."

C. of C. PROGRAM FOR JUNE, 1916.

JEFFERSON DAVIS, BIRTHDAY JUNE 3

Ritual.

1. Where was Jefferson Davis born? Have you a picture of his birthplace?

2. Who was his first teacher? Tell about his bravery as a child.

3. What practical joke did he play on his mother?

4. Tell how truthful he was at school when the teacher wanted to punish him.

5. Why was he sent so early to boarding school?

6. How many schools did he attend? How long at West Point?

7. Can you tell of a single instance when he was mean, untruthful, or dishonorable?

8. What was the name of his first wife? Of his second wife?

9. How many children did he have? Can you name them?

10. Why was Winnie called the "Daughter of the Confederacy"?

11. What was the name of his Mississippi home? Was it given to him?

12. What is it now used for?

13. Read the letter from the mother of a soldier boy.

14. Give instances of the innate politeness of "the gentleman to the manner born" when he was dying to the young soldier.

15. Show what a Christian gentleman President Davis was.

TO MY MOTHER.

Deal gently with her, Time. These many years
Of life have brought more smiles with them than tears.
Lay not thy hand too harshly on her now,
But trace decline so slowly on her brow
That, like a sunset of the northern clime,
Where twilight lingers in the summertime
And fades at last into the silent night—
Ere one may note the passing of the light—
So may she pass, since 'tis the common lot,
As one who, resting, sleeps and knows it not.

—John Allan Wyeth

Confederated Southern Memorial Association

MRS. W. J. BEHAN.....	<i>President</i>
New Orleans, La.	
MRS. JOHN E. MAXWELL.....	<i>Treasurer</i>
Seale, Ala.	
MISS DAISY M. L. HODGSON.....	<i>Recording Secretary</i>
7909 Sycamore Street, New Orleans, La.	
MISS MARY A. HALL.....	<i>Historian</i>
1105½ Broad Street, Augusta, Ga.	
MRS. J. ENDERS ROBINSON.....	<i>Corresponding Secretary</i>
113 Third Street South, Richmond, Va.	
MRS. VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE.....	<i>Poet Laureate</i>
1045 Union Avenue, Memphis, Tenn.	



Next Convention to be held in Birmingham, Ala.

VICE PRESIDENTS

ALABAMA—Montgomery.....	Mrs. J. C. Lee
ARKANSAS—Fayetteville.....	Mrs. J. Garside Welch
FLORIDA—Pensacola.....	Mrs. Horace L. Simpson
GEORGIA—Atlanta.....	Mrs. A. McD. Wilson
LOUISIANA—New Orleans.....	Mrs. James Dinkins
MISSISSIPPI—Vicksburg.....	Mrs. E. C. Carroll
MISSOURI—St. Louis.....	Mrs. G. K. Warner
NORTH CAROLINA—Raleigh.....	Mrs. Robert H. Jones
SOUTH CAROLINA—Charleston.....	Mrs. S. Cary Beckwith
TENNESSEE—Memphis.....	Mrs. Charles W. Frazer
VIRGINIA—Front Royal.....	Mrs. S. M. Davis-Roy

CONVENTION CALL.

The sixteenth annual convention will be held in the city of Birmingham, Ala., May 15-18, 1916.

The Tutwiler has been designated as the official hotel and headquarters of the Confederated Southern Memorial Association.

The welcome meeting will be held Monday, May 15, in Cabel Hall.

Business sessions will be held daily at the Chapter House, Church of the Advent: Morning sessions, 9:30 o'clock; adjournment, 12:30 P.M.; afternoon sessions, 2 o'clock; adjournment, 5 P.M.

MEMORIAL SERVICE.

The usual memorial service will take place Wednesday, May 17, at 12 M. in the U. C. V. auditorium under the joint auspices of the United Confederate Veterans and the Confederated Southern Memorial Association.

PAYMENT OF DUES.

Do not fail to forward annual dues (\$2) on or before May 10 to the Treasurer General, Mrs. John E. Maxwell, Seale, Ala., R. F. D. No. 1, Box 2. Dues should be paid by post office money order. If a check is sent, add ten cents for exchange.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

State Vice Presidents and Associations are expected to send typewritten reports of work accomplished during the year, particularly such items as refer to the observance of Memorial Day. All reports should be left with the Recording Secretary General for publication in the minutes. Reading of reports will be limited to ten minutes.

Secretaries of Associations are requested to send the names of deceased members for 1915 and 1916 to the Recording Secretary General without delay. These names will be read at the memorial service.

Members desiring badges may obtain same by applying to Miss Daisy M. L. Hodgson, Recording Secretary General, 7909 Sycamore Street, New Orleans, La. Ribbon badge, 15 cents; gold pin, \$3.

CREDENTIAL CERTIFICATES.

Inclosed are two credential blanks to be filled out and signed by the President and Secretary of your local Association.

Return one certificate to the Recording Secretary General, Miss D. M. L. Hodgson, 7909 Sycamore Street, New Orleans, La., on or before May 10. The duplicate certificate must be presented to the chairman of the Credentials Committee at the convention, from whom you will receive a delegate's badge.

A bureau of information will be found in the convention hall. Delegates and visitors are requested to register their home address, also where located in Birmingham.

The order of business is subject to change, so as to conform to plans made by our host, the Entertainment Committee of the U. C. V. Reunion.

By order of MRS. W. J. BEHAN, *President General*.
MRS. J. ENDERS ROBINSON, *Corresponding Secretary General*.

LADIES' CONFEDERATE MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION, NEW ORLEANS, LA.

BY MRS. JOHN G. HARRISON, REC. SEC. L. C. M. A.

The Ladies' Confederate Memorial Association of New Orleans is one of the twenty Memorial Associations to celebrate fifty years of faithful service in the year 1916. On May 10, 1916, we will observe our fiftieth anniversary. The members are rejoicing over the fact that an endowment fund of \$1,000 has been secured for the perpetual care of the Confederate monument erected in 1874. True to the memory of the men who wore the gray and with loyal devotion to the surviving heroes, the Memorial Association of New Orleans is devoting time and energy to the education of the young generation in the true knowledge of Confederate history. Through the patriotic devotion of the late S. A. Cunningham the sacred cause has been placed in the hands of loyal co-workers.

The Ladies' Memorial Association has been particularly active in securing subscriptions to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN through the efforts of its President, Mrs. W. J. Behan. This valuable and interesting publication has been introduced into the schools, colleges, and libraries of New Orleans. The CONFEDERATE VETERAN is recognized as one of the most interesting of Southern magazines, entirely devoid of sectional prejudice. It will be found in large libraries of the North and West, as well as in the South. The Ladies' Memorial Association of New Orleans believes that in extending the circulation of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN it is teaching to the youth of the land the unflinching devotion, the magnificent courage, the great achievements of the Southern armies. Let other Memorial Associations follow this example, and the CONFEDERATE VETERAN will be assured of a long life.

Memorial flowers.

The Lord of light, who rules the hours,
Has scattered through our sunny land
Mementos of his love in flowers
With lavish hand.

This month they bloom in beauty rare
And more than wonted sweets display
As conscious of the part they bear
The tenth of May,

On which the South in plaintive tone
Of pride and sorrow, mixed with bliss,
Speaks: "As a nation I can own
No day but this."

I give on it my glorious dead
The tribute they have earned so well
And with each bud and blossom shed
A mystic spell.

I lay the laurel wreath above
The cedar, with its sacred ties,
And place them with a mother's love
Where Jackson lies.

The lily in its loveliness,
Pure as the stream where it awoke
And spotless as his bishop's dress,
I give to Polk.

To Albert Sidney Johnston, moss
And rosemary and balm, to these,
Entwisted in a simple cross,
I add heartsease.

The fleur-de-lis, in song and lay
The emblem of true knighthood's pride,
I place, commixed with jessamine spray,
By Ashby's side.

Fresh morning-glory buds I twine,
With scarlet woodbine laid beneath,
And mingle with them celandine
For Pelham's wreath.

The honeysuckle's rosy drift,
Whose fragrance dripping dews distill,
I offer as the proper gift
For Ambrose Hill.

O'er Pender's pure and sacred dust
Let bleeding hearts and bays be swept.
He well deserved his country's trust,
So nobly kept.

Let Ramseur's native pines drop down
Their leaves and odorous gums, displayed
To form with ivy flowers a crown
Where he is laid.

While orange blossoms fall like snow
And fill the air with fragrance ripe,
They form of Maxey Gregg, below,
The truest type.

Where Doles and Bartow rest in death
Strew hyacinths and mignonette
And scatter with its balmy breath
The violet.

The fairest of the radiant dyes
Which paint in living gems her soul
The Lord of flowers well supplies
To honor Ward.

The grand magnolia's blossoms fall,
Mingling with fern their snowy white
And form a freshly fragrant pall
To cover Rodes.

Let stars of Bethlehem gleaming be
As pure as Barksdale's soul, which soars
While he exclaims: "I gladly die
In such a cause."

Granbury rests in dreamless sleep,
And heaped upon his grave's green
I let the crimson cactus creep
Round goldenrod.

Of Zollicoffer, who went first
To plead my cause at heaven's bar,
The am'ranth's buds to glory burst
Fit emblems are.

For Morgan let the wildwood grape
Afford a dewy diadem
And with its drooping tendrils drape
The buckeye's stem.

Missouri from the fertile fields
Washed by her giant river's wave
The gorgeous rhododendron yields
McUlloch's grave.

Around the stone with Cleburne's name
Wreath daisies and the golden bell
And trumpet flowers with hearts of flame
And asphodel.

For him who made all hearts his law
The sweetest rose of love shall bloom
In buds of blushing beauty strewn
On Stuart's tomb.

Each nameless work and scattered spot
Which hides my children from my view
I mark with the forget-me-not
In heaven's own blue.

Of all the varied vernal race,
I give my cherished dead a part,
Except the cypress; that I place
Upon my heart.

—Fanny Florence

COL. W. H. TAYLOR, A. A. G. ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA: AN APPRECIATION.

BY REV. GILES B. COOK,

One-Time A. A. and I. G. on Staff of General Lee and now Rector of All-Saints' Church, Portsmouth, Va.

Walter Herron Taylor was born at Norfolk, Va., on the 13th of June, 1838, and died there on the 1st of March, 1916. The funeral at his residence on the 4th of March, Bishops Randolph and Tucker officiating, was largely attended. As a boy Walter Taylor entered into all our sports with spirit and zest and was among the foremost in his studies at school, being equally popular with boys and girls. Returning home from the Virginia Military Institute in 1855, he engaged in merchandising until the beginning of the war, in 1861. With his military training at the Norfolk Academy, the Virginia Military Institute, and as an officer of a volunteer company, he was fitted to accept a position on the staff of Gen. R. E. Lee, commanding the Provisional Army of Virginia. He served on the staff of General Lee from the beginning of the war, in 1861, to the surrender at Appomattox Courthouse, on the 9th of April, 1865. His intimate relations with General Lee, resembling the friendship between General Washington and Alexander Hamilton, for four years as his personal aid and adjutant general had much to do with the shaping of Colonel Taylor's after life and enabled him to write of "Four Years with General Lee" and "General Lee, 1861-65." These two books, with Gamaliel Bradford's "Lee the American," will doubtless be the standard histories of the life of the great American, Robert E. Lee. How great he was, let General Wolseley, then commander in chief of the British army, after his visit to General Lee during the War between the States, bear witness. Said he in substance: "I have enjoyed the companionship of kings, queens, emperors, statesmen, and renowned military chieftains, but I never felt my insignificance as I did when in the presence of Robert E. Lee."

Colonel Taylor acted as aid to General Lee in his every battle; and although on several occasions in the thick of the fight, rallying troops and leading them to the charge, he was spared to see the end of the war. As adjutant general of the Army of Northern Virginia his duties were onerous and difficult. How he managed to be so popular with the rank and file of the army and also with his chief I could never understand. I can only remember one instance in the execution of his duties when there was any friction between the General and himself. At one time, on taking a large bundle of papers to General Lee to sign, the General said with some show of temper: "Colonel Taylor, what made you bring me so many papers to sign?" The Colonel (who never lacked spirit) slammed the papers down on the General's desk and turned to go out. As he neared the door the General said: "Colonel Taylor, if I, with all the care of the army on my shoulders, should forget myself, I hope you will not forget yourself." The Colonel was melted, and the papers were duly signed. There was no duty the General hated as he did the signing of papers.

Colonel Taylor's influence with General Lee was so strong that on one occasion he secured for me an interview under the following circumstances: General Beauregard, after fighting fiercely with his little army for about three days to keep General Grant out of Petersburg, sent several of his staff to General Lee for reinforcements; but the General refused to see them. About eleven o'clock at night of the third day General Beauregard sent for me and said: "Major Cook, go at once to General Lee, explain to him how critical my position is,

and tell him that unless he sends me reinforcements early to-morrow morning nothing but God Almighty can save Petersburg." Accompanied by Capt. Robert Bright, of General Pickett's staff, I rode rapidly to General Lee's headquarters, near Drewry's Bluff, seventeen miles away, reaching there by two o'clock. I explained to Colonel Taylor the situation and urged him to secure an interview for me with the General. In a short time he conducted me to the tent of General Lee, who greeted me kindly, sitting up in his bed, and listened patiently to my description of the situation and General Beauregard's inability to hold Petersburg any longer without reinforcements. When I closed the interview by saying, "General Beauregard bids me add that unless you send him reinforcements by the break of day nothing but God Al-

mighty can save Petersburg," he said reverently: "I hope God Almighty will save Petersburg. Major, please send Colonel Taylor to me." Orders were issued to Gen. Dick Anderson's division (the troops nearest to Petersburg) to march at once to the relief of General Beauregard, and that division and other troops of General Lee's army reached Petersburg in time to save the city. Why General Lee delayed so long in sending reinforcements to General Beauregard has always been a matter of conjecture, but I have heard it suggested that the



COL. WALTER H. TAYLOR.

Picture made just after the war, at the age of twenty-seven.

General credited the reports of his own scouts rather than the reports of General Beauregard's scouts as to General Grant's army crossing the James River.

The Sunday afternoon before our army left Petersburg Colonel Taylor telegraphed his brother, Maj. Robinson Taylor, of Mahone's staff, encamped near Richmond, to go at once to Richmond and make all the necessary arrangements for a very important event. The Major went at once to Richmond. Colonel Taylor left us at Petersburg that afternoon and at night was married to Miss Bettie Saunders, a daughter of Commodore Saunders, of Norfolk. When the Colonel left his bride to join us early next morning on our retreat to Appomattox C. H., he did not know that he would ever see his wife again; but he lived to celebrate their golden wedding. His love of country and for the cause he had espoused and fought for underwent a severe test on the awful day of surrender. When General Lee, after having been advised by some of his generals to capitulate, asked him, "Well, Colonel, what are we to do?" Colonel Taylor replied: "Well, sir, I can only speak for myself. To me any other fate is preferable." This patriotic expression deserves to live in history.

In General Orders No. 9 General Lee on Sunday afternoon, April 9, 1865, took leave of what was left of the grand

old Army of Northern Virginia, said farewell to the men he loved and with whom he had fought and suffered for nearly four years, and next morning left for Richmond. All the staff parted with the General on the way, going to what was left of their respective homes, except Colonel Taylor, who went with him to Richmond. While there he had the distinguished honor of being photographed with General Lee and his son Custis. He soon left Richmond with his wife and returned to Norfolk, where he spent the rest of his useful life and reared an interesting family of children, four boys and four girls, all of whom, with their mother, survive him.

For many years Colonel Taylor occupied positions of honor and trust in his native city and State and also in the councils of his Church. During the dreadful days of Reconstruction as State Senator he wielded an influence highly beneficial to the State of Virginia. For several years he represented the vestry of Christ Church, Norfolk, in the Diocesan Council and the Diocesan Council in the General Convention. As a speaker he was clear, forceful, and convincing, more logical than rhetorical; his style as a writer was interesting and instructive, as evidenced in his "General Lee, 1861-65." Although as he grew older he gave up many of the positions he held in Church and State, he never lost interest in their educational and charitable institutions. Besides serving for several years as a member of the Board of Visitors of the Virginia Military Institute, his *Alma Mater*, he showed his appreciation of the institute by having several of his sons educated there. The progress and welfare of Norfolk, his native city, was ever near to his heart, and he did much as President of the Marine Bank and in many other ways and positions to develop her resources. It may truly be said of Colonel Taylor that, as one of the foremost citizens of his State and city, his long life of usefulness will ever be held in grateful remembrance by his fellow citizens. For truthfulness, sincerity, honesty of purpose, and business acumen he was doubtless the peer of any of his contemporaries. And, best of all, as a humble-hearted Christian he walked daily in the narrow way that leadeth to eternal life; and when the Master called him from his labors and from his loved ones on earth, he could say with the aged apostle: "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness."

In concluding this imperfect tribute to this just man, whom I knew intimately for sixty-three years, since we were schoolmates in 1853, let me say that he held high ideals of what life and conduct should be. He leaves to his wife and children the noble heritage of a good name, which is better than great riches, and to all who knew him "the influence of a benevolent and useful life that goes on after death and reproduces itself in those whom it awakens to aspiration and emulation."

"Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust."

Appropriately given here is the brief tribute by the Richmond Times-Dispatch to "Lee's Adjutant": "Few men have been more honored in life than was Col. Walter H. Taylor, of Norfolk, and few are more honored in memory than he. To have lived so that all men gave him reverence to the day of his death is memory fine enough, but to have lived so that in his youth he was the trusted adjutant of Robert E. Lee sets his name apart and emblazons it. His books, his work in later years, his service to his community will live after him. But after those will live what may be carved on his tomb: 'He was the adjutant of Lee.'"

PRO PATRIA.

BY CASSIE MONCURE LYNE.

It is memorial month of May,
When through all this land so wide,
From where cold Massachusetts Bay
Blends with the Gulf stream tide,
There comes a hallowed day
When we from sordid gain
And marts of trade refrain
To honor those who would not yield,
But gave their lives on battle field.

Bring laurels white, strew red roses round,
For heroes sleep beneath each mound,
While broken hearts and bitter tears
Have known the balm of passing years.
Yet the principles they cherished,
The loyalty for which they perished
Will live till history is hoary
And illumine song and story
With their glorious deeds of beauty
Men who were incarnate duty.

The wind a requiem breathes to-day
From Northern pine to Southern bay
For those who wore Confederate gray;
While verdant spring a halo paints
Around their forms like warrior saints.
Peace, rest are words most wondrous sweet.
Life's warfare o'er, old soldiers meet
Where those who dared to fend the right
Will stand as victors in God's sight.

CHARACTERISTICS OF A GREAT COMMANDER.

"Skill in war is not the only thing to be sought in a consummate and perfect commander. There are many excellent qualities which are directors and associates of this skill. And, before all else, all commanders should possess stainless integrity and great self-control in all circumstances and perfect truthfulness, genuine courtesy, natural talents, and gentle kindness.

"When Pompey led his legions into Asia, it was said that neither the hands nor even the footsteps of so great an army inflicted injury on any peaceable citizen. While his army was in winter quarters force was never used to compel any one to give supplies for a soldier, and even when any citizen desired to do so it was forbidden."

The above is the eulogy which Cicero, the great Roman orator, pronounced on Pompey, the great Roman general. It seems to me a correct description of the character of our noble Confederate chieftain, Robert E. Lee, and his method of carrying on war.

J. H. McNEILLY.

BEYOND PRICE.—A very unique and valuable bracelet constantly worn by Miss Mary Lee, only surviving child of Gen. R. E. Lee, is made of Confederate buttons. The central button is from her father's coat, and on one side of that is a button from the coat of her eldest brother, Gen. G. W. Custis Lee; on the other side of the central button is one from the coat of Gen. W. H. F. Lee, another brother; while the remaining buttons are from the uniforms of near relatives who served the Confederacy. These buttons are joined together by gold links.

OUR VETERAN HELPERS.

Among the many thousands of friends who have helped to build up the VETERAN through its years of existence, it would be difficult to name that one who has done most in its interest. Some of these good friends have continued their work through many years, of whom is W. C. Brown, of Gainesville, Tex., and his efforts this year have been so successful as to deserve special mention. During the months of February and March



W. C. BROWN.

he added one hundred and eighteen new subscribers to the list of patrons at Gainesville and near-by towns, in addition to renewing the old subscriptions at Gainesville. And he is still working. Comrade Brown was born in Madison County, Ala., in 1840, but in 1849 the family removed to Unionville, Bedford County, Tenn., and from there he enlisted in the Confederate army in April, 1861, becoming a member of Company F, 23d Tennessee Infantry, Bushrod Johnson's brigade, Cheatham's Division, Hardee's Corps. He was wounded twice in the battle of Shiloh. His command was in camp at Tupelo, Miss., during the summer of 1862 and took part in the battle of Perryville, Ky., in the fall of that year. Falling back into Tennessee, the battle of Murfreesboro was fought, and the army then wintered at Tullahoma. In September, 1863, occurred the bloody battle of Chickamauga, in which his division was engaged, and it then remained at Missionary Ridge until November, when ordered to Knoxville to reinforce General Longstreet, who had General Burnside surrounded. The battle of Bean's Station was fought on December 14, 1863, and after spending the winter of 1863-64 in East Tennessee, with no tents and not much food and clothing, his division was sent to Richmond, Va., took part in the battle of Drewry's Bluff, then on to Petersburg in time to prevent its capture by General Hancock, and thus to the end at Appomattox.

Comrade Brown

for many years has been a resident of Gainesville, Tex., where he is known as one of the prominent Confederate veterans and a public-spirited citizen.

Another Texas comrade in this class is William Lochiel Cameron, of Galveston, who, during last year and this, has built up the list there largely and continues ever interested and active in his efforts. As a Confederate soldier he was but one of many boys in a humble position, but he went in at the start and came out only at the finish. He inherited his military tastes from ancestry on both sides, as his father's people had fought with their Highland chieftain, Lochiel, and his mother's grandfather, Col. Alexander Fraser, as a British officer surrendered to the American forces during the little difficulty between England and the United States.

In June, 1861, at the age of sixteen, Comrade Cameron left Memphis, Tenn., as a private in the Young Guard, a company of boys organized and commanded by his older brother, Capt. John Fraser Cameron, who had been educated at a military school. In a few months young Cameron was detailed to the Confederate States arsenal at Selma, Ala., where a part of his duties was to take charge of war materials being sent to the front. Upon one occasion he was sent with a lot of "lances" and other materials consigned to Gen. Jeff Thompson, in command of a fleet of "cottonclad" gunboats and rams at Fort Pillow, on the Mississippi River. Upon his return to Selma he was appointed an officer in the Confederate States navy, to report to Commodore Page at Savannah, Ga., where he served on board the Confederate States steamship Oconee and then on the Savannah. In the fall of 1863 he was transferred to Mobile, Ala., and there attached to the ironclad Confederate States steamship Huntsville. This vessel was a flat-bottomed boat, with an iron shield similar to the Virginia (Merrimac), and had four guns. In 1864 the Huntsville was ordered to join the Selma, Gaines, and Morgan, the wooden fleet operating about Mobile. This boat survived a terrible storm on the night it reached Fort Morgan and the next morning sailed up the bay, and so it was not in the fight in the lower bay when Farragut came in.

Mr. Cameron was transferred to the flagship Nashville after this battle and surrendered with that vessel. In the VETERAN for July, 1915, appears his graphic description of the battle at Spanish Fort and Blakely, opposite Mobile, and the retreat of the fleet up the Alabama and Tombigbee Rivers, with the final surrender on the 10th of May, 1865. Since the war he has been actively engaged as a waterworks manager, constructor, and engineer. He is now Lieutenant Commander of Camp Magruder, U. C. V., at Galveston.



WILLIAM LOCHIEL CAMERON.

THE OLD CITY OF MOBILE.

Mobile has "two hundred years of romantic history," according to an entertaining writer. It was the first seat of government for the vast territory of Louisiana. It was formerly called Fort Charlotte. In its cemetery, awaiting the judgment day, are the earthly remains of Gen. Braxton Bragg, Admiral Raphael Semmes, the beloved Father Ryan, and many other notables of Confederate fame. Near the city, at the Gulf of Mexico entrance to Mobile Bay, is Fort Morgan, where Admirals Buchanan and Farragut fought a great naval battle on August 5, 1864. Near it is Dauphin Island, which was the rendezvous of Pakenham's forces of the remnant of the British army after the battle of Orleans, in 1812. Mobile has been dominated by French, British, Spanish, Confederate, and Federal powers.

"THE BIRTH OF A NATION."

Every visitor to Birmingham during the Reunion will have an opportunity to see the wonderful picture drama, "The Birth of a Nation," which will be shown there all during Reunion week. None should fail to see it for its great historical value. In its many scenes of beauty and pathos we live again the days of the South's glory and humiliation and final resurrection through the strength of a manhood which would not submit to tyranny.

This photo play is founded on Thomas Dixon's story of "The Clansman," but it has been refined and strengthened in the adaptation directed by David Wark Griffith, whose treatment of the theme is much greater and grander than the original. It is interesting to know that Mr. Griffith is himself the son of a Confederate soldier, and perhaps on that account he was able to put into its every scene that quality which impresses with the vividness of truth. His father was Col. Jacob Wark Griffith, of Kentucky, lieutenant colonel of the 1st Kentucky Cavalry and known as a daring commander. There was more than one instance where Colonel Griffith led his regiment to victory when it seemed that the odds were too much. Col. E. Polk Johnson, of Louisville, Ky., who also served with that regiment—rather proud of it, too, he says—gives an incident in Colonel Griffith's career which demonstrates his ability to get out of a tight place. In a certain engagement the 1st Kentucky Cavalry found itself outnumbered and in danger of being captured. Realizing the desperate situation, Colonel Griffith, who was in command, here brought into use his marvelous voice, which

could be heard at a great distance, and began to order imaginary troops to the front, to the right and left flanks, and wound up by ordering the 1st Kentucky to charge the enemy in front. Hearing these orders, the Federals thought they were about to be surrounded and began at once a retreat, with the 1st Kentucky at their heels. While not always victorious, Colonel Griffith managed to get his troops out of the worst situations without much loss. This regiment was a part of the escort of President Davis from Charlotte, N. C., to Washington, Ga., where it surrendered May 9, 1865, just one month after Appomattox, and every member of it was proud to have stayed to the end.

Like his father, David Griffith delights in overcoming dif-

ficulties and has the infinite capacity of taking pains. Through eight months he worked to perfect this production. When we realize that there are over five thousand distinct scenes, with eighteen thousand people and three thousand horses figuring therein, we have some idea of the magnitude of the undertaking. Mr. Griffith is known as a leader in the production of picture plays, and his masterpiece, "The Birth of a Nation," is a revelation as to what can be done in that field of art.

While the character rôles in this stirring drama are all well sustained, there is one which stands preëminent, especially because of the splendid work in its portrayal. As Col. Ben Cameron, the daring soldier and leader of the Klan, Henry B. Walthall really lives the part of the high-bred Southerner and gallant Confederate and wins the appreciation of his audiences everywhere. The "Little Colonel," as he is universally known, is also the son of a Confederate, a soldier of Alabama, and was himself a volunteer in the war with Spain. He was born in Shelby County, Ala., and studied to be a lawyer, but found his true vocation on the stage. His work is always of a high order, but he is best known and appreciated for his part in "The Birth of a Nation."

Not the least enjoyable feature of this production is the music. From many sources it was drawn, and so appropriately is it adapted to every change of scene that subconsciously the audience is swayed by its theme, following in tender mood the strains of an old love song or thrilling under the high notes of patriotic airs. The climax of enthusiasm is reached under the stirring call to

arms, and as the "Little Colonel" comes riding forward under the folds of the starry banner every heart echoes the strain which high and clear rings out:

"I'll live or die for Dixie!"

A PORTRAIT OF HENRY TIMROD.

Yet as I view your old-time picture, all

The proud past blossoms, though your day is fled;

Once more I hear your Stuart's battle call

And see your Stonewall rising from the dead.

—Walter Malone.



HENRY B. WALTHALL, OF ALABAMA.

"If I am not able to attend the Reunion in May," writes Mr. Walthall from Chicago, "I'll send forth the Rebel yell from here." The two small pictures show Mr. Walthall as the "Little Colonel" in "The Birth of a Nation."

OUT OF THE ASHES.

[Three cities of the South have recently suffered from disastrous fires—Augusta, Ga., Nashville, Tenn., and Paris, Tex.—causing not only large financial loss, but the destruction of much of historic interest which can never be replaced. The greatest loss financially was at Paris, Tex., where the center of the business district was utterly wiped out. But the spirit of Texans grows stronger under the blows of adverse fate, and out of the ruins of the old another and a fairer city will rise speedily. This trait of the Texas spirit is the sentiment of a poem sent to the VETERAN by J. M. Long, of Paris, which is most appropriately given here.]

IN MEMORIAM: PARIS, TEX., MARCH 22, 1916.

Smoldering she lies in ashes,
Stricken, desolate, undone,
Prostrate under fell misfortune,
Her wealth and beauty gone.
Smoking ruins mark the places
Where domestic peace was found;
Falling walls and cooling embers
Block the streets and strew the ground.

Bank and hovel, cot and mansion
Melted like a "skiff" of snow
On the hills and vales of Dixie
When the Southern breezes blow;
Houseless, homeless, frightened mothers
Call and count their precious brood
And, on finding none are missing,
Realize that God is good.

Desolated fathers gather
Like an army in defeat,
Forming to renew the battle,
Never thinking of retreat.
Onward over broken futures,
Forward with a steady tread,
Grim determination living,
Vacillation must be dead.

Manly courage always conquers,
Always stems Misfortune's tide;
And the world, which loves a fighter,
Only has to watch with pride.
Paris, from her blackened ruins,
Loss of wealth and mental pain,
With renewed eclipsing splendor,
Phoenix-like, will rise again.

THE POEMS OF FANNY DOWNING.

Most appropriate for this number of the VETERAN is the poem, "Memorial Flowers," which was written by a sweet singer of the South not so well known as her ability justly merits. The author of this poem, Fanny Downing, was a daughter of Virginia, born in Portsmouth. Her father was John W. Murdaugh, a noted lawyer of Virginia, and she married Charles W. Downing, then Secretary of State for Florida. In 1862, while refugeeing with kindred in Charlotte, N. C., she assisted Gen. D. H. Hill in the publication of his magazine, "The Land We Love," for which she wrote a novel and

many poems. After the war she lived in Washington, D. C., where she was Don Piatt's assistant on the Patriot, the leading daily paper there at the time. She died in 1894, and her poems are now being collected by her daughters for publication in book form. Such a volume will be a rich addition to the literature of the South. Her poems are noted for an exquisite sentiment. That on the death of the great War Governor of North Carolina, Vance, is considered one of her best, and the "Legend of Catawba" is another of special merit. The VETERAN is pleased to present her "Memorial Flowers" as the most beautiful of that type of poetic expression.

A CONFEDERATE DRUMMER.

The picture given on the front page of this Reunion number is that of Martin D. Luther, one of the few surviving drummers of the Confederate army. He was born in Buncombe County, N. C., and at the beginning of the war, in 1861, he enlisted in Company I, 25th North Carolina Infantry Regiment. He took part in the battles of Suffolk, Va., and Plymouth, N. C., and at the latter place was left on the field for dead, but was later taken to the hospital and in ninety days rejoined his regiment. He was also in the battle of the Wilderness and the siege of Petersburg. During this siege the drummer of his company was killed, and Comrade Luther took his place and served as drummer to the end of the war. He had the distinction of beating the last roll call in Lee's army before the surrender at Appomattox. Since the war he has been one of the prominent Confederate veterans of Athens, Tenn., and a member of the U. C. V. Camp at that place.

MEMORIAL EXERCISES AT CAMP CHASE.

On June 10, 1916, the annual memorial exercises will be held at Camp Chase Cemetery. Donations of flowers should be sent to Mrs. D. B. Ulrey, President of R. E. Lee Chapter, U. D. C., 26 North Harris Avenue, Columbus, Ohio. Any money contributed for flowers will be received by Mrs. Daniel Carroll, 63 Smith Place, Columbus.

CAUSES THAT LED TO THE WAR BETWEEN THE STATES. By I. O. McGehee, 53d Virginia Regiment, A. N. V. A. B. Caldwell Publishing Company, Atlanta, Ga.

This is a series of papers prepared by request to place in the hands of the Daughters of the Confederacy in brief, clear style the incontrovertible facts that led to the War between the States and forced the South to take up arms in defense of the rights guaranteed to her by the Constitution. It traces the progress of the opposing ideals of New England and the South which led the States dominated by the Puritans again and again to threaten secession from the Union, to constant violations of the Constitution, to increasing encroachments on the rights and interests of the South, to the bitterest hatred of the South, and that finally culminated in a war of devastation and ruin of our people. It contains a great mass of authentic information in compact form and should be in the hands of all the Daughters of the Confederacy as a *vade mecum* for defending our section's course in the struggle for a separate government. The little book has pictures of the main leaders in these conflicting ideals of government.

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Miss Jennie Davis, Assistant Librarian of Cossitt Library, Memphis, Tenn., wants the January, February, April, May, and June numbers of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN for 1893.

T. B. Childress, of Fayetteville, Ark., wants to hear from any member of Company B, 3d Missouri Cavalry, commanded first by Colonel Green, then by Captain Surridge.

T. F. O'Rourke, 550 Charleston Street, Mobile, Ala., makes inquiry of one Nathan Herring, who belonged to Company E, 37th Mississippi Volunteer Infantry.

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IMPORTANT TO WIDOWS OF ARMY OFFICERS.

Widows of United States army officers who resigned to
serve the Confederacy and whose husbands participated in any
of the wars with Indians will hear of something greatly to
their advantage by addressing the undersigned.

PERRY M. DE LEON,
The Toronto, Apartment 45, Washington, D. C.

WHERE FORREST SURRENDERED.

BY MRS. J. M. BROWNSON, VICTORIA, TEX.

An effort is being made to mark the place of the surrender
of General Forrest's troops in Gainesville, Ala. The impor-
tance of this is made evident by a recent article in the Bir-
mingham Ledger which speaks of the "surrender of Forrest
at Selma, Ala." B. L. Roberts, of Gainesville, says there are
five veterans living there who can locate the place of sur-
render, and they will be glad to coöperate with the Daughters
of Alabama in placing a suitable marker at the place near the
Public Square of the town. The U. D. C. Chapter at Liv-
ingston, Ala., is asked to take the initiative in this important
movement and ask Mr. B. L. Roberts to act as temporary chair-
man. Any one interested may address him, giving ideas as
to the kind of marker to be used. An old Gainesville "girl"
suggests a bowlder taken from the Tombigbee River and a
bronze tablet attached, the inscription to be decided upon by a
selected committee, the chairman of which shall be the Presi-
dent of the Alabama Division, U. D. C.

DO OTHERS SURVIVE?—In the early morning of March 21,
1864, a train heavily loaded with Confederate prisoners was
laboriously climbing a steep grade east of Johnstown, Pa.
These prisoners were being transferred from Camp Morton,
a Federal prison near Indianapolis, Ind., to Fort Delaware,
a water-girt and supposedly safer prison, near Philadelphia,
with the purpose of dampening their ardor for tunneling out,
a pastime in which many of them had been found exercising
their powers. The boys in gray did not, however, like the
prospect presented by Fort Delaware, and so a number of
them sawed a hole in the side of the box car in which they
were being shipped and took French leave of their guards,
stationed in the two ends of the car, by jumping from the
running train, preferring the snow-covered ground and the
wintry blasts of the Alleghanies, with freedom, to the cold
comfort of Uncle Sam's hospitality at Fort Delaware. At
least nine are known to the writer to have gotten out (there
may have been more), and of these two made their way back
to their Kentucky homes and later returned to the service of
the Confederacy, one under Gen. John H. Morgan and the
other with Bennett H. Young in the St. Alban's raid, and
these two still survive. This notice is written in the hope that
others who escaped at that time may still survive and that they
and the friends of any who are known to have escaped then,
but who have "passed over the river," may write their experi-
ences in connection with that escape to their undersigned
comrade and may arrange for a meeting at some Confederate
Reunion.

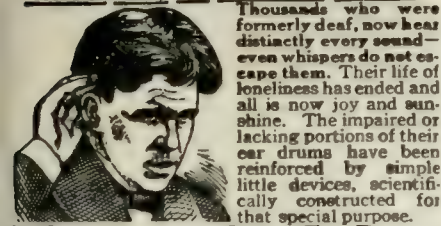
A. N. GORDON,
Box 74, Rural Route A, Lakeland, Fla.

BACK VOLUMES OF THE VETERAN.—Patrons of the VETERAN
who can supply the early volumes or even some of the num-
bers are asked to communicate with the VETERAN office at
once, stating just what they have for sale, condition, and price.

Confederate Veteran.

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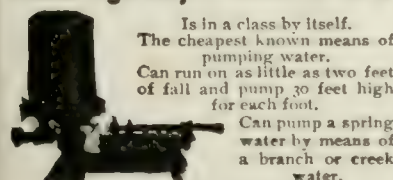


INFORMATION Regarding GRAVES of CONFEDERATE PRISONERS of WAR

who died in the hands of the Union forces is requested by the War Department in order that these graves shall receive national attention. Please write, giving name of the soldier or sailor and burial place, to

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J. F. SHIPP, Q. M. Gen., U. C. V.
Chattanooga, Tennessee

Leslie Armstrong, of San Angelo, Tex., wants a complete file of the **VEERAN**. Any one who can supply this will please write to him.

J. D. Gordon, of Mize, Ga., makes inquiry for either Lieutenant Fowler or Buck Athens, both of whom belonged to his command, Company E, 3d Georgia Regiment.

N. E. Hamilton, of Uniontown, Ark., would like to hear from some surviving comrade of his father, John Hamilton, who enlisted under General Dockery from Washington County, Ark.

J. E. Caldwell, of Fayetteville, Tenn., is trying to help Mrs. E. P. Solomon secure a pension and wants to find out the regiment and company to which her husband belonged. He went from De Soto County, Miss.

Mack Fletcher, of Memphis, Tex., wants to hear from some of his comrades who can testify to his service. He was in Company A, 9th Battalion, North Carolina Junior Reserves. In December, 1864, this command was at Fort Fisher. He is trying to secure a pension.

Mrs. Joe Tischmacher, 2210 Laurel Street, Shreveport, La., wants to communicate with some surviving comrade of her father, E. H. Whitbeck, who served in the Confederate army, enlisting from Jefferson, Tex. This information is sought in the interest of her mother.

Robert Custar, of Karnes City, Tex., wants to hear from some surviving comrade. He belonged to the 16th Alabama Regiment, under Captain Archer. After the battle of Shiloh he was with Hawkins's Battalion of Sharpshooters until the battle of Chickamauga, where he was severely wounded.

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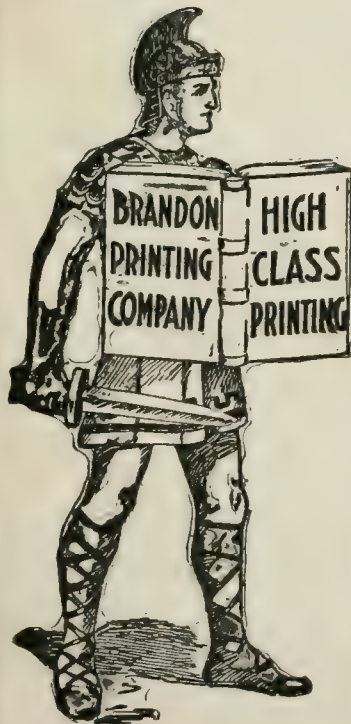
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J. P. Cannon, of McKenzie, Tenn., wants the address of or a letter from every survivor of Florence Wesleyan University, term of 1860-61.

Vic Reinhardt, 301 North Ann Street, Terrell, Tex., wants to communicate with some one who has a second-hand sword for sale.

Confederate Veteran.

VOLCK'S CONFEDERATE ETCHINGS.—New edition preparing. \$6. Send for circular. Any one having any of the original editions will oblige me by giving titles, that I may see how many plates there were. Authorities differ.

WILLIAM ABBATT,
Tarrytown, N. Y.

T. H. Blacknall, 209 East Forty-Second Street, Chicago, Ill., wishes to hear from John G. Wallace, who was sergeant major of Bell's 1st Arkansas Regiment. He was living in Holly Springs, Miss., twenty-five years ago and is a brother-in-law of Col. Van Manning.

Mrs. Alice Herbert, 600 Bonner Street, Ruston, La., is trying to get a pension and wants to hear from some comrade who can testify to her husband's record. O. E. Herbert enlisted September 7, 1861, as a private in Company F, 8th Texas Cavalry, and later was with Ferguson's Scouts. His home was near Columbia, Tenn.

Mrs. Flora C. Allen, of Idabel, Okla., would like to hear from some one who knew her husband, David L. Allen, who enlisted at Hamburg, Ark., in the 6th Arkansas Regiment. He was surgeon in the hospital at Chattanooga for eighteen months and helped care for the wounded at Franklin, Tenn. He was paroled at Raleigh, N. C.

George Hydrick, care G., H. & H. Railway Company, Galveston, Tex., would be glad to hear from any comrade of Peter Paul Butterfrass, who was pilot on the gunboat Laura Hill, which sailed from Burwick Bay to New Orleans and was destroyed in battle. Mr. Butterfrass then enlisted with the Sentilenia Rifles at Pattersonville, La. His widow is trying to secure apension

John T. Harris, formerly of Union City, Tenn., enlisted in June, 1862, in Captain Wilkins's company and served until August or September, 1863. He was first engaged in scout service under General Chalmer. Mr. Harris is now feeble and in great need, and any one who remembers him will confer a favor by communicating with Wallace A. McCay, 916 Inter-Southern Building, Louisville, Ky.

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W. N. Day, of Lone Mountain, Tenn., writes that markers are being placed at Confederate graves at Tazewell, Tenn., and wants to know the initials of a Lieutenant Vaughn, who was buried there. He belonged to a Middle Tennessee regiment.

Robert D. Wilson, of Manchester, Tenn., asks that no one else write him in reference to his relics and old copies of the VETERAN, as his inquiry brought him enough correspondence to keep him busy for a long time. He closes with: "Who said the VETERAN was not read?"

Confederate Veteran.

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VOL. XXIV.

JUNE, 1916

NO. 6



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LEADING ARTICLES IN THIS NUMBER.

	PAGE.
To Keep Old Memories Green (poem). By Hugh G. Barclay.....	243
Patriotic Resolutions at Birmingham Reunion—Message to President Wilson— First Order of New Commander in Chief.....	243
The Gray Line (poem). By Calvin Stoddard Crowder.....	244
The Reunion in Birmingham.....	244
Jefferson Davis—Patriot, Gentleman, Christian. By James H. McNeilly.....	248
Truth of the Hampton Roads Conference.....	249
Me and Mammy (poem). By Howard Weeden.....	256
Lieut. Gen. John B. Hood. By Capt. J. T. Hunter.....	257
Capture of Fort at New Creek. By R. G. Bourne.....	259
Facts and Fancies. By John C. Stiles.....	260
Was It Murder (poem)? By Flora E. Stevens.....	262
This Reunited Country. By W. E. Doyle.....	264
Old Jerry. By Annie Laurie Sharkey.....	265
My Georgia (poem). By Willie Hubert Estabrook.....	266
Truth Is Mighty. By Richard D. Steuart.....	266
A Boy Soldier of Alabama, Dr. John A. Wyeth.....	267
A Noble Woman of the South.....	283
Confederate Memorial Day (poem). By George E. Tack.....	283
Departments: Last Roll.....	268
United Daughters of the Confederacy.....	276
Confederated Southern Memorial Association.....	282

Miss Mary Fortner, 514 West Third Street, Little Rock, Ark., wants to correspond with comrades of her father, Charles D. Fortner, who volunteered under Capt. Joe or Jessie Glenn, of Dalton, Ga. He surrendered with Pemberton at Vicksburg, and she thinks he was in the 52d Georgia Regiment.

Judge Robert Crenshaw, of Cadiz, Ky., wants to secure the record of Dr. John Leland Grace in order that his wife may get a pension. Dr. Grace was a son of Preston Grace, born in Kentucky, graduated at a medical college in Louisville, went to Pine Bluff, Ark., in 1861, and enlisted at Little Rock as a private in a battery; was afterwards transferred to the medical department.

Mrs. Mary V. Hunt, care Magnolia House, Live Oak, Fla., would like to hear from some surviving comrade of her husband, Albert R. Hunt, who was a member of the Savannah Cadets, Company F, 54th Georgia Regiment. He was at the home of Mr. John Hoge, in Macon, Ga., when that city was captured, in April, 1865. Any one remembering his being in Macon will please write to her. Among other soldiers, there were Henry Cook, Lafayette and Virgil Hunt, of Kentucky, and Captain and Sergeant Smith, of Tennessee.

Confederate Veteran.

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OFFICIALLY REPRESENTS:
UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS,
UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY,
SONS OF VETERANS AND OTHER ORGANIZATIONS,
CONFEDERATE SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

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The brave will honor the brave, vanquished not the less.

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VOL. XXIV.

NASHVILLE, TENN., JUNE, 1916.

No. 6. J. S. A. CUNNINGHAM,
FOUNDER.

TO KEEP OLD MEMORIES GREEN.

MEETING OF UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS AT BIRMINGHAM
MAY 16, 1916.

(Affectionately inscribed to Gen. Bennett H. Young.)

BY HUGH G. BARCLAY.

These grizzled, war-worn veterans, in conclave met to-day,
Recall once more the tragic tale of war-time's tragic fray.
They come from every Southern State, once more to meet
and dream
And tell about the vanished hopes that stemmed Fate's turgid
stream.
Each passing year has thinned their ranks till few now answer
roll;
On Fame's eternal camping ground rests many a veteran soul
Who went to join that myriad band of heroes battle-slain,
And many who clasp hands to-day will not come back again.
And yet, while few are left to greet old comrades with a
smile,
They'll group around the old camp fires and talk old times
awhile
To keep alive and fresh and green the memories of the past—
Mem'ries to thrill all Southern hearts as long as life shall last.
May God, who loves the patriot, make all your lives serene
And bring each back another year to keep old mem'ries green!

PATRIOTIC ACTION BY CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

One of the most stirring features of the convention occurred during the first session on Tuesday morning, May 16, when our United Confederate Veterans reaffirmed their loyalty to the government of the United States in a resolution introduced by Gen. W. C. Hooper, Commander of the Alabama Division, Army of Tennessee Department, U. C. V., and the motion was passed that it be wired to President Wilson. The resolution was as follows:

"To the President and Congress of the United States: We, the United Confederate Veterans in Reunion assembled at Birmingham, Ala., this the 16th day of May, 1916, do hereby again renew and declare our unflinching allegiance to the government of the United States in this its hour of great international difficulties.

"We took up arms against the government, not as rebels, but to protect our homes and firesides, to preserve and maintain the principle of States' rights; and although the arbitrament of arms was against us, we lost neither our courage, our manhood, nor our patriotism.

"To-day the remnant of the armies of the Confederate States of America does hereby offer itself, its sons, and its property upon the altar of a reunited country which we love and seek to serve, protect, and defend.

"We recommend that every male citizen over sixteen years of age residing in the United States and its territories be required to report immediately to the probate judge of his county or other like officer under penalty of the law and there swear allegiance to this government, pledging him loyally to support the government against any and all foes, whether internal or foreign, that may attempt to hinder or destroy the rights, property, or liberty of its people."

MESSAGE TO PRESIDENT WILSON.

BIRMINGHAM, May 18, 1916.

To the President: The United Confederate Veterans in annual convention by unanimous vote wish to commend and endorse your conduct in keeping our country so far in honorable peace. At the same time they pledge you their cordial support to maintain at all times the dignity and honor of our government.

BENNETT H. YOUNG,
Commander in Chief;
WILLIAM E. MICKLE,
Adjutant General.

FIRST ORDER OF NEW COMMANDER.

HEADQUARTERS UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS,
BIRMINGHAM, ALA., May 18, 1916.

GENERAL ORDERS No. 1.

1. In compliance with the wish of my Confederate comrades as expressed in convention on yesterday, the undersigned hereby assumes command of this Association, relying on the loyal support of his beloved associates, and, trusting in the mercy and goodness of God, he hopes to continue the prosperity and usefulness of the order.

2. Comrade William E. Mickle will continue as Adjutant General and Chief of Staff, with the rank of Major General.
GEORGE P. HARRISON, General Commanding.

THE GRAY LINE.

BY CALVIN STODDARD CROWDER.

A strong gray line—we saw them come,
 Marching toward the rising sun;
 Music of life and music of drum
 And the sound of booming gun:
 A strong gray line, a long gray line
 To fight for right and home.

A brave gray line—we watch them go
 With faces toward the setting sun;
 And though their feet more faltering grow,
 We love them every one.
 This brave gray line, this grave gray line
 Still fights for right and home.

THE REUNION IN BIRMINGHAM.

"We have had a great time in a great city" seemed to be the general feeling of the veterans and other visitors to Birmingham during the twenty-sixth annual convention of the U. C. V. The city was a riot of color in its lavish decorations, the people were cordial and hospitable, and the many social features in honor of the Reunion guests were evidence of a special desire to make Birmingham's third entertainment of the Confederate Veterans equal, if not surpass, any previous entertainment. That it was a success may be assumed by the general expression of satisfaction and appreciation.

THE TWENTY-SIXTH ANNUAL CONVENTION.

The convention opened on Tuesday morning, May 16, and during the assembling of delegates Memoli's Band gave a selection of Southern airs. This band was highly complimented for its music during the convention, the selections being especially appropriate for the different occasions, and its leadership was inspiring.

After the convention was called to order, the invocation was given by the beloved Chaplain General, Dr. J. W. Bachman, of Chattanooga, Tenn. Then came the welcome addresses—by Gen. John G. Smith, for the Confederate veterans of Birmingham; Hon. George B. Ward, President of the City Commission, for the city of Birmingham; M. W. Bush, President, for the Chamber of Commerce; J. A. Rountree, for the Sons of Veterans of Birmingham; Mrs. Chappell Cory, for the U. D. C. of Birmingham; Gov. Charles Henderson, for the State of Alabama; and by Gen. George P. Harrison, for the Confederate veterans of Alabama. In concluding his address General Harrison said:

"Our doors and arms and hearts are wide open to-day to receive with sincere welcome the guests who have honored us with their presence, the bravest of brave heroes, the noblest of gallant men, the assembled Confederate veterans.

"To the Sons of Confederate Veterans, upon whose shoulders our mantles are soon to fall and unto whom we shall bequeath as a rich legacy the perpetuation of the names and the deeds of their fathers, I say welcome, twice welcome.

"And to the Daughters of the Confederacy, who are the brightest jewels in Dixie's crown of glory, noble women of the South, the fairest, the loveliest, the best of all the world,

"Whose hearts are on their lips and souls within their eyes,
 Soft as their clime, as smiling as their skies—
 to you I say welcome, thrice welcome."

In his response Commander in Chief Bennett H. Young paid a glowing tribute to the State of Alabama, in which he said:

"The Alabama Confederate soldier made history and a record for heroism and valor that is unsurpassed. These may have been equaled, but never excelled, and their State has made the richest contributions to the splendor and glory of Confederate fame. I might call the names of the greatest battles of one of the greatest wars, and there were few conflicts in which Alabama did not have representatives.

"We are here in the mother State of the Confederacy. In Alabama our nation was organized and its executive officers first appointed and qualified. The city of Montgomery is sacred ground to Confederate hearts, and we love and cherish every incident connected with the beginning of the life of the Confederacy.

"It is not necessary that I should make any lengthened address. The people of Alabama love all Confederates, and all Confederates love the people of Alabama. I voice the feeling of those who have come to be your guests in saying that we appreciate what you have done, for the splendid provisions you have made for our comfort and entertainment, and, beyond all, for the beautiful expression, both in words and acts, of the estimation you have so generously and kindly put upon our manhood, courage, and valor as soldiers and of our lives as citizens."

Following these addresses came the announcement of the Committees on Credentials and Resolutions and the report of the Battle Abbey Committee, which shows that this Confederate memorial institute is about complete. The memorial room will be decorated with mural painting illustrative of the different arms of military service. The artist engaged for this work was called to the colors in France before it was completed, and it awaits his "return from the front," if ever. Some very valuable collections of books have been donated to the library, of which special mention will be made later.

At the afternoon session Judge John T. Goolrick, of Fredericksburg, Va., gave his fine address on "The Confederate Soldier." After the convention adjourned, the veterans gathered in Capitol Park about the Confederate monument for an informal get-together meeting, with music by the consolidated bands. This feature of the Reunion was especially enjoyable, with its slogan of, "Comrade, shake hands!" and a general exchange of pleasantries which broke down any barriers of formality. No better opportunity could have been given for veterans to meet and greet one another and swap stories of war service.

The famous Orphan Brigade, of Kentucky, was encamped in Capitol Park, under command of Gen. W. B. Haldeman, of Louisville, who brought the remnant of the old brigade there at his own expense and entertained them as his guests.

At the evening session General Young was presented by the United Daughters of the Confederacy with a handsome gavel.

The first business of the morning session of Wednesday was the committee reports, following which miscellaneous business was taken up. This was suspended to receive a deputation from the Sons of Veterans, then in session also, and they were invited to come before the convention. Upon arrival Commander Brandon and Adjutant in Chief Forrest were invited upon the platform and made short talks. A resolution was later introduced proposing the merging of the two organizations, which was referred to a committee

to be composed of the Commander in Chief U. C. V., with the Commanders of the Departments of the Army of Northern Virginia, Army of Tennessee, and Trans-Mississippi, similar appointments on the committee to be made by the Sons. This committee will consider the proposition and make its report to the convention in 1917.

Memorial services were held during the noon hour under the joint auspices of the U. C. V. and C. S. M. A., in honor of those members of both organizations who have passed away since the last Reunion.

The afternoon session of Wednesday promised to be of most general interest, the election of officers and the selection of the next place of meeting being the special features. The Committee on Resolutions not being ready with their report when it was in order, General Young announced that the election of officers would be taken up and stated that under no consideration would he stand for reelection, nor would he accept the office again if chosen to succeed himself. At the conclusion of his speech he was presented with a handsome flag by Mrs. Virginia Frazer Boyle, Poet Laureate of the Association, who said: "In these days of uncertainty, when the question is asked, 'Where will we find the purest patriotism?' the answer comes ringing back, 'In the hearts of the Confederate soldiers.' When the question is asked, 'Where will we find the purest Americanism?' the answer comes ringing back, 'In the hearts of the sons of Confederate soldiers.' It is not that we love the Stars and Stripes less, but that we love the Stars and Bars more. It is because this flag has led into battle Forrest and Jackson and Semmes. It is because this flag led Morgan into battle. Our Commander in Chief has been a follower of Morgan, and so we present him with the flag that Morgan carried."

In a short speech Gen. W. C. Hooper, of Alabama, then expressed regret that General Young would not stand for Commander in Chief and moved that he be named Honorary Commander in Chief for life. The motion was carried by acclamation.

The Committee on Resolutions being ready for a hearing, its report was called for. Some important resolutions submitted had been referred to the History Committee, and of those brought before the convention a number were found to have been provided for in the constitution of the organization. A resolution adopted provided for the amendment of the by-laws so as to make a separate Division of the District of Columbia, and this made possible the selection of Washington as the next convention city.

The following resolution, offered to the convention at this afternoon session of May 17 by Rev. R. Lin Cave, a prominent veteran of Tennessee, had general approval in its adoption:

"Whereas statements that we are glad we were defeated in the War between the States tend to make the impression that we are sorry for what we did and the cause for which we fought wrong and unjust; therefore be it

"Resolved, That we regret such statements and deny, so far as we are concerned, that they are true and wish most cordially we had been successful. We say this in no feeling of bitterness and with no spirit of disloyalty, but simply to protect ourselves from misrepresentation, and remain true to our honest convictions, as having done our duty, what to us was right then and right now."

The report of the Jefferson Davis Memorial Home showed the organization without a debt, with money in the bank and the building and grounds almost completed.

THE NEW COMMANDER IN CHIEF.

Nominations for Commander in Chief were then called for, and the name of Gen. George P. Harrison, of Alabama, was presented by Dr. Deering J. Roberts, of Nashville, Tenn., promptly seconded, and the election carried by a rising vote. General Harrison accepted the honor with emotion, saying: "You have done me a great honor. I am not worthy of it, but as a soldier of the Confederacy I shall attempt to become worthy of the great trust you have placed in me. And now I want the Chaplain to pray that I might be deserving of this honor."

Our new Commander in Chief is one of the few surviving generals of the Confederate army. He and his father both enlisted at the beginning of the war, and both rose to the rank of brigadier general, the son at the age of twenty-two years, and he was doubtless the youngest general of the Confederate army. General Harrison is a lineal descendant of Benjamin Harrison, of Virginia, was born in Georgia in 1841, and became an Alabamian after the war. A full sketch of General Harrison appeared in the *VETERAN* for February, page 57.

Department Commanders were elected as follows: Army of Northern Virginia, J. Thompson Brown; Army of Tennessee, John P. Hickman; Trans-Mississippi Department, K. M. VanZandt.

THE REUNION CITY IN 1917

"On to Washington!" is the slogan for 1917. Fifty years ago it had a deeper significance in its high challenge to the prowess of Southern arms. Now it means that the men of the Southern Confederacy will be welcome guests in the place of their fathers, those men who had a noble part in the building of the nation, and it is but a coming into their own again. May it make stronger the tie which binds the hearts of all true Americans in patriotic devotion to the land of Washington and Lee!

Col. Hilary A. Herbert, one of Alabama's grand old men, went to Birmingham as the official representative of the capital city to invite the veterans there in 1917. He was Secretary of War in Cleveland's Cabinet and is still a resident of Washington.

Memphis, Tenn., and Tulsa, Okla., were also active candidates for the honor of entertaining the Veterans in 1917, and they presented their invitations most attractively; but the allurements of the capital city of our country were more compelling, and so it is "On to Washington!"

THE PARADE.

Though the skies were gray and a chill wind was blowing, the streets of Birmingham were crowded long before the time for the grand parade, and long after the time the crowd was still waiting; but patience was rewarded at last by a moving spectacle of great magnitude, doubtless the largest parade of any Reunion yet. Every State of the Confederacy was represented, also the District of Columbia and the States of Ohio, Washington, California, and Oklahoma. The parade of sponsors, etc., planned for the previous day, was held over to make a part of the veterans' parade, and the long line was difficult to move. A just criticism might be made that it was more of everything else than a parade of Confederate veterans, who were such a small part of it as to be overshadowed. Sponsors and maids and other official women, local organizations, school children (several thousand), brass bands, and the young military made the larger part of it.

It was a wonderful moving scene, this line of some twenty-five thousand people, whose passage of any point was said to require two hours and thirty-three minutes. A unique feature was a group of Ku-Klux in costume. The report is that this mysterious organization is to be revived and that there will be a large representation of the Klan in Washington next year. As one of the staff of Chief Marshal McCrossin, in command of the Alabama National Guard, was Henry B. Walthall, so highly appreciated as the "Little Colonel" in "The Birth of a Nation." He was kept busy responding to the greetings from all sides.

Some of the most noted of the military organizations of the South were in line—the Richmond Grays, the Richmond Blues, the Montgomery Light Blues, etc. Forrest's Cavalry Corps, a troop of Tennessee veterans with fixed bayonets, several uniformed companies of Nashville and Memphis, Tenn., the R. E. Lee Camp of Veterans, the Confederate Grays of Texas, and other organized commands were among the veterans in line.

We must have a real veterans' parade down Pennsylvania Avenue in Washington next year—something distinctive. A deeper impression will be made by having the veteran line intact.

PEOPLE OF NOTE.

Mrs. Julia Jackson Christian Preston, of Charlotte, N. C., granddaughter of Stonewall Jackson, was presented to the convention at the afternoon session of Wednesday and was enthusiastically received. At the same time the sponsor for the South, Miss Gladys Kernan, of New Orleans, a granddaughter of Gen. A. B. Booth, commanding the Louisiana Division, was also presented and made a graceful little speech in expressing her appreciation of the honor she had received in representing the United Confederate Veterans.

Among the distinguished guests of this Reunion were several of Alabama's own. Gen. Thomas T. Munford, a striking figure upon the platform, though a native of Virginia, has made his home in Alabama since the war. After his introduction to the convention, he made a little talk in tribute to his old commander, Gen. James Longstreet. Especially notable was the presence of Mrs. E. S. Bryan, of Memphis, Tenn., daughter of Admiral Semmes, whose fame as the greatest of our naval commanders reflects glory upon the State of Alabama. Though a Tennessean since her marriage, "My heart is still in Alabama," said Mrs. Bryan.

Three sons of the great Yancey were also present at this Reunion in Birmingham. All of them were Confederate soldiers with fine records, and two of them bear the scars of wounds received in desperate battles. Capt. W. E. Yancey, a resident of Birmingham for thirty-five years, is the senior of the brothers and now seventy-two years of age; Capt. D. H. Yancey, of Tampa, Fla., in which State he has lived since 1883, is seventy-one years old; while G. H. Yancey, the baby of the family, who enlisted at the age of fifteen, is now sixty-eight. He has been a resident of Atlanta for a quarter of a century.

A prominent guest at this Reunion was Col. George C. Denison, of Toronto, Canada, who received an ovation at the convention when he was presented by General Young as the man who had befriended him when a prisoner in Canada after the famous St. Albans raid. The band played "God Save the King," and it brought appreciative smiles from Colonel Denison. General Young told how, "during the war, many people were exiled or escaped from Northern prisons. To all these Colonel Denison was a friend and

helper. He entertained Jefferson Davis after his release from Fortress Monroe when he visited Canada to recuperate. He was a guest in Colonel Denison's home, and his gratitude was so great that he insisted on Colonel Denison's paying him a visit at Beauvoir. Later he visited Gen. Robert E. Lee at Lexington, Va. Colonel Denison is the author of many books. His history of cavalry and his 'Modern Cavalry' take high rank in military publications. The government of Russia paid him five thousand rubles for the use of his cavalry book. For forty years he has been a judge of the criminal court in Toronto; but as he served in the Canadian militia, he insists on his military title. The Southern people have given Colonel Denison a reception that he deserved, and he goes home with a heart full of grateful memories of the men and women of the Southland and great big ideas of the splendor and hospitality of Birmingham."

Colonel Denison made a happy response, in which he referred to the veterans as his comrades, spoke of them as the grandest army that ever lived, and expressed his everlasting gratitude at being able to speak to a body which he held in such reverence.

Another welcome visitor from Toronto was Thomas Hunter, who was there to meet old comrades of the gray. The cross of honor upon his breast proclaimed him a true veteran of the Confederacy. Mr. Hunter told most interestingly of coming to the South as a very young man just before the war and how he enlisted with a Mississippi command and served as a soldier of the South until captured and put in prison. He went back to Canada and became one of the best citizens of Toronto, whose handsome City Hall is a monument to his skill.

ENTERTAINMENTS.

Auto rides, receptions, luncheons, balls, concerts, and fireworks were on the list of entertainments for Reunion visitors, with a sham battle Thursday afternoon as a grand finale. This battle came off between the Confederate Grays, veterans of Dallas and Fort Worth, Tex., under command of Col. Vic Reinhardt and Capts. L. F. Perkins, George B. Holland, and T. D. Greathouse, and the Alabama National Guard, commanded by Maj. Carl H. Seals, with Companies B, C, D, and K. A big audience witnessed this "scrap" at the Fair Grounds, their sympathies largely with the veteran command, which was wildly cheered when the National Guard was forced to surrender. These veterans of the gray are determined to capture Washington in 1917.

THE VETERAN CAMP.

More than four thousand veterans were entertained by the city of Birmingham at the Fair Grounds Camp, which was under the special supervision of Mrs. John B. Reid, with able assistants. The veterans were not only supplied with comfortable lodgings and three meals a day, but they had special entertainment provided and were supplied with street car tickets, so they might go into town whenever they wished. The mess tables had a seating capacity of fifteen hundred, and the menu was well selected and carefully prepared. One breakfast of bacon and eggs, Irish potatoes, hot rolls, and coffee required fifteen cases of eggs, fifty pounds of bacon, eight hundred gallons of coffee, and approximately eight thousand rolls. At other meals beef roast and other meats were served and hot corn bread.

Only about twenty of these veterans of the several thousand entertained needed any medical attention during their stay in Birmingham.

THE BOY SCOUTS AT BIRMINGHAM.

An account of the Birmingham Reunion would not be complete without special reference to the work of the Boy Scouts. These splendid young fellows, little and big, were spirits of helpfulness all the while. It was inspiring to see them give of their young strength to the feebleness of age, to feel their anxious care of the veterans, to watch their eagerness to render service; and it must have been an inspiration to them to have this responsibility for the men they have revered as the defenders of their country. That the veterans appreciated these attentions was manifest, and their eager questions and comments were enjoyed by the manly young caretakers.

The value of this organization of Boy Scouts will be all the more realized some years from now in the splendid citizenship secured through such training in the fine qualities of manhood. Every mother should encourage her boy to become a member and thus secure the benefit of this training.

They made a wonderful impression upon the veterans, these Boy Scouts of Birmingham, voiced in the expression of one old soldier: "They show all the fine qualities that go to make a real man—unselfishness, gentleness, helpfulness, devotion, energy, and efficiency. Young soldiers—a splendid army which, God grant, may never face a cannon."

IRVIN COBB, SON OF A CONFEDERATE.

The feature of the evening session of Tuesday was the Reunion address by Irvin Cobb, of Kentucky, the famous war correspondent and leading humorist of America, who is the son of a Confederate soldier as well as otherwise largely connected with the veteran soldiery of the South. As he walked out upon the stage the audience rose as one man and cheered, and following his introduction by General Young the band softly played "My Old Kentucky Home," while the sweet voices of sponsors and maids took up the strain. At the conclusion of his speech the band played "Dixie" amidst thunderous applause and the high notes of the Rebel yell, which proclaimed the thorough appreciation of that patriotic audience. Mr. Cobb's address had the touch of humor for which he is noted, but more largely was the strain of pathos, and his references to the veterans of the Confederacy made each one present feel that he was being referred to individually. A part of his address is here given:

"I do not remember the Confederate soldier with the gleam of battle in his eye. I have known him as a man of peace, and to my mind the typical picture of the Southern soldier is not a man in soldier straps. I picture him as he is pictured as the central character in a little story I shall now relate.

"After the war this man returned to his home in a little country town and began the practice of medicine. Because of his unkempt and meager condition, the well-to-do's had small need of his services. But the needy knew and loved him because they realized that behind the gnarled hands that fought throughout the war was ability, and that beneath the tousled and twisted head was a skilled brain.

"This doctor, being of small means, could not afford a nice office; so he fixed himself up a little musty stand over a stable, and down below he placed a board on the old hitching post, reading, 'Dr. Brown, upstairs.' But one morning his comrades looked for him in vain. They sought him in his office, and they found that the wrinkled hands had ceased to pick the coverlet, and the head was at rest on the pillow.

"Those who loved him were not wealthy people, but they buried him with honor and searched for funds to build a monument to him. The funds were not to be found among

them, however. And then one of them had an inspiration. It was to take the old hitching post from the front of the stable and put it over the grave. This was done, and until the rain obliterated and the sun drew away the letters the monument stood there, reading, 'Dr. Brown, upstairs.' And that is the way I think of every Confederate soldier who has gone before. They're all upstairs.

"And I want to tell you that you were not fighting for a lost cause. When you bared your breasts and marched bravely to war to fight triple and sometimes quadruple your number, were you fighting for 'a lost cause'? When you accepted the conditions forced upon you by the might of numbers and returned to your homes, salted by the bones of your forefathers and sanctified by the tears of your women, to build upon the charred embers a new South, were you fighting for 'a lost cause'?

"And when up yonder, where the Southern Cross blazes, when the Confederate army files through the alabaster gates, past the Commander in Chief of mankind, your heads held high and bodies erect, as you marched years ago, do you think that as long as the record of the things you did, the things you achieved, the things you endured, and the things you conquered stand burned in everlasting fire on the judgment book the Supreme Arbiter of all earthly affairs is going to put yours down as a cause that is lost, or will he write it down as a cause that won? * * *

"The present war in Europe brought home to me what I know must have happened in our own war. When I saw that great German army, I thought of another army which for four years, outnumbered and outflanked, but never, thank

(Continued on page 281)



MY FLAGS

BY MAJ. T. H. BLACKNALL

One I have sworn to defend and obey;
The other is the winding sheet of the gray.
Though the Stars and Stripes waves over land and sea,
I will forever love the banner I followed under Lee.
Should trouble come, under the Stars and Stripes I'd take
my stand,
With the Stars and Bars embalmed in the heart of Dixie Land.

JEFFERSON DAVIS: GENTLEMAN, PATRIOT,
CHRISTIAN.

BY JAMES H. McNEILLY, D.D., NASHVILLE, TENN.

The 3d of June, the anniversary of the birth of Jefferson Davis, has been designated by ten Southern States as a Memorial Day to honor the memory of the only President of the Confederate States of America. It would seem a fitting occasion to recall some of the characteristics of the man who was the chosen leader of his people in the crisis of their destiny, who represented thoroughly their spirit and their traditions, who was a true type of the old-time Southerner, and who as man and Christian is worthy of the admiration and the imitation of the young men of the South.

And this is the more needful because throughout the North his name was held up to scorn and hatred as a traitor to his country and a fiend in his personal character; while at the South there has been too often a disposition to criticize or to apologize for him because of his failure to win success against the combined hosts of the world arrayed against his country.

It is true that the patience with which he endured the indignities heaped upon him in prison and the quiet dignity with which he bore himself in defeat at length seemed to shame the pitiful littleness and the malignant meanness of those in authority and caused a revulsion of feeling among his enemies, while it bound the hearts of his own people to him as he suffered for them.

Yet there is in the histories of the war a tendency to depreciate his character and ability and to attribute to him the baser motives for his cause.

The youth of our country should be taught that Mr. Davis stood in the front rank of the great men of his day; a man of splendid ability, a Senator who as orator and statesman was devoted to the highest interests of the republic, who was one of the greatest War Secretaries of the country; a man of unstained integrity and of the purest personal character. Add to all of these things that he was a devout and humble Christian. His record as citizen, soldier, Senator is without a stain. As a gentleman he was noted for his courtesy and kindness, with that courage and high sense of honor "that felt a stain as a wound." When by the order of the Secretary of War iron shackles were placed on the wasted limbs of the sick and helpless old man, he resisted the indignity, hoping to be killed rather than submit to a humiliation intended not only for him, but for his people. As a patriot his devotion to his country and her rights and interests was without the stain of selfishness. He had as a soldier exposed his life in her defense; as a Secretary of War he had thought and planned wisely for her protection; as a Senator he had pleaded most earnestly for the faithful observance of her Constitution; as President of the Confederacy he sought to perpetuate that form of government handed down from the fathers of the republic. It was my privilege during the last three months of the war to be thrown with the Hon. Joseph E. Davis, the older brother of the President, and the President wrote to this brother nearly every week. The old gentleman allowed me to read these letters, which breathed the most ardent, self-sacrificing devotion to the cause of the South.

As a Christian Mr. Davis was a constant and diligent reader and student of the Holy Scriptures and an open confessor of Jesus Christ as his personal Saviour. The testimony of ministers of the gospel who saw much of him was clear and strong as to the reality of his faith.

Let me close this with a quotation from Dr. Craven, who was Mr. Davis's physician in the first months of his captivity at Fortress Monroe. In his book, "Prison Life of Jefferson Davis," after telling of Mr. Davis's familiarity with the Bible, he adds: "There were moments while speaking on religious subjects in which Mr. Davis impressed me more than any professor of Christianity I ever heard. There was a vital earnestness in his discourse, a clear, almost passionate grasp in his faith, and the thought would frequently recur that a belief capable of consoling such sorrows as his possessed a reality, a substance which no sophistry of the infidel could discredit."



JEFFERSON DAVIS.

It is worthy of remark that Dr. Craven began his ministrations to Mr. Davis with all the bitter prejudice of the North against him; but as he saw more and more of his distinguished patient, he bore constant testimony to his remarkable mental powers, to the purity of his character, and to the reality of his religion. The result of the friendly interest of Dr. Craven was his being relieved from duty as Mr. Davis's physician.

JEFFERSON DAVIS.—We must be content with saying that, while he has been denounced by Union writers and made a "scapegoat" by certain Confederates, there can be little doubt that he discharged the duties of the office with ripe experience, rare ability, patriotic devotion, and even with wonderful success when one considers the "overwhelming numbers and resources" which opposed him.—*Rev. J. William Jones.*

THE TRUTH OF THE HAMPTON ROADS CONFERENCE.

One of the most important resolutions offered to the convention of United Confederate Veterans at Birmingham May 16-18, 1916, and referred to the History Committee, was the following:

"Certain statements concerning the peace conference held at Hampton Roads on February 3, 1865, between President Lincoln and Secretary William H. Seward, for the North, and Hon. Alexander H. Stephens, Vice President C. S. A., R. M. T. Hunter, and Judge John A. Campbell, commissioners for the Confederate government, which have appeared in the press of the country from time to time and particularly in the *Courier-Journal* of late, have been so unjust in their reflection upon the integrity of Hon. Jefferson Davis, then President of the Southern Confederacy, and the commissioners appointed by him to represent the Confederate government, it is deemed fitting that this convention of United Confederate Veterans take action in the following:

"Whereas in the editorial columns of the *Courier-Journal*, published in Louisville, Ky., the Hon. Henry Watterson has lately made some offensive comparisons between the Southern Confederacy and the Germany of to-day, in which he expressed the sentiment that 'the Southern States had no more reason to fight for their rights in the territories than Germany has to fight for a place in the sun'; and whereas Mr. Watterson repeats the old story that in the peace conference held at Hampton Roads, Va., on February 3, 1865, President Lincoln made such a proposition to Hon. Alexander Stephens, head of the commission for the Confederate government, as, 'Let me write "Union" at the top of this page, and you may write below it whatever else you please,' and, furthermore, that he offered to pay the Southern people the sum of \$400,000,000 for their slaves if they would lay down their arms and return to the Union; therefore be it

"Resolved by the United Confederate Veterans in convention assembled, That they condemn such statements as utterly false and inconsistent with the reports made by representatives of both sections in this peace conference and with Mr. Lincoln's message to Congress in December, 1864, to which he stated he would adhere; that they are unjust to the memory of President Davis and the Southern members of the peace conference, all men of the highest honor, and not only a reflection upon their integrity, but upon the whole South, since no such offers appear in the official reports of that famous peace conference; and such statements as made by Mr. Watterson in the *Courier-Journal* are denounced as utterly untrue in themselves and unworthy of the men to whom was intrusted the honor of treating for peace between the North and the South; that unconditional surrender was the only basis upon which President Lincoln would consider any peace proposals, with no assurance as to the treatment that would be accorded the Southern States on returning to the Union other than that they might expect their rights to be respected as were those of the States of other sections.

"Resolved, further, That the press of our country be asked to take particular notice of this action by the United Confederate Veterans in convention in the city of Birmingham, Ala., May 16-18, in justice to the memory of the men who gave of their best to the cause of the South, 1861-65, and that future references to that peace conference at Hampton Roads, Va., be based upon facts given in the official reports of it by representatives of both sides; and we demand of the *Courier-Journal* a correction of the statements lately re-

peated by Mr. Watterson in that Journal or a production of such proofs as will verify them."

The necessity for some action of this kind, and most appropriately through the Association of United Confederate Veterans, was caused by some late editorials in the *Courier-Journal*, from which we copy the following, appearing under the title of

"THE MIGHT-HAVE-BEENS OF HISTORY."

"The morning of February 3, 1865, upon a steamer lying at anchor in Hampton Roads, off Fortress Monroe, Abraham Lincoln, attended by William H. Seward, met three Confederate commissioners, Alexander H. Stephens, Robert M. T. Hunter, and John A. Campbell, appointed by Jefferson Davis 'for the purpose,' as Mr. Davis wrote, 'of securing peace to the two countries,' but, as Mr. Lincoln had written, 'with the view of securing peace to the people of our one common country.'

"There had been many epistolary and verbal exchanges between the two capitals, Washington and Richmond, before this fateful conference had come to pass. The parties to it were personally well known to one another. Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Stephens were, indeed, old friends. The proceedings were informal and without ceremony. At the outset it was agreed that no writing or memorandum should be made of what might be said or done. It is known, however, that at a certain point, the President of the United States and the Vice President of the Southern Confederacy sitting a little apart from the rest, Mr. Lincoln took up a sheet of paper and said by way of completing the unreserved conversation that had passed between them: 'Stephens, let me write "Union" at the top of this page, and you may write below it whatever else you please.' He had already committed himself, in the event that the Southern armies laid down their arms and the Southern States returned to the Union, to the payment of \$400,000,000 for the slaves.

"That such an opportunity for the South, then on the verge of collapse, to end the war should have been refused will remain forever a mystery bordering on the supernatural.

"Two months later Lee surrendered. Instead of achieving an honorable peace on favorable terms, the Confederacy went down in total shipwreck, vanquished, the waves of passion and plunder for ten succeeding years sweeping over the stricken survivors as they floundered in the Sea of Reconstruction, the Christ-man who had thrown out a life line gone, no one left having the will and the power to stay the fury of the elements.

"Was it the hand of God? Could it have been that God deemed the South not yet sufficiently punished? Who shall tell us?"

Aye, who can tell us that God sends his punishments in that way? Review the history of wars in this or any other country and tell us if right has always triumphed. "God moves in a mysterious way," but the four years of war was not a punishment at his hands that the South was made to suffer. Why call slavery the sin of the South? Did not the Constitution uphold the institution? The South was not responsible for slavery in the colonies. Those pious pilgrims of New England grew rich upon the traffic in slaves, and as long as there was a profit to them New England's conscience was dormant; but when it awoke with a "dog-in-the-manger" feeling, something had to give way. (We don't hear of them in this day worrying over the slaves in the sweatshops of the North, their surroundings far worse than

were ever found on Southern plantations.) The South wanted no war; and had Mr. Lincoln acted in good faith about Fort Sumter and used conciliatory rather than coercive measures to bring the Southern States back into the Union, who can say that war might not have been averted?

Mr. Davis has been accused of so hampering the Confederate commissioners with instructions as to the terms upon which peace would be considered that they really felt in advance their errand was futile. It is a satisfaction to bring forward a direct statement on this point from Mr. Stephens himself, who gives a chapter to the Hampton Roads conference in his book, "The War between the States," written in the form of interrogatories and replies. To the questions, "How did this celebrated conference, having these objects, originate? Who projected it, and how did it happen to fail? It has been stated that Mr. Davis again yielded to your wishes to attempt negotiations for peace, but so tied your hands with instructions that nothing could be accomplished by it, and that his object in the whole matter was to use the failure as a means more effectually to arouse the people of the Confederate States to renewed efforts and energy by showing them that there was no hope of attaining peace except by the sword. What did really occur at the interview between the Confederate commissioners and Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Seward in that conference?" he makes the following response: "The reports to which you refer are utterly unworthy of notice. These, as those in reference to the proposed conference in 1863, have tended only to mislead the public mind and to divert it from the truth in the case. The real objects of the Hampton Roads conference have never been made fully known to the country, so far as I am aware. It was not intended in its origin or objects to bring about direct negotiations for peace. On this point very erroneous ideas existed at the time and do yet, I believe. We had no written instructions upon that subject or any other except what were contained in the letter of our appointment, which has been published, nor any verbal instructions on that subject inconsistent with the terms of that letter. The conference, moreover, did not originate in any way with me."

LETTER OF AUTHORITY TO THE CONFEDERATE COMMISSIONERS.

"CITY POINT, VA., February 1, 1865.

"*Thomas T. Eckert, Major and Aid-de-Camp—Major:* Your note delivered by yourself this day has been considered. In reply we have to say that we were furnished with a copy of the letter of President Lincoln to F. P. Blair, of the 18th of January ult., another copy of which is appended to your note. Our intentions are contained in the letter, of which the following is a copy:

"RICHMOND, January 28, 1865.

"In conformity with the letter of Mr. Lincoln, of which the foregoing is a copy, you are to proceed to Washington City for an informal conference with him upon the issues involved in the existing war and for the purpose of securing peace to the two countries.

"With great respect, your obedient servant,

JEFFERSON DAVIS."

"The substantial object to be attained by the informal conference is to ascertain upon what terms the existing war can be terminated honorably. Our instructions contemplate a personal interview between President Lincoln and ourselves at Washington, but with this explanation we are ready to meet any person or persons that President Lincoln may ap-

point at such place as he may designate. Our earnest desire is that a just and honorable peace may be agreed upon, and we are prepared to receive or to submit propositions which may possibly lead to the attainment of that end.

"Very respectfully yours,

ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS,

ROBERT M. T. HUNTER,

JOHN A. CAMPBELL."

After various points had been discussed, Mr. Stephens says that Mr. Hunter went into a sort of recapitulation of the subjects talked over in the interview, and the conclusions which seemed to be logically deducible from them amounted to nothing as a basis of peace, in his judgment, but an unconditional surrender on the part of the Confederate States and their people. There could be no agreement, no treaty, nor even any stipulations as to terms—nothing but unconditional submission.

Mr. Seward promptly replied by insisting that no words like unconditional submission had been used or any importing or justly implying degradation or humiliation even to the people



HON. ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS, VICE PRESIDENT C. S. A.

of the Confederate States. He wished this to be borne in mind.

Mr. Hunter repeated his view of the subject. What else could be made of it? No treaty, no stipulation, no agreement, either with the Confederate States jointly or with them separately, as to their future position or security. What was this but unconditional submission to the mercy of conquerors?

Mr. Seward said they were not conquerors further than that they required obedience to the laws. The force used was simply to maintain national authority in the execution of laws. Nor did he think that in yielding to the execution of the laws under the Constitution of the United States, with all its guarantees and securities for personal and political rights, as they might be declared to be by the courts, could be properly considered as unconditional submission to conquerors or as having anything humiliating in it. The Southern people and the Southern States would be under the Constitution of the United States, with all their rights secured thereby in the same way and through the same instrumentali-

ties, as the similar rights of the people of the other States were.

Mr. Hunter said: "But you make no agreement that these rights will be so held and secured."

Mr. Lincoln said that, so far as the confiscation acts and other penal acts were concerned, their enforcement was left entirely with him, and on that point he was perfectly willing to be full and explicit, and on his assurance perfect reliance might be placed. He should exercise the power of the executive with the utmost liberality. He went on to say that he would be willing to be taxed to remunerate the Southern people for their slaves. He believed the people of the North were as responsible for slavery as the people of the South, and if the war should then cease with the voluntary abolition of slavery by the States he should be in favor individually of the government paying a fair indemnity for the loss to the owners. He said he believed this feeling had an extensive existence at the North. He knew some who were in favor of an appropriation as high as four hundred millions of dollars for this purpose. "I could mention persons," said he, "whose names would astonish you who are willing to do this if the war shall now cease without further expense and with the abolition of slavery as stated." But on this subject he said he could give no assurance, enter into no stipulation. He barely expressed his own feelings and views and what he believed to be the views of others upon the subject.

The question arises, "Where does Mr. Watterson get his proofs that such offers were made by Mr. Lincoln?" Not from the official records, for in them there is no mention of any such offers. We cannot think that any of the Confederate commissioners would omit such important features of the conference from their report and then give verbal expression to such statements. They could not be true to themselves in creating a false impression by their report, and were they not honorable men? It rather seems that Mr. Watterson has placed his belief on hearsay evidence in preference to the signed statement of those who took part in the conference; that it is an effort on his part to discredit Mr. Davis for the purpose of glorifying Mr. Lincoln. The South can join in saying that the death of President Lincoln was its loss; but it was after the surrender at Appomattox that his attitude became conciliatory, and he was then ready to give his best efforts to a quiet restoration of the South, and had he lived the South would doubtless have been spared the horrors of such Reconstruction methods as were invented by the evil genius of Thad Stevens and his ilk.

To show that the Confederate government was anxious for peace between the sections, attention is called to the several efforts that were made to secure it. In his work on "The Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government" Mr. Davis gives the following account of what had been done in that direction:

"Several efforts were made by us to communicate with the authorities at Washington without success. Commissioners were sent before hostilities were begun, and the government of the United States refused to receive them or hear what they had to say. A second time I sent a military officer with a communication addressed by myself to President Lincoln. The letter was received by General Scott, who did not permit the officer to see Mr. Lincoln, but promised that an answer would be sent. No answer was ever received. The third time a gentleman was sent whose position, character, and reputation were such as to insure his reception if the enemy had not been determined to receive no proposals what-

ever from our government. Vice President Stephens made a patriotic tender of his services in the hope of being able to promote the cause of humanity; and although little belief was entertained of his success, I cheerfully yielded to his suggestions that the experiment should be tried. The enemy refused to let him pass through their lines or to hold any conference with him. He was stopped before he reached Fortress Monroe.

"If we would break up our government, dissolve the Confederacy, disband our armies, emancipate our slaves, take an oath of allegiance binding ourselves to obedience to it and to disloyalty to our own States, the government of the United States proposed to pardon us and not to deprive us of anything more than the property already robbed from us and such slaves as still remained. In order to render the proposals so insulting as to secure their rejection, the President of the United States joined to them a promise to support with his army one-tenth of the people of any State who would attempt to set up a government over the other nine-tenths, thus seeking to sow discord among the people of the several States and to excite them to civil war as furtherance of his ends."

After mentioning another movement relating to the accommodation of differences by the visit in July, 1864, of one Col. James F. Jacques, of the 7th Illinois Infantry, and James R. Gilmore, of Massachusetts, "the impudence of whose remarks could be extenuated only because of the ignorance displayed and the profuse avowal of the kindest motives and intentions," Mr. Davis says:

"The opening of the spring campaign of 1864 was deemed a favorable conjuncture for the employment of the resources of diplomacy. To approach the government of the United States directly would have been in vain. Repeated efforts had already demonstrated its inflexible purpose—not to negotiate with the Confederate authorities. Political developments at the North, however, favored the adoption of some action that might influence popular sentiment in the hostile section. The aspect of the peace party was quite encouraging, and it seemed that the real issue to be decided in the Presidential election of that year was the continuance or cessation of the war. A commission of three persons, eminent in position and intelligence, was accordingly appointed to visit Canada with a view to negotiation with such persons in the North as might be relied upon to aid the attainment of peace. The commission was designed to facilitate such preliminary conditions as might lead to formal negotiations between the two governments, and they were expected to make judicious use of any political opportunity that might be presented.

"The commissioners—Messrs. Clay, of Alabama; Holcombe, of Virginia; and Thompson, of Mississippi—established themselves at Niagara Falls in July and on the 12th commenced a correspondence with Horace Greeley, of New York. Through him they sought a safe conduct to Washington. Mr. Lincoln at first appeared to favor an interview, but finally refused on the ground that the commissioners were not authorized to treat for peace. His final announcement to them was the following:

"EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON, D. C.,
July 18, 1864.

"*To Whom It May Concern:* Any proposition which embraces the restoration of peace, the integrity of the whole Union, and the abandonment of slavery and which comes by and with an authority that can control the armies now at war

against the United States will be received and considered by the executive government of the United States and will be met by liberal terms on other substantial and collateral points, and the bearer or bearers thereof shall have safe conduct both ways.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.'

"This movement, like all others which had preceded it, was a failure.

"On December 30, 1864, I received a request from Mr. Francis P. Blair, a distinguished citizen of Montgomery County, Md., for permission to visit Richmond for certain personal objects, which was conceded to him. On January 12, 1865, he visited me, and the following statement of our interview was immediately afterwards prepared:

"'RICHMOND, VA., January 12, 1865.

"'(Memorandum of a confidential conversation held this day with F. P. Blair, of Montgomery County, Md.)

"'Mr. Blair stated that, not receiving an answer to his application for permission to visit Richmond, which he had sent from the headquarters of General Grant's army, he returned to Washington and there received the reply which had been made to his application, but by some means had been withheld from him and been forwarded after having been opened; that he had originally obtained permission to visit Richmond from Mr. Lincoln after stating to him that he (Mr. Blair) had for many years held friendly relations with myself. Mr. Lincoln stopped him, though he afterwards gave him permission to visit me. He stated in explanation of his position that he, being a man of Southern blood, felt very desirous to see the war between the States terminated and hoped by an interview with me to be able to effect something to that end; that after receiving the pass which had been sent to him by my direction he sought before returning to have a conversation with Mr. Lincoln; had two appointments for that purpose, but on each occasion was disappointed and from the circumstances concluded that Mr. Lincoln avoided the interview and therefore came not only without credentials, but without such instructions from Mr. Lincoln as enabled him to speak for him. His views, therefore, were to be regarded merely as his own, and he said they were perhaps merely the dreams of an old man, etc. He said, despairing of being able to see me, he had determined to write to me and had the rough draft of a letter which he had prepared and asked permission to read it. Soon after commencing to do so he said (pleasantly) that he found his style was marked by his old pursuit and that the paper appeared too much like an editorial. He omitted, therefore, portions of it, reading what he considered the main points of his proposition. He had recognized the difference of our positions as not entitling him to a response from me to the arguments and suggestions which he desired to offer. I therefore allowed him to read without comment on my part. When he had finished, I inquired as to his main proposition, the cessation of hostilities and the union of the military forces for the common purpose of maintaining the Monroe Doctrine, how that object was to be reached. He said that both the political parties of the United States asserted the Monroe Doctrine as a cardinal point of their creed; that there was a general desire to apply it to the case of Mexico. For that purpose a secret treaty might be made, etc. I called his attention to my past efforts for negotiations and my inability to see, unless Mr. Lincoln's course in that regard should be changed, how we were to take the first step. He expressed the belief that Mr. Lincoln would now receive commissioners, but subsequently said he

could not give any assurance on that point and proposed to return to Washington to explain his project to Mr. Lincoln and notify me, if his hope proved well founded, that Mr. Lincoln would now agree to a conference for the purpose of entering into negotiations. He affirmed that Mr. Lincoln did not sympathize with the radical men who desired the devastation and subjugation of the Southern States, but that he was unable to control the extreme party, which now had great power in the Congress and would at the next session have still more, referred to the existence of two parties in the cabinet, to the reluctant nomination of Mr. Chase to be chief justice, etc. For himself he avowed an earnest desire to stop the further effusion of blood, as one every drop of whose blood was Southern. He expressed the hope that the pride, the power, and the honor of the Southern States should suffer no shock, looked to the extension of Southern territory even to the Isthmus of Darien and hoped that if his views found favor his wishes would be realized, reiterated the idea of State sovereignty with illustrations, and accepted the reference I made to explanations given in the Globe, when he edited it, of the proclamation of General Jackson.

"'When his attention was called to the brutal atrocities of their armies, especially the fiendish cruelty shown to helpless women and children, as the cause of a deep-seated hostility on the part of our people and an insurmountable obstacle to an early restoration of fraternal relations, he admitted the necessity for providing a new channel for the bitter waters and another bond than that of former memories and interests. This was supposed to be contained in the proposed common effort to maintain the Monroe Doctrine on the American Continent. It was evident that he counted on the disintegration of the Confederate States if the war continued, and that in any event he regarded the institution of slavery as doomed to extinction. I thought any remark by me on the first proposition would lead to intimations in connection with public men which I preferred not more distinctly to hear than as manifested in his general remarks. On the latter point, for the reason stated, the inequality of his responsibility and mine, I preferred to have no discussion. The only difficulty which he spoke of as insurmountable was that of existing engagements between European powers and the Confederate States. This point, when referred to a second time as the dreaded obstacle to a secret treaty which would terminate the war, was met by me with a statement that we had now no such complication, were free to act as to us should seem best, and desired to keep State policy and institutions free from foreign control.'

"'Throughout the conference Mr. Blair appeared to be animated by a sincere desire to promote a pacific solution of the existing difficulty, but claimed no other power than that of serving as a medium of communication between those who had thus far had no intercourse and were therefore without the cointelligence which might secure an adjustment of their controversy. To his hopeful anticipation in regard to the restoration of fraternal relations between the sections by the means indicated I replied that a cessation of hostilities was the first step toward the substitution of reason for passion, of sense of justice for a desire to injure, and that if the people were subsequently engaged together to maintain a principle recognized by both, if together they should bear sacrifices, share dangers, and gather common renown, new memories would take the place of those now planted by the events of this war and might in the course of time restore the feelings which preëxisted. But it was for us to deal with

the problems before us and leave to posterity questions which they might solve, though we could not; that in the struggle for independence by our colonial fathers, had failure instead of success attended their effort, Great Britain, instead of a commerce which has largely contributed to her prosperity, would have had the heavy expense of numerous garrisons to hold in subjection a people who deserved to be free and had resolved not to be subject.

"Our conference ended with no other result than an agreement that he would learn whether Mr. Lincoln would adopt his (Mr. Blair's) project and send or receive commissioners to negotiate for a peaceful solution of the questions at issue; that he would report to him my readiness to enter upon negotiations, and that I knew of no insurmountable obstacle to such a treaty of peace as would secure greater advantage to both parties than any result which arms could achieve.

"January 14, 1865.

"The foregoing memorandum of conversation was this day read to Mr. Blair and altered in so far as he desired, in any respect to change the expression employed.

JEFFERSON DAVIS.

"The following letter was given by me to Mr. Blair:

"RICHMOND, VA., January 12, 1865.

"F. P. Blair, Esq.—Sir: I have deemed it proper and probably desirable to you to give you in this form the substance of remarks made by me to be repeated by you to President Lincoln, etc.

"I have no disposition to find obstacles in forms and am willing now, as heretofore, to enter into negotiations for the restoration of peace, am ready to send a commission whenever I have reason to suppose it will be received or to receive a commission if the United States government shall choose to send one; that, notwithstanding the rejection of our former offers, I would, if you could promise that a commissioner, minister, or other agent would be received, appoint one immediately and renew the effort to enter into conference with a view to secure peace to the two countries.

"Yours, etc.,

JEFFERSON DAVIS.

"WASHINGTON, January 18, 1865.

"F. P. Blair, Esq.—Sir: Having shown me Mr. Davis's letter to you of the 12th instant, you may say to him that I have constantly been, am now, and shall continue ready to receive any agent whom he or any other influential person now resisting the national authority may informally send to me with the view of securing peace to the people of our one common country.

"Yours, etc.,

A. LINCOLN.

"When Mr. Blair returned and gave me this letter of Mr. Lincoln of January 18, it being a response to my note to Mr. Blair of the 12th, he said it had been a fortunate thing that I gave him that note, as it had created greater confidence in Mr. Lincoln regarding his efforts at Richmond. Further reflection, he said, had modified the views he formerly presented to me and that he wanted to have my attention for a different mode of procedure. * * * He then unfolded to me the embarrassment of Mr. Lincoln on account of the extreme men in Congress and elsewhere who wished to drive him into harsher measures than he was inclined to adopt; hence it would not be feasible for him to enter into any arrangement with us by the use of political agencies; that if anything beneficial could be effected it must be done with-

out the intervention of the politicians. He, therefore, suggested that Generals Lee and Grant might enter into an arrangement by which hostilities would be suspended and a way paved for the restoration of peace. I responded that I would willingly intrust to General Lee such negotiation as was indicated.

"The conference then ended, and to report to Mr. Lincoln the result of his visit Mr. Blair returned to Washington. He subsequently informed me that the idea of a military convention was not favorably received at Washington, so it only remained for me to act upon the letter of Mr. Lincoln.

"I determined to send as commissioners or agents for the informal conference Messrs. Alexander H. Stephens, R. M. T. Hunter, and John A. Campbell. Some objections were made to this commission by the United States officials, because it authorized the commissioners to confer for the purpose 'of securing peace to the two countries'; whereas the letter of Mr. Lincoln, which was their passport, spoke of 'securing peace to the people of our one common country.' But these objections were finally waived.

"On receiving the letter of Mr. Lincoln expressing a willingness to receive any agent I might send to Washington City, a commission was appointed to go there; but it was not allowed to proceed farther than Hampton Roads, where Mr. Lincoln, accompanied by Mr. Seward, met the commissioners. Seward craftily proposed that the conference should be confidential, and the commissioners regarded this so binding on them as to prevent them from including in their report the discussion which occurred. This enabled Mr. Seward to give his own version of it in a dispatch to the United States Minister to the French government, which was calculated to create distrust of, if not hostility to, the Confederacy on the part of the power in Europe most effectively favoring our recognition."

The reports of the famous peace conference do not show that Mr. Lincoln was anxious for peace on any terms but his own, nor that he was willing to concede anything of his position on any question, and he was very careful as to what should go on any "piece of paper" for him to sign.

Mr. Stephens's report does show that Mr. Davis was disappointed over the result of it. "On the return of the commissioners to Richmond," says Mr. Stephens, "everybody was very much disappointed, and no one seemed to be more so than Mr. Davis. He thought Mr. Lincoln had acted in bad faith in the matter and attributed this change in his policy to the fall of Fort Fisher, in North Carolina, which occurred on the 15th of January, after Mr. Blair's first visit to Richmond." Had Mr. Davis himself been inclined to accept the terms of unconditional surrender, he could not have done so without the action of the Confederate Congress, which alone had the power of accepting or rejecting. So why blame Mr. Davis for not accepting the very objectionable terms?

HAMPTON ROADS CONFERENCE—FROM "MEMOIRS OF JOHN H. REAGAN," PUBLISHED IN 1906.

During recent years there has been an extensive discussion through the public prints of the questions which rose at the Hampton Roads conference. It has been asserted over and over that President Lincoln offered to pay \$400,000,000 for the slaves of the South to secure an end of the war and that he held up a piece of paper to Mr. Stephens, saying: "Let me write the word 'Union' on it, and you may add any other conditions you please if it will give us peace." I am probably not using the exact words which were employed, but I am expressing the idea given to the public in the discussion.

It has frequently been alleged that Mr. Stephens said these offers were made. This has been repeated by citizens of acknowledged ability and high character, and it has been said that these offers could not be acceded to because the instructions given to the commission by President Davis prevented it. The purpose of urging these untrue statements seems to have been to induce the public to believe that Mr. Davis could have obtained peace on almost any terms desired and \$400,000,000 for the Southern slaves if he had consented to a restoration of the Southern States to the Union, and that because of this he was responsible for the losses of life and property caused by the continuance of the war.

I shall submit evidence which will prove that no such propositions were ever made. This course is rendered necessary and just both for the truth of history and to vindicate the action of President Davis and his cabinet. For undoubtedly one of the purposes of insisting that such offers were made is to mislead the public as to the truth.

The following is the report of the Confederate commissioners to President Davis as to what occurred at the conference:

"To the President of the Confederate States: Under your letter of appointment of the 28th ult. we proceeded to seek an 'informal conference' with Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, upon the subject mentioned in the letter. The conference was granted and took place on the 3d inst. on board a steamer anchored in Hampton Roads, where we met President Lincoln and the Honorable Mr. Seward, Secretary of State of the United States. It continued for several hours and was both full and explicit. We learned from them that the message of President Lincoln to the Congress of the United States in December last explains clearly and distinctly his sentiments as to the terms, conditions, and methods of proceeding by which peace can be secured to the people, and we are not informed that they would be modified or altered to obtain that end. We understood from him that no terms or proposals of any treaty or agreement looking to an ultimate settlement would be entertained or made by him with the authorities of the Confederate States, because that would be a recognition of their existence as a separate power, which under no circumstances would be done, and for a like reason that no such terms would be entertained by him for the States separately; that no extended truce or armistice (as at present advised) would be granted or allowed without a satisfactory assurance in advance of the complete restoration of the authority of the Constitution and laws of the United States over all places within the States of the Confederacy; that whatever consequences may follow from the reestablishment of that authority must be accepted; but that individuals subject to pains and penalties under the laws of the United States might rely upon a very liberal use of the power confided to him to remit those pains and penalties if peace be restored.

"During the conference the proposed amendment to the Constitution of the United States adopted by Congress on the 31st ultimo was brought to our notice. This amendment provides that neither slavery nor involuntary servitude except for crime should exist within the United States or any place within her jurisdiction and that Congress would have power to enforce this amendment by appropriate legislation.

"Very respectfully, etc.,

ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS,
R. M. T. HUNTER.
JOHN A. CAMPBELL."

It is seen that the Confederate commissioners say that no terms or proposals of any treaty or agreement would be entertained by President Lincoln with the authorities of the Confederate States or with any of the States separately and that no truce or armistice would be allowed without satisfactory evidence in advance of the complete restoration of the authority of the Constitution and laws of the United States over all places within the States of the Confederacy. This report was signed by Mr. Stephens, Mr. Hunter, and Judge Campbell. It shows conclusively that unconditional surrender in advance of any negotiations was the only condition whereby the war could be ended. And Judge Campbell in his memoranda relating to this conference says: "In conclusion, Mr. Hunter summed up what seemed to be the result of the interview: that there could be no arrangements by treaty between the Confederate States and the United States or any agreement between them. There was nothing left for them but unconditional submission."

On the 6th of February, 1865, President Davis sent the report of the commissioners to the Confederate Congress with a message in which he used this language: "I herewith transmit for the information of Congress the report of the eminent citizens above named, showing that the enemy refused to enter into negotiations with the Confederate States or any of them separately or to give our people any other terms or guaranties than those which the conquerors may grant or to permit us to have peace on any other basis than our unconditional submission to their rule, coupled with the acceptance of their recent legislation on the subject of the relations between the black and white population of each State."

In his "History of the War between the States" (Volume II., pages 599-626) Vice President Stephens gives a carefully compiled account of what was done at the conference, and in this he shows plainly and fully the distinct refusal of President Lincoln to recognize or in any form to make or agree to any terms for peace with the government of the Confederate States or with any of the States separately except upon the condition that they should, before any other measure should be considered, recognize and accept the Constitution and laws of the United States and trust to Congress as to what disposition was to be made of the Confederacy, their people and property. There is no word in his long account of any proposition as to the payment of \$400,000,000 for the slaves or of President Lincoln's writing the word "Union" on a sheet of paper and allowing Mr. Stephens or any one else to determine the terms and conditions upon which the war should be ended.

So it is seen that we have the report of the Confederate commissioners to the President, the message of the President to Congress, the joint resolutions of the two Houses of the Confederate Congress, and the evidence of Mr. Stephens's history of what occurred at that conference to prove that no such offers were made by Mr. Lincoln.

While it may seem unnecessary, I will go farther and add to these testimonials those of President Lincoln and Secretary Seward.

Mr. Lincoln at first determined to send Secretary of State Seward to meet the Confederate commissioners and on the 31st of January, 1865, furnished him with instructions for his government, which contained these provisions: "You will make known to them that three things are indispensable—to wit: (1) The restoration of the national authority throughout all the States; (2) no receding by the executive of the United States on the slavery question from the position as-

sumed thereon in the late message to Congress and in preceding documents; (3) no cessation of hostilities short of an end of the war and the disbanding of all forces hostile to the government."

In Mr. Lincoln's annual message to Congress dated December 5, 1864, he says: "At the last session of Congress a proposed amendment of the Constitution abolishing slavery throughout the United States passed the Senate, but failed of the requisite two-thirds vote of the House of Representatives. Although the present is the same Congress and nearly the same members, and without questioning the wisdom and patriotism of those who stood in opposition, I venture to recommend the reconsideration and passage of the measure at the present session."

And the same message contained the following: "In presenting the abandonment of armed resistance to the national authority on the part of the insurgents as the only indispensable condition to ending the war on the part of the government I retract nothing heretofore said as to slavery. I repeat the declaration made a year ago that while I remain in my present position I shall not attempt to retract or modify the Emancipation Proclamation, nor shall I return to slavery any person who is free by the terms of that proclamation or by any of the acts of Congress. If the people should, by whatever mode or means, make it an executive duty to re-enslave such persons, another, and not I, must be their instrument to perform it."

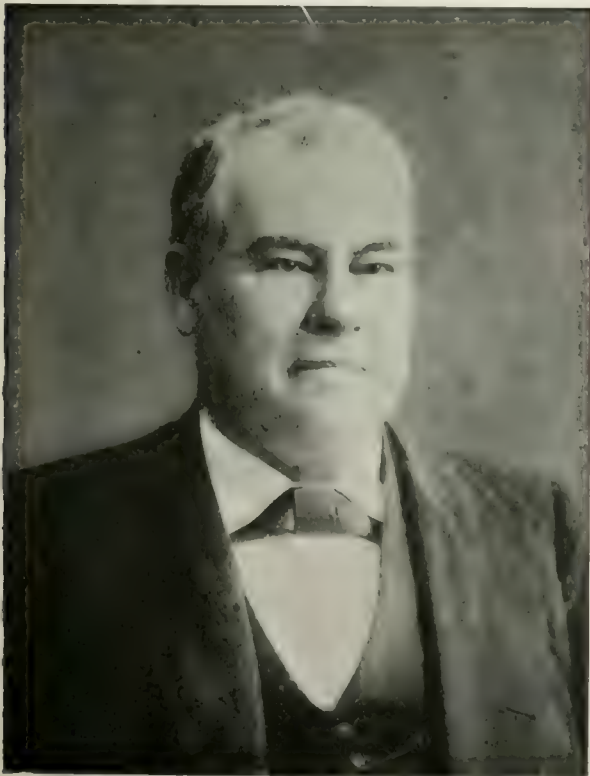
The proclamation here referred to by President Lincoln was that of January 1, 1863, for which that of September 22, 1862, had prepared the way. In that of the later date he declared: "That on the 1st day of January, 1863, all persons held as slaves within any State or designated part of a State the

people whereof shall be in rebellion against the United States shall be then, thenceforward, and forever free."

In the face of his annual message of December 5, 1864, and of these two proclamations, how could President Lincoln have proposed to pay \$400,000,000 for the slaves he had already set free and did not intend to return to a condition of slavery? And how could he have said that if he were allowed to write the word "Union" on a piece of blank paper the Confederate commissioners might name any terms they pleased to end the war?

On the 7th of February, 1865, Mr. Seward addressed a communication to the Hon. Charles Francis Adams, the Minister Plenipotentiary of the United States to Great Britain, giving for his information an account of what occurred at the Hampton Roads conference. This letter, it will be observed, was written four days after that conference. In it, among other things, he said that President Lincoln announced to the Confederate commissioners: "That we can agree to no cessation or suspension of hostilities except on the basis of the disbandment of the insurgent forces and the restoration of the national authority throughout all the States in the Union. Collaterally and in subordination to the proposition which he thus announced, the antislavery policy of the United States was reviewed in all its bearings, and the President announced that he must not be expected to depart from the positions he had assumed in his Proclamation of Emancipation and other documents, as these positions were reiterated in his last annual message. It was further declared by the President that the complete restoration of national authority everywhere was an indispensable condition to any assent on our part to whatever form of peace might be proposed. The President assured the other party that, while he must adhere to these positions, he would be prepared, as far as power was lodged with the executive, to exercise it liberally. His power, however, is limited by the Constitution; and when peace should be made, Congress must necessarily act in regard to appropriations of money and the admission of representatives from the insurrectionary States. The Richmond party was then informed that Congress had on the 31st ultimo adopted by a constitutional majority a joint resolution submitting to the several States the proposition to abolish slavery throughout the Union and that there is every reason to expect that it will be accepted by three-fourths of the States, so as to become a part of the organic law."

While it is true that some respectable men have asserted that Mr. Stephens told them of Mr. Lincoln's alleged offer (and I have all their statements in writing or print), there must have been some misunderstanding as to his language, for he was an honorable and truthful man and a man of too much good sense to have made such allegations in the face of such record as is here presented. Among those who assert that Mr. Stephens made one or the other of those statements are the Hon. Henry Watterson, editor of the *Courier-Journal*; Rev. E. A. Green, of Virginia; Dr. R. J. Massey, of Georgia; and Mr. Clark Howell, of Georgia. Any impartial person who may read the statements of Mr. Green will see his gross ignorance of the matters of which he writes, and any one who will read what he says and what Dr. Massey says will see that the main purpose with them was to throw discredit on President Davis for not making peace on terms which, as the evidence shows, were not offered and which we were fully informed could not be allowed the Confederates. And it is also clear that a prime object with Dr. Massey was to lionize Mr. Stephens, while discrediting Mr. Davis.



HON. JOHN H. REAGAN,
Postmaster-General C. S. A.

Among those who say Mr. Stephens denied making these statements are the Rev. F. C. Boykin, of Georgia; Mr. R. F. Littig, of Mississippi; Hon. James Orr, of South Carolina, who was at that time associated with Vice President Stephens as a member of the Confederate Senate; Hon. Frank B. Sexton, then a member of the Confederate Congress; Col. Stephen W. Blount, of Texas, who had been a schoolmate and was a friend to Mr. Stephens, who, in answer to Blount's inquiry, wrote that he never made any such remark; Mr. Charles G. Newman, of Arkansas; and Gov. A. H. Garland, of Arkansas, who was at the time of the conference a member of the Confederate Senate and the roommate of Mr. Stephens and who has been United States Senator and Attorney-General of the United States. Governor Garland says that on the return of the Confederate commissioners Mr. Stephens told him no terms of peace could be had except upon unconditional submission of the Confederates.

It is not pleasant to have to consider such a conflict of statements. It has arisen between men of ability and character in the discussion of one of the important historical questions which grew out of the great contest. And the published statements show that there was an extensive effort being made to pervert and falsify the history of that important conference so as to cast public censure on President Davis for not terminating the war upon conditions which were not offered.

I also have a letter from Senator Vest, of Missouri, who was then a Confederate Senator, in which he says: "R. M. T. Hunter, who was President *pro tem.* of the Confederate Senate, told me in detail what occurred at the Fort Monroe conference, and it agrees with your statements. No more truthful and conservative man than Hunter ever lived."

The message of Mr. Lincoln of March 6, 1862, and his conference with border State representatives at that time and the statements he made to Mr. Stephens at the Hampton Roads conference and perhaps other expressions of his showed, I think, his personal willingness that compensation should have been made for the slaves of the South; but the messenger referred to and the conference which followed were in March of the second year of the war. His suggestion then was that the border States of the Confederacy should adopt a general plan of emancipation upon the basis of compensation, and that if this was done it would defeat the purpose of the Southern States. It was a bid to the border States to desert their Southern sister States. Those representing the border States declined to act on this suggestion, for it was only a suggestion. For them to have acted in advance of any move by the Northern States and with no assurance that if they should adopt such a policy it would ever be accepted by the North would have been a species of madness. This, however, had no direct relation to what occurred at Hampton Roads.

I have no doubt that Mr. Stephens recited the statement made by President Lincoln at that conference to the effect that he personally would have no objection to an arrangement for compensation for the slaves if that would end the war and that he knew persons who would be willing to pay \$400,000,000 for that purpose. This is probably the basis, and the only basis, for the stories so often repeated about his offering at that conference to pay \$400,000,000 if it would end the war. And when Mr. Stephens spoke of these two things, his hearers, I must suppose, misunderstood him or misconstrued his words. It is better to view it thus and to assume

that the stories referred to had their origin in that way than to believe that willful misstatements were made.

I served with Mr. Stephens in the Congress of the United States four years before the war. We served together in the Provisional Congress of the Confederacy, were thrown together more or less during the war, and we served together in Congress for several years after the war. I always regarded him as an upright, honorable man. I was his friend and admired his genius and ability, though I thought during the war, and have not changed my opinion, that he had very impracticable views as to the methods of conducting the war. And I fear from his writings and from the statements attributed to him by others that during the latter part of the war and after it closed he allowed his great name and influence to give too much encouragement to malcontents who caused embarrassment to the Confederate government and who endeavored to cast unjust reflections on the policy, actions, and services of the President, his cabinet, and the Confederate Congress.



ME AND MAMMY.

Me and Mammy know a child
About my age and size
Who, Mammy says, won't go to heaven
'Cause she's so grown and wise.

She answers "Yes" and "No" just so
When folks speak to her
And laughs at Mammy and at me
When I say "Ma'am" and "Sir."

And Mammy says the reason why
This child's in such a plight
Is 'cause she's had no Mammy dear
To raise her sweet and right,

To stand between her and the world,
With all its old sad noise,
And give her baby heart a chance
To keep its baby joys.

Then Mammy draws me close to her
And says: "The Lord be praised,
Here's what I calls a decent child,
'Cause hit's been Mammy-raised!"

—Howard Weeden.

LIEUT. GEN. JOHN B. HOOD.

A TRIBUTE BY CAPT. J. T. HUNTER, OF TEXAS.

General Hood was born at Owensville, Bath County, Ky., June 29, 1831. He was educated at Mount Sterling, entered West Point Military Academy in 1849, and graduated at the end of the usual term. He joined the 4th Regiment of Infantry in 1853. With this regiment he served nearly two years in California and was then transferred, in July, 1855, to the 2d Cavalry, to which Albert Sidney Johnston and R. E. Lee belonged, in the respective commands of colonel and lieutenant colonel. With this regiment he did duty on the western frontier of Texas and in July, 1856, was wounded in a fight with the Indians. Doubtless it was in the wild service of West Texas that he derived the boldness and dash so

conspicuous in him during the four years of terrible strife in which he was soon called to participate. This is apparent from the fact that sometime before the War between the States he was ordered from Texas to report for duty as instructor of cavalry at West Point; but afterwards, at his own request, he was returned to his regiment, then at San Antonio. He resigned his commission in the United States army on April



GEN. JOHN B. HOOD

19, 1861, entered the Southern army with the rank of first lieutenant, and was ordered to report to General Lee early in May, 1861. He was then appointed captain of cavalry and sent to General Magruder, in command on the Peninsula. He was engaged in many skirmishes and in a fight at Big Bethel. On September 30, 1861, he was ordered to Richmond, received the rank of colonel of infantry, and was assigned to the 4th Texas Regiment, which had just reached Richmond from Texas.

At this period Hood was in all the manly vigor of good health and presented a fine military and commanding appearance, with a powerful, melodious voice and a kindly, though piercing, eye. Consequently his soldierly bearing and affable manner soon won upon his men, and very speedily he obtained their confidence and good will. The men found him a thorough soldier, both ready and willing to give all the necessary instruction, not only in the drill and field exercises, but also in all minor technicalities of the service. Thus he soon formed a magnificent regiment out of a brave, daring, hardy set of volunteers from historic Texas.

In November, 1861, Hood and his regiment were ordered to Dumfries, on the Potomac, and there, with the 1st and 5th Texas Regiments, was organized into a brigade under Senator Louis T. Wigfall, who had been appointed a brigadier general. When, however, Senator Wigfall had to take his seat in the Confederate Congress on March 3, 1862, Colonel Hood was promoted to a brigadier's rank and took command of the brigade. He received notice of his promotion at Fredericksburg while the command was on the march to Yorktown. After arriving there Hood's Brigade was made a constituent part of Longstreet's Corps and remained as such until the surrender at Appomattox.

When our army evacuated the Peninsula and commenced the retreat toward Richmond, the Texas Brigade brought up the

retreat as far as Williamsburg. Here General Hood received orders from General Johnston to hasten forward with his command to Eltham's Landing, on York River, as General Johnston anticipated that McClellan would transport large bodies of troops to that point to intercept his retreat or at least try to capture his transportation. The sequel proved that General Johnston had made no mistake in his conjectures, for on May 7, 1862, the Union forces under General Franklin landed in great force. General Hood, although having only his small command, then composed of the Texas regiments, the 18th Georgia, and Hampton's South Carolina Legion, did not hesitate to attack with great gallantry and forced the fighting from the start. The battle ground was a heavily timbered bottom which just suited our men, who advanced from tree to tree and drove the enemy with great slaughter before them, giving them such battle as they could not face or withstand, and they were forced to take cover in their vessels for protection. The artillery from the boats was at once opened on the woods, and, supposing we were fleeing from their missiles, they shot entirely over us, as we were lying near them on the river bank. During this fight General Hood dismounted and went in with the men and superintended in person all movements of the troops. We held our position near the boats until all the spoils of our victory were secured and taken out and General Johnston's army and wagon train had passed. As night closed in, General Hood withdrew and followed the main army toward Richmond. In this battle our casualties were very light in comparison with the enemy's. We had seventeen killed and twenty-four wounded, most of these casualties being in the 1st Texas, while the enemy reported eight hundred killed.

At Seven Pines the brigade was held in reserve and, although under fire, was not actively engaged. Our loss was very light, and General Hood had no opportunity further to distinguish himself. But a short time after this Hood and his Texans won immortal fame at Gaines's Mill, which was their first great battle in open field. They had fought the battle of Eltham's Landing and had often been called on where desperate men were wanted on skirmish line or outpost duty. Now they were to show their mettle in the most forlorn and desperate duty assigned them. And never did seasoned troops of any army on this earth more nobly or gloriously do the awful work meted out to them. Three lines of Federal infantry, protected by breastworks and fourteen pieces of artillery, were belching awful destruction on our line and had defied the best efforts of picked troops to dislodge them. Repeated gallant charges had been made, only to break to pieces in face of the withering fire. When General Whiting, the division commander, told General Hood of the failure of several commands that had attacked and the strength of the position and added, "It will be your turn next," General Hood said: "I believe I have a regiment that will break the position." General Whiting replied: "Make disposition of your troops and attack as soon as convenient." He at once gave orders, placing the other regiments, and moved off with the 4th Texas himself. He gave orders for not a gun to be fired until he gave the order. When he arrived at the proper place, he placed himself in front and gave the order, "Forward!"

The brave Texans with a blood-curdling yell rush on, not heeding the numbers that fell at every step, until they scaled the breastworks, when they delivered a deadly fire on the retreating enemy; they then continued their victorious charge on

the cannon and captured fourteen fine guns. The result is historic. No troops on earth could have withstood such an onslaught. The enemy fled before the tremendous charge of Hood and his Texans, while he for his desperate courage and gallantry was made a major general. From this time the movements of General Hood were so bound up with the grand army under General Lee that to relate them in detail would be to exhaust our vocabulary, since he was everywhere that work was to be done, and his men were as untiring as himself.

At the battle of Second Manassas, August 31, 1862, General Hood was again conspicuous for great daring and wonderful skill in his movements. In the late afternoon of that day the Texas Brigade was ordered forward and went with that celerity with which it was accustomed to go into battle. Though opposed by three lines of battle, no halt was made until all three were driven back. By this time it became so dark that friend could not be distinguished from foe. After halting, the command was found to be half a mile in advance of the troops on our right and left; the brigade had driven into the Yankee army. It was related that on this occasion General Longstreet said: "Hood, where are your Texans?" General Hood replied: "They slipped the bridle and are gone. The last I heard of them they were going toward Washington." General Longstreet replied: "If any men in the world can get there, those are the men."

The command was brought back to its original position. In the next day's conflict Hood took the advance of Longstreet and pressed forward, driving everything before him, until the enemy's lines were all broken and the victory won. Hood shared equally with his men the dangers of battle, and when the gory fight was over he could claim a full share of the high praise bestowed by General Lee on the success of his troops. It is a singular coincidence that the troops actually opposed to Hood's men in this battle were the same he encountered at Gaines's Mill. They had been waiting and praying to meet him again, and, as before, after a gallant contest, they had to retire, leaving with Hood the remainder of the battery of four guns that escaped capture at Gaines's Mill, and the captain of the battery died by his guns.

The first invasion of Maryland in September again brought General Hood prominently forward. At Boonsboro he held the mountain pass against McClellan's army until General Lee came up. General Hood's command was with General Lee at Fredericksburg and occupied a position on the right of Longstreet and the left of General Jackson at a point at which General Lee supposed Hooker would try to break his center on the road leading to Richmond; but as Hooker delivered battle on the flanks, the Texas Brigade had an easy time.

In February, 1863, Hood was at the siege of Suffolk, in Southeast Virginia; in June he was again in Maryland at the second invasion of that State. He was badly wounded in the arm at Gettysburg, and in the retreat suffered very much; still he would not forsake his command. After resting awhile he insisted on going with Longstreet to East Tennessee to reinforce Bragg just prior to the battle of Chickamauga. On the first day of the battle General Hood's division occupied a position on the left of General Bragg's forces and was very hotly engaged, but ultimately drove the enemy from his entire front. The next morning, Sunday, September 20, 1863, as General Bragg's forces had failed to break the enemy's lines in his front the previous day, General Hood was moved to the right to attack the "stronghold" of the enemy, which

was carried in short order, capturing the batteries and driving the enemy in rout from his entire front and causing the retreat. Rosecrans's army was defeated, and the battle of Chickamauga was a grand victory for Southern arms. Sad to relate, in this last grand charge General Hood received a severe wound which necessitated the amputation of his right leg near the hip joint. For his very valuable and heroic service on this occasion he was made lieutenant general.

Six months now elapsed before he was sufficiently recovered to take the field again. In the beginning of March, 1864, he was again in Richmond and about the middle of the month proceeded to take command of his corps in Georgia. On his way to Georgia a collision of trains occurred and caused him much suffering, but he continued his journey. In the battle of Resaca Hood commanded the right, and as our army fell back he stubbornly disputed the advance of the enemy and made it a continual battle for him to advance. On the 18th of July, 1864, General Johnston was relieved and General Hood placed in command of the army, which he assumed in the following address:

"HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF TENNESSEE, July 18, 1864.

"*Soldiers:* In obedience to orders from the War Department, I assume command of this army and department. I deeply feel the weight of the responsibility so suddenly and unexpectedly devolved upon me by this position, and I shall bend all my energies and employ all my skill to meet its requirements. I look with confidence to your patriotism to stand by me and rely on your prowess to wrest your country from the grasp of the invader, entitling yourselves to the proud distinction of being called the deliverers of an oppressed people.

J. B. HOOD, General."

In consideration of General Hood's partial loss of the use of an arm at Gettysburg, the loss of a leg at Chickamauga, and his worry and anxiety over a campaign when in command of an army far inferior in numbers, subsistence, and equipment to that of the enemy, with an army too that was dispirited from constant retreat, how wonderful it is that he was yet willing to follow his country's flag to the death and considered not if other limbs and body even should follow those gone before!

In reflecting on the career of General Hood it causes one to believe that indeed men can be born who in their nobility, devotion to principle, and courage soar far above earthly comprehension. He was evidently one of those whom no disasters or physical ailments, not even the terrible dismemberment of his body, nor any amount of external trouble, annoyance, or ill will could crush. But the spirit within was as powerful to will and to do as ever, the vigor of his powerful mind was unbroken, and the piercing directness of his steel-blue eye undimmed. When we reflect as to how and when General Hood consented to take command of the Army of Tennessee, our admiration for this great hero of the South becomes more intense, and his wonderful patriotism and love for the Confederacy, which far exceeded ordinary human comprehension, is made manifest. General Hood was too grand a man and accomplished an officer to be criticized or censured for his inability to win the independence of the Confederacy with the very inefficient means at his disposal. He could not accomplish the impossible. General Lee and many other glorious men failed, and all, like Hood, did their best. General Hood proved himself one of the ablest corps commanders of either army and covered both himself and the troops he commanded with an everlasting wreath of glory.

At Tupelo, Miss., General Hood took leave of the army in the following order:

"HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF TENNESSEE, TUPELO, MISS.,
January 23, 1865.

"Soldiers: At my request I have this day been relieved of the command of this army. In taking leave of you accept my thanks for the patience with which you have endured your hardships during the recent campaign. I am alone responsible for its conception and strove hard to do my duty in its execution. I urge upon you the importance of giving your entire support to the distinguished soldier who now assumes command, and I shall look with deep interest on all your future operations and rejoice at your successes.

J. B. Hood, *General.*"

General Hood then visited Augusta, Ga., on the 3d of February, where he received an ovation. He paused there long enough to publish his official report of the Tennessee campaign and then proceeded to his home, in San Antonio, Tex.

The war was soon over. On September 25, 1865, he went to Washington to find out how his case was to be disposed of. The war ruined his hopes, and subsequent events destroyed all his plans, and he died of yellow fever in New Orleans during the terrible epidemic of 1879. His devoted wife died on the evening of August 24, 1879, and the bereaved husband and father followed on the morning of the 30th, leaving behind them in full orphanage eleven children of very tender years. Lydia, the eldest, died on the evening of the same day. Of the ten helpless little children thus bereaved, the eldest were twins, aged nine years. There were also two other pairs of twins, and the youngest child was one month old.

Devoted as General Hood was to his old brigade, his last thoughts were for his children and the brigade, and he left his children to its care.

The generous heart of the country was quickly moved in grateful recognition of the virtues, the chivalry, and self-sacrificing devotion of the departed hero, and to an active and giving sympathy for his children. Together with Hood's Brigade, committees were formed and a large amount of money raised and invested for the maintenance of the orphans. They were much sought by wealthy people and favorably and satisfactorily adopted into desirable homes, and all the survivors of the old brigade were delighted that the loved ones of our loved general should have been so greatly blessed in their homes and environments.

CAPTURE OF THE FORT AT NEW CREEK.

BY R. G. BOURNE, SACRAMENTO, CAL.

About the 15th or 20th of December, 1864, General Rosser, with a part of his brigade and a part of Gen. William H. Payne's brigade, making a force of about five hundred men, went from our camp, near Staunton, Va., to take the fort at New Creek, a station on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad near the Potomac River. On the early morning of the third day this command reached a point about eight miles from New Creek. General Rosser had the troops to form in a field near the road and said to General Payne: "General, I assign the honor of this attack to your brigade." General Payne turned to Colonel Cook, who commanded the 8th Regi-

ment of Virginia Cavalry, and said: "Colonel Cook, I assign this honor to your regiment." Then Colonel Cook told Captain Bourne, who was captain of Company C, 8th Virginia Cavalry, and commanded the first squadron of the regiment, that he should make the attack with his squadron.

The Federals had two pickets on the road, with about one hundred men in each picket, the first being four miles and the other two miles from the fort. General Rosser gave Captain Bourne instructions to charge the place and take all the outside battery of six guns; that his command would stay two miles behind, and when they came up they would enter the fort. We had to approach the fort on its south side, the entrance being at its northeast corner. The fort had nine large siege guns on the south side, commanding the road over which we had to approach the fort. There was a ditch around the base of the fort twelve feet deep and twelve feet wide and another ditch of the same size fifty or sixty yards from the fort. These ditches were about half full of water. There were about three regiments of Yankees in camp about a hundred and fifty yards from the east side of the fort, and the road passed between the camp and the fort.

After we started from the field, Captain Bourne conceived the idea of trying to deceive the pickets. His men all had Yankee blue overcoats, so the pickets would think they were Yankees. Captain Bourne selected twenty men and instructed them to go ahead, singing in a careless manner when they got in sight of the pickets. The plan succeeded, and when our men reached the pickets they covered them with their guns and captured both without firing a gun. Colonel Cook took charge of the prisoners, as he was close behind us; then we advanced toward the fort in a fast walk with our little squadron of about sixty-five men, and when we reached a point about three hundred yards from the fort a courier from Colonel Cook ran up to the rear of our column and screamed out: "Colonel Cook says charge." The Yankees all heard it and dashed for the fort. In order to meet them at the entrance to the fort Captain Bourne had to jump the outside ditch with his horse. Seven of his men followed him, and we reached the entrance to the fort just as the Yankees did. We had a hand-to-hand struggle with them, only two Yankees succeeding in getting in. Our other men were afraid to try to jump the ditch, but they ran to the Yankees' flank with a rush. We drove them from the fort and followed close after, pouring shot into them as they ran in confusion across the ridge down to the river bottom. There we ran around them, and they all surrendered to our sixty-five men. We did not lose a single man in the engagement, but the Yankees lost heavily.

The Yankees had immense army supplies at this place. There were three houses three or four hundred feet long and about fifty feet wide, besides other smaller houses, all full of army stores, guns, ammunition, clothing, and all kinds of provisions for the army. After supplying ourselves, we burned everything. We got about a thousand horses, with saddles, harness, etc. We organized teams for the six cannons and two or three wagons and left New Creek with horses and prisoners about dark. Captain Bourne's company served as rear guard back to our camp, near Staunton, which we reached in due time with all the spoils. In the evening, while we were burning and destroying the supplies, about two regiments of Yankee cavalry came to the opposite side of the river in sight of us. They remained there until we left, but did not try to disturb us.

FACTS AND FANCIES.

COMPILED BY JOHN C. STILES, BRUNSWICK, GA.

A MODEL FOR OUR COUNTRY.

In the Army and Navy Journal of February 26 "Verante" says:

"The best laws ever made in this country for raising an efficient army and promoting its officers were made by the Confederate Congress in 1861-65. Many Confederate Senators and members of the House had kinsmen who had served in the United States army or in Mexico. The Congress considered these ex-army officers experts who would have to do the fighting and be responsible for the result and should, therefore, dictate the laws under which they were to work. The President of the Confederacy was a graduate of the Military Academy, who had served in the United States army, and was colonel of volunteers during the Mexican War. He, of course, exerted his influence to have good military laws passed. The Confederate Congress passed a conscription law early in the war, when war was popular. This swept all their young men into the army and prevented desertion; for a young man seen anywhere in the South would have had to explain to every woman he met why he was not with the army at the front, and if his excuse was not good the women and children would have mobbed him.

"In 1860 the United States army was so small that the character of every officer and his reputation as a soldier were well known. Every officer treated with respect an officer who had had longer experience with troops in the field than himself, and these points were carefully considered in appointments in the Confederate army. Joseph Johnston, with the full rank of general, was assigned to command the Army of Virginia. His corps were commanded by lieutenant generals, his divisions by major generals, his brigades by brigadiers, and his regiments by colonels. Every officer received orders from his superior, whom he respected, knowing that his superior had greater military knowledge than himself. General Johnston, having the full rank of general, had no rival in his army and could easily maintain harmony and loyalty among his generals.

"It was to the interest of every Confederate officer to have the best soldiers made officers and the best officers promoted. Every captain recommended his best sergeant. The colonel selected the candidate he thought the best fitted and sent his name to the President, who appointed the sergeant a second lieutenant. This was military merit, not political pull. It was given by experts who saw the men daily in camp, on the march, in battle. The Confederates did not raise a new regiment after the first year, and their regiments constantly improved in efficiency throughout the war. The young, enthusiastic conscripts coming in were first-class soldiers in a few weeks, and the older soldiers were consequently encouraged by the increase in numbers."

The above is indeed a great and well-deserved tribute to the efficiency of our War Department, but I am of the opinion that the writer is not altogether correct. For instance, he says that our officers were appointed by the President, but does not state that they were elected by their comrades first, which, I am sure, was the case among the State troops during the first part of the war, at any rate. He says again that no new regiments were received after the first year, which I doubt; but I can find nothing in the "Records" to controvert it. There is no doubt in the world that, as compared with the Northern army, our leaders got along in the greatest harmony;

but there were cases of friction, such as Floyd vs. Wise and Loring vs. Jackson, that during the first part of the war kept things lively. But, taken altogether, the article is as true to history as can be and should be considered as very appropriate at this critical period of our great nation's history.

THE CASE OF GEORGE B. McCLELLAN.

There is no doubt in the world that General McClellan was a masterly organizer, but woefully lacking as a commander. His information, gathered from the Pinkerton Detective Agency, as to the numbers against him in the Peninsular Campaign was far from true, as he believed that he was confronting 180,000 men, when in reality we had between eighty and ninety thousand only. General Lee's strategy was masterly, but on account of his generals (including Jackson) not carrying out his orders promptly his tactics were bad enough to allow McClellan to slip out of his hands, when the latter and his whole army should have been captured.

The following extracts from the "Official Records" show plainly the character of the so-called "Young Napoleon":

McClellan to Goldsborough, April 8, 1862: "I am probably weaker than they are, but will whip them in spite of that fact."

Stanton to McClellan, April 8: "We hope for great results from you and are longing to send the shout of victory from the Chesapeake to the Mississippi."

Stanton to McClellan, May 4: "I hope soon to hail your arrival in Richmond."

Wool to Stanton, May 6: "McClellan says his force is inferior to the Rebels. If such is the fact, I am surprised that they abandoned Yorktown."

McClellan to Stanton, May 7: "I am sure we have one or more desperate battles to fight before gaining possession of Richmond."

McClellan to Stanton, May 8: "I expect to fight another severe battle before reaching Richmond. It is, of course, possible that the enemy may abandon Richmond without a battle, but we have no right to take that for granted. The inhabitants report the force in our front as 120,000 strong."

Seward to Lincoln, May 14: "We find McClellan confident of success."

Wool to Stanton, May 19: "The desponding tone of McClellan calling for reinforcements induced me to do the same, to be ready for coming events."

McClellan to Burnside, May 21: "I feel very proud of Yorktown, and it will be my brightest chalet in history, for I know that I accomplished everything by pure military skill. I expect to fight a desperate battle before Richmond against superior numbers. When I can see the hand of God guarding one so weak as myself, I can almost believe myself a chosen instrument to carry out his command. Would that a better man had been selected [?!]"

Wool to Stanton, May 24: "If I had as many troops as McClellan, I would not ask for more. The Rebel forces are by no means equal to his."

Stanton to McClellan, May 24: "I had an inquiry last night from General Mitchell at Huntsville as to whether you had taken Richmond. I hope and believe that I shall soon have the pleasure of announcing that great event."

McClellan to his army, June 2: "The events of every day prove your superiority. Whenever you have met the enemy, you have beaten him; whenever you have used the bayonet, he has given way in panic and disorder."

McClellan to Stanton, June 25: "If I had another good di-

vision, I could laugh at Jackson. Nothing but overwhelming forces can defeat us."

McClellan to Porter, June 27: "Tell your troops that their general thanks them for their heroism and say that he is now sure that nothing can resist them. I look upon to-day as decisive of the war."

McClellan to Stanton, June 27: "Attacked by greatly superior numbers, we hold our own very nearly. Had I twenty thousand good and fresh troops, we would be sure of a splendid victory."

McClellan to Goldsborough, June 27: "We have met a severe repulse to-day, being attacked by greatly superior numbers."

Lincoln to McClellan, June 28: "Save your army at all events."

Stanton to Seward, June 29: "My inference is that McClellan will possibly be in Richmond within two days."

Stanton to Wool, June 30: "McClellan has moved his whole force across the Chickahominy. The position is favorable and looks more like taking Richmond than at any time before."

McClellan to Stanton, June 30: "Another day of desperate fighting. I am hard pressed by superior numbers. My army behaved superbly. If none of us escape, we shall at least have done honor to the country."

Stanton to McClellan, July 1: "Hold your ground, and you will be in Richmond before the month is over."

McClellan to Thomas, July 1: "Our losses have been very great. I doubt if more severe battles have ever been fought. We have failed to win only because overpowered by superior numbers."

McClellan to Lincoln, July 2: "As usual, we had a severe battle yesterday at Malvern Hill and beat the enemy badly. We fell back here during the night. I have retired to take a new base of operations. Prisoners say that I had 200,000 to fight, a good deal more than two to one and they knowing the ground."

McClellan to his army, July 4: "Attacked by vastly superior forces, you have saved all of your guns except a few. You have been assailed with desperate fury by men of the same race and nationality, skillfully led and massed. Under every disadvantage of numbers you have in every conflict beaten back your foes with enormous slaughter. Your conduct ranks you among the celebrated armies of history, and you can each say with pride: 'I belonged to the Army of the Potomac.'"

CAMP FIRE TALES.

Fifty years is a long time to remember incidents, and therefore we can make allowances for the frailty of human nature and pardon these two veterans who were comparing their experiences in the Vicksburg campaign.

The first veteran stated that shortly after leaving the city in this pursuit he was captured by a Yankee picket, hauled before the commanding officer, and, being caught inside the enemy's lines in citizen's clothing, there was nothing else to be expected but a drumhead court and sudden death. However, this particular Confederate put up such a pitiful tale of going home to his sick wife and so worked on the feelings of the officer that the latter offered him the alternative of death or of being the executioner of another Confederate prisoner whom they were preparing to "dump off" in an extremely dubious fashion. We have all heard of the humane (?) British method of blowing Indian mutineers from the mouth of a cannon, but few of us knew (according to this veteran) that this method was resorted to in our war to try to put an end

to the Vicksburg cap traffic. At any rate, this being the first experiment, no man chose to inaugurate the system by pulling the lanyard; hence the offer to our friend. He at first scorned such a proposition; but upon being assured that the "ascension" would take place either with or without his assistance and realizing that his own death would do no good to the Confederacy, also assuring himself of the fact that it is better to be spoken of as "among those present," he very reluctantly pulled the string. Being asked as to the disposal of the remains, he said that he had closed his eyes at the moment of action, and when he opened them the remains had gone hence, and therefore he was not qualified to answer the question intelligently. This, however, was settled by another veteran who, getting up and shaking hands profusely with the narrator, hailed him as his savior and stated that he himself was the remains of the remains; explaining that, having been for some time previous to this affair on a meager diet of mule meat, it had imbued him with the characteristics of that noble animal as to standing hard knocks; also, being in consequence trimmed down to featherweight, he was blown into the "Father of Waters"; and outside of getting extremely wet and having to wait until dark to make a landing on account of his few garments having gone in another direction, he suffered no further harm and was thus fortunately spared to help lick the Yankees again around the camp fire.

GEORGIA AND THE FINISH.

Of the 21,633 infantry soldiers paroled at Appomattox, every State that fully seceded from the Union (and Maryland) was represented. The "Empire State of the South," according to the "Official Records," had the most men, as the following list will show: Georgia, 5,160, representing eight brigades; North Carolina, 4,738, representing nine brigades; Virginia, 3,131, representing eight brigades; South Carolina, 3,045, representing three brigades; Alabama, 2,877, representing four brigades; Mississippi, 698, representing three brigades; three Texas and one Arkansas regiments, 617, representing one brigade; Florida, 505, representing one brigade; eight Tennessee regiments and one Maryland battalion, 488, representing one brigade; Louisiana, 373, representing one brigade. This makes a total of 21,633 officers and men of the infantry. The largest brigade was Bratton's, of South Carolina, with 1,548; and the smallest was Davis's, of Mississippi, with only 75 men. Total of all arms paroled: General headquarters, 281; infantry (including general officers and staffs), 22,349; cavalry (including general officers and staffs), 1,559; artillery (including general officers and staffs), 2,576; miscellaneous, 1,466. This makes a total of 28,231 officers and men. Of these, 2,781 were commissioned officers and 25,450 noncommissioned officers and privates, or an average of about nine per cent to every officer. This shows that the latter were either better sticklers or had more reputation to live up to. At any rate, every man who stayed to the bitter end should have his name perpetuated, and it would be a great work for the Sons of Confederate Veterans of each State to make an effort with this end in view.

Pious Puritans sent their ships to ply among the middle passage and deemed that they were doing God and man a service to transport benighted savages to serve an enlightened and Christian people. Pious and philanthropic Churchmen bought these slaves as they might have bought any other chattels.—Thomas Nelson Page.

WAS IT MURDER?

BY FLORA E. STEVENS.

[The story of the incident on which this poem is founded was published in the New York Sun about thirty years ago. The writer was a young Union soldier.]

The land was gorgeous with sunset, as a great rose burned the sky,
And flaming far to the waters was the day too rare to die.

Sweeping with foam of fires, weeping of seas that bled,
The shores dipped to the deep, light the boats blown like birds of red.

Hour of triumph and trumpet, royal for living as was
The moon and the crest of the summer and fit for a strong soul to pass.

Red-gold the vapor behind us; the battle had gathered its cloud;
The war drums were beating before us; the song of the bugles was loud.

Through all the wearying months, O full they were fierce there of fire,
Ever we climbed the heights, e'er scornful the foe stood higher.

What though we pushed our flags up, up where the eaglets flew?
Streaming still proudly above them the colors of Stonewall blew.

Front and column and rear, they scourged, they smote us each day,
Pressed back through the thickening woods by the ruined mill to the fray.

Straight by the ancient ledge that frowned along the stream
The fog of gray rolled o'er us; their weapons did cut to gleam.

'Twas the hour when the fountain smoked its silver against the day;
Lang'rous the hour and blue, with longing of ease and of May.

A fair-haired lad in front as they charged, his eyes steel-true;
The red mists of war were heavy, more deadly the conflict yet grew.

I raised my gun to that breast; his musket was emptied there too;
For mercy a plea in his eyes, proud defiance then flashed me in lieu.

Drew I then. He fell. 'Twas shame-seared, scorching my soul for this;
Yet war is murder alone; Mars god of demons, I wis.

There was mourning by some savanna, a Georgia cot grief-strirred;
There were shrieks in my ears of "murder" that none of my comrades heard.

Swaying, we swerved back, back, mile, mile, on to Malvern Hill;
We knew that floating above us high were the colors of Stonewall still.

We faced for an onward charge there, forward hurled, when lo,
Like a wraith there rose before me my fair-haired Georgia foe.

He had but escaped my ball—how? 'Twas seraphim, miracle.
Did he turn from me now his gun? None but the angels may tell.

Rang loud 'gainst his cheek my shot; my foe had I surely slain.
With his face in the grass I left him; I could not look o'er him again.

Fevered and wearied, borne on to a hospital ward;
Week stole on week ere I crept forth slow to the strife-dyed sword.

Again at Antietam we ranged, 'gain wavering back, fell, spent.
A brave force thundered upon us, while, pale from a hospital tent,

His cheek fresh scarred, the youth did front me, his foeman once more,
Unloaded our muskets this hour; 'twas not malice the fair lad bore.

He knew me; twice had I sought his life. His gun did lower; we faced.
In my belt was a weapon yet, fury black through my veins mad raced.

Hissed 'gainst the brow again my ball. Swooning, he reeled and fell;
But my throat was too husky for cheers. I sank in the pit and the hell.

Stout for the Wilderness fray, we were caught as in terrible jaws;
Thundered "Surrender!" the foeman, the victor's strong voice that awes.

Ghostly stood straight up before me "the boy," but shattered, wan, weak;
In that hour all anguished and ashen, not vengeance he pressed on to seek.

"For God's sake surrender, surrender!" he lowered his gun to plead;
But the spirit of seven fiends urged me on e'en to the monster's own deed.

Aye, a load in my musket was left me. I fired; we were so near.
The hand of avengers fell deadly; I dropped in my madness and fear.

In my thirst and terrible dream I raved, then calmer grew
and slept,
After long hours to wake, to start. The grasses that round
me soft crept

Were thick with the red dews of war. A figure beside me
cold lay;
'Twas the slender Georgia hero, so young in his ball-pierced
gray.

I had slain him at last; his blood was on the ground, his
breast, his lips.
Not all at once had he died, though; 'twas his hand had in
death's eclipse

My head on his blanket pillowed; 'twas water from his can-
teen
Had quenched my thirst and made tents of forgiveness the
scene.

The day did glow into sunset, but never I cared or knew
If above our troopers in triumph the colors of Stonewall blew.

The boy of Gaines's Mill, Malvern Hill, Antietam I had mur-
dered at last,
And never a day has dawned in the years that closed and
have passed

That I have not cursed myself, for a crime forgiveness do
crave
Of God of the wondrous soul who the dark field made pure
with his grave.

MAJ. JAMES D. TRUSS.

Replying to some inquiry about Maj. James D. Truss, of
the 10th Alabama Regiment, who lived in Nashville some
time after the war, the following interesting data was fur-
nished by G. L. Turnley, of Cold Springs, Tex.:

"At the beginning of the war Maj. James D. Truss lived
at Trussville, in St. Clair County, Ala., just across Coosa
River from Calhoun County, in which I lived and was reared.
Early in 1861 Major Truss raised a company, which became
Company F of the 10th Alabama Infantry. Truss was cap-
tain.

"Major Truss was a good, substantial farmer and mer-
chant, as I remember, and considered one of the best, truest,
and most substantial citizens and patriots of our land.
Toward the second or third year of the war he was pro-
moted to major of the 10th Alabama. He made a splendid,
brave, and faithful soldier and officer. He was simply a
noble specimen of an earnest man, plain and simple and un-
ostentatious in all his walks and ways, and, so far as I knew
or heard, he was greatly beloved by all his command and by
his neighbors at home both before and after the war. Some-
time in the third year of the war (I think it was), after the
battle of the Wilderness and Spotsylvania on down the line
toward Richmond, he had some trouble with J. C. C. Saun-
ders, quite a young man, scarcely over twenty-one, who had
been brevetted brigadier and placed in command of our
regiment. Major Truss always felt that this man treated
him very unjustly. At any rate, Major Truss resigned as
major of the regiment and then carried a musket as a private
in his old company and regiment, I think, till the close, or
nearly so, of the war. I never knew just how the matter was
adjusted; but I do know that Major Truss was highly re-

garded by all of his regiment. Especially did Gen. William
H. Forney, who returned from prison, having been captured
badly wounded at Gettysburg, always speak in the highest
terms and praise of Major Truss both as a man, soldier, and
officer. General Forney had the highest regard and attach-
ment for him always after the war as well, as also did my
father and other old citizens who had known Major Truss
nearly all his life. I doubt if there was any one in the army
who knew him better or more of his real feelings than I did.

"This reminds me of an incident that occurred on the picket
lines before Richmond and just before the Seven Days' Bat-
tles. Captain Truss was in command of the picket line next
to the enemy, and the men were stationed some thirty steps
apart, which put them just out of sight of each other, as the
undergrowth was so thick and dense that you could not see
from one post to the other. Two men were placed at each
post, so that if one was shot the other might give the alarm.
We were told that the enemy had spies inside of our lines
trying to escape with news and others were trying to slip
in between posts, and we were instructed to keep a vigilant
watch and to fire at any noise, even a stick breaking; for
any one could crawl or slip right up to within ten steps in
some places without being seen. The main thing was to let
none pass without the countersign and password, etc.

"Well, after several hours some one rode up just behind
the post I was on. Bill Whorton, I think, was the man with
me on my post; either Whorton or Bill Moragne, of Eto-
wah County, Ala., at Gadsden. I halted this man, and just
behind him came another and then another; but all halted.
They were not in regular uniform, rather singularly dressed,
and behaved rather queerly; so I demanded the countersign,
and he made some sign which I could not recognize. He
again tried another and then a third. By this time I imagined
we had caught somebody; yet I could not help but feel that
it was some of our own men. Anyway, I told them they
would have to go with me to the officer of the line, which
they readily agreed to do after some parleying and a deter-
mined command. So off I took them, leaving my partner to
keep post. There was a very dim trail down our line, and
this man, riding ahead, got a few steps in advance of me,
when one of the men in the rear leaned over and asked me
if I knew who that was I had arrested. I told him no. He
then said that it was General Mahone. I immediately cried
out for him to halt and, stopping him, said to him: 'Now
you ride slower and right along here by my side and don't
get ahead of me any more.' In some hundred yards or so
we came up with Captain Truss, when this man, after they
exchanged the usual salutations, said to Truss: 'One of your
men here has got me arrested, Captain.' Captain Truss then
said to me: 'Why, George, didn't you know this is General
Mahone? He is all right, George.' General Mahone then
said he was glad to see us so watchful and complimented me
for it. Then, turning, he said, 'I will now give you the right
sign,' which he did. That was my first personal knowledge
of Mahone, but I learned to know and see his fighting quali-
ties better and at closer range after that. We had no gamer
man in all the Confederate army than 'Billy' Mahone."

E. H. Strait, Ottawa, Ill.: "The VETERAN is good reading,
and I think it is growing better each month. I like to read
it, for I was one of the boys in blue, or Yanks, and it's good
to read what the Johnnies fought about, the little ball players.
I caught five on the fly and have the marks and one of the
balls yet, and that is not bad for forty-one months' service."

THIS REUNITED COUNTRY.

BY W. E. DOYLE, TEAGUE, TEX.

Many of our army officers and many people in the North want what they call a Continental Army instead of the National Guard we now have, because the former can be sent out of the limits of the United States, while the latter cannot. Secretary Garrison resigned because the President would not favor the continental plan. Many of our military aristocrats favor Federal laws which will force able-bodied men into military service in time of peace, as has long been the law in Germany, thus in a measure turning our country into a quasi-military camp.

Northern greed resulted in expansion at a price of unnumbered millions, and those to us worthless "islands of the sea" cannot be successfully defended in the event of war with a foreign power, and they, therefore, actually weaken our defense at home.

Evidently a majority of the people have gone wild on war or, rather, on preparation for war. This craze was started, no doubt, by the red-tape West Pointers and the big munitions interests. With an army of less than 100,000 men, places are few and promotions slow. Therefore it is natural that all the West Pointers should favor an army of at least 500,000 men. Such an army would make more than five times as many places as we now have, with grades and promotions to match.

The government has built up and is now maintaining in this country a military aristocracy. The daughters of the "higher-ups" are reared to worship gold lace and brass buttons, and it follows that they marry young army officers, and thus the aristocracy is exclusive and continuing. No officer of the South has attained to high rank since the war and likely never will. This military aristocracy seems to exist and be regulated by Northern political influence. This influence raised Dr. Leonard Wood to the rank of major general and later to chief of staff over a number of West Pointers from the South who ranked him in 1898. The Doctor as a surgeon ranked as major, and he was, therefore, an eligible aristocrat, and the "political influence" lifted him up. He is not a West Pointer, I believe.

Our modern orators often speak of this "great reunited country," while the North, in fact, has no love or use for the South except in so far as we can be made hewers of wood and drawers of water for them. The bloody shirt is still in evidence when a Southern man is mentioned for the Presidency. This has been the case for half a century, and it will continue indefinitely. Should a Southern Democrat be nominated for President, doubtless three-fourths of the Northern Democrats would vote for a Northern Republican instead. Northern Democrats voted for Wilson because they considered him a Northern man. Northern votes "bilked" the cotton growers of the South out of \$60,000,000 more than fifty years ago and unjustly hold it till this good day. And now when something is said about the government pensioning Confederate soldiers the North takes the jimjams at once, notwithstanding that during the war the Northern soldiers stole, burned, and wasted enough property in the South to have maintained all the indigent Confederates for life. And, in addition to this, the South has paid millions to pension the Union soldiers. The North wants to fill all high places, both civil and military, with Northern men. It may not be long till the North forces war with some foreign country (possibly Germany), and then it will expect the Southern part of this "great reunited country" to furnish the soldiers for Northern commanders.

MILITARY TRAINING.

"President Harris, of Northwestern University, hit a great big spike squarely on the head and drove it home when he said he could see no good in military training in universities unless the United States availed itself of the men trained. It is of small use, he declared, for men to spend time acquiring military knowledge and experience and then be told by the government to stand aside." The foregoing is an excerpt from the San Antonio Light.

The Light and President Harris seem to think that any man with military education is a warrior and should have place. A man to be a warrior must have other qualifications besides a military education. General Bragg and General Burnside were historic illustrations of this fact. Some men make great commanders without any military education. Generals Forrest, Hampton, John B. Gordon, Logan, and Miles belonged to this class.

A man possessed of a military talent is aided materially by a military education, but without that talent all the military education that can be given him cannot make a commander of him.

The private soldiers made the War between the States famous in several particulars, and but few of them knew the first principles of the drill when the war began. Therefore I am persuaded that the greatness of a commander depends in a great measure on the intelligence, coolness, self-reliance, courage, and determination of the soldiers he commands.

"WHEELER'S RAID INTO TENNESSEE."

By the article in the VETERAN for January under the above heading General Wheeler is made the greatest cavalry leader produced by the war. It is stated that General Wheeler was engaged in two hundred battles and six hundred skirmishes. That being the case, it must be admitted that he engaged in more battles than Stuart, Forrest, and Hampton all together. If General Wheeler fought but one battle, I have overlooked it in history. He fought the battle of Dover (or Donelson) in February, 1863, against the protest of Forrest, and lost. Stuart fought the battles of Brandy Station and Upperville; Forrest fought the battles of Bryce's Crossroads, Harrisburg, and Fort Pillow; and it took a three days' battle at Trevilian, the longest cavalry engagement of the war, for Hampton to defeat Sheridan. General Wheeler was a brave, patriotic, good soldier, did his duty well, and his celebrated raid into Tennessee was a great success, but no battle resulted.

Though a West Pointer, General Wheeler did not attain to the rank of lieutenant general. Forrest, John B. Gordon, and Wade Hampton, though without military training, won that rank. President Davis gave it, not because he wanted to, but because their services forced him to do it. Davis and Bragg were West Pointers, and they did not think a man capable of command who was not educated in their school. It was this prejudice that deprived Forrest of his command after Chickamauga and gave it to Wheeler; not because the latter had done more good service than Forrest, but simply because Wheeler was a West Pointer.

Bragg knew so little about war and men that he did not know he had won a victory at Chickamauga until the day after the battle. It doubtless would have been much better for the Confederate cause if President Davis had laid aside his prejudice, kicked Bragg out, and placed Forrest in command of the Army of Tennessee just after the battle of Chickamauga instead of depriving him of his trained soldiers and turning them over to General Wheeler.

OLD JERRY.

BY ANNIE LAURIE SHARKEY, ST. LOUIS, MO.

[From tales told by her uncle.]

How memory brings up the faithful service of this old slave! Old Jerry was not old in years, but all of Company C knew him as Old Jerry, belonging to a private in that company. Jerry's make-up might have been the cause of his being dubbed "Old," as he was of very large body and short legs, his feet turning out when he walked and his head being almost nude of wool. Jerry was very black, but he claimed that he was of "ginger cake color, but sorter scorched." Jerry was a merry, laughing, obliging servant, and his laugh was musical and contagious. No member of Company C ever called on Jerry for a favor that did not get a promise; but often he could not fulfill his promises, as they were too many and varied. Jerry had been reared on a large farm in H— County and, on account of the formation of his legs and feet, was taught the blacksmith's trade, as his kind master did not think he could stand the plow. The old master was dead, and the indulgent mistress of Jerry and mother of the soldier insisted that Jerry should be the bodyservant of C., as the mistress had so much confidence in Jerry's fealty to his young master and the Southern cause.

Although it left the plantation without a blacksmith, Jerry and his young master entered the army of the Confederacy very early in the beginning of the war. Every member of Company C had confidence in Jerry, and they often gave him large sums of Confederate money to forage the surrounding country when in camp. Never did Old Jerry fail to get their money's worth, nor did he ever embezzle any funds. Jerry was very polite, especially to "white ladies," as he called all white women. As all ladies were glad to help the soldiers and Jerry's description of their suffering was so vivid, little money had to be used to fill haversacks or canteens. Jerry always put the members of Company C as the heroes of his stories and his young master as the principal actor in deeds of chivalry. Although his master was very young and never a neat dresser and far from being a lady's man, Jerry always made him out to the young ladies as a regular gallant and to the old ladies as a "boy." Jerry was a regular war correspondent as to the news from the front when on his foraging trips, and he never carried any news of defeat; but all was victory for the Confederacy with him.

On one occasion, in the memorable Georgia campaign of 1864, Jerry was given money from all the company and told to go beyond the range of the Buttermilk Cavalry in the rear and buy anything to eat he could find. His master's pass was all he needed; but Jerry had his pass countersigned by the captain, as, to his mind, that gave his pass a military look and seemed more soldierlike. As the mountainous country of North Georgia was sparsely settled and the land on the rocky and sandy hills not very fertile, Jerry had to go a long distance to find a "cove" where provisions were more plentiful and the soldiers had not already foraged. In this cove were several large plantations, and few soldiers had been in that isolated cove.

Jerry was in his "elements," as he called it, and the news of the front was eagerly sought by the women, only a few old men being left there, and Jerry could tell things as an eyewitness. Jerry found one house where the lady had charge of her husband's farm, he being an officer in the Virginia Army. Jerry had the lady and two sweet girls about sixteen and eighteen years old to listen to his tales of heroism

of Company C and his young master. His young master was described as a model dresser, cleanly even in the ditches of the front, and very brave, often leading the company in its many charges and always with success. The mistress of the plantation loaded Jerry down with everything eatable that he wanted—a nice sugar-cured ham, several chickens, six or eight dozen biscuits baked especially for him, a jug of pure molasses, and, best of all, a haversack full of shelled peanuts. Jerry had made his young master out a very rich planter, the number of slaves on the plantation running up into hundreds and the plantation he owned reaching from Big Black to Pearl River.

After spending the night in the negro quarters, early the next morning Jerry came to the big house to bid the ladies good-by. While talking to them he spied two large covered army wagons up the road leading to the house, and, to his consternation, in the first wagon was this "Adonis" he had just been describing to the girls. Ragged, dirty, and pinched by hunger and exposure to the summer sun, naturally dark, he was as black as an Indian. Jerry hurriedly left the ladies to meet the wagon. He stopped it and began thus: "Marse C., what in the name ob God is you doin' drivin' that ole wagin fur? Ah is surprised that you got down to be a common wagin driver." C. explained that it was his time to do fatigue duty, and the wagon driver was sick, and he had been detailed to come here after a load of corn for the officers' horses.

Jerry thought for a moment and then said: "Now, boss, Ah's been with you all thu dis wah, and Ah want you to do me a big favor. Doan' tell the folks at the house yoh name, and doan' tell 'em even what company you b'long to. Ah sho' has got a good lot of things to eat, and Ah had to stritch the blanket a little about who Ah belonged to. Yoh is lookin' worse dan Ah eber seed you—no coat an' dat old torn shirt an' dat pine straw hat doan' mek yoh look like yohself. Ah will take the wagin back to load it too and tell the ladies that Ah knowed the wagin driver, an' he promised to let me ride back to camp fur loadin' the wagin fur him. Yoh do as Ah says, and Ah sho'ly will be mighty glad."

As C. was not fond of work, he readily agreed to the trade and sat down to raw ham, biscuits, and molasses, and finished off with peanuts. When the wagons were loaded and Jerry came back with the wagon, C. got in and began: "Jerry, you must have told those ladies a lot of lies to bring such a big supply of grub, and, besides, you were afraid to let me go up there and tell the whole truth."

Jerry replied: "Ah wa'n't so skeered ob what yoh sayed as Ah was ob what yoh looked. Ah tole dem pretty white ladies yoh wore good clothes, an' yoh sho'ly ain't got on good clothes to-day. Ah tole dem yoh eben kep' clean in de ditches, an' Ah am sho' not a man in dat piney wood Company K is as dirty as yoh is. Ah sho'ly am goin' to stop at de fust creek an' wash yoh clean one time an' wash dem clothes too if dey will hol' together."

When Jerry got back to the wagon train and C. had taken his place in the trenches again and the rations had been eaten by the company, the story leaked out of Jerry's description of his boss and his boss's actual looks. Jerry on reaching home after the war told this story to his old mistress and said: "Miss 'Tilda, Ah neber seed de boss look so ragged endurin' de whole wah as he looked dat mawnin'."

Miss Tilda said: "Well, Jerry, if he looked any worse than when he reached home, he surely was quite different from your description of him to the good lady and her daughters."

MY GEORGIA.

BY WILLIE HUBERT ESTABROOK.

(A present-day reply to "Georgia, My Georgia.")

Thy name is still a name of pride.
 We honor those who nobly died
 That thou mightst be the spotless bride
 Of liberty, my Georgia.
 But when the foeman's stronger band
 Crushed all thy hopes on every hand,
 From out the ashes, brave and grand,
 Arose my noble Georgia.

Though in the dust our souls did kneel,
 Our hearthstones battered down by steel,
 Deep in our hearts thou made us feel
 We must arouse for Georgia.
 So, buckling on our courage strong,
 We strove with trials hard and long
 And found at eventide a song
 Of love for thee, my Georgia.

The years roll by, all strife is dead,
 All signs of war's alarms are fled,
 And peace and wealth are o'er thee spread—
 Prosperity is thine, my Georgia.
 There's now no North, South, East, or West;
 Our ensign is the eagle's crest;
 In all the land there's none more blest
 Than thee, my native Georgia.

Thy sons supply the nation's need;
 In every sphere of life they lead;
 On battle field thy soldiers bleed,
 My Georgia, O my Georgia!
 Thy hills are green, thy skies are blue,
 Thy mountains sparkle in the dew;
 There is none more fair, none more true,
 My royal, loyal Georgia.

TRUTH IS MIGHTY.

BY RICHARD D. STEUART, BALTIMORE, MD.

"Truth crushed to earth shall rise again." One of the saddest things about defeat is that the loser has to submit to all manner of calumny. For years after Appomattox the South was the victim of slander and falsehood heaped high—the Surratt case, the Wirz trial (the two darkest blots on the country's escutcheon), the Andersonville stories, the Fort Pillow massacre, and a host of others circulated by rabid politicians in an effort to justify the horrors of Reconstruction.

Time works wonders, though, and one by one these bubble lies have been pricked by the pen of fact. Every intelligent American, except a few who still prefer to remain in darkness so far as the War between the States is concerned, knows that the South did not fight to perpetuate slavery, that the right of secession was believed by statesmen North and South to be guaranteed by the Constitution, that the suffering among Union prisoners in the South was due primarily to the refusal of the Washington administration to exchange prisoners, that President Davis and other Confederate officials were horrified by the assassination of Lincoln, that Mrs. Sur-

ratt had nothing to do with that crime, that the burning of Chambersburg was in retaliation for the burning and destruction by Hunter and others in Virginia, and that Chambersburg and Lawrence were the only two Northern towns put to the torch by the Confederates, where a score of Southern towns were burned by the invaders.

There are still a few more lies which need puncturing. Only recently two of them which have survived the war by half a century have been given the death blow. And, as has usually been the case, the refutation of the slanders comes from Northern sources.

We all know the story of the Confederate cruiser Florida, captured in the neutral port of Bahia, Brazil, by the Union warship Wachusett. The taking of the Florida was such a flagrant violation of the rights of a neutral that even the Washington administration could not approve of it. An apology was offered to Brazil, and the Florida was ordered surrendered. Before this was carried out, however, the Florida was accidentally sunk in Hampton Roads, and the North was spared the humiliation of surrendering the vessel to a third-rate power. For years the South has contended that the sinking of the Florida was deliberate, while Northern writers have insisted that it was an accident, as reported at the time.

Now comes that Grand Old Party organ, the Philadelphia Press, with an interesting story about Henry A. Tolbert, a well-known resident of Barnegat, N. J., and a man highly respected in his community. Tolbert, who was a mechanic on the ironclad Atlanta, in Hampton Roads, says that about midnight a boat's crew was called, and, after placing axes and augurs in the boat, the order was given to row to the Florida, lying at anchor near by. Once on board, they were ordered to open the sea cocks and to bore holes in the ship. The water was soon pouring in like a sieve, says Tolbert.

With the guards who had been stationed on the Florida, the crew then took to the boat and rowed a short distance away. There they lay on their oars and watched the Confederate cruiser take her final plunge. Then they returned to the Atlanta. Next morning showed only the topmasts of the Florida above water. Mr. Tolbert adds that the accident story served to satisfy both sides. Perhaps it did at that time, but not now. History demands the truth.

The other fake recently exposed relates to the "trial" of Capt. Henry Wirz, a martyr, if ever there was one. The Northern Radicals were yelling for blood, and Wirz was selected as the victim. It was realized that he must be convicted by hook or by crook—anything for evidence against him.

A Baltimore photographer was sent to Annapolis, Md., by the government to photograph Union prisoners of war recently released from Andersonville. He received implicit instructions to photograph only the worst cases—men in the last stages of horrible disease. He carried out instructions to the letter. Soon afterwards the photographer, a staunch Union man, learned that the photographs were to be used as evidence of brutality at Andersonville. The idea that his work was to help to swear away a man's life was too much for the photographer, and he protested. He was advised to keep quiet. The photographer said emphatically that if he were put on the stand he would tell just what the photographs showed. As a result of this statement he was not called to testify at the Wirz trial. To-day that photographer, David Bachrach, is one of the best-known citizens of Baltimore, a man active in every movement for civic betterment. A month

ago in an article in the American Photographer he told the story of his mission to Annapolis in 1865 and the result.

"CONFEDERATE POSTMASTER OF MARYLAND."

Passing the sunset days of life in the peace and quietude of the Aged Men's Home, Baltimore, is Thomas M. Webb, who, although he never fired a shot for Southern independence, served the Confederacy faithfully and well. Webb, who was a local merchant when the war broke out, became known as the Confederate postmaster of Maryland. He was known to Southern sympathizers in Baltimore as the directing head of the underground railway by which supplies and medicines were sent to Lee's army.

It is a historical fact that two of the finest uniforms worn by Gen. R. E. Lee were made in Maryland, money for them being donated by women of Baltimore and of Frederick and Carroll Counties. To Webb was intrusted the difficult task of delivering both these uniforms.

There were two routes by which letters and parcels from Maryland might be sent into Virginia. One of these crossed the line by the Potomac Ferry at St. Mary's. This was the route usually taken by Capt. Harry A. Steuart, of Baltimore, who carried large supplies of medicines and ammunition to the South. It was on one of these trips that Steuart, who was only twenty years old, was captured and taken to Old Capitol Prison, Washington, where he was killed in an attempt to escape.

The other way was a roundabout, but less dangerous, route, via Frederick, Hagerstown, and Charlestown. One of the uniforms was sent by way of Western Maryland; the other went by way of St. Mary's. Just nine days after the surrender at Appomattox Webb was surprised to receive one of the uniform coats he had sent to General Lee. It was returned to him at Lee's request. Recently Webb gave the coat to one of the Lee family.

Before the war, when General Lee as colonel of engineers of the old army was engaged in building Fort Carroll in Baltimore Harbor, he lived on Madison Avenue. Webb had a cigar store at Madison and Garden Streets, and General Lee often went into his store for a chat. The friendship lasted until Lee's death. Webb says he sent General Lee all the hats the General wore from the outbreak of the war until his death.

Mr. Webb was born in Baltimore March 17, 1833, and as a member of Company C, City Guards Battalion, he saw service at Harper's Ferry at the time of the John Brown raid.

A BOY SOLDIER OF ALABAMA

Dr. John A. Wyeth, the eminent surgeon of New York City, is a son of Alabama, of whom the State is worthily proud. He grew up in the pioneer village of Guntersville, on the Tennessee River, and in his "Autobiography of a Soldier and Surgeon" he gives many interesting incidents of those quiet years, which were in such strong contrast to the stirring scenes following the approach to manhood and the later life of ambitious fulfillment. After a few years in the county schools, he was in LaGrange Military Academy a year, then to the war, and in prison also before the end of it. Few can review a life of greater accomplishment. From a boy on a Southern plantation through the experiences of a Confederate cavalryman, student of medicine, manager of a cotton plantation, building contractor, steamboat pilot, New

York doctor, he has become the greatest surgeon of the world, author, scientist, and philanthropist, and withal is still at heart just the boy of ideals and dreams who grew up in the restful confines of old Alabama. His poems have been published in different magazines. Those given on this page are especially appreciated for their sentiment.

MY SWEETHEART'S FACE.

My kingdom is my sweetheart's face,
And these the boundaries I trace:
Northward her forehead fair;
Beyond a wilderness of auburn hair;
A rosy cheek to east and west;
Her little mouth,
The sunny South,
It is the South that I love best.

Her eyes, two crystal lakes.
Rippling with light
Caught from the sun by day,
The stars by night.
The dimples in
Her cheeks and chin
Are snares which Love hath set,
And I have fallen in.

A SOUTHERN ROSE.

(Told Southern Belle Margaret Fox to Frances Newman.)

Beneath the sky
Where you and I
Were born, where beauty grows,
Up from the sod
At touch of God
There sprang a stately rose.

It grew, and men in wonderment
Beheld the beauteous thing.
Alas! for Hope which wooing went
And Love which sorrowing
Learns that the flower it loves the best,
The one it guards the tenderest,
The hand of Fate transplants.
Our Southern rose
Now sweetly grows
Among the hills of France.

Go search the gardens of Vendé,
Which poets long have sung;
Go cull the flowers that blush the hills
Of Picardie among.
Land of romance!
Fair land of France!

With all your glorious flowers,
Lilies of old
And cloth of gold,
We needs must lend you ours.
Right well, I guess,
For loveliness,
For beauty in repose,
There is no lily in all France
Can match our Southern rose.

THE LAST ROLL

THROUGH THE VALLEY.

BY F. P. TRAYLOR, BENTONVILLE, ARK.

Down the path that threads the valley,
Fanned by winter's chilling blast,
Quickly now the old guards sally
Through the gloom into the past.

Strong in hope that a to-morrow
Will conserve the fading light,
They rejoice, though clouds of sorrow
Usher in the long, long night.

But withal this path of duty,
Winding back across the years,
Stands aloof, a thing of beauty,
Unconcealed by blood and tears.

And, behold, the sunset glory
In the wake of fading day
Adds thereto a sheen of glory
That shall never pass away.

COL. JOHN GOFF BALLENTINE.

BY MRS. GRACE MEREDITH NEWBILL.

John Goff Ballentine was born in Pulaski, Giles County, Tenn., May 20, 1825, son of Andrew Mitchell and Mary Tuttle (Goff) Ballentine, of Scotch-Irish descent. His father as a valiant young Irish soldier fought under Lord Wellington, and immediately following the defeat of Napoleon he emigrated to America, coming direct to Tennessee and to Pulaski.

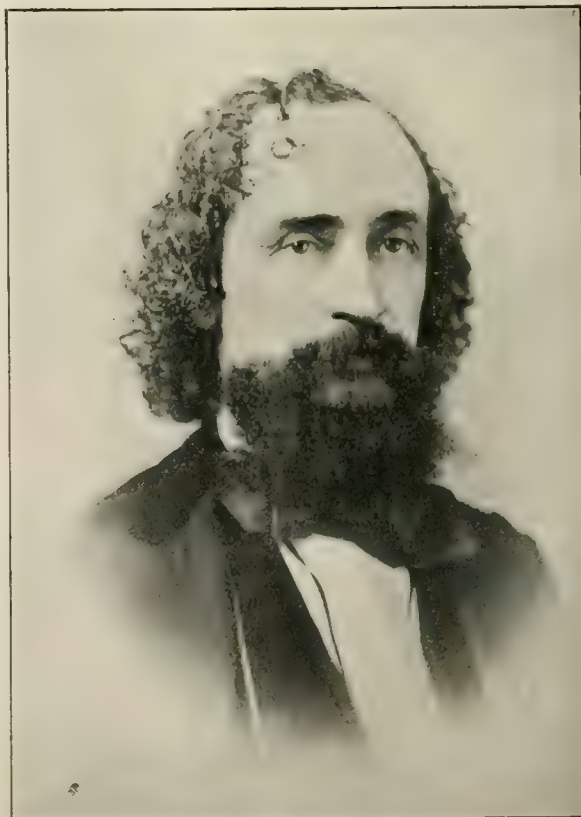
Colonel Ballentine was a man of splendid personality and brilliant intellect. He graduated from Wurtemberg Academy in 1841, from the University of Nashville in 1845, and from Harvard in 1848. At the time of his death he was the oldest living graduate of the University of Nashville and was a member of Harvard Law School Association. One of his Harvard professors was Henry W. Longfellow and another Simon Greenleaf. He began the practice of law in Pulaski, Tenn., in association with Judge Bramlitt and was soon recognized as a lawyer of ability. He belonged to Livingston Law School, of New York, and was a delegate at different times to Jackson, Miss., to assist in the rehabilitation of the State.

Soon after his marriage, in 1854, he moved to Mississippi, thence to Memphis, Tenn., where he was practicing his profession at the outbreak of the War between the States. As a soldier in the army of the Confederate States Colonel Ballentine was noted for his superb courage, dash, and all the fine qualities which go to make a perfect soldier. In 1861 he enlisted as a private in the Shelby County Dragoons and was soon elevated to the command of this company. While

in this position he was offered a place on the staff of Gen. Felix K. Zollicoffer, which he declined, loyally preferring to remain with and lead this company of men who had honored him with their confidence and esteem. Later he was promoted to the command of Ballentine's Regiment, composed of West Tennessee and North Mississippi men. The devotion of the men who served under him has rarely been equaled, and his gallant conduct under all circumstances inspired their firmest confidence. One who served under him in those days which tried souls has recently written to his bereaved family this beautiful tribute:

"Colonel Ballentine was one of God's noblemen, kind to his men in war and always thoughtful of their comfort in battle or in camp. He led his regiment in battle, always in the forefront and ready to enter single combat with any man in the Yankee ranks who dared to cross swords with him. His enthusiastic demeanor in the thickest of battle was an inspiration to his men, who followed him with that trusting devotion which dispelled fear."

In May, 1862, a Federal force was sent out in the direction of Paris and Dresden, Tenn., for the capture of medical supplies reported to have been sent out from Paducah to the Confederate army. Colonel Ballentine, with five companies of his regiment, followed the trail of this expedition thirty-six hours without stopping, overtook them at Lockridge's Mill, surprised the pickets, charged the Federals, and pursued them in hot chase fourteen miles. In this charge Colonel Ballentine was especially conspicuous for gallant bearing and use of saber and pistols. He engaged in a hand-to-hand combat with a brave Federal officer, who several times pierced Colonel Ballentine's coat, and one vicious thrust removed the



COL. JOHN G. BALLENTINE.

brim from the soft felt hat worn by him. Realizing that in this Federal he had a foe worthy of his steel, Colonel Ballentine made a desperate thrust, piercing the side of his opponent, who surrendered, and before dying he expressed admiration for the man who slew him and asked that he accept his horse, saddle, and saber. Perhaps on account of this incident Gen. C. V. Smith, in command of the Federals at Paducah, set a price on Colonel Ballentine's head. Later Gen. Leonidas Polk sent Colonel Ballentine under flag of truce into General Smith's lines to bring out relatives of Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston. With characteristic gallantry and manly demeanor he so impressed his foe that later they became warm personal friends. Colonel Ballentine was with Gen. Van Dorn at the time of his death, entering the room just as his assassin was passing out, and received as a dying bequest the General's cavalry pistols, which are now a valued relic in the Ballentine family. With the modesty characteristic of a brave nature, Colonel Ballentine refrained from discussing these thrilling events; but occasionally, when he could be induced to do so for a few chosen friends, his language was so elegant and convincing, his gestures so fine and graceful, his love for the cause so great that we sat in mute admiration and did not wonder that the men who served under him delighted to do him honor.

Colonel Ballentine was wounded in 1864 in front of Sherman in the Georgia campaign. On General Hood's retreat he was ordered to remain behind and police the Tennessee River. Hood's army in retreat passed through Pulaski, Colonel Ballentine's home town, and in sight of his boyhood home. He was the last Confederate to cross Richland Bridge, defending his retreat with his saber. Just before the collapse of the Confederacy he was notified that he had been made brigadier general, with instructions to report to Gen. Dick Taylor for his commission; but when he reached Selma all was confusion, General Taylor had packed and gone, and the Confederacy was defeated. Soon after the close of the war Colonel Ballentine returned to his native town, Pulaski. He represented this district with conspicuous loyalty and ability in the Forty-Eighth and Forty-Ninth Congresses, refusing nomination for a third term on account of failing health. In 1854 he was married to Miss Mary E. Laird, who, with five children, survives him.

From the little town of Pulaski, which witnessed his birth and which had felt the impulse of his upright deeds during the years of his long and honored life, the soul of Colonel Ballentine went forth in peace to his exceeding great reward on the morning of November 23, 1915, aged ninety years. Perhaps no other man was more tenderly cherished and revered by family and friends, and no man ever evinced more loyal devotion in return. He was a forceful, successful man of the highest personal integrity. His uprightness of purpose in public or private life was never questioned. The character of unspotted honor that he has left to his children is their proudest heritage, and the entire community is in loving sympathy with them because of the passing of a revered husband and father, while Pulaski and Giles County mourn the loss of their oldest and most honored citizen.

The sketch of Capt. William B. Prichard appearing in the *VETERAN* for January, page 9, contained a slight error which it is thought well to correct. He was only twenty-five years old at the time of becoming connected with the Virginia Military Institute; and instead of being a full professor, as stated, he was Assistant Commandant and Assistant Professor of Mathematics.

ROBERT J. RHODES.

Robert J. Rhodes, one of the most prominent men of Whiteville, Tenn., and an honored Confederate veteran, passed into eternal rest February 29, 1916.

Mr. Rhodes was born in Fayette County August 11, 1844, and was married to Miss Martha Neville April 15, 1865. He leaves this loyal, noble wife, a devoted daughter, Mrs. Roberts, of Hot Springs, Ark., and a faithful son, Festers Rhodes, cashier of the People's Bank, Whiteville, Tenn.

At the age of seventeen Robert Rhodes enlisted with Capt. C. S. Schuyler, Company E, Forrest's old regiment, at New Castle, March 12, 1862. Soon after he was sworn into service at Somerville and fought faithfully and bravely throughout the war. A faithful Confederate to the end, he missed but one



ROBERT J. RHODES

Reunion in his life. He loved the gray and treasured the small bronze cross. He was ever thoughtful of the old veterans and in many ways added to their happiness. At any public meeting it was his great pleasure to have his old comrades share the very best. He loved to entertain them. He was a patriot; he loved his country; he loved his State; he loved his kind.

Clad in his gray uniform and resting in a casket of gray, the "clay tenement" of the grand old Christian soldier was lowered by loving hands into the bosom of mother earth, there to await the glorious dawn of the resurrection morn.

JAMES DANIEL TURNER.

To Comrade James D. Turner, a member of Hill County Camp, No. 166, U. C. V., the final summons came on the 21st of February, 1916, at his home, in the city of Hillsboro, Tex. He was born in Walker County, Ala., June 24, 1843, and enlisted as a member of Company E, 20th Alabama Volunteer Infantry, Army of Tennessee, serving until the close of the war. In January, 1868, he was married to Miss Sallie Wood. Removing to Texas in 1883, they first settled in Kaufman County, but in 1894 went to Hill County, which had since been their home. His wife and seven children—four sons and three daughters—survive him, as well as four sisters and four brothers. He was the eldest of twelve children.

As a soldier of Christ and a soldier of his country he was clad with the armor of readiness, and when the tattoo sounded his light went out on the instant.

[From tribute by Hill County Camp, U. C. V., in its memorial resolutions in honor of this comrade and brother. W. L. McKee, Tam Brooks, J. W. Morrison, Committee.]

MRS. AMANDA B. WATSON.

Mrs. Amanda Beard Watson, whose death occurred at the Baptist Sanitarium at Dallas, Tex., at the age of seventy-five years, was the widow of the late Dr. S. H. Watson, of Waxahachie, and the remains were taken in a special car to Waxahachie for burial.

Mrs. Watson was born at Camden, Ala., but went to Texas in 1867 and was married to Dr. Watson in 1873. The first few years of their married life were spent in Dallas, but they moved to Waxahachie thirty-three years ago, and that city had since been the home of the family. Mrs. Watson was a woman of rare culture of both mind and heart, and the influence of her womanly and Christian personality was considered most uplifting and helpful

in the various social and literary organizations to which she belonged. She was Life Historian of the Texas Division of the United Daughters of the Confederacy and had recently compiled a book of old songs for the use of the Division. She was a member of the organization of Pen Women of Dallas. She was a devoted member of the Episcopal Church and was identified with every movement making for the progress of the Church.

Mrs. Watson is survived by four children: Mrs. A. B. Small, of Dallas; Mrs. K. W. Matthews, of Waco; Dr. S. H. Watson, of Waxahachie; and Rembert Watson, of Dallas.

A. S. JOHNSTON CAMP, No. 271, U. C. V.

At a called meeting the Memorial Committee of A. S. Johnston Camp at Baird, Tex., composed of John Collier and W. C. Powell, presented resolutions in honor of two true and faithful members, R. E. Wathen and E. Sigle, from which the following is taken:

"R. E. Wathen, a native Kentuckian, fought with General Morgan until captured with him near Salineville, Ohio, in 1863, as a member of Company K, 8th Regiment of Kentucky Cavalry. After his capture and prison term, from which he returned South, his regiment was never reorganized, but fought with the Orphan Brigade and was found wherever fighting was to be done until it had won distinction in the Southern army as being among the best fighters. And to say that this comrade fought at Perryville shows the character of his mettle. Comrade Wathen was born in Marion County, Ky., and died in El Paso, Tex., January 10, 1916, being nearly seventy-five years old. In his death the Camp has lost a devoted member, who had shown his faithfulness in serving as Commander for several terms.

"Comrade E. Sigle was born in Russia in 1835 and came to America in 1850. He joined the Confederate army in 1861 in Louisiana and served throughout the war. He came to Baird in 1881 and there resided until his death."

E. H. HANNAN.

Comrade E. H. Hannan, a member of Garnett Camp, No. 902, U. C. V., peacefully departed this life at the residence of his son, J. W. Hannan, at Huntington, W. Va., April 12, 1916. He was born at Glenwood, Mason County, W. Va., in 1828. In 1861 he enlisted in a company known as the Border Rangers, but later it was Company E, 8th Virginia Cavalry, Jenkins's Brigade, in which command he rendered faithful service during the entire war. He returned home and became a prosperous farmer and in every way a useful and honored citizen. His wife preceded him to the spirit world twenty-six years ago. The funeral services were attended by a number of his old comrades and conducted by his pastor, Rev. A. J. Smith, at Washington Avenue Baptist Church. It was stated that he had never been known to use profane language or take a drink of intoxicating liquor. For seventy years of his life he was an earnest and consistent Christian. His religion was pure and undefiled. His hopes for the future were unclouded.

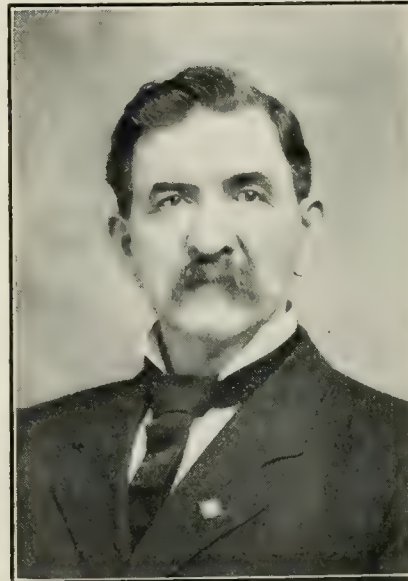
He was laid to rest in the Hannan burial ground at Glenwood by the side of his wife.

J. POLK BRADLEY.

J. P. Bradley was born in Platte County, Mo., May 7, 1845, his parents being early settlers of that county from Kentucky. When eighteen years of age, young Bradley enlisted in the cause of the Confederacy, becoming a member of Company B (Capt. Joe Macey), Colonel Slayback's regiment, Shelby's Brigade. The close of the war found him in Texas, and he

and many other soldiers of the South went with Colonel Shelby into Mexico to offer their swords to Maximilian. Later Mr. Bradley went to California and had many interesting experiences there.

He went to Linneus, Mo., in 1873, and in 1874 he was married to Miss Mattie Sandusky, who survives him with their daughter, Mrs. W. S. Hendrixson, of Grinnell, Ia. In Linneus Mr. Bradley lived continuously



J. POLK BRADLEY.

until his death, his life being inseparably woven into the town's history. He served as mayor and also as postmaster under President Cleveland. Governor Hadley appointed him a member of the Board of Control of the Missouri Confederate Home at Higginsville, and he was later elected treasurer of the board. He was for forty-four years a member of the I. O. O. F. and had held high office in both the Odd Fellows and Knights of Pythias. He was one of the leading merchants and business men of the town, and his kindly nature made him ever thoughtful of the welfare of others.

COL. J. THOMAS GOODE.

Col. J. Thomas Goode, a distinguished citizen and soldier, died at his home, in Chase City, Va., on April 3, 1916, at the age of eighty-one. His life had been a varied and eventful one. He was born in Boydton, Mecklenburg County, July 21, 1835, the son of the late William O. and Sarah Massie Goode. He received his education at private schools and the Virginia Military Institute and was commissioned as an officer in the United States army in 1854 and served six years, four of which were spent in service against the Indians in Florida and the Western frontier in Kansas and Utah, where he remained until the outbreak of the War between the States.

Though strongly regretting the necessity, when Virginia seceded, he immediately resigned his commission in the United States army and left Salt Lake City to offer his services to the Confederacy. He traveled more than one thousand miles through a barren, uncivilized prairie country alone, excepting his wife and two infants, driving a mule team. After a long and wearisome journey, he reached the Missouri River, then the border of civilization, and thence made the journey to Virginia. He was immediately given a commission in the Confederate service, and in a short time he was made colonel of the 4th Virginia Heavy Artillery, later converted into the 34th Virginia Infantry. He went through the entire four years, serving with honor in many hard-fought battles, particularly in that of the Crater, at Petersburg, where he commanded Wise's Brigade. His command suffered the brunt of the battle during that fearful carnage, holding the field against overwhelming odds until the Crater was recaptured by Mahone's famous charge. He was recommended for brigadier general from the battle of Sailor's Creek, but the war ended before he received his commission. He surrendered with his command at Appomattox. In his death passes the last of the field officers of his brigade.

Since the war his life had been spent on his farm, in Mecklenburg County, until his removal to Chase City about a year ago. He had represented his county in the legislature.

Colonel Goode was married four times and is survived by his last wife, seven daughters, and two sons.

THEODORE F. MALLOY.

Theodore F. Malloy was born at Cheraw, S. C., where he died on March 14, 1916, at the age of seventy-five. He enlisted at the very beginning of the war, going out as orderly sergeant of Company C, 8th Regiment of South Carolina Volunteers. Upon the reorganization of the regiment, a year later, he was promoted to lieutenant, and when the captain of the company was killed at Gettysburg he was elected captain and so served till the end of the war. His regiment was a part of Kershaw's Brigade, McLaw's Division, Longstreet's Corps, and he was in nearly all of the large battles in which Kershaw's Brigade participated. On many occasions he commanded the regiment, being the senior captain present. He was one of five brothers who volunteered and served throughout the war.

After the war he was married to Miss Mary McKay, of Cheraw, who survives him. He was for many years mayor of Cheraw and Commandant of Camp J. B. Kershaw, U. C. V., at the time of his death. He took a great interest in Confederate history and visited the battle fields of Virginia in the past few years with Sons of Veterans. He attended the reunion at Gettysburg in 1913.

[Tribute by William Godfrey.]

G. W. THOMPSON.

G. W. Thompson was born in Hart County, Ky., July 22, 1835. He went to Texas in 1853 and settled in Collin County. He enlisted in the Southern army soon after the breaking out of war as a member of Company B, Scantlin's Squadron, and



G. W. THOMPSON.

was elected lieutenant in his company, in which capacity he served till the close of the war. He was married to Miss Margaret Drake in 1861, and to them were born four sons and three daughters, all of whom, with the mother, survive him.

Mr. Thompson was among the first settlers in Foard County and took an active part in its organization. He was elected its first county clerk, which office he filled for two consecutive terms. After a gradual decline for several months, he died on the 24th of July, 1915. The funeral services were held at the City Cemetery under the auspices of the Masonic order, of which he was a member, assisted by Camp George G. Dibrell, of which he had been Commander for several terms. He was a good citizen and had a host of friends.

MAJ. R. W. HUNTER.

Maj. Robert Waterman Hunter, who was adjutant general of Gen. John B. Gordon's corps, C. S. A., died in Washington, D. C., April 3, 1916, and was buried at Winchester.

Robert W. Hunter was born at Martinsburg, W. Va., in 1837. His father was Col. Edmund Pendleton Hunter, a noted lawyer of his time.

Robert Hunter graduated in law from the University of Virginia. When the War between the States broke out, he joined the Confederate army and was with Stonewall Jackson in the battle of First Manassas. Later he was transferred to General Gordon's corps as adjutant general and chief of staff and was selected to carry the flag of truce from General Gordon to General Sheridan at Appomattox just before General Lee surrendered.

After the war Major Hunter located at Winchester, where he opened a law office and edited the Winchester Times, which he made a power in Virginia politics. During the first Cleveland administration he held the position of Inspector of Public Lands. Governor Swanson appointed him Secretary of Military Records, an office created to preserve the military records of the Old Dominion. After holding this office about four years, he removed to Washington, D. C., some ten years ago and gave his entire time to the practice of law in that city. He was a former law partner and intimate friend of the late Maj. Holmes Conrad, of Winchester and Washington, who was Solicitor-General of the United States under President Cleveland. These two Virginia lawyers were constantly together in their latter days.

Major Hunter was a Virginian of the old school, possessing the charm of manner of the old Southern gentleman. He was married three times and is survived by three daughters and two sons.

CHARLES R. HOLMES.

In the passing of Charles Rutledge Holmes on September 13, 1915, South Carolina lost one of the knightliest of her sons. He was born in Charleston, and before he had reached the seventeenth year of his age the dread drumbeat of war resounded throughout the State. He was one of the earliest to answer to the call of Governor Pickens and became a member of the Marion Artillery, a company composed of the highest type of citizen soldiery. When the "Cadet Company" was formed, most of the members having been cadets at the Citadel Academy, he enlisted in its ranks. It became Company F, 6th Regiment of South Carolina Cavalry, and formed part of Hampton's famous cavalry corps of the Army of Northern Virginia. Charles Holmes was conspicuous for courage and daring, and in camp and on the march he was ever cheerful. His comrades were ardent in their attachment to him. He was wounded in one of the fights in Virginia.

During the Reconstruction period, as a member of the Carolina Rifle Battalion, he also gave faithful and efficient service. He was one of the most popular officers of that devoted and determined body of Charlestonians.

It was not alone as a soldier or as a patriot that "Charlie" Holmes, as he was called by his admiring friends, was esteemed and loved. His gentle and generous nature, frank and confiding manner, manly bearing, and inflexible integrity made him a favorite everywhere. He was welcomed at the couch of the sick and suffering, for his presence brought hope and cheer, and when fortune smiled upon him he was as liberal in his benefactions as he was faithful and honorable.

For months Charles Holmes had been a great sufferer, and as he lay and languished he exhibited a fortitude that was comparable to the courage he displayed in the path of danger and of duty.

DEATHS IN CHICKASAW CAMP.

William H. Griffin, Commander, reports the following deaths in Chickasaw Camp, No. 1700, U. C. V., of Houlka, Miss.:

J. J. Boykin, Company H, 8th Kentucky Regiment.
J. B. Blankenship, Company B, 3d Mississippi Regiment.
Lat T. Brasher, Company D, 4th Mississippi Regiment.
Thomas F. Bryant, Company G, 41st Mississippi Regiment.
J. Henry Castles, Company H, 24th Mississippi Regiment.
G. M. Dillard, Company D, 3d South Carolina Regiment.
J. R. Gilfoy, Company E, 8th Kentucky Regiment.
R. T. Hobson, Company H, 11th Mississippi Regiment.
T. J. Holloday, Company H, 11th Mississippi Regiment.
J. A. Hobson, Company E, 8th Mississippi Cavalry Regiment.

Curtis Ivy, Company D, 10th Alabama Cavalry Regiment.
Taylor Marion, Company E, 8th Mississippi Cavalry Regiment.

John R. McCormick, Company K, 11th Alabama Infantry Regiment.

P. Ray, Company D, 26th Mississippi Infantry Regiment.
T. J. Reeder, Company I, 13th Tennessee Regiment.
S. L. Wilson, Company H, 11th Mississippi Infantry Regiment.

D. D. Tabb, Company E, 8th Mississippi Cavalry Regiment.
W. A. Thomas, Company F, 29th Alabama Infantry Regiment.

All these comrades were good soldiers and citizens.

REV. A. H. LARK.

Rev. Augustus Lark was born in Greenville County, S. C., September 1, 1844, and died at his home, near Alma, Crawford County, Ark., on December 18, 1915. At the beginning of the War between the States he enlisted in the Confederate army as a member of Company F, 2d South Carolina Cavalry (M. C. Butler), and served for four years under Generals Butler, Hampton, and R. E. Lee. He was one of the four comrades who carried General Butler from the battle field



REV. A. H. LARK.

when he was wounded. He was not at the surrender, having been sent in charge of a detail when our army reached South Carolina for the purpose of purchasing cattle for the army. Being cut off from his command by Sherman's raiders after he had started with the cattle, he and his detail united with a band which was engaged in hunting bandits and deserters then infesting the country along the

North and South Carolina line, principally in Marion County.

Returning to his home, in Greenville County, after the surrender, he went to school for a while, then went to Marion County and married Miss Mary Ann Proctor on October 23, 1867. He was ready to move to Arkansas in 1875 when Gen. Wade Hampton became a candidate for Governor of South Carolina. The State had been under carpetbag and scalawag rule after the surrender, and he was so interested in Hampton's election that he rallied to the support of his old general, rendering valuable service in those Reconstruction days.

Mr. Lark was not only a brave soldier for the Southern cause, but was a good soldier of the cross of Christ, and after going to Arkansas he was licensed to preach. He made his home near Alma, Ark., and reared an interesting family of fourteen children, nine of whom, with their mother, survive him. No man stood higher than Mr. Lark in the community where he lived. He ministered to the sick both physically and spiritually. He was a member of the Methodist Church, and three of his sons are ministers in the same Church. He was a member of Van Buren Camp, U. C. V., and also Secretary and Chaplain of Fine Springs Lodge, No. 439, F. and A. M. His was a useful life and a blessing to others.

[Tribute by T. C. Sherwood.]

I. C. WALLING.

Hill County Camp, No. 166, U. C. V., Hillsboro, Tex., passed resolutions in honor of Isom C. Walling, a comrade in arms during the War between the States, who died March 20, 1916. Though not a member of this Camp, he was a loyal Confederate soldier, having served as a member of Company E, 3d Regiment of Texas Cavalry. He was born in Nacogdoches, Tex., May 3, 1842, and died at Walling's Bend, in Bosque County, on March 20, 1916. He was a son of Col. Jesse Walling.

FRANK L. BLUME.

After a lingering illness, Frank L. Blume died at his home, in Nashville, Tenn. He was a member of Frank Cheatham Bivouac and Camp.

Born of old Moravian stock at Winston-Salem, N. C., August 3, 1847, Mr. Blume was the third of four sons left fatherless at a very early age. In 1863 he joined the Confederate navy, serving as midshipman on the practice ship Patrick Henry. This ship was part of the James River blockading squadron and was blown up by the Confederates when Richmond fell. Then the officers and marines were formed into a provisional company, which was part of the escort accompanying President Davis and his cabinet south. One of his brothers was in the Confederate infantry, another in the signal corps. The eldest was but nineteen. At the close of the war he found the ample fortune left by his father swept away, and, like most Southern-born boys, he had to build up his own fortune. For some years he made his home in Brownsville, Tenn., where he met and married Miss Mattie French, youngest daughter of the late H. S. French. After their marriage he removed to Nashville, and during a long life of business activity he made a large circle of friends and leaves a name honored by all who knew him.

For many years Mr. Blume was treasurer and librarian of Christ Church Sunday School and a vestryman in the Church. His devotion to the memory of the Southern cause, to his Church, and to the Masonic orders to which he belonged was singularly beautiful. Quiet, unostentatious, and charitable in word and in judgment, his deeds of kindness were known only to the recipients.

He is survived by his wife, one daughter, and a brother, Dr. James Blume, of Winston-Salem, N. C.

CAPT. DAVID SHORT GOODLOE.

Capt. David S. Goodloe died at his home, in Quitman, Cleburne County, Ark., March 3, 1916. He was born in Marshall County, Miss., on November 10, 1839, and was the son of Theodore Hinton and Harriette William Goodloe.

The early life of David Short was spent on his father's plantation, in Arkansas, to which the family had moved from Mississippi in 1841. At the breaking out of war in 1861 he enlisted in the 7th Regiment of Arkansas Infantry and served throughout the four years. He was a private until 1864, when he was made lieutenant, and just before the surrender he received his commission as captain.

After the war he went back to his father's plantation and took charge, bringing order out of chaos. On September 25, 1867, he was happily married to Olivia Critz Ellis, of Searcy, Ark., who preceded him in death less than a year. To this union were born eight children, five of whom are still living.

Captain Goodloe was an affectionate husband and father, a true Confederate, and a chivalrous Southern gentleman.

[Tribute by his daughter, Harriette Harton Goodloe.]



CAPT. D. S. GOODLOE.

ROBERT THOMAS GOODMAN.

Robert T. Goodman, who died at his home, East View, near Hollins, Va., on February 28, 1916, was born on the 29th of January, 1836, at the home of his maternal grandparents, in Goodland County, Va. His father was a great believer in higher education, and it was his purpose to have the son finish at the University of Virginia and then go with him to the Holy Land; but the boy had other ideas and fascinations. In April, 1857, he married Miss Frances Alexander in Powhatan County and took his bride first to Fawnhill, on the James, a gift from his father, and then to Auburn, a large plantation in Cumberland County. He joined the Masons when just twenty-one and took the degrees of Master, Royal Arch, and Knight Templar. On going to war he placed a Maltese cross around his young wife's neck, for he knew that no Mason would ever harm one wearing that cross.

On the 21st of April, 1861, he offered his services to his State, joining the Black Eagle Riflemen, of Fork and Willis, and marched to Richmond, where they were mustered into Company E, 18th Virginia Infantry, Carter Harrison captain, Col. R. E. Withers. Two of his brothers and a cousin went with him; another brother ran away from the Virginia Military Institute and joined the cavalry with William E. Wickham and was afterwards courier to Fitzhugh Lee. Robert Goodman was wounded in the battle of Manassas and returned to his command, but had to be discharged for disability from the wound.

In 1867, realizing to the full the devastation of war and the changing conditions, the family removed to East View, in Roanoke County, in the beautiful Shenandoah Valley, between the Blue Ridge and Alleghany Mountains, near Hollins Institute. And in this "garden spot" valley, under the inspiration of this great and noble institution, the Goodmans have since lived. The heritage of their love, their unflinching faith, their indomitable courage and cheerfulness, their beautiful spirit of unselfishness and self-sacrifice, their pure, simple Christian lives will ever be an inspiration. A son and five daughters are left of the family, living in different States, only two making their homes in Virginia.

JOHN C. YOUNG.

John Christopher Young died at the home of his son, Dr. J. P. Young, at Richburg, S. C., on March 23, 1916, at the ripe age of ninety years. He was born in Laurens County, near Clinton, October 22, 1825, and was the son of George and Mary Duckett Young. When the call to arms first sounded, he enlisted in the Secession Guards, Capt. William Perryman's company, 2d South Carolina Infantry, Kershaw's Brigade. He served three years in Virginia, participating in all of the battles fought by his command. He then joined Capt. Peter Goodwin's 6th South Carolina Cavalry, and in the battle of Trevilian Station, June 12, 1864, he was sorely wounded, losing his right leg.

He was married on May 2, 1867, to Miss Susan Virginia Long, of Laurens County, who died in 1914. Of this union four sons and one daughter survive.

As a citizen with a character pure and true, as a Confederate soldier with a record equal to the best, as a husband and father measuring up to all the requirements, and a consistent member of the Baptist Church, Comrade Young lived a blameless life and has gone to his reward universally loved and respected, leaving another great break in the fast-thinning ranks of the Confederate veterans.

[Tribute by Christine Frazier.]

COL. H. A. RAMSAY.

Col. H. Ashton Ramsay, who was chief engineer of the famous Confederate ironclad Virginia and one of the few surviving members of the crew, died at his home, in Baltimore, Md., on March 25, 1916, at the age of eighty-one years. Surviving him are his wife, two sons, and two daughters.

Colonel Ramsay was a native of Washington and was appointed from the District of Columbia as an assistant engineer in the United States navy just before the beginning of the War between the States. He resigned to go South and joined the Confederate States navy. He aided in building the Virginia, previously called the Merrimac, the first ironclad ever used in warfare. Her defensive armor was a sheathing of steel rails, and her powerful iron ram created consternation in the Federal fleet when she steamed out of the James River into Hampton Roads in 1862.

The commander of the Virginia, the ranking officer of the Confederate navy, was Admiral Franklin Buchanan, of Maryland. Colonel Ramsay was chief engineer. The Virginia rammed and sank the Congress and the Cumberland, and her career of destruction was checked by the appearance of the Monitor, built in New York by John Ericsson and familiarly called "the cheese box on a raft."

Colonel Ramsay was one of the last survivors of the memorable battle between the two ironclads, of which he has written very interestingly.

JAMES PRESLEY McLANE.

James Presley McLane was born in Wilcox County, Ala., December 30, 1840, and died in Cameron, Tex., February 17, 1916, aged seventy-six years. He enlisted in Company B, 1st Alabama Regiment, in 1861. The regiment served in

heavy artillery the first two and a half years of the war, being at Pensacola, Island No. 10, Port Hudson, and other forts. In the early spring of 1864 the regiment was put into field service, joining Joseph E. Johnston's army near Resaca, Ga., and was made a part of Quarles's Brigade. It remained with that command until the battle of Franklin, where General Quarles was so severely wounded as to



JAMES P. McLANE.

be unable to continue in command. The 1st Alabama was then attached to General Shelby's brigade and remained with that command until the surrender, April 26, 1865, at Greensboro, N. C.

Comrade McLane was married to Miss Bettie Andrews at Oak Hill, Ala., in 1866. He removed to Texas in 1870 and had been identified with that country since that time. No truer Southerner ever wore the gray; no truer or better citizen ever lived in his community.

PHILIP DANDRIDGE STEPHENSON, D.D.

P. D. Stephenson was born September 7, 1845, in St. Louis, Mo., and died March 12, 1916, in Richmond, Va. On May 10, 1861, at the age of sixteen, he was present at Camp Jackson, St. Louis, where Missourians first made armed resistance to the encroaching Federal power. Escaping to Memphis, he joined a St. Louis company which was assigned to the 13th Arkansas Regiment. It was commanded by Capt. T. W. Bartlett, afterwards his brother-in-law, and another member was his brother, Hammett L. Stephenson, who became adjutant of the regiment. As a mere boy Philip Stephenson participated in the fight of Belmont, being wounded; and thereafter, in spite of his minority and poor health, he did his duty manfully to the end. Unfit for field duty, he served as assistant to Col. M. L. Clark, chief of artillery, until able to rejoin his regiment. Though then discharged as a minor, he rejoined the 13th Arkansas, where he served again until he became a member of the 5th Company of Washington Artillery in May, 1864. With this famous command he remained throughout the Georgia campaign, Hood's expedition into Tennessee, and with the fall of Spanish Fort at Mobile. He surrendered at Meridian May 10, 1865. It was his pride to have been one of Cleburne's Division and of the Washington Artillery.

Returning to his home, he followed the pious bent of his nature, and while working for a livelihood he qualified for the Presbyterian ministry and was licensed by the St. Louis Presbytery on April 28, 1875. He served as pastor successively at Trenton, Tenn., Sedalia, Mo., Hancock, Md., Abingdon and Woodstock, Va. When retired because of failing strength, he went to Richmond, where he was ever at the service of any brother of the pulpit whom he might aid on occasion and where he continued to the end the beneficent work in which he delighted.

His career covers the whole war. Begun by a boy, it was sustained by a youth frail in physique, but strong in character, who, true to his Virginia ancestry, devoted his life to his ideals and was a model soldier. And his service as a soldier in war was rounded out by his no less distinguished deeds as a soldier of the cross in his mature years. Ever brave, conscientious, inspired by high ideals, a nobleman was Phil Stephenson.

[Testimony of G. A. Williams, former captain and adjutant general of Govan's Brigade, Army of Tennessee.]

CAPT. HUGH W. HENRY, SR.

On the night of March 13, 1916, at his home, in Lake Weir, Fla., the spirit of Capt. Hugh William Henry, Sr., suddenly took its flight. His remains were taken to Montgomery, Ala., where he was born September 8, 1831, and were interred in Oakwood Cemetery. His casket, draped with the Stars and Bars, was followed by an escort of his old comrades, the bugle sounding "taps." And there he sleeps, "after life's fitful fever," another of God's noblemen gone to his reward after a life of devotion to his God and his duty.

Captain Henry was among the first of the South's young men to volunteer in the defense of her rights. Joining the 22d Alabama Volunteer Infantry, C. S. A., he was made a captain of one of its companies and participated in all of its engagements under Gens. A. S. Johnston, Bragg, Joseph E. Johnston, and Hood, except for a short time while on recruiting duty at Troy, Ala. He was in command of the regiment after the battle of Franklin, Tenn., November 30, 1864,

where the major, in command at that time, was killed in a charge by the regiment. The remnant of the regiment was captured at Nashville, Tenn., December 16, 1864, along with its brave division commander, Gen. Ed Johnson.

It was not my privilege to know Captain Henry personally; but our correspondence, begun two years ago, continued within two weeks of his death. His letters were full of trust in his Heavenly Father, devotion to principle, and the justice of the cause for which he, like the thousands of our brave men of the South, gave four of the best years of their lives and other thousands their lives in defense of the cause they believed to be right. One of his letters gave the details of his capture at Nashville with Gen. Ed Johnson, their confinement in the penitentiary at Nashville, and when they were called up for entraining for Johnson's Island, in a most interesting way.

[From tribute by Frank S. Roberts, Washington, D. C.]

ST. GEORGE T. C. BRYAN.

St. George Tucker Coalter Bryan, widely known citizen and distinguished Confederate soldier, died on the night of April 4, 1916, at the home of his nephew, Judge Daniel Grinnan, near Kenwood, in Richmond, Va. The burial was in the family burying ground at Eagle Point, Gloucester County.

Volunteering in the service of the Confederacy soon after he completed his studies at the Episcopal High School, Mr. Bryan served with conspicuous gallantry in the Army of Northern Virginia. He was a war-time member of the Richmond Howitzers and surrendered with the remnant of Lee's army at Appomattox Courthouse. Throughout his life he was intensely interested in Confederate history and was considered one of the best-informed men in the State on this subject.

After the close of the war Mr. Bryan took a special course in mining engineering at the University of Virginia and pursued the practice of his profession in the West. Here, during the most important period in that section's industrial development, he made an enviable reputation as a mining expert.

Several years ago he returned to his native State and had since been engaged chiefly in the study of Confederate history. Recently he had given much time to the study of the economic history of the South during the War between the States and had gathered much valuable data touching on this question.

Mr. Bryan was born at Chatham, just opposite Fredericksburg, Va., October 23, 1843, the son of John Randolph Bryan and Elizabeth Coalter, and was a brother of the late Joseph Bryan, of Richmond. He was a member of the Episcopal Church.

REV. DR. FOSTER ELY.

Rev. Dr. Foster Ely, whose death occurred in New York City recently, was born in 1836. He enlisted as a Confederate soldier in Company A (Captain Brown, of Canton, Miss.), 18th Mississippi Infantry, Barksdale's Brigade, and later served as a chaplain. He was with General Lee and received a wound at Malvern Hill. In 1862 he was made chaplain of the 18th Mississippi Infantry and also served as chaplain of the post at Mobile, Ala., Montgomery, Ala., Rome, Ga., and Richmond, Va.

In the memorial resolutions passed by the New York Camp of Confederate Veterans it is said:

"Whether in the field, forum, or pulpit, Comrade Ely was always actuated by a strict sense of duty; and by his example

more than by his precept he not only guided but led all with whom he came in contact to those paths along the highway of life the borders of which are fragrant with the blossoms of peace and contentment. Dedicating his life to the service of the Divine Master, he recognized the duty of rendering "unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's" and bore to his grave evidences of this in the scars from wounds received at Malvern Hill. As a soldier he was without reproach, as a pastor without guile, as a friend without doubt, as a man without fear, and in the humble walks of life a light that never lost its brightness. The world is better that such men have lived, and the grave has won no victory in his death, for his memory will live beyond the sting of death. Recognizing the many qualities of heart and mind that have endeared Comrade Ely to all who have been privileged to feel the sweet influence of his genial nature, this Camp in regular and stated meeting on the 23d of March, 1916,

"Resolved, That in the death of Comrade Foster Ely this world has lost a Christian gentleman, this Camp a cherished comrade, his associates a wise counselor, and weak humanity an unselfish friend."

[Clarence R. Hatton, Adjutant U. C. V. of N. Y.]

THOMAS HILLARY.

Thomas Hillary, eldest son of John Hanson Hillary and Mary Waters, was born in Frederick County, Md., June 4, 1841. On Lee's invasion of Maryland, in September, 1862, he and some half dozen others joined Capt. Benjamin P. Crampton's company, G, 7th Virginia Regiment. Early in the War between the States the same neighborhood had sent to this company some twelve or fifteen of its magnificent horsemen. At that time I. F. Mason was captain, with



THOMAS HILLARY.

Thaddeus Thrasher second lieutenant; also of this section who was killed at Kerns ville. Naturally Thomas Hillary sought a home with those of his home life. Like them, he had been reared on horseback, as it were, and he was so superb a horseman that he presented the appearance of a centaur. This company had fifty-seven Marylanders in it, and in all the battles led by Turner Ashby as

captain, colonel, and general none followed better than they. For his bravery and personal courage Thomas Hillary was praised by officers of the Laurel Brigade, which consisted of the 7th, 11th, and 12th Virginia Regiments, and Elijah V. White's battalion, 35th Virginia Cavalry, and Chew's Battery. These associates were an inspiration, to say the least, and with General Rosser he continued to the close of the great conflict.

Thomas Hillary was married in 1877 in the State of Ohio, and after many faithful years in the employ of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company he passed from time to eternity September 30, 1915. His mortal remains were laid to rest in the cemetery at Zanesville, Ohio.

United Daughters of the Confederacy.

MRS. CORDELIA POWELL ODENHEIMER, *President General.*

MRS. J. H. STEWART, *First Vice President General.*

MRS. L. M. BASHINSKY, *Second Vice President General.*

MRS. LULU A. LOVELL, *Third Vice President General.*

MRS. F. M. WILLIAMS, *Recording Secretary General.*

MRS. W. F. BAKER, *Corresponding Secretary General.*

MRS. C. B. TATE, *Treasurer General.*

MRS. ORLANDO HALLIBURTON, *Registrar General.*

MISS MILDRED RUTHERFORD, *Historian General.*

MRS. JOHN W. TENCH, *Custodian Cross of Honor.*

MRS. W. K. BEARD, *Custodian Flags and Pennants.*

"Love Makes Memory Eternal."

A WORD TO DIVISION EDITORS.

A special request is made of Division Editors that their notes be as clear and concise as possible, as only a half column can be allowed to each Division if reports are sent regularly. A great deal can be said in little space if only important work is recorded. All Chapter notes should go to the Division Editor, who should send her reports to me by the first of the month. MRS. L. C. PERKINS, *Official Editor*,

205 North Street, Jackson, Miss.

EDUCATIONAL WORK OF MISSOURI DIVISION.

BY MRS. GEORGE F. LONGAN, FIRST VICE PRESIDENT.

History records: "Missouri, the mother of empires, has within her own State sufficient resources to build a nation."

So much good of the world comes out of Missouri! The Missouri man is a source of our greatest pride and happiness and is a type unto himself, a union of the strength of progressive determination of the West with the tenderness and chivalry of the South; but the best product Missouri has to-day is her women. Her work of judicious distribution is equally important as his work of production. From the eastern part of the State, aristocratic old St. Louis, men and women alike not only possess energy, ambition, and courage, but culture, elegance, and grace, characteristics of the noblest and the best. Then on to wonderful Kansas City, pride of the West, whose magnificent parks and boulevard system produce a scenic effect that is the envy of the cities of the world and whose civic and philanthropic enterprises and juvenile court works are second to none which are mothered by our women. Midway between these two cities rests in gigantic splendor Columbia, a town whose trade is education and whose commerce is culture. Educa-

tional Athens of our grand old State! Here are found Missouri University, Christian College, Stephens College, and military schools, with educational endowments, making a "Missouri monument Mecca" for the past, present, and future generations.

The present province of the United Daughters of the Confederacy of the Missouri Division is education and to provide "vocational education" if possible, as there is no legacy that can equal this educational preparedness for positions that will yield to our youth an adequate equivalent for their sustenance in life.

Missouri Division, U. D. C., has many good works—patriotic, historical, sociological, and philanthropic—and realizes that nothing is impossible with organized womanhood united in aim and effort. We watch for achievements with rapt interest, knowing united effort must be forth that will alone prove the truth of our educational growth.

The eighteenth annual convention of the Missouri Division convened at Warrensburg and was of great profit and purpose. Mrs. Charles P. Hough, of charming personality and soulful influence, closed her administration with laurels and love from all for her zealous, judicious, and just services. Mrs. Charles B. Faris, of generous and gracious nature, takes her place in our army of builders and toils for right that will crown us with continued success.

As guests of Francis Marion Cockrell Chapter, Warrensburg, our grateful appreciation goes to the able President and General Chairman, Miss Neille Burris, and the charming members for their genuine hospitality, their untiring consideration and courtesy. In convention the Educational Committee reported the following scholarships that were accepted by the Division: The Missouri State University Scholarship, procured by Mrs. Thomas Wood Parry, of Kansas City, Chairman of the Educational Committee in its days of initiative, continues to be held by Miss Lois Hodges, of Kansas City, and is supported and controlled by three Chapters of that city, the Kansas City, Robert E. Lee, and George E. Pickett. Miss Hodges's grades are excellent, and she is a credit to our Daughters of the Confederacy. Central College (Lexington) Scholarship was procured by Mrs. R. E. Wilson, Missouri Division founder or first President, a lady of the old régime and a scholar. This scholarship was awarded for the second year to Miss Prudence Major, of Kansas City, with whom faculty and student body are greatly pleased. Christian College (Columbia) Scholarship was procured by Mrs. John Francis Davis, of Stonewall Jackson Chapter, Kansas City, and awarded to Miss Ada Julia Lingle, of Clinton, who is beloved by all and is appreciative and full of ambition. The Cottey College (Clinton) Scholarship was procured by Mrs. Charles B. Faris, President Missouri Di-



MRS. CHARLES B. FARIS,
President Missouri Division, U. D. C.

vision and a member of Carleton Joplin Chapter, Caruthersville, and was won by Miss Lindsey Lane, of Clinton. The President of the college says: "Miss Lane's influence in the school is more than a reward for the amount we give, and she has marked musical talent."

These three awards were made, according to rules of the Division, to those having the highest high school grades for four years and line of eligibility unquestionable. These excellent colleges give one-half and Missouri Division half of the scholarships.

In convention five other scholarships were presented: from Stephens Junior College, Columbia; Kemper Military School, Boonville; Howard-Payne, Fayette; Lindenwood, St. Charles; and a second scholarship from Central College, Lexington. All five were voted to be kept on file until the Division could finance them.

The Stephens and Kemper Scholarships, having previously been pledged to students according to grades and lineal descent, Mrs. J. T. McMahan, President of Cooper County Chapter, who procured the Kemper Military Scholarship, assisted by her noble band of members, gave one-half and President Johnston, on behalf of Kemper, one-half, and Carl Scheibuer, our Confederate boy, has advanced steadily and with the honors of the school.

It is interesting to relate that the sale of the Cooper County Chapter "Cook Book" provided the entire amount for this half scholarship and proved what united effort will do. Too much cannot be said in praise of the unselfish women of this banner Chapter.

The Stephens Junior College Scholarship was procured by Mrs. Lou Eva Walker Longan, President of Emmett MacDonald Chapter, and the faithful members, also unaided, have given one-half and President Wood, of Stephens, one-half of scholarship. Miss Maybelle Calvert, of Sedalia, who possesses a beautiful lyric soprano voice, will have a vocational education worth while, as this college has national rank in its Musical Department. Again we see what one Chapter can do united in aim and effort.

The Missouri Division has been keenly aroused in educational work, and in future may it be said that Missouri built better than she knew educationally. May our United Daughters of the Confederacy not only be known as the greatest monument builders in the world, but also as the greatest scholarship educators in the world!

THE SOUTH CAROLINA DIVISION.

BY LOUISE AYER VANDIVER, ANDERSON.

The Columbia Chapters have taken under their special care the Soldiers' Home in that city, and for weeks the members were busy planting seed and setting out shrubs about the grounds in order to make it a place of beauty and really a home for its inmates.

At one of the winter meetings of the Mary Ann Buie Chapter, Johnston, an object of special interest was a little four-page, hand-written journal, edited during the war by some young women of North Carolina, called the Banner. The quaint items of interest to girls of nearly sixty years ago were quite as enjoyable to the women of the twentieth century. The paper is to be presented to the Confederate Museum at Richmond.

The U. D. C. of Florence have protested against some of the songs sung by the children in the public schools, two of which they consider especially objectionable, the "Battle

Hymn of the Republic" and "Marching through Georgia." Some of the histories used in the schools are also considered unfair to the South. The principal of the Florence schools told the committee that he had great difficulty in obtaining satisfactory school histories; but that, being a very loyal son of the South, he had supplemented the textbooks by other evidence given the teachers for use in their history classes. He also said that the songs objected to had not been generally sung, but only in a few grades, and then by the children's choice, the teacher of music being a devoted Southerner.

During the winter the Maxey Gregg Chapter, of Florence, entertained the teachers of the city schools at a beautiful reception. Finding that such intercourse brings mothers and teachers into much closer relations and facilitates their mutual work of benefiting children, the Chapter has decided to make this reception an annual feature of its work.

In several South Carolina towns the U. D. C. have recommended the use in the schools of Miss Rutherford's pamphlets as supplementary to the required textbooks on history.

Most of the Chapters of the State use Miss Rutherford's publications and programs in whole or in part. Many of them make a reading from the CONFEDERATE VETERAN a regular feature of their meetings.

The Dixie Chapter, of Anderson, takes pride in furnishing Confederate uniforms to such veterans of the community as wish to have them.

Almost every Chapter in the State celebrated Memorial Day, which in South Carolina is observed on May 10, the day that Jackson died.

THE MISSISSIPPI DIVISION.

BY MRS. NETTIE STORY MILLER, FOREST, MISS.

For nine years the Daughters of the Mississippi Division have worked faithfully for the erection of a monument at Shiloh. They have thought, talked, and written of Shiloh, and within this year will see their dreams realized, for the monument is being pushed forward to completion.

The legislature is considering bills for larger appropriations for the pension fund and for Beauvoir.

The State President, Mrs. Virginia Redditt Price, recently visited the Industrial Institute and College at Columbus, where she had the pleasure of meeting the four U. D. C. scholarship girls; and she was much pleased with the splendid reports from their teachers. Mrs. Price addressed the student body along lines of U. D. C. activities, also calling their attention to histories and literature in schools of to-day.

Especially are the Daughters of Mississippi working for an endowment fund for Industrial Institute and College scholarship for 1917.

It has always been the custom for the President of the Division to give some prize as an incentive to more zealous work. This year she offers \$10 to the best all-round Chapter—that is, the Chapter making the best record in paying all dues and pledges on time, in contribution to each Division cause, studying the historical course, etc. The subject of the prize essay is to be "Comparison of the Lives and Principles of Jefferson Davis and Abraham Lincoln." Many Chapters are earnestly striving for this prize, and other Chapters are having contests in the public schools of the county.

Plans are being made by joint Chapters for a lively convention in Gulfport.

THE CALIFORNIA DIVISION.

BY MRS. MARY NELSON WARDEN, LOS ANGELES.

Mrs. C. C. Clay, State President of the California Division, recently visited the southern part of the State and attended the regular business meetings of all the Chapters as far as possible and was otherwise entertained, thus getting better acquainted and establishing a strong bond of friendship between herself and her many Daughters. Her visit was especially beneficial in that it put new life into all Chapters, and she too felt that the gain to herself had been great in seeing the methods and actual work of the various Chapters.

Mrs. Mary Reynolds Wright, former State Registrar, resigned her office on removing to Texas. Mrs. Clay has appointed Mrs. Charles L. Trabert, of Berkeley, to fill that office.

Mrs. Emma A. Loy, Custodian of Flags, has been quite busy since the General Convention last October, carrying the many State flags to as many Chapters as possible and giving a short history of each flag. Her talks have been very interesting and instructive.

The educational work in our State is advancing quite rapidly, and much enthusiasm is being shown along this line. We have two State scholarships now, besides some individual Chapter ones.

Great interest is being shown in the historical work, many Chapters competing for the two medals offered this year, one by Mrs. S. R. Thorpe for the greatest number of reminiscences, the other by our First Vice President General, Mrs. J. H. Stewart, for the best essay on "The Difference between the Campaign of Lee in Pennsylvania and that of Sherman in Georgia." These were awarded at the State convention in Stockton May 3, 1916, our sixteenth annual convention, and many fine reports were given of the work accomplished the past year.

The Southland Chapter in Alhambra has a children's register, in which all the children of the members place their names and data of eligibility to membership in the United Daughters of the Confederacy. This book will some day be of untold value.

Most of the Chapters in our State take the *VETERAN*, as well as many individual members, and in many instances it has been placed in the public libraries.

REPORT ON JEFFERSON DAVIS CHAPTER, BY MRS. LEIGH RICHMOND SMITH.

The Jefferson Davis Chapter of San Francisco, alive and active, is abounding in good works under the leadership of its beloved President, Mrs. Sidney M. Van Wyck, Sr.

The request of the President General, Mrs. Odenheimer, to act upon the memorial of Senator Works, of California, was carried out at the February meeting. The Chapter not only indorsed Senator Works's memorial, but also the personal appeal by the Chapter's President, which was sent to Washington with many signatures. Many of our members have sent personal letters to Senators and Congressmen whom they know urging the importance of supporting the measure. Struggling as we are with the care of the Confederate veterans in California, we feel that if by our influence the passage of this measure is accomplished great rejoicing will be forthcoming.

Jefferson Davis Chapter is ever ready to extend aid to the poor veterans, knowing that in a measure we can thus repay the debt owing to the brave men who gave their all for the

beloved South. This Chapter has purchased a lot in beautiful Cypress Lawn Cemetery, and thus the dying hours of the poor veterans are soothed by the knowledge that kind hearts have provided a resting place for them where they can sleep their last sleep under the sunny skies of California.

Intellectually, we are awake. Early in the winter our President organized a Mildred Rutherford Historical Circle to study the "History of the South in the Building of the Nation." This series of histories is published by the Southern Historical Publication Society. Our Circle is under the leadership of an able, cultured, college-bred woman, Mrs. Bard Hulen, whose home was formerly in Texas. Each member studies a State, and able and brilliant papers are written and discussed. Jefferson Davis Chapter claims the honor of being the only one which has organized a Circle at present in the Chapters around San Francisco.

THE OKLAHOMA DIVISION.

BY MRS. FRANCES P. COOKE.

A few words of interest of the Oklahoma Home for Confederate veterans, their wives and widows.

In November, 1915, when our report was made to the convention in San Francisco, there were ninety-six inmates of the Home—veterans, their wives and widows. Since then some eight or ten have answered the last "roll call." These dear old boys in gray have their good times as the years go by. "Cupid" has been very busy, and four weddings have taken place this last year. Grandma Whittle, who is one hundred and three years old, is the sunshine of the Home. We have a small drug store and a trained nurse who is always ready to render assistance, also a doctor who makes several visits a day when necessary. The Oklahoma Legislature appropriates each year the sum of \$20,000 for the maintenance of the Home. This spring the different nurseries of the State gave fruit and shade trees, shrubs and roses, so the old boys had a busy and interesting time setting them out. At their last meeting the trustees seemed well pleased with the way things are being done. Superintendent Harris and his wife are running things very smoothly.

As time goes on and the evening shadows lengthen, we find the old comrades drifting to the Home and knocking for admission, where they may receive the care they so much need. The Daughters of the Confederacy, these true women of Oklahoma, have given liberally of their means, their love, and their labor that the old comrades and their wives may spend their last years in peace and comfort.

SCHOLARSHIPS BY TENNESSEE DIVISION.

The Committee on Education of the Tennessee Division, U. D. C., announces two scholarships for award through the general committee chairman, Miss Mary B. Poppenheim, 31 Meeting Street, Charleston, S. C. The competitive examination will be held in Memphis, Tenn., June 19-24.

The scholarships are for Vassar College, value \$500 per annum, tenure four years, and Washington and Lee University, tenure four years, value \$250.

The requirements for these scholarships are as follows: Must be lineal descendants of Confederate veterans, in good health, unable to pay expenses, of good moral character, must pass the entrance examination of these schools, and must be recommended by the State President and Chairman of Education, U. D. C. For further information, address Mrs. W. T. Davis, 940 Russell Street, Nashville, Tenn.

THE NEW YORK DIVISION.

BY MRS. CARRIE PHELAN BEALE, HISTORIAN.

Activities of the New York Division are in a social way during February, March, and April, though the members are engaged all the year round with the various works, charity, philanthropy, patriotism, etc. The hospitalities of the Southern Associations mean so much to the Daughters in New York. The coming together in a social way is to many their greatest pleasure and is looked forward to from year to year. All Southerners know that they will meet friends whom they never see except at this or that entertainment of one of the U. D. C. Chapters.

Mrs. Parker, Honorary President of the Baby Chapter, named for her late husband, had the members meet at her home in April, and after an interesting program delicious refreshments were served. This James Henry Parker Chapter is accomplishing great things, for the members are intensely enthusiastic. On the 28th of April Mrs. Parker entertained in honor of the U. D. C. President General, Mrs. Odenheimer, by giving a dinner party at her home, on Sixty-Ninth Street, to which the Vice Presidents of the New York Division and the Presidents of the other Chapters were invited. Major Gordon, Commander of the New York Camp of Confederate Veterans, was also present. Arlington, Shiloh, Stone Mountain, our New York Memorial Day were topics of general discussion. The New York Camp of Confederate Veterans has a plot and a beautiful monument at Mount Hope Cemetery, and our Chapters always send flowers for Memorial Day. The New York City Chapter never fails to send flowers to Camp Chase and Elmira. This Chapter, with its six hundred members, gave its annual spring luncheon on April 29. Mrs. Henry McCorkle was chairman of entertainment. These luncheons have been given annually for fifteen years.

REPORT OF MARY MILDRED SULLIVAN CHAPTER, OF NEW YORK CITY, BY MRS. CHARLES HERBERT SILLIMAN, ACTING HISTORIAN.

For Shiloh Day the Chapter was invited to meet with its brilliant chairman of the Shiloh Committee, Mrs. John Hays Hammond, of Mississippi, and was delightfully entertained in her interesting home. In her capable hands anything is possible. Shiloh has been well remembered, and the Chapter takes a forward stand in its contributions. By request, Mr. Hibbard, the sculptor, very kindly sent photographs showing the Shiloh monument as a whole and in detail and a description of this wonderful conception and accomplishment. It is the "Story of Shiloh" marvelously told in stone and bronze.

The guest of honor was Dr. John Allan Wyeth, so well known, so beloved for his unrelenting service to humanity, for his zeal and success in setting forth truths of history. In his charming way he told incidents and facts of Shiloh not generally known, dwelling on the romantic and humorous rather than the tragic. Then he paid a glowing tribute to the spirit of Southern womanhood—the same yesterday, to-day, and forever—and presented to the President, Mrs. Schuyler, for the Chapter an early poem of his, printed on white satin, "The Southern Rose," showing that then, as now, he was under her rule.

The first public rendition of Mrs. Martha Gielow's (Alabama) patriotic song, set to the most stirring music by gifted Don Richardson (North Carolina), was given by Miss Case. Other delightful numbers were given by Miss

Warren, of grand opera fame, Mr. Ray Hampdon, and a spirited recitation by Miss Barbee, cousin of the authoress, Mrs. Fairfax Childs.

Other guests of honor were: Mrs. McVeigh, of Richmond, Va., President of the largest U. D. C. Chapter in existence, the Robert E. Lee, with 1,400 to 1,500 members; Mrs. Martha Gielow, so beautifully introduced by the Honorary President, Mrs. Algernon Sidney Sullivan; Mrs. Charles B. Goldsborough, President of James Henry Parker Chapter; Mrs. Henry Pearson, Mr. John Hays Hammond, Mr. George Sullivan, Mr. Charles Herbert Silliman, and the gentlemen associate members of the Chapter

THE VIRGINIA DIVISION.

BY MRS. CASSILL HENNING, CHARLOTTESVILLE.

Our Division appears to be forging forward in all lines of U. D. C. work.

Albemarle Chapter, No. 1, at a most enthusiastic meeting lately offered a prize to high school students for the best essay on some subject selected by the Chapter. Our historical work is quite interesting, combining history with our regular meetings, which adds a social feature to the evening. The Junior Auxiliary has reached forty-five members under the leadership of Miss Nancy Gordon.

Warren Rifles Chapter, at Front Royal, has well-attended meetings and is planning to have a "Social Evening" with the younger members shortly.

The Rawley Martin Chapter grows in interest along all lines of U. D. C. work. Meetings are well attended, and interest is kept up by combining the historical, business, and social features. In historical work the Chapter is pressing forward. Its work this year is a beginning in the preservation of its local Confederate history in five volumes, as follows: "Muster Rolls," "Reminiscences of Veterans," "Women of the Confederacy," "Daughters of the Confederacy," and "Stories of Faithful Slaves."

The annual happy gathering and banquet of the R. E. Lee Camp and Chapter of the Daughters of the Confederacy was held on January 19. The most exhilarating feature of the evening was the presentation of a handsome gold cross of honor by the Virginia Division to Mrs. J. E. Alexander for her affection and labor, which have so materially aided in perpetuating the memories of the Southern soldiers in the last half century.

The most wonderful Junior Chapter in the Virginia Division and doubtless in the General Division is the Staunton Junior Auxiliary. Under the able leadership of Mrs. J. F. F. Cassell it has grown to six hundred and is doing effective work. This is the first and only Junior Confederate Chapter to take out a "Life Membership of the Confederate Museum" and offers a prize again this year to the pupils of the public school for the best composition on a given Confederate subject; also a prize is offered to the one selling the most Confederate seals.

At a meeting of the First District of the Virginia Division, held at Tazewell on April 4, Mrs. W. C. N. Merchant, of Chatham, was unanimously indorsed for the office of Recording Secretary General U. D. C., to be filled at Dallas in November.

Under the time limit imposed by the constitution, Mrs. F. M. Williams, Recording Secretary General, and Mrs. C. B. Tate, of Virginia, Treasurer General, will be ineligible for

reelection; and it was felt that the retirement of these distinguished officers at the same time gave Virginia an opportunity to present a candidate for Recording Secretary General whose conspicuous ability and long experience in the work would be most valuable. Mrs. Merchant has served the Virginia Division as President, as Recording Secretary, and as Shiloh Director, and in these varied departments her conscientious discharge of duty and her executive talents have been universally appreciated. The announcement of her candidacy has been received with approval in many quarters.

THE TEXAS DIVISION.

BY MRS. EDITH E. T. LESSING, WACO.

The twentieth annual convention of the Texas Division, U. D. C., held at Austin on December 7-9, was largely attended, and great enthusiasm was displayed. The Chapter delegates came bringing in their sheaves of accomplished work until a mighty harvest was garnered.

Three new Chapters have been organized during the year, a memorial tablet has been placed to a departed hero, and the U. D. C. of Llano have erected a Confederate monument. The Mary West Chapter, of Waco, was a prize winner in the Division contests for 1915, Mrs. Susan Thornton Price being first with her poem in the literary contest and Mrs. J. Finley Smartt, Historian of the Chapter, bringing home the silver loving cup given for best historical work. The great objects of interest now before the Division are the building of a Jefferson Davis Highway across the State, the Memorial Red Cross window at Washington, and aiding in the Memorial Hall in honor of Mr. Cunningham, of the VETERAN.

It seems a large proposition; but whenever the U. D. C. of Texas put their hearts and hands to any work, great or small, a few years find the task accomplished, whether it be a victrola to amuse the beloved old veterans of the sixties or a home for Confederate widows.

The officers elected at the convention were: Mrs. Eleanor O. Spencer, President; Mrs. Oscar Bartholds, First Vice President; Mrs. Fred Fox, Second Vice President; Mrs. W. G. Baker, Third Vice President; Mrs. J. W. Doremus, Fourth Vice President; Miss Libbie Wade, Recording Secretary; Mrs. Bascom Bell, Corresponding Secretary; Mrs. J. F. Burton, Treasurer; Mrs. Milton Morris, Registrar; Mrs. W. K. Saunders, Historian; Mrs. Forest Farley, Custodian; Mrs. W. P. Baugh, Recorder of Crosses; Mrs. M. D. Farris, Poet Laureate.

A regular solicitor has been appointed by Mary West Chapter, of Waco, to gather subscriptions for the VETERAN, and we hope for results.

THE KENTUCKY DIVISION.

BY MRS. LINDSAY PENDLETON, EDITOR.

The Confederate veterans of Ben Hardin Camp, at Lawrenceburg, recently tendered a very enjoyable banquet to the Capt. Gus Dedman Chapter, U. D. C., of Anderson County. The Chapter numbers fifty-nine members; but of the five hundred Anderson County boys who went to the front in 1861, two companies with the Orphan Brigade and two with John Morgan's Cavalry, only about thirty now answer the Camp roll call. These survivors are always enthusiastic in planning an entertainment for the Daughters.

Adjutant J. S. Coke issued written invitations to the ban-

quet, and when the Daughters arrived at the Lawrenceburg Hotel they were received by the Commandant, Judge John H. Crain, and a committee of veterans, while the orchestra played a special selection of Southern airs.

The dining room presented a bright scene, hung in the glowing colors of the Confederacy and with two long tables decorated in cordons of red ribbon, forming a latticework the entire length through the center of the tables. On this at regular intervals were red blooming plants in red bowls. The place cards bore a picture of the Confederate flag, with John Dimitry's eulogy of it, and were complimentary from the VETERAN.

Before the company was seated, Col. John Botts, proprietor of the hotel and noted as one of the most genial hosts in Kentucky, made a welcome speech; and after coffee was served, Judge Crain, Commandant, added a full haversack of hospitality in gracious words. The Chapter President, Mrs. R. S. Collins, made a charming response and then called upon other members for messages and toasts. During these little indulgences the Adjutant placed in the hands of each Daughter a copy of the VETERAN as a souvenir, on the cover of which was the picture of Mrs. Odenheimer, President General U. D. C., and containing an account of the San Francisco convention.

SHILOH MONUMENT FUND.

REPORT OF MRS. ROY W. MCKINNEY, TREASURER, FROM
MARCH 9 TO APRIL 11, 1916.

Arkansas: Mary Graham Chapter, C. of C., Camden, \$2; John C. Darr Chapter, Athens, \$2.50. Total, \$4.50.

California: Gen. Joseph Wheeler Chapter, \$5; Southland Chapter, \$5; Gen. Tyree H. Bell Chapter, \$5; Bay Cities Chapter, \$5. Total, \$20.

Georgia: Sarah E. Horniday Chapter, Ellaville, \$4; Julia Jackson Chapter, C. of C., Atlanta, \$1; Abbeville Chapter, \$1; Atlanta Chapter, \$25; U. C. V. Camp, Rome, \$1; Miss Annie Wallerstein (personal), \$1. Total, \$33.

Mississippi: J. M. Crafton, Company E, Mississippi Infantry, Walthall's Brigade, \$5; R. F. Morrison, Company B, — Mississippi Regiment, \$2; Mrs. R. L. Covington, Shiloh Committee, \$14; Bedford Forrest Chapter, Hernando, \$10; E. F. Waits (personal), \$5; J. F. Gish (personal), \$1; Neil Morrison (personal), 50 cents; Nettleton Chapter, \$4.50; Thomas L. Hannin, Jr. (personal), Pittsboro, \$1. Total, \$43.

Tennessee: Gen. A. P. Stewart Chapter, Chattanooga, \$25; Sarah Law Chapter, Memphis, \$40; Mrs. T. J. Latham (personal), Memphis, \$10; Clark Chapter, Gallatin, \$5; W. D. Morris, for the 5th Tennessee Regiment Chapter, Paris, \$10; G. J. Powers, for the 5th Tennessee Regiment Chapter, Paris, \$5; Joe Wheeler Chapter, Stanton, \$5; Mary Latham Chapter, Memphis, \$30; John R. Neal Chapter, Spring City, \$5; Fort Donelson Chapter, Dover, \$21; Gen. A. P. Stewart Chapter, Chattanooga, for Lee picture, \$2.50; Fifth Tennessee Regiment Chapter, Paris, \$45.40. Total, \$203.90.

Texas: Pelham Chapter, Orange, \$5; William P. Rogers Chapter, Victoria, \$5; John M. Jolly Chapter, Marlin, \$2.50; Lavinia Porter Talley Chapter, Temple, \$2.50; Bosque Chapter, Meridian, \$1; Joseph B. Magruder Chapter, Commerce, \$1. Total, \$17.

Total collections since last report, \$321.40; interest, \$81.10.

Total in hands of Treasurer at last report, \$24,818.33.

Refund to Mrs. White, \$34.62; to Mrs. Hall, \$1.83; F. C. Hibbard, fourth payment, \$4.00.

Total in hands of Treasurer to date, \$21,184.38.

Historian General's Page

BY MILDRED LEWIS RUTHERFORD, ATHENS, GA.

"The True Story of Jefferson Davis" and "The True Story of Abraham Lincoln" were crowded out of "What the South May Claim" and will be published in pamphlet form as soon as funds are available; also "The True Story of John Wilkes Booth" and "The True Story of John Yates Beall" will appear as soon as possible.

The expense of publishing "What the South May Claim" has been greater than was expected, and there are no funds available to distribute it; so after a sample copy has been sent to each President and Historian for two cents' postage, the remaining copies will be sold for ten cents to defray cost.

U. D. C. PROGRAM FOR JULY, 1916.

MERRIMAC AND MONITOR.

(Answers to be found in "Historical Sins of Omission and Commission," pages 18-21.)

RITUAL.

1. Who first offered plans for an ironclad warship? When were they finally accepted?
 2. Who suggested using the sunken Merrimac? When and why had it been raised?
 3. What confusion arose as to Brooke's plans being accepted?
 4. When was the name changed, and why? When first launched?
 5. Name of first commander and his fate? Relate first encounter and result.
 6. What was the effect of this encounter at the North?
 7. Describe the Monitor. What advantage had she over the Virginia (Merrimac)?
 8. Describe the victory of the Virginia.
 9. Name other commanders and what was accomplished by them.
 10. Tell the Cyclorama story.
 11. What is the duty of the South in regard to this?
- Reading: "The Monitor and Merrimac;" "Commodore Tatnall."

C. OF C. PROGRAM FOR JULY, 1916.

THE CONFEDERATE NAVY.

(Answers in "Historical Sins of Omission and Commission," pages 21-23.)

RITUAL.

1. Tell the story of the Little David. What is a submarine?
2. What ship carried the Confederate flag around the world?
3. What ship captured in two days seven ships loaded with molasses and sugar?
4. Where was the last gun of the Confederacy fired?
5. Where was a navy yard that was far away from the sea?
6. What ship was released under bond from Commodore Vanderbilt? Was the bond ever paid?
7. Tell the story of Captain Herndon and the Central America.
8. Why did Admiral Farragut join the Union army when he was Southern-born?

9. Give sketches of Admiral Semmes and Matthew Maury. Reading: "The Sinking of the Housatonic." (See article following.)

THE SINKING OF THE HOUSATONIC.

("History of the Confederate States Navy." By J. T. Scharf, LL.D. Pages, 760 and 761.)

"The fish torpedo boat that destroyed the Federal gunboat Housatonic off Charleston Harbor was built at Mobile, Ala., in 1863 by Hundley & McClintock and was arranged with a pair of lateral fins, by the use of which she could be submerged or brought to the surface. Her motive power was a hand propeller worked by eight men, and it was intended that she should dive under a vessel, dragging a torpedo after her, which would explode on contact with the hull or keel of the enemy, the 'fish' making off on the other side. She was provided with tanks which could be filled or emptied of water to increase or decrease her displacement, but there was no provision for a storage of air. During an experiment at Mobile she sank, and before she could be raised the whole crew were suffocated.

"In February, 1864, Beauregard accepted this boat for use at Charleston. Lieutenant Payne, U. S. N., and a crew of eight men were preparing to take her out for action one night when she swamped by the wash of a passing steamer, and all hands except Payne were drowned. Four times she sank, and four times she was raised. General Beauregard was asked by Lieut. George E. Dixon to try her against the Housatonic, a splendid new ship of war, which lay in the North Channel off Beach Inlet. Beauregard consented, but only on condition that she should not be used as a submarine machine, but operating on the surface of the water and with a spar torpedo in the same manner as the David. All the thirty or more men who had met death in the 'fish' were volunteers; but Dixon had no difficulty in finding another volunteer crew ready to take the same risks.

It was a little before nine o'clock on the evening of February 17 when Master J. K. Crosby, officer of the deck of the Housatonic, detected the torpedo boat a scant hundred yards away from the ship. It looked to him like 'a plank moving along the water,' and before he decided to give the alarm he had lost seconds in which he might have saved his vessel. When he did pass the word, her cable was slipped, her engine backed, and all hands called to quarters; but Dixon had closed on her and fired his torpedo on the starboard side extending below her water line, and she went down in four minutes. Five on the Housatonic were killed by the shock or drowned; the remainder took refuge in the fleet.

"But the victory of the 'fish' was fatal to her crew. Whether she was swamped by the column of water thrown up by the explosion or was carried down by the suction will never be known, but the lives of all on board were sacrificed.

"After the war, when the wrecks off Charleston were removed, she was discovered lying on the bottom about one hundred feet from the Housatonic, with her bow pointing to the latter."

(Gen. James G. Holmes, of Charleston, says that Capt. James Smith, a diver, of Charleston, S. C., told him that his father and his partner had searched some five acres of the bottom around where the Housatonic was sunk trying to find the Little David in order to receive the \$100,000 offered for it by P. T. Barnum. It could not be found, and they supposed the strong outgoing tides had carried it into the ocean depths.)

Confederated Southern Memorial Association

MRS. W. J. BEHAN.....	President
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MRS. JOHN E. MAXWELL.....	Treasurer
Seale, Ala.	
MISS DAISY M. L. HODGSON.....	Recording Secretary
7909 Sycamore Street, New Orleans, La.	
MISS MARY A. HALL.....	Historian
1105 1/4 Broad Street, Augusta, Ga.	
MRS. J. ENDERS ROBINSON.....	Corresponding Secretary
113 Third Street South, Richmond, Va.	
MRS. VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE.....	Poet Laureate
1045 Union Avenue, Memphis, Tenn.	



Next Convention to be held in Birmingham, Ala.

VICE PRESIDENTS

ALABAMA—Montgomery.....	Mrs. J. C. Lee
ARKANSAS—Fayetteville.....	Mrs. J. Garside Welch
FLORIDA—Pensacola.....	Mrs. Horace L. Simpson
GEORGIA—Atlanta.....	Mrs. A. McD. Wilson
LOUISIANA—New Orleans.....	Mrs. James Dinkins
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MISSOURI—St. Louis.....	Mrs. G. K. Warner
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SOUTH CAROLINA—Charleston.....	Mrs. S. Cary Beckwith
TENNESSEE—Memphis.....	Mrs. Charles W. Frazer
VIRGINIA—Front Royal.....	Mrs. S. M. Davis-Roy

THE CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

The Confederated Southern Memorial Association met in convention in the city of Birmingham, Ala., May 15-18, 1916. The opening meeting was large and enthusiastic. Greetings were extended by Gen. Bennett H. Young, the mayor, the Wilcox and Hardee Camps, U. C. V., and the President General U. D. C. By invitation of the C. S. M. A., Hon. John N. Tillman, member of Congress from Arkansas, went to Birmingham to speak for the refunding of the cotton tax. He received a grand ovation. At the conclusion of his speech Mrs. C. B. Bryan, of Memphis, Tenn., offered a vote of thanks to Mr. Tillman for his efforts in behalf of the Confederate veterans and for accepting the C. S. M. A. invitation. She then offered a resolution asking the C. S. M. A. to indorse House Bill No. 458, which was introduced in Congress by Mr. Tillman December 6, 1915. This vote was given with a rousing cheer. The daily sessions of the convention were well attended, and good work was accomplished.

The Stone Mountain Monumental Association was indorsed, and all Associations were requested to contribute to this grandest of all Confederate monuments. Many contributions and pledges were received for the "President's Chair," which is the testimonial to the women of the sixties to be placed in the Red Cross Memorial Building, in Washington, D. C. Reports were read from Associations organized in 1866, giving data relating to these Associations during the past fifty years. Mrs. J. C. Lee's resignation was received with regret, and the appointment of Mrs. R. P. Dexter was confirmed. Mrs. J. C. Lee and Mrs. M. A. Allen, of Montgomery, Ala., were elected honorary life members for long and faithful services as Memorial women.

A delicious luncheon was served by the local committee during the three days of the convention. A reception complimentary to the Memorial women was given at the Southern Club, and an automobile ride also was arranged for the Memorial women.

The memorial service under the joint auspices of the U. C. V. and the C. S. M. A. took place at noon on Wednesday, May 17, in the U. C. V. auditorium. Rev. J. W. Bachman, Chaplain General U. C. V., made the opening prayer. General Green, who was to have spoken for the Confederate dead, was prevented from attending by illness. The Rev. Dr. Albert Sidney Johnson, of Birmingham, Ala., spoke in behalf of the Memorial women. His address was magnificent and elicited loud and continued applause. Mrs. Virginia Frazer Boyle, Poet Laureate of the C. S. M. A., gave her poem to the "Unknown Dead," accompanied by Miss Marjorie Castiglione

with a refrain on the violin. This beautiful feature was very effective. The death roll of the veterans was read by Gen. William E. Mickle, Adjutant General U. C. V., and that of the C. S. M. A. was read by Miss Hodgson, Recording Secretary General. The hymn, "Nearer, My God, to Thee," was sung by the whole assemblage. The closing word was by Mrs. W. J. Behan, and Rev. Arnold E. Wright, Assistant Chaplain General U. C. V., gave the benediction. Taps sounded, and the memorial exercises thus ended.

Three thousand or more cotton tax badges were distributed by members of the C. S. M. A. The veterans were anxious to wear them and to support the Tillman cotton tax bill. Resolutions of appreciation were passed, and the 1916 C. S. M. A. convention adjourned to meet in Washington in 1917.

RESOLUTIONS ADOPTED BY THE SEVENTEENTH ANNUAL CONVENTION OF THE CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION AT BIRMINGHAM, ALA., MAY 18, 1916.

Your Committee on Resolutions submits the following:

We found kind, thoughtful consideration given by the various committees for our comfort and pleasure. The beautifully decorated halls evinced a warm welcome, and our President, as usual, amid hundreds of calls upon her, proved herself a woman of fine executive ability, ever just and impartial in her decisions.

The convention strengthens the memorial ties, and the younger members feel a greater reverence for our sacred cause.

The address of welcome by Mrs. R. P. Dexter, State Vice President, opened the convention in a most beautiful and fitting manner.

The Commander in Chief of the Veterans, Gen. Bennett H. Young, gave a talk which was an inspiration to all who had the pleasure of hearing him.

The President General U. D. C., Mrs. Odenheimer, made an address replete with general information of the work so dear to our hearts. Mrs. W. J. Behan, our beloved President, introduced Hon. John H. Tillman, of Arkansas, who spoke at length on the cotton tax bill, and his remarks were enthusiastically received and unanimously indorsed.

We wish to express sincere thanks to the city of Birmingham for courtesy, cordiality, and hospitality extended to our Association; to Mrs. Chappel Cory, Chairman of the Entertainment Committee, for courtesies shown us, and particularly to the Cable Company for use of the hall; to the Church of Advent for the parish house; to the ladies who so generously provided delicious lunches during the convention; also to those

charming women who added greatly to the pleasure of the occasion by opening the hospitable doors of the beautiful Country Club and providing delicious refreshments and inspiring music during the afternoon of May 16 and for the no less beautiful courtesy at the Southern Club by these same gracious hostesses on Wednesday afternoon, and the enjoyable ride of Thursday brought to a close the most profitable and delightful convention of 1916; and to the press for ably reporting all proceedings.

We feel that much good has been accomplished by this convention, through which perfect harmony has prevailed.

Committee: Mrs. Pauline J. Hauseman, of Alabama, chairman; Mrs. Robert H. Jones, of North Carolina; Mrs. S. A. Moreno, of Florida; Mrs. William Patrick Anderson, of Georgia.

A NOBLE WOMAN OF THE SOUTH

A long and useful life closed when Mrs. Sophie Keron Hatton, widow of Gen. Robert Hatton, of Tennessee, lay down the burden of age and passed into realms immortal. She had reached the ripe age of eighty-nine years, some sixty of which were lived in Tennessee, fifteen in Japan, eight in Georgia, and four in California. Mrs. Hatton was in every way a worthy companion of her distinguished husband; and

when he fell at Seven Pines in May, 1862, he left a widow who was as true, as noble, as great as was the gallant General himself. Shrinking not from the responsibilities of her widowhood, she bravely assumed the burden of rearing her family, largely making their support; and through the long and busy years of life she remained ever faithful to the memory of him who was the companion of her short wifehood, her every thought of him a tribute of love and loyalty. After her death a yellowed paper was found underneath his miniature in the original box, and in the faded ink could be read the following:

"This miniature I had taken at Fredericksburg for my wife, who is at Lebanon, Tenn., my home. The breastpin in which it is placed was purchased by her at Nashville and sent to me in the month of May last, whilst I was in camp in Tennessee, with a request that I should have my picture taken and put in it for her. No opportunity has offered till now. Should it fall into the hands of a stranger, will he send it, if practicable, to Mrs. S. K. Hatton, Lebanon, Tenn.? It will be worthless to him; to her it may afford pleasure.

R. HATTON.

Colonel 7th Regiment of Tennessee Volunteers."



MRS. S. K. HATTON

Among the truly great women of the South, none have surpassed Mrs. Hatton in greatness of soul, and few have been her equal in unselfish and untiring devotion to Christ and to the needs of humanity. For eight years Mrs. Hatton was State Librarian of Tennessee, being reelected three times. She finally resigned in order to live with her daughter in California. While State Librarian she organized the Nashville Relief Society and was its first President. This society has developed into the Associated Charities of Nashville, which is ranked as one of the best institutions of its kind in the country. For many years Mrs. Hatton was a member of McKendree Church, Nashville, and had a part in its activities. She was ever in her place in the prayer meeting and was a member of Dr. O. P. Fitzgerald's noted class meeting. She taught in its Sunday school and in the afternoon was always found in a mission school in North Nashville. In Japan she entered into the work of the mission and was the loved grandmother of all the missionary children. Having taught for years, she was prepared to direct the studies of her three grandchildren in a land where there were no school privileges for English-speaking children. She thus solved a great problem in their home, enabling her daughter to enter actively into missionary labors.

Mrs. Hatton was a woman of unusual ability and strength of character. Added to this, she had the equipment of a higher education and thus was prepared for the great work she was able to do in the after years. She was a woman of much prayer and had an intimate acquaintance with the Bible. She traveled a long, weary road during the fifty-four years of her widowhood; but now she sleeps, and she sleeps well, for she sleeps in Jesus. Death came to her suddenly at the home of her son-in-law, Rev. W. E. Towson, of Eastman, Ga., on the 12th of March, 1916.

The funeral was held in Lebanon, Tenn., her old home and the place from which her husband started with his soldiers. On the way from the church to Cedar Grove Cemetery, accompanied by a remnant of her husband's old brigade, the funeral cortege passed the draped statue of General Hatton, which stands on the public square. She was buried by the side of her husband and her only son. She leaves two children, Miss Mame Hatton, of Nashville, Tenn., and Mrs. Towson, and three grandchildren.

[From tribute by Rev. W. E. Towson, in *Christian Advocate*.]

CONFEDERATE MEMORIAL DAY.

BY GEORGE I. TACK

War's panoply lies mingled with the dust.

Low chant the winds in temples vast and dim

Or breathe o'er green Valhallas death's sad hymn

For all the honored brave with voices hushed;

Time's children come and go; grave's iron doors rust;

Yet valiant deeds and love may never die.

To-day the garland and the tearful eye

We give to victims of war's horrid lust.

Let heaven trace with pencils of sun gold

The names of those who bravely fought and bled;

Bring roses, jasmine, fragrant blossoms fair,

And place them o'er the hearts so still and cold;

And let this day be named fore'er and e'er

Love's tribute to the Southland's warrior dead.



W. C. BRONAUGH,

Commanding Western Brigade, Missouri Division, U. C. V.

WESTERN BRIGADE, MISSOURI DIVISION, U. C. V.

The following staff officers have been appointed to serve during the ensuing year:

Col. Horace B. Bushnell, Adjutant General and Chief of Staff.

Col. W. F. Bahlman, Assistant Adjutant General.

Maj. J. M. Spangler, Inspector General.

Col. A. A. Pearson, Judge Advocate.

Col. W. F. Mitchell, Commissary.

Col. C. Lester Hall, Chief Surgeon.

Col. J. H. Renfro, Chief of Artillery.

Col. J. T. McMahan, Chief Ordnance.

Col. J. G. Senior, Chief of Infantry.

Maj. W. D. Steele, A. D. C.

Maj. J. A. Bushnell, A. D. C.

W. C. BRONAUGH,

Brigadier General Commanding Western Brigade;

HORACE B. BUSHNELL,

*Adjutant General and Chief of Staff.**A REMINISCENCE.*

BY MRS. J. E. HIEBLER, M'LEOD, MISS.

The Commercial-Appeal of January 24 reported the death of Maj. James Hamilton Trezevant on the previous Thursday morning at his home, in Houston, Tex., aged eighty-one years. High tribute was paid to this veteran of the War between the States. This recalled to me Major Trezevant's wife, his young brother, Kruger, and Misses Emma and Nannie Davidson, his wife's sisters, who were refugees in Mississippi during the summer of 1863. They were, with the exception of Miss Nannie and her governess, Miss Ames, entertained at my father's home, in Macon. Mrs. Trezevant and her sisters were daughters of United States Senator Davidson, of Amite, La.

These were elegant people. All were musicians, performing on the piano and the guitar; and I, then a little girl, found much pleasure in their society. In fancy Kruger's splendid voice is heard in "Missouri, Missouri, Bright Land of the West," and "Maryland, My Maryland," war-time melodies; but the "song that reached my heart" was "Lorena." The pathos of that song appealed to me even as a child. One of Kruger's favorites was a parody on "The Old Playground," sung to the same air. It was inscribed by Major Trezevant to Gen. Braxton Bragg, and the words were as follows:

"I'm sitting to-night on the navy yard wharf,
Where you and I have sat so oft together,
Thinking of the joys and all of those 'ahoys'
When you and I stormed the fort together.

There is Greeley, of the Tribune, and Raymond, of the Times,

Both struck with a great hallucination;
They speak a new crusade, where fire and sword are made
The instruments of our regeneration."

After the close of the war I was spending the summer on the eastern shore of Mobile Bay. Gen. Braxton Bragg was a visitor there; but I did not have an opportunity to sing for him the lines quoted above, which would have recalled days so near to the hearts of Confederate veterans, who say: "For memory is a day so dear we would not lose it for a crown." I recall only two stanzas, and these may not be verbatim. I am sure that the last line of the second stanza was given with more emphasis than I have written. I doubt that there is another copy extant, unless the Major's first wife, Fannie, preserved it. If, however, any one has a copy, I should be pleased to have the other stanzas.



GEN. JAMES I. METTS,

Commanding North Carolina Division, U. C. V.

THE REUNION IN BIRMINGHAM.

(Continued from page 247.)

God, outgeneraled, fought for a cause infinitely nobler than that which sent Germany to war. And when I saw little Belgium trying to check the onslaught of that army, I thought of that same little army which fifty years ago set the example to Belgium by its resistance of the hordes of invaders from the North. When I saw war conducted by wireless, by telephone, and by telegraph, I thought of you men, who often hand-to-hand engaged the foe and feared not. When I saw the lines of conscriptionists, and when I heard those bands playing, endeavoring to create a patriotic sentiment, I thanked God that I belong to America and to that part of the country which sent men to war, not because they had to fight, but because they wanted to fight.

"Mind you, I am not trying to glorify you in what I say, pen and tongue are incompetent for that task. The angels in heaven have been attending to that for fifty years. And what I have said goes also to the women, and especially to the women of the Old South.

"And when I saw that war and what may happen to our country kept unprepared, and when I considered the fate of Belgium and realized that under similar conditions our people would suffer what those people had suffered, it was then that I, who am the son of a soldier and the grandson of a soldier, came home cured of a delusion that war under certain conditions could be beautiful. But I also came home with the firm conviction that America should not remain unprepared. And because I believe that the Providence which has been looking after the affairs of fools, drunkards, idiots, and cripples, and the United States of America may not always do so; because I believe that the best insurance for peace is preparedness for the other thing—because of these things I want to see all of my country, and especially the South, equipped with the strongest army, the best navy, and supplied with the best coast defenses money can buy and manhood can command."

CAPTURED FLAGS SOUGHT.

BY ALEXANDER ECKEL, CHAIRMAN, KNOXVILLE, TENN.

The Department of Tennessee, G. A. R., has undertaken to collect the regimental flags of the different Tennessee regiments and store them in some secure place for safe-keeping. For that purpose the Encampment appointed a committee of three, consisting of Alexander Eckel, of Knoxville; Joel I. Piott, of Athens; and Newton Hacker, of Jonesboro, Tenn.

The 2d Tennessee Infantry was captured at Rogersville, Gen. Sam Jones in command, by the 4th Kentucky Cavalry.

The 4th Infantry was captured by General Wheeler's command at McMinnville.

The 3d Cavalry was captured at Sulphur Trestle by General Forrest's command.

The 8th Infantry lost its flag in the battle of Utoy Creek, it is thought, by General Bate's division.

The 7th Cavalry was captured somewhere in West Tennessee March 24, 1864, it is supposed, by Forrest's command.

The 11th Cavalry was captured, but there is no record of the place or the date.

The 14th Cavalry was captured at Fort Pillow in April, 1864, by General Forrest's command.

In these times of good feeling and fraternity existing between the old veterans of both armies, when these captured flags are being returned to the men who followed them through

that bloody struggle, this committee is desirous of ascertaining if any of the flags of the commands mentioned are still in existence and where located and to ask for their return. If not, they would like to know what became of them.

FINE MARKSMAN IN VIRGINIA ARMY.

When the National Democratic Convention was held in Charleston, S. C., in 1860, Daniel Quinn was one of the pages, and in watching the proceedings of the convention, with its mighty deliberations and orations of patriotic fervor, he became fired with an ambition to become a statesman or a soldier. He was a little Irish boy who had come to Charleston with his parents in 1849, when he was just four years old. His boyhood days had been largely spent in hunting small



DANIEL QUINN

game outside the city limits, in which he gained much skill with the rifle. As the war came on in 1861 he debated with himself whether it was better to go to school or to war. Impulsively choosing the latter, he left home, went to Richmond, Va., and enlisted in Company I, 1st Regiment of South Carolina Volunteers, Col. Maxey Gregg, being then sixteen years old. He became one of the expert shots of the army. In the battle of Gaines's Mill, while our line of battle lay

on a hill awaiting orders, the enemy's line on another hill facing us, in front of their respective lines of battle a Confederate and a Union soldier were having a duel. Daniel Quinn said to his comrades "Watch me take a shot." He fired, and the Union soldier fell. For this he received many encomiums on his skill. In many other battles he demonstrated his fine marksmanship, making every shot do its work. He was in the Seven Days' fight about Richmond, in the battle of Second Manassas, Harper's Ferry, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, but missed Antietam on account of illness. In the fall of 1863 he broke down; and when, sick unto death, he was about to be sent to the hospital, Captain Brailsford gave him a letter in praise of his services. General Lee issued an order, read throughout the army, discharging Daniel Quinn with the highest honors as a soldier, saying he was "fearless in battle." Governor Bonham, of South Carolina, gave him an appointment as a cadet to the Military Academy, which he entered in January, 1864, to prepare himself as an officer in the army. He had been promoted to the position of a noncommissioned officer for his gallant conduct.

After the war Daniel Quinn settled in Augusta, Ga., but in 1879 he went out West in search of health. While in New Mexico employed in railroad service he had the misfortune to lose his right leg. Returning to the South, he made his permanent home in Miami, Fla., where, he says, the climate is ideal, the people hospitable, and tourists come from all parts of the world at all seasons.

Campaigns and Battles

OF THE

Army of Northern Virginia

By GEORGE WISE . . . ALEXANDRIA, VA.

This is another valuable addition to the list of books on the Civil War by Southern writers, and it deserves a place among the most valuable.—*The Presbyterian of the South*.

"Campaigns and Battles of the Army of Northern Virginia" is bound to win a place, by reason of its intrinsic merit, among the recognized standard works dealing with the subject.—*Fairfax Herald*.

\$3.15 by mail, postpaid

J. C. Nelson, of Sharpsburg, Ky., is anxious to obtain a copy of the story "Zilpah," which was published in the Louisville (Ky.) Weekly Courier-Journal about thirty-five years ago. This story, one of the best ever written, was never put in book form, but it is possible that some one in the South has preserved it in a scrapbook. If so, please communicate with Mr. Nelson. He also wants a copy of "Ellie; or, The Human Comedy," by John Esten Cooke, or any other of Cooke's works in the original editions.

A. H. Shelton, of Excelsior Springs, Mo., wants to hear from any surviving soldiers who were wounded in the battle of Baker's Creek, Miss., in 1863, and left in the old Storehouse Hospital at Edwards Depot. Mr. Shelton was of Company D, 3d and 5th Missouri Infantry.

Mrs. John Blunt Boyd, of Amity, Clark County, Ark., wants to get in correspondence with some one who knew her husband as a soldier. She thinks he enlisted at Calhoun, Ga., and served to the close of the war. She needs information of his service in order to secure a pension.

James A. Boone, of Charleston, Mo., is trying to verify the record of William Brooks, who is in need of a pension. He enlisted in the spring of 1861 at Ellijay, Ga., in Company D, 11th Georgia Infantry, under Captain Welch and Col. G. T. Anderson, and was in Anderson's Brigade, Hood's Division. He was in Longstreet's Corps at Gettysburg, where he was wounded, and afterwards went back to his company and was with Longstreet in East Tennessee.

THE LIFE RECORD OF H. W. GRABER, A TERRY TEXAS RANGER, 1861-1865. (Reviewed by James H. McNeilly, D.D.)

The story of a heroic life should be inspiring to youth as well as interesting to age. In this record of H. W. Graber we have the story of a life of heroism in the face of difficulties and dangers that would have overwhelmed a weak or timid soul. H. W. Graber was born in Bremen, Prussia, in 1841. At twelve years of age he came with his father to Texas. In one year his parents died, leaving him with the care of younger children. The orphan boy bravely undertook the task; and, with the help of an uncle, by his faithfulness and efficiency he made good. He had received the elements of a good education before leaving his native land, and this added to his effectiveness in service and formed the basis of a wider culture.

When the War between the States began in 1861, he at once took the side of the South as the cause of liberty and righteousness. The larger portion of this volume is the account of thrilling experiences as a member of that noted command, Terry's Texas Rangers. It is a story of arduous service, of dangerous expeditions, of daring achievements, of fearful perils escaped, of a heroism that never hesitated in the performance of duty. Then came that nightmare for the South, the days of Reconstruction. And his experiences in those trying times are a revelation of courage that defied the forces of outrageous tyranny and oppression.

This record of sixty-two years is valuable as history, showing the spirit of the Confederate soldiers in the contest for constitutional liberty and also the spirit of our foes, culminating in the horrors of Reconstruction. Comrade Graber has rendered a real service to our cause. Only a limited edition of the book was issued, and only a few copies remain. Order from Gen. H. W. Graber, 1714 Bennett Avenue, Dallas, Tex. Price, \$2, postpaid.

Mrs. C. E. Jarrott, of Florence, S. C., wishes to obtain a copy of a pamphlet entitled "Five Months among the Yankees," which was written by a lawyer while in Point Lookout Prison, Maryland. She is willing to pay a good price for a copy.

Mrs. Mary A. Short, R. R. No. 1, Mesquite, Tex., would like to hear from some surviving comrade of her husband, J. L. Short, of Company D, 46th Georgia Regiment, under Captain Cotton and Major Banodd. He enlisted in 1862, it is thought.

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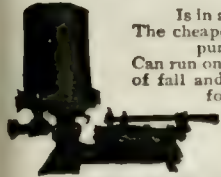
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INFORMATION Regarding GRAVES of CONFEDERATE PRISONERS OF WAR

who died in the hands of the Union forces is requested by the War Department in order that these graves shall receive national attention. Please write, giving name of the soldier or sailor and burial place, to
Dr. Samuel E. Lewis, Commissioner
Army Medical Library Building
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Nashville, Tenn.

Mrs. Eva Hasbrouck, 217 South Fourth East Street, Salt Lake City, Utah, is trying to get some information of Jacob Sharpe, who went from Guilford, Nodamay County, Mo., and enlisted late in the year of 1861 or early in 1862. He never returned. Any information of him would be gladly received.

F. C. Ferris, of Galesburg, Ill., wants to attend the meeting of survivors of the siege at Vicksburg (possibly in 1917), and he wants to meet as many of the "boys" as possible. He is especially anxious to renew acquaintance with five Confederates who sat down at his mess chest and ate dinner on the day of the surrender. He also wants to locate a man by the name of Mooring, who was a prisoner of war under his charge at Ship Island in the fall of 1864. He thinks he belonged to the 21st Alabama, as there were a number of that regiment at Ship Island. Mr. Ferris will be very glad indeed to hear from any of these Confederate friends. He is the brother of the man who made the great Ferris Wheel.

I. S. Lester, of Dyer, Ark., wants the names and addresses of all the survivors of the 1st North Carolina Cavalry, especially of Company H.

Milton Dunn, of Montgomery, La., wants information of Capt. William J. Hardie and Capt. Richard Turner, of the 8th Louisiana Dismounted Cavalry. They were last heard from in Texas.

W. P. Watts, of Waverly Hall, Ga., is trying to help Maj. T. B. Camp, of that place, secure a pension. Major Camp was a member of the 7th Texas Granbury's Brigade. Any surviving comrade will please write to Mr. Watts. He is willing to pay for information.

Rev. L. F. Hardy, of Palestine, Tex., is trying to complete the record of T. W. Hardy, who enlisted in 1862 from Minden, La., in the 8th Louisiana Regiment, company unknown. He served first as orderly, then as quartermaster, and received his discharge sometime after the war over at Monroe, La.

Mrs. Bertie Girtman Clopton, of Miami, Fla., wants to know where her father, J. W. D. Girtman, was at the time of the surrender. He entered the service October 1, 1861, as a private in Company K, 2d Georgia Regiment of Cavalry (Colonel Lawton), Forrest's Brigade, and was afterwards transferred to Wheeler's command.

NEWS OF FIFTY YEARS AGO.—At a dinner party in a Northern city a few weeks ago one of the guests, of Irish extraction, was called upon for a toast. He arose and said: "I give you General Butler." A general scowl showed plainly the disapproval of the diner's toast, whereupon the Irish gentleman quickly added: "I give him to you because I would not have him meself."—*Richmond Times-Dispatch.*

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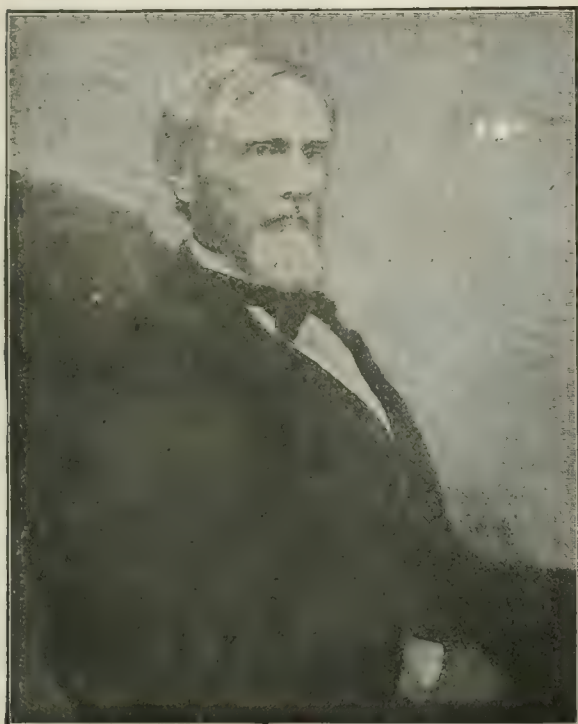
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VOL. XXIV.

JULY, 1916

NO. 7

RESURGAM

"I shall rise again"

LOST Cause! What grief upon the Southland dear,
And leaden burden, helpless sorrow lay
When Lee's brave, dauntless remnant of the Gray
Resigned the Cause for which their Chief, austere,
Renounced command and power and high career
In service of that Bond* whose lawful sway
Was trampled by the might of War's array
That left the stricken South bereft and sear!

But grieve no more, O faithful Southern heart!
Fraternal sov'reignty hath need of thee;
Thy Cause shall rise in light again, reborn.
This peerless Union never may depart
The noble visions† of the Fathers free!
Not "Lost," but Herald of the patriot Dawn!

May, 1916.

—A. W. Littlefield.

* The Constitution.

† Statehood. Federal Union. Constitutional Liberty.

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LEADING ARTICLES IN THIS NUMBER.

	PAGE.
Resurgam (poem). By Rev. A. W. Littlefield.....	Frontispiece
First to Reenlist for the War.....	201
Editorial: "The Truth of History".....	202
Cunningham Memorial Fund.....	293
Aftermath of Prison Life at Chester, Pa. By C. C. Cummings.....	294
Capt. John A. Mackey—A Tribute. By Calvin Stoddard Crowder.....	294
Sherman in Peace and War. By John C. Stiles.....	295
The Confederate Soldier. By Gen. Henry T. Douglas.....	297
They Wore the Gray (poem). By Lud E. McKay.....	298
The Boy Scouts at Birmingham. By Hampden Osborne, M.D.....	299
The Famous Battle of Hampton Roads. By J. F. Shipp.....	305
Last Review of Forrest's Cavalry. By D. B. Castleberry.....	307
A Carpetbagger's View of the Ku-Klux Klan. By A. J. Emerson.....	308
Bullets Used in the Civil War. By Albert Kern.....	310
A Maryland Boy in the Confederate Army. By G. B. Philpot.....	312
The Valley of Memory (poem). By Susan Thornton Price.....	315
A German Southern Patriot.....	328
In the Last Days of the Confederacy. By Mrs. J. B. Wilkins.....	329
A Mystery of the South. By H. D. Allen.....	330
Departments: The Last Roll.....	316
United Daughters of the Confederacy.....	300
Sons of Confederate Veterans.....	324
Confederated Southern Memorial Association.....	326

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The brave will hold the field, though they should lose.

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NASHVILLE, TENN., JULY, 1910.

N. A. CUNNINGHAM,
FOUNDER.

FIRST TO RE-ENLIST FOR THE WAR.

On January 1, 1864, Gen. Joseph E. Johnston promulgated the following:

"I have received official notice that Strahl's Brigade, Army of Tennessee, has followed the example of Vaughn's and re-enlisted for the war and that this movement was started by the 154th Tennessee Regiment of the latter brigade, which has the honor of inaugurating this plan." ("Official Records.")

FIRST IN THE ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA

"January 26, 1864.—This has been a bright, pleasant day and a most memorable one in the history of Battle's Brigade. General Battle made speeches to each of his regiments, and they re-enlisted unconditionally for the war, almost to a man. I never witnessed such unanimity upon a matter of such vital importance. The brave 12th Alabama, when the invitation was given to those who desired to volunteer to step forward two paces, moved forward as one man. General Battle spoke elegantly and eloquently. Battle's Brigade is the

first in the Army of Northern Virginia to re-enlist unconditionally for the war. This is an act of which we may be proud to say doing duty. I trust that I belong to such a patriotic body of heroes." (War diary of Capt. Robert Emory Park, published in "Southern Historical Society Papers, Volume XXVI.)

On February 3, 1864, Gen. R. E. Lee issued the following:

"The commanding general announces with gratification the re-enlistment of the regiments in this army for the war and the assurance of the war regiments of their determination to continue in arms until independence is assured. It is hoped that this patriotic movement, commenced in the Army of Tennessee, will be followed by every brigade in the Army of Northern Virginia. The troops which initiated the movement in this army are: Harts' South Carolina Battery, Battle's Alabama, Doles's Georgia, Ramseur's North Carolina, Johnston's North Carolina Brigades, and the 10th and 8th Alabama and the 47th North Carolina Regiments." ("Official Records.")

Joint Resolution of Thanks By Confederate Congress

(Approved February 26, 1864)

WHEREAS, the Alabama troops composing the brigade commanded by Brig. Gen. Cullen A. Battle, in the Army of Northern Virginia, volunteered in the service of the Confederate States in the early part of the year 1861, upon the first call for troops for the defense of Virginia, have participated in every battle fought by that army from the battle of Seven Pines to that of Gettysburg, always winning by their gallantry and devotion deserved praise and honor, and now, after enduring for nearly three years the hardships and dangers of active military service, have volunteered for the war *ad infinitum*.



Resolved, That the Congress do hereby commend the valorous and patriotic conduct of the troops of the Alabama brigade, and do hereby confer upon them the honor of being the first to re-enlist for the war, and do hereby express the gratification of the Congress at the patriotic movement of the troops of the Alabama brigade, and do hereby express the gratification of the Congress at the patriotic movement of the troops of the Alabama brigade.

Resolved, That the President be and he is authorized to communicate copies of these resolutions to the members and troops of said brigade, as an expression of the grateful appreciation of Congress of the patriotic and heroic conduct of the troops, and to encourage the patriotism and heroism of the troops, and to encourage the patriotism and heroism of the troops.

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Founder.

Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

All who approve the principles of this publication and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to cooperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

"THE TRUTH OF HISTORY."

The article in the VETERAN for June on "The Truth of the Hampton Roads Conference" evidently provoked the seer of the Courier-Journal to another eruption on the subject, though he quotes from an editorial in a daily paper of a Western State as the reason for the outbreak. As he made no response to a letter of protest by the VETERAN upon the appearance of his first objectionable editorials nor gave it place in the columns of his journal, it is evident that he considers the official organ of the United Confederate Veterans as beneath his notice. Nevertheless, in an indirect way he is now giving it attention.

Under date of June 20 Mr. Watterson holds forth on "The Truth of History" and proceeds to pervert it. He continues to assert that President Lincoln made the wonderful offer of everything for "Union" in the informal conference he had with Alexander Stephens and other Confederate commissioners at Hampton Roads, Va., in February, 1865—this notwithstanding the inconsistent position in which he places the man of his idolatry, the "Christ-man," who countenanced such severe measures as the cessation of the cartel of exchange, so that prisoners of war continued to suffer and die by the thousands in order that the ranks of the Confederate army might not be swelled by its returned soldiers, and who allowed the ravaging of a country already desolated by a war of invasion, so that the old men, women, and children should also suffer in the extreme for their connection with the Confederacy; yea, the "Christ-man" who made no effort at the beginning of hostilities to bring about a peaceful settlement of differences between the sections, but showed bad faith in not keeping the promise as to Fort Sumter and upon its fall sent out his call for troops to invade the South. What might not have been the outcome if "faith as to Sumter" had been fully kept?

In his book on "The War between the States" Mr. Stephens concludes his report of this famous conference by saying: "This is as full and accurate an account as I can now give of the origin, the objects, and the conduct of this conference from its beginning to its end. In giving it, as stated before, I have not undertaken to do more than to present substantially what verbally passed between all the parties therein mentioned." That is, we take it, he touched upon every phase of the discussion; yet he nowhere intimates that he and Mr. Lincoln had any conference apart from the others in which Mr. Lincoln made the very inconsistent offer credited to him. He was already pledged to his position on slavery, for had he not said in his message to Congress in December before: "If the people should, by whatever mode or means, make it an executive duty to reenslave such persons, another, and not I, must be their instrument to perform it"? Under such a declaration could he have offered to concede everything else for the restoration of the Union? And what reason could Mr. Stephens have had for withholding mention of that offer to his chief at Richmond? Why should Mr. Lincoln have made such an offer if he had not intended it to have the con-

sideration of the Confederate authorities? He knew that Mr. Stephens's mission was simply to secure terms of peace for submitting to Mr. Davis and the Confederate Congress, and any proposition he made should have gone before them. Judging Mr. Stephens by the light thrown on his character by the editor of the Courier-Journal, he was a traitor, indeed, to himself as well as to those who had intrusted him with a high mission. What could have been his object in writing one thing and stating verbally another? If he divulged such an advantageous offer to Mr. Felix G. de Fontaine, the noted Southern war correspondent, the night after his return to Richmond, as Mr. Watterson says he did, why should he not have reported it to Mr. Davis, who was entitled to know everything that had transpired?

Mr. Watterson says this wonderfully liberal offer "does not appear in the official documents because it was not a part of the formal proceedings, but an aside during an interview between Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Stephens"; yet the latter says this conference was strictly informal, and he makes no reference to any conference with Mr. Lincoln in which the other commissioners did not participate. Why should Mr. Lincoln have made such an offer to Mr. Stephens alone, knowing he had no power to accept it? If he really made it, Mr. Stephens evidently considered it an idle expression—a "talking through his hat" on the part of Mr. Lincoln—not to have passed it on to his superiors at Richmond for consideration.

Mr. Watterson says: "The Hampton Roads conference came to naught because the restoration of the Union was a *sine qua non* of one party and the recognition of the Confederacy a *sine qua non* of the other; but when the words 'unconditional surrender' are used in this connection as the Lincoln ultimatum, they are, to say the least, misleading." Since Mr. Stephens's report shows conclusively that unconditional submission to the power of the Federal government was the only basis upon which there would be a cessation of war upon the South, one wonders upon what Mr. Watterson bases his counter assertion. Did Mr. Lincoln make any formal offer of peace other than upon the surrender of the Confederate army unconditionally—that is, did he give any assurance as to what was in store for the people of the South in case of surrender? Mr. Stephens says he did not, and surely Mr. Stephens knew.

Mr. Watterson further says: "Mr. Lincoln's proposal that the Southern armies should disband and go home, that the Southern States should assemble conventions in each of the several capitals and repeal the ordinances of secession, and, this done, that they should send their Senators and Representatives to Washington to be accepted and received by Congress, was, under the circumstances, a generous offer, not a demand for 'unconditional surrender.'" Was this an offer or a mere suggestion? If an offer, it should have carried a promise that the Southern States would again be admitted to participation in government affairs without question; but nothing was promised. Mr. Stephens brings this out merely as a suggestion to him in the case of Georgia, and with it went the condition of ratifying the constitutional amendment abolishing slavery; and when Mr. Stephens mentioned that suffering among the old and infirm and children would necessarily attend emancipation in that way, as they could not support themselves, and asked Mr. Lincoln his plan for protecting them, the latter responded with an anecdote about the man who saved time and labor by turning his hogs on the ungathered crops to feed themselves, and to a neighbor's inquiry as to what he expected them to do when winter came and the ground was frozen he said: "Well, let 'em root."



MISS ELSIE MOFFATT, SPONSOR FROM VIRGINIA.

Miss Moffatt, one of the fair representatives at the Birmingham Reunion, is a resident of Augusta County and an active member of Gen. J. E. B. Stuart Chapter, U. D. C., of Staunton.

And that is just about the spirit of a majority of those who were so anxious to free the slaves.

Mr. Watterson says, "The South has no reason to falsify history or to misread it," yet he deliberately does both. He misreads the written record in giving credence to oral statements at variance with such written record, and he falsifies history in publishing his beliefs as proper evidence. He makes Mr. Stephens appear guilty of double-dealing to have withheld from his report the one and only offer worth considering. He actually says that Mr. Davis did not see Mr. Stephens at all after the conference at Hampton Roads; that they were not on friendly or even speaking relations. In view of that, it is strange indeed that Mr. Stephens should put on record that he and the other commissioners made a verbal report of the conference to Mr. Davis and upon the latter's insistence put it in writing to lay before the Confederate Congress, that he should later speak of his "last interview with Mr. Davis before leaving Richmond," and that he "left Richmond in no ill humor with Mr. Davis." We prefer to believe this written testimony of the state of their relations rather than the assertions of one who had no connection with the principals in this affair and who seems to have sought only to bring discredit upon them for the purpose of placing the other, the "Christ-man," in the Godlike attitude of offering "peace at any price" for Union. But if proof of this can be shown, then indeed may we, in the name of justice, let the proof be shown! Burdened and harassed by the responsibili-

ties of the office and betrayed by one in whom he had placed high trust, not on the President of the Confederacy should fall the blame for this failure to arrange terms of peace, but on the trusted lieutenant who failed to report the only terms that could have been accepted.

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WOMAN DELEGATE TO NATIONAL CONVENTION.

Mrs. William A. Harris, widow of Ex-Senator Harris, was unanimously elected one of the delegates from Kansas to the National Democratic Convention in St. Louis in June, though the three men who will accompany her had a hard fight to be chosen. Colonel Harris, her husband, was a Confederate colonel under General Lee. He was the only Confederate ever elected to any office of importance in Kansas. Mrs. Harris is a Virginia lady of beauty and culture and will be a prominent figure at the convention. Kansas hardly refused to permit "The Birth of a Nation" to be exhibited in that State, and it is a tribute to Mrs. Harris's personality that she was selected as a delegate in a State not so biased.

Harry F. Stevens, Kansas City, Mo.

TWICE-TOLD TALLS

"A Veteran of Seven Wars" is the title A. W. Bracey, of Lacrosse, Va., bestows upon himself, and he tells interesting stories of his "battles" in these wars. "The first war I entered was the war for the Lord. The second war was the War between the States. The third, fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh wars were the wars in marriage," said Mr. Bracey. "I have been married five times and am now in my seventh war, but the conflict is not a latter one."

Chaplain William Stanley, of the Orphan Brigade, to whom he told this story, said he looked like he was good for several other wars.—Birmingham Reunion Notes.

DIXIE BOOK OF DAYS—In America history is not destined to repeat the folly of long-continued distortion of partisan narrative. It was nearly two hundred years after the English civil war that England learned of Cromwell's worth as well as of Cromwell's faults. Yet, because of the constant productiveness of our own narrative, we are able in fifty years from the American struggle to hail the fullness of historical truth as a prospect not far distant, if not already dawning upon us.—Matthew Page Andrews.

AFTERMATH OF PRISON LIFE AT CHESTER, PA.

BY C. C. CUMMINGS, FORT WORTH, TEX.

In the April number of the *VETERAN* I sketched briefly the short stay at Chester, Pa., of myself and about two thousand other Confederate prisoners from Gettysburg. About the middle of September, 1863, some five hundred of us came over to Dixie Land, landing at City Point via the steamer New York, under Captain Chisholm. We were among the last exchanged before the cartel of exchange was broken, Grant ruling that no more should be sent over as the best means of ending the war. We steamed down the Delaware River; and when we reached Fort Delaware, we were halted and turned back to Chester on account, it seemed, of something wrong with the boat's machinery. When it was known that we were at that awful prison pen, Fort Delaware, we were seriously apprehensive that we were to be debouched there to share the fate of thousands of other Confederate prisoners on that horrid island in the middle of the river; and we were greatly relieved when we found what the trouble was, and we were turned back to Chester to stay only a short while before we launched out in mid-ocean. For the first time in my experience, as well as of many others of us, we steamed out of sight of land, which consumed the night. The next morning we passed Fortress Monroe, where Jefferson Davis was afterwards confined, and steamed through Hampton Roads, where the Virginia (Merrimac) and Monitor had their naval duel, which marked an epoch in ironclad sea-fighting, passing the old site of Jamestown, where, on the 13th of May, 1607, began the first English settlement in America.

My experience in life is that there is something in luck; for my ward companion, Livingston, was in my detail of exchange, and at once he accosted Captain Chisholm as an old acquaintance with whom he had traveled back to Dixie Land when being exchanged after his former capture in the battles before Richmond just the year before. Captain Chisholm remembered the dark-eyed, raven-haired Floridian, a soldier of striking appearance and chivalrous bearing, and gave us a stateroom above deck, while the others were corralled on deck below, and the next morning they presented a woebegone appearance from the aftermath of seasickness. John Best, a sandy-haired, long-whiskered member of my regiment, was along; and as we boarded the steamer for our voyage he remarked to me that he had an antidote for seasickness, showing me a "Black Bess" bottle peeping from under his apparel as the antidote aforesaid. But on going below the next morning I encountered Comrade John, and his bedraggled whiskers spoke of a wrestle with Neptune, with a result anything but prepossessing. He remarked, altogether superfluously, that "the thing didn't work." I replied, "John, not the way you thought; but it worked quite emphatically, I see, in another direction," to which he was fain to agree.

I had read that if one would lie still in his bunk and cover up his head the motion of the ship would be eliminated and one would not be seasick. I tried the remedy with signal success; and on the next morning while in mid-ocean I was enabled to enjoy the sight of "Mother Carey's chickens" (as the sea gulls are called by sailors) trailing along in the wake of the steamers, picking up the offal from the vessel, which, I imagine, was more abundant than usual from the involuntary contributions of the landlubbers aboard going to Dixie.

Livingston and I parted at Richmond, he going down to his home, on the classic St. John's River, whose beauties and delights were ever on his tongue. In 1914, during the Jack-

sonville Reunion, we enjoyed the scenery on this beautiful stream, which Ponce de Leon discovered on landing there on the Florida coast in 1513. But the nearest I came to finding my ward companion was a Camp named Livingston at Jacksonville, whether for my long-absent comrade no one could tell me, nor whether he was still on this side of the great divide.

When we landed with our batch of prisoners at City Point, Va., on the James River, that September day, I felt that swelling of heart echoed by Scott's "Lay of the Last Minstrel":

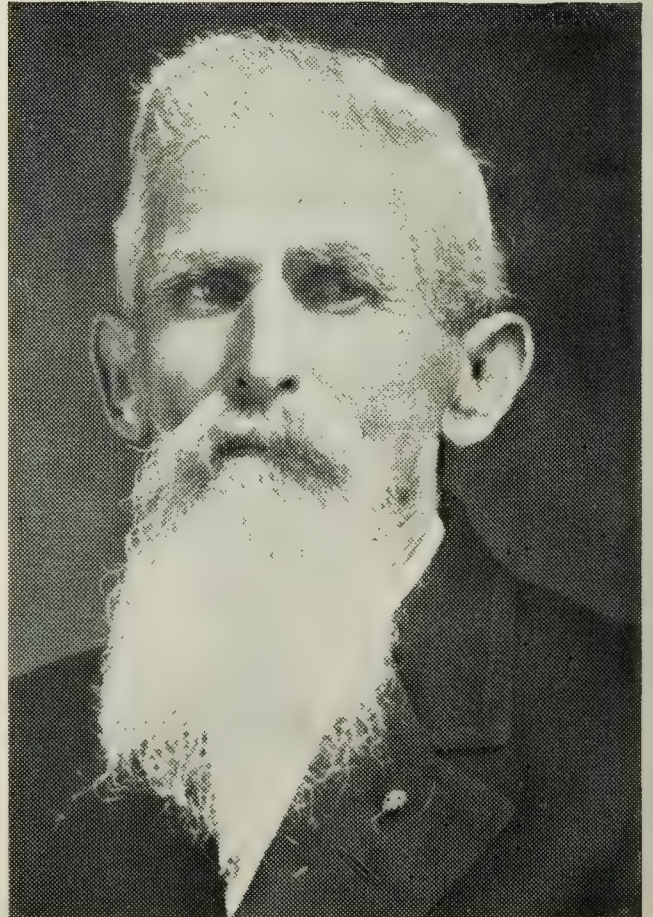
"Breathes there the man with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land!
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned
As home his footsteps he hath turned
From wandering on a foreign strand?"

CAPT. JOHN A. MACKEY—A TRIBUTE.

BY CALVIN STODDARD CROWDER.

"When my time comes to go, I want it to be on some occasion where everybody is happy and the band is playing 'Dixie.'"

There is no one to take heed of the wishes of the heart but God; and John A. Mackey, who had walked the paths of God for over half a century, had his wish granted.



CAPT. JOHN A. MACKEY.

"The blaring band was playing
Just an old-time melody,
And all the air seemed swaying
With a hidden minstrelsy.
Lilting, haunting, it seemed vaunting
Of some mystic victory.
The band was playing 'Dixie.'
Just an old-time melody."

At the Confederate Veterans' ball in Birmingham, Ala., on May 18, 1916, Capt. John A. Mackey was commended by his Superior Officer to leave the reunion of his earthly friends for the reunion celestial and eternal, and he went as he wished to go, surrounded by smiling faces, while the band was playing "Dixie."

He was always true to the Old South and its traditions, and the song he loved most was "Dixie," that melody whose rippling, joyous notes had inspired him on to victory, that haunting, echoing refrain which had cheered and solaced him in defeat; and not long before his death he had said to his veteran comrades: "When my time comes to go, I want it to be on some occasion where everybody is happy and the band is playing 'Dixie.'"

John A. Mackey was born in Columbia, Tenn., April 24, 1840. True to the traditions of his ancestors, he chose broad, rolling acres in preference to a more circumscribed calling, though he was a man of extensive reading and education. He enlisted in the 2d Tennessee Infantry, Company B, April 27, 1861. Beloved of his comrades, he was captain four years, intrepid in danger and fearless in combat, yet withal gentle as the bravest and gentle. After the war he moved to Wartrace, Tenn., and there on February 22, 1866, he was married to Miss Mary Elizabeth Alley. Four children blessed this perfect union. Happy and uneventful were the years that followed amid the green fields of Tennessee where this one-time fearless soldier chose to dwell in peace and content. The year after he married he joined the Christian Church, though through the broadness of his mind and the goodness of his heart he loved all Churches as he loved and was loved by all people. In June, 1910, he lost his beloved wife, and the year following he moved to Birmingham, Ala., and soon this city of his adoption came to know and love him for his cheer, his loving kindness and charity toward all. There was a courtly dignity and grace about this grand old man that stamped him of the old school and the Old South.

Memorial services were held by the Confederate veterans of Birmingham on the Sunday following his death, and then his grieving daughter, Mrs. Pearl W. Faulkner, and saddened son, W. T. Mackey, carried him back, clad in his beloved gray, to Tennessee, the State of his birth, and the veterans of Wartrace paid him the honor that was due and left him to his long last rest. The priceless heritage he left his children was unspotted honor and an untarnished name. And long will the memory of Capt. John A. Mackey be tenderly cherished and lovingly revered.

A FRAGMENT.

They marched all day through cold and heat;
They marked the ground with bleeding feet;
They hungered, fought—died. 'Twas sweet
To march and famish, bleed and die. The noble band,
With much to love, loved most their Southern land.

—Selected

SHERMAN IN WAR AND PEACE.

BY JOHN C. STILES, BRUNSWICK, GA.

I was reading lately of Early's raid to Washington, and I was overjoyed to see that our people did at last get their backs up and burned something. It made me feel so good that I had to indorse in the volume "Harrish for old Job." Our efforts, however, in that line were so puerile as compared to the artistic efforts of that gentleman who made war as he is supposed to have called it that it bears out the adage, "Comparisons are odious." I am, without doubt, one of the most loyal citizens of the United States to-day, and the Stars and Stripes or "The Star-Spangled Banner" gives me the same thrills that the Stars and Bars or "Dixie" gave my father; but I believe it is only fair to those gallant souls who fought for their convictions that the true history of the sixties should be brought to light, and hence this article.

It is told of a Scotch parson that, after praying for everybody and everything, he wound up with a supplication for the "puir de'il," as he knew of no one who needed it more. So in justice to that able soldier, Gen. William Tecumseh Sherman, I can truthfully state that history shows him in an entirely different light after Johnston's surrender; and the two phases of his character are strongly contrasted in these quotations from his correspondence, taken from the "Official Record," which cannot be gainsaid.

1863.

"The demoralizing and disgraceful practice of pillaging must cease, or else the country will rise on us and justly shoot us down like dogs and wild beasts."

"The amount of burning, stealing, and plundering done by our army makes me ashamed of it. I would quit the service if I could, because I fear that we are drifting to the worst sort of vandalism."

1864.

"We lived off the country and made a swathe of destruction fifty miles across Mississippi, which the present generation will not forget. We brought back with us ten miles of negroes."

"As to Kentucky secessionists, I hope General Burnside will send them to the Dry Tortugas of Brazil, men, women, and children, and encourage a new breed."

"I felt tempted to start for Savannah and absolutely destroy Georgia."

"Move toward Dallas, making a good deal of smoke as you go."

"Burn a house every now and then; and when you reach the road make a big smoke, a house or a barn at least."

"I can make the march and make Georgia howl."

"I would prefer infinitely to make a wreck of the road and the country from Chattanooga to Atlanta, including the latter city."

"I want to make a raid that will make the South feel the terrible character of our people."

"The poor people come to me and beg as for their lives; but my answer is: 'You cannot suppose our soldiers will suffer when there is an abundance within their reach.'"

"I am going into the very bowels of the Confederacy and propose to leave a trail that will be recognized fifty years hence."

"I propose to sally forth to ruin Georgia and expect to make a hole that will be hard to mend."

"I propose to demonstrate to the South that war and individual ruin are synonymous terms."

"I am perfecting arrangements to push into Georgia and make desolation everywhere."

"Arrest all the people, male and female, no matter what they claim, and let them foot it into Marietta. Let them take their children and clothing, provided they have means of hauling."

"One thing is certain, Atlanta will be a used-up community by the time we are done with it."

"We are eating out this valley so that it will not be necessary to come again."

"Send over and burn a few houses of known secessionists and kill a few at random."

"I propose to march, leaving behind a track of desolation; and when I leave Atlanta it will contain little of value."

"I will see that Atlanta itself is utterly destroyed."

"The whole army is burning to be turned loose in Carolina; and, with the experience of the last thirty days, I judge that a month's sojourn in South Carolina will make her less bellikose."

"I do believe that the whole United States, North and South, would rejoice to have this army turned loose on South Carolina to devastate that State in the manner we have done Georgia."

"When I move, the 15th Corps will be on the right, which will bring them into Charleston first; and if you have watched that corps you will have remarked that they generally do their work well. The truth is, the whole army is burning with an insatiable desire to wreak vengeance on South Carolina. I almost tremble at her fate, but feel that she deserves all that is in store for her."

"I look upon Columbia as quite as bad as Charleston, and I doubt if we shall spare the public buildings there."

1865.

"The army continues in the best of health and spirits; and, notwithstanding the habits begotten during our rather vandalic march, its behavior is excellent."

"Of course the enemy will destroy some forage; but I will burn the houses where the forage is destroyed, and the people will get tired of that."

"As to private houses occupied by peaceful people, my orders are not to molest; and I think my orders are obeyed. I do not want vacant houses destroyed, but do not take much care to preserve them."

"Burn all cotton. It is the only cash article left to the enemy."

"It might be well to instruct your brigade commanders that we are now out of South Carolina and that a little moderation may be of political consequence to us in North Carolina."

"We can live where the people do; and if anybody has to suffer, let it be them."

"The people of South Carolina, instead of feeding Lee, will have to call on Lee to feed them."

"Our foragers have gathered more chickens, turkeys, bacon, and corn meal than I believed was in the country."

"I should not hesitate to burn Savannah, Charleston, or Wilmington if the garrisons were needed elsewhere."

"I am delighted that Sheridan is slashing away; and if he reaches me, I will make North Carolina howl."

"I care not how close you pinch the inhabitants."

"The families remain; but I will push them out, as we need every house in town."

AFTER THE SURRENDER.

"I cannot believe that Mr. Davis was privy to the plot of assassinating President Lincoln, and I doubt if the Confederate military authorities had any more complicity with it than I had. I know that the great mass of the Confederate army would scorn to sanction such acts."

"I believe that the people of the South will be perfectly subordinate to the laws of the United States."

"The South is broken and ruined and appeals to our pity. To ride these people down with persecutions and military executions would be like slashing at the crew of a sinking ship."

"I will fight as long as the enemy shows fight; but when he gives up, I can go no farther."

"Now that all danger is past and our former enemy simply asks some practical escape from the terrible vicissitudes of his position, it is wonderful how brave and vindictive former noncombatants have become. It makes me sick to contemplate the fact."

"Men who are now fierce and who would have the Army of the Potomac violate my truce and attack our enemy, discomfited, disheartened, and surrounded, will sooner or later find foes to face of a different metal."

"I have seen Halleck's perfidious and infamous orders to disregard my truce. He is a brave general to pursue so fiercely an army that he knew did not intend to fight, but to surrender."

"He knew that I was bound in honor to defend and maintain my own truce and pledge of faith, even at the cost of many lives."

"I will march my army through Richmond, quietly and in good order, without attracting attention."

"I would blush for shame if I had insulted or struck a fallen foe."

"I have had abundant opportunities to know these people both before and during the existence of the war, and since their public acknowledgment of submission I would not hesitate to mingle with them and lead them to battle against a national foe; but we must deal with them with frankness and candor."

"I am not prepared yet to receive the negro on terms of political equality. I fear that parties will agitate for the negro's right of suffrage, not that he wants it, but merely to manufacture that number of available votes for politicians to work on."

"I prefer to give votes to the rebel whites, now humbled, subdued, and obedient, rather than to the ignorant blacks that are not yet capable of self-government; and I believe that the whole idea of giving votes to the negro is to create just that many votes to be used by others for political purposes."

CAMP HORACE LEE STEVENSON, NO. 806.

Camp Horace Lee Stevenson, composed exclusively of grandsons of Confederate veterans, was organized April 17, 1916, at Jacksonville, Ala. The Camp was called Horace Lee Stevenson after a local veteran. The following officers were elected: John Forney Stevenson, Commander; Elbert Morris, First Lieutenant; Fred Crow, Second Lieutenant; Vernon Fitz, Third Lieutenant; Alton Crow, First Sergeant; Wily Dixon, Adjutant; Alfred Roebuck, Second Sergeant; Clarence Ager, Treasurer; Horace Latterman, Jr., Commissary; Paul Morris, Ensign (Color Bearer); Ernest Hudson, Historian; Miss Mary Forney, Sponsor; Miss Martha Dearbrow, Maid of Honor; Miss Kathleen Daugatter, Maid of Honor.

THE CONFEDERATE SOLDIER, 1861-65.

[Tribute to the Confederate soldier delivered at the May meeting of the Confederate Veteran Camp of New York by Past Commander Gen. Henry T. Douglas.]

The Confederate soldier of the War between the States recalls associations of the long ago around which cling the memories of a glorious past. I speak especially of the soldier from Virginia, my boyhood friend, my schoolmate, to whom my heart turns in the evening of my life with tenderest emotions. Few, very few, are left. The mounds marking their resting places in peace with honor may be traced wherever Lee commanded and Jackson, A. P. Hill, Magruder, and J. E. B. Stuart led in the fight.

The Confederate soldier was unique in character, self-reliant, with a large percentage of independence, loyal to his commander and to his cause, but not a machine soldier. In the ranks were found men from every walk of life—the preacher, lawyer, doctor, engineer, mechanic, farmer, laborer, and the dilettante without any special calling.

The enlistments in Virginia centered on some officer to command companies, battalions, and regiments who had seen service in the United States army or in the organized State force or were graduates of the West Point of the South, the Virginia Military Institute. The officers from Virginia who had been distinguished in the Mexican War were especially sought to command Virginia's troops to be organized for the Confederate army. The list was a distinguished one. In it were found the names of Robert E. Lee, Joseph E. Johnston, T. J. (Stonewall) Jackson, John Bankhead Magruder, Ambrose P. Hill, Jubal A. Early, Robert Garnett, Richard S. Ewell, Dabney H. Maury, W. N. Pendleton, William E. Jones, William B. Taliaferro, and others, a galaxy rarely equaled and not surpassed in our land.

The Virginian enlisted in the Confederate army because he believed the United States government was about to make war wrongfully upon the Southern States to coerce them into submission to the national will. He believed in the inherent right of the States which had formed the national Union to retire from that Union when the rights guaranteed them by a Constitution originating with the States were denied them. A large majority of the people of Virginia were opposed to secession; they did not want to break up the Union, as the delegates in the convention and the efforts of her people to avert war will show. The Virginian loved the Union which his people had done so much to bring about and cement and knew full well that if war did come the bosom of his old mother must receive the wounds which war would inflict. And not until the President of the United States called upon Virginia to furnish troops to coerce a people to whom she was bound by the ties of consanguinity, association, and interest did she consent to secede from the Union and join the Confederate government.

The step once taken, she brought into use all the powers of her great people to sustain her cause. There were few dissenting in the State. At the call of her Governor the father bade good-by to his wife, his children, and his home, the young man to his mother, his sisters, and his sweetheart, and went out to defend that home and those dear ones without one thought save that of his duty to his people.

An anomalous condition was found in the commanders of the opposing armies. Many of them were warm personal friends; they had been schoolmates, educated at the same school, had served together, fighting side by side in the army and navy of their country, and entertained for each other the

highest respect and personal regard. The officers who resigned from the army and navy of the United States because of the duty they considered they owed to their States represented a standard rarely equaled. It was a sad duty to break up associations of long and honorable careers and to carry themselves against a flag they had been taught to honor and defend. They did their duty, as they conceived their duty, without the hope of reward.

In the beginning the Virginia soldier didn't think especially about a flag. He had been brought up to love and honor his State flag with its motto, "Sic Semper Tyrannis," and the flag of his country, the Stars and Stripes, which his people had done so much to cause to be respected throughout the world, which had been borne with honor by his people on every battle field and at sea from the days of the Revolutionary War to 1861. He was not a machine soldier, accustomed only to obeying orders, although no more loyal soldier to orders ever stood in ranks. He was a virile, thinking man, ready and willing to do his duty when he knew it, with a large percentage of independence and a devotion to his old mother Virginia which starvation, ruin, and desolation could not conquer, lessen, or subdue. The ranks were filled with men of all ages, those past military age, of military age, and the splendid boys, the "aftermath" of the Confederacy, who never knew defeat.

Poorly armed and equipped, without an organized ordnance, commissary, quartermaster, or medical corps, without shops or arsenals, with her ports blockaded to the outer world, the Confederate government carried on a war for four long years against overwhelming numbers and unlimited resources and by the splendor of the valor and achievements of her soldiers compelled the respect and admiration of the civilized world. May not this laurel be laid upon his lowly mound?

The attempt to write into history the charge that the South went to war to perpetuate slavery is untrue; and since the passions of war have cooled, few, if any, believe it. When it is remembered that the people of the South accepted and carried out in good faith the great wrong done by the freedom and enfranchisement of the negro, although its effect was to bring to them financial and possibly social ruin, no further proof is needed in denial of the charge. The South went to war to defend her homes and institutions, and it was fought to the end with no other purpose.

The question of the right of the States to secede from the Union was submitted to the arbitrament of the sword. By the use of overwhelming numbers and resources and the slow process of attrition the South lost; and when valor and devotion could accomplish nothing more at the bidding of her commander, whom she loved and whom her soldiers had followed with unswerving loyalty and devotion for four long years, the Confederate soldier laid down his arms and returned to the ways of peace, and on his flag might well be written: "For valor, for honor, for right." Then followed the Reconstruction days, the nightmare after the death of the Confederacy, when the great old mother of States and statesmen was known as Military District No. 1 and governed by a military satrap. The wolf and the hyena, who linger in the trail of an army, too cowardly to risk their carcasses in battle, were turned loose upon her people to destroy what little there was left.

On returning to his home after Appomattox the Virginia soldier found his house burned, his fences destroyed, and not a living thing to greet him save the faithful, loving eyes of his dear wife and little ones, who had worked and starved

and hoped and prayed for four long years for the success of his cause. Without food, without shelter, with scant clothing, without seed, without stock or implements, and without means of purchase, without anything save that indomitable courage which had sustained him on the field of battle and which he exhibited, if possible, in a higher degree in caring for those loved ones when even God seemed to have deserted him, he began life anew. For years he and those loved ones suffered and endured without uttering a complaint. He had risked his all in the balance and lost; he accepted the result. God's mercy did not desert him. By slow degrees the bare walls of his home received a roof, the wild berries, nature's contribution to virtue and valor, gave them sustenance, seeds were planted and grew, and the sun of hope once again lit up that desolated home.

Half a century has passed since those colors carried to victory on many a hard-fought field have been folded forever. Of that splendid army, of whom the historian and poet delight to write, a few gray-haired veterans remain, and soon there will be none left to recount their story. The descendants of those men and of those noble women have built anew their beloved South, until from its ashes it blooms again like its roses and has become once more a power in the government of this land. All honor to them!

Schooled in adversity, by industry, skill, and devotion they have brought forth a flower rivaling in its beauty and splendor that South of the long ago to which the Confederate soldier will always turn in worship.

The Confederate soldier, loyal to the flag of his country, yet lingers with tender grace over that flag, with its cross bars and stars, which he followed so long and so faithfully and carried to victory on so many fields. It was folded in honor forever. The South lives again in the splendor of her young life. Her destiny is the destiny of this great people. We are Americans!

THEY WORE THE GRAY.

[Ode to the unknown Confederate dead buried in Bardstown (Ky.) Cemetery, read by Lud E. McKay during the memorial services on June 3 under the auspices of the Crepps Wickliffe Chapter, U. D. C.]

This sculptured shaft guards but a grave
In soil that's hallowed loam;
For quick in memory be the brave,
And hearts give them a home.
This graven stone 'neath which they rest,
The myrtle at their head,
The sigh that stirs a loyal breast—
Love's tribute to its dead.
For 'neath this turf in slumber lay
A Spartan band that wore the gray.

A nameless grave, a sacred mound,
Enshrined in Southern heart,
For braver men hath ne'er been found,
Nor bore more noble part.
In haste they came to Southland's call
With Morgan and with Bragg;
They gave to it their life, their all,
And died beneath its flag.
But whence they came, tongue may not say;
But 'tis enough—they wore the gray.

These fallen ones, their splendid deeds
Demand the world's applause;
And grandest epitaph which reads:
"They fell in freedom's cause."
They to the Southland gave a fame
That all mankind can see,
And on eternity ascribed the name
Of their immortal Lee.
The names they bore we may not say;
Sufficient this—they wore the gray.

A thin gray line of trenchant swords,
Whose duty 'twas to check
The vast, plethoric Northern hordes
Or perish in the wreck.
Mars, God of war, by it was taught
Stern lessons in his craft,
When gray-clad men for homeland fought
'Gainst whelming Northern draft.
But kith and kin their God can say;
But this we know—they wore the gray.

Against advancing spoilers blue
Their banners floated fair;
They did what mortal arm could do
To keep them flying there.
True to the end, this gallant troop
The crisis nobly met.
'Twas numbers caused their flag to droop,
But it's unconquered yet;
And sleeping here, attrition's prey,
Are matchless men who wore the gray.

When triple lines this gray line crushed,
New strength it seemed to grow;
Then, Phoenixlike, it rose and rushed
To battle with the foe.
Large is the heritage they gave
In valor, truth, and love.
They bartered life their cause to save;
They pleaded for it above.
'Twas thus they fell in duty's way,
These nameless men who wore the gray.

They followed well where honor led,
Their daring deeds were rife;
They gave to duty heart's blood red
When it demanded life.
They strove with might, both true and well,
On many a hard-fought field
And, facing the invaders, fell;
They knew not how to yield.
No cravens here, not faint hearts they,
But vanguard men who wore the gray.

In hearts aglow with love and pride
These gray-clad martyrs dwell;
And of their might in battle tide
Posterity shall tell.
Sons they were of that sun-kissed land
That gave to freedom birth,
That gave to it the guiding hand
Who taught a world its worth.
By rank or gold ne'er turned astray,
The sires of these who wore the gray.

As long as time our love shall last
And hearts for Southland thrill,
But though its deeds be of the past,
Its glory's living still.
A hero band lie waiting here
Beneath this slumb'rous green.
They went to death devoid of fear
And left escutcheons clean.
But when and how, no man can say;
But 'tis enough—they wore the gray.

The Southland grand, of it I sing,
To courage firm as oak;
'Twas first to brave the British king,
First to spurn his yoke.
A meed of praise to her let's give,
Her precepts value high;
'Twas she that taught for what to live
And showed for what to die.
And to protect her gracious sway
Fell these, her sons, who wore the gray.

The mothers of this peerless race
Gave husbands and sons,
Then met the foe with queenly grace,
Undaunted by his guns.
The women now, as women then,
The paths of duty show;
They gave their love to Southern men,
But eased the stricken foe,
And on these mounds their offerings lay,
Still true to those who wore the gray.

But Time has poured a soothing balm
And healed all hearts anew,
For now the gray-clad soldier's palm
In friendship clasps the blue.
But Southern men are sleeping here,
Though name and rank unknown.
We give to them a rose, a tear;
These soldiers were our own.
Of rank or file, we may not say;
But 'tis enough—they wore the gray.

THE BOY SCOUTS AT BIRMINGHAM.

BY HAMPDEN OSBORNE, M.D., COLUMBUS, MISS.

I have attended many Confederate Reunions, and I suppose I have gotten into the habit of measuring up the efficiency of the various features the committees had put in operation for the comfort and convenience of their guests, and chiefly those plans for the easy handling of the vast crowds of men and women and young people who would drop down upon them with the suddenness of a cloud of locusts in Palestine. I have sometimes noted the absence of needed preparation and the consequent disappointment which would come to old veterans who are not city-wise finding themselves alone in the great crowds at the railroad terminals or on the congested sidewalks. Many of these old men are as helpless as children as they detain in the congested terminals; for, regardless of badges, such as "I live here; ask me," or of literature, posted or scattered, they don't know whom to ask for help in finding their lodging places on arrival or other places about the city to which they wish to go from time to time.

Now, what is the result? They too often become discouraged and take early trains for home. At home they tell

their neighbors, "It was a mighty poor Reunion," and for a long time they carry disappointment in their hearts.

We know this is unjust to the committees. They have labored long and hard on plans to insure the comfort and convenience of everybody. But we know that the major part of the real veterans who attend our Reunions come from the country or the smaller towns, and the city-bred men who usually comprise the committees cannot always foresee the wants of these old friends from the country.

As a rule, I secure lodging reservations well in advance of Reunion dates, and when I land at the station I have the number of my room in my pocket. I am tolerably familiar with the principal hotels and streets in most of our larger Southern cities; so I enjoy a feeling of superiority, as it were, as I step from a crowded train in a crowded terminal. But on May 15, as I walked through the gate into the station at Birmingham, a brand-new feature greeted me and at once made me quite willing to be utterly ignorant of the surroundings. Two Boy Scouts quickly stepped up, each taking a suit case from my hands. One asked as to my quarters, if any engaged; and as I named the hotel, he asked how I would like to get there. I replied, "Street car," and the two conducted me quickly to the right car, put me and my baggage aboard, and saluted as they left. Although I had been over the exact ground only two weeks before, I accepted the service with thanks and smiles. The little fellows proceeded with such tact and deference that I enjoyed being taken care of.

A little later I started from my hotel to "register" and get my Reunion badge. Being halted for a moment by a dense crowd which blocked the way to the designated place near by, a Boy Scout stepped quickly to my side and asked: "Can I help you or give you any information, sir?" His tone was direct and deferential and kind. "I am looking for the place to register," I said. "I'll take you there, then," was the ready response; and he quickly drilled us a passage through the pack.

These two experiences are only specimens of many such I witnessed and personally enjoyed. I found myself forgetting that I had a fair knowledge of Birmingham, so restful it was to feel absolutely safe in the hands of those bright, alert, and courteous Boy Scouts. Yes, the Boy Scouts were a new and delightful feature. They supplied a want which, though varying in degree, it is true, had been ever present at past Reunions. Some one told me there were three hundred of them. They were everywhere, it seemed; and be that number above or below the mark, there were enough of them on duty for the work. Their long reeds as badges of authority, coupled with smiles and kind words, were more effective in enforcing the limitations to spectators along the line of march in the grand parade than would have been the sharpest Arab lances. My heart went out to the little fellows, and I suppose I hugged a dozen of them. This testimony is from "only a veteran just back from Birmingham," and he hopes it will reach the eyes of many veterans and that they will tell other veterans that when they go to Washington in 1917 they will have no trouble in getting around in that big city. If the Washington committees cannot supply enough boys of the right stamp, Birmingham can ship them a few carloads already trained.

Among the echoes of the Birmingham Reunion which course through my brain come the kindly voices of that legion of khaki kids; and when a friend asked me, "What feature of the Birmingham Reunion especially impressed you?" and as all the grandeur of the balls and gayly beflagged automobiles passed in review, I let them pass and, lifting my hat, replied: "Boy Scouts, God bless them!"

United Daughters of the Confederacy

MRS. CORDELIA POWELL ODENHEIMER, *President General*
Washington, D. C.

Mrs. J. H. STEWART, Los Angeles, Cal. *First Vice President General*
Mrs. L. M. BASHINSKY, Tex. *Second Vice President General*
Mrs. LULL A. LOVELL, Denver, Colo. *Third Vice President General*
Mrs. F. M. WILLIAMS, Newton, N. C. *Recording Secretary General*
Mrs. W. F. BAKER, Savannah, Ga. *Corresponding Secretary General*

Mrs. C. B. TATE, Pulaski, Va. *Treasurer General*
Mrs. ORLANDO HALLIBURTON, Little Rock, Ark. *Registrar General*
Miss MILDRED RUTHERFORD, Athens, Ga. *Historian General*
Mrs. JOHN W. TENCH, Gainesville, Fla. *Custodian Cross of Honor*
Mrs. W. K. BEARD, Philadelphia, Pa. *Custodian Flags and Pennants*

"Love Makes Memory Eternal"

FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.

Dear Daughters: Owing to attendance on the Reunion of Confederate Veterans and Sons at Birmingham, I was unable to send a greeting to you last month.

I note that no mention is made in the *VETERAN* that Daughters of the Confederacy were present, but I want you to know that they were present in full force. I, as Matron of Honor in Chief of the Veterans and Chaperon in Chief of the Sons, was most royally treated by them and the Daughters and people of Birmingham. Mrs. C. M. Roberts, President of the Arkansas Division, was a most delightful Matron of Honor in Chief for the Sons. Two Past Presidents General (Mrs. Cornelia Branch Stone, of Texas, and Mrs. Alexander B. White, of Tennessee) were at Birmingham. Then there were Miss Rutherford, Mrs. Tench, Mrs. Rose, Mrs. Slaughter, Mrs. Kimbrough, Mrs. Latham, Mrs. Creecy, Mrs. Beale, Mrs. Maude Howell Smith, and Daughters from every section of the country helping to enliven the scenes of the gathering. The opening hour of the Veterans' session on Wednesday afternoon was most beautifully and gracefully presided over by Mrs. Bibb Graves, President of the Alabama Division. During this hour the State Presidents or their representatives extended greetings to the Veterans, who were loud in their applause and appreciation.

While I have not neglected the social duties of my office, I have subordinated them to the business of the organization. I have participated in the various functions of the U. D. C. Chapters, of the Sons of Veterans, and of the Southern Relief Society of the District of Columbia, and was tendered a reception by the District of Columbia Division, Mrs. Maude Howell Smith, President, for which upward of a thousand invitations were issued. It was a most brilliant affair, attended by resident and official Washington.

On January 19 I was the guest of honor at a beautiful banquet at the Bellevue-Stratford, in Philadelphia, given by the Philadelphia Chapter, followed by a reception, the President, Mrs. Alan H. Harris, having given in my honor a handsome dinner the night previous. On March 4 a large reception was given in my honor by the Fitzhugh Lee Chapter, of Frederick, Md., where I was the house guest of Miss Marie Louise Johnson, Historian of the Maryland Division, who also entertained in my honor. On April 25 I was a guest at the dinner of the National Society of the United States Daughters of 1812 at the New Willard, Washington, D. C., and responded in a greeting from the United Daughters of the Confederacy. On April 28 I was the house guest of Mrs. James Henry Parker, of New York, who that evening gave a brilliant dinner party in my honor; and the following day I was the guest of honor at a luncheon of three hundred at the Hotel Astor given by the New York Chapter.

On my way to Birmingham I attended the Tennessee State Convention, held at Johnson City, and, as the house guest of Mrs. Norment Powell, President of the Division, received most gracious hospitality on every side. The charming way in which Mrs. Powell presided over the convention and the general harmony which prevailed made my trip doubly enjoyable.

On June 6 I was the guest of Mrs. Adelbert Mears, President of the Maryland Division, and the Maryland veterans at their Memorial Day exercises in Baltimore. I have been the guest several times of the Daughters of the American Revolution and the recipient of many courtesies at the hands of Mrs. William Cummings Story, its President General. At the luncheon in New York May 24 at the Hotel Astor to the President General and State Presidents of the General Federation of Women's Clubs I was the guest of Mrs. John Hays Hammond, who also has extended to me many courtesies.

I have addressed large gatherings of the patriotic societies in the North, making the United Daughters of the Confederacy more familiar to many thousands.

It was with deep regret that I was compelled to decline the invitations from the Pittsburgh (Pa.) Chapter, the Cincinnati (Ohio) Chapter, and the Alabama, Mississippi, Florida, California, and Texas Divisions.

I have just returned from Ohio. Under the guidance of the State President, Mrs. Elizabeth T. Sells, I have never seen more enthusiastic Daughters. It was my regret that I had not time to accept the invitation of the Albert Sidney Johnston Chapter at Cincinnati; but the one day in Cleveland as the guest of the Alexander Stephens Chapter, one day with the Dixie Chapter, and another with the Robert E. Lee Chapter at Columbus showed me what splendid timber we have, making good on almost barren soil.

Saturday, June 10, with Gen. Bennett Young, I spoke at the memorial exercises held at Camp Chase Cemetery. I shall never forget the feeling that passed over me as I stood on the platform with the gallant former Commander in Chief by me and surrounded by two thousand two hundred and sixty graves containing the remains of some of our very bravest; for, as General Young remarked, "to me the really bravest men were those who preferred to die in prison rather than to gain their freedom by swearing away their allegiance to the Southland." Daughters, standing there I was breathing in the fragrance from magnolias, jasmine, palms, Southern moss, box, and other flowers which these men must have loved, sent in tender remembrance by you to cover their graves. I could not help the two scenes flitting through my mind—the two thousand two hundred and sixty graves in Northern soil and the ten thousand living veterans I had so

recently greeted in Birmingham. Even as I think of them I bow my head in reverence and send up a little prayer that you will do something to bring joy and comfort into their last days, as you sent beauty and fragrance to those who gave their lives for the same principles. "Occasions, like clouds, pass away."

I hope next month to send you some encouraging reports of Shiloh, Arlington, and the window to be placed in the Red Cross Building, in Washington, "to the women of the sixties." Have you forgotten that these three are the indorsed works of our association and that the time has come when we must meet our obligations?

Faithfully yours,

CORDELLA POWELL ODENHEIMER,
President General U. D. C.

THE FLORIDA DIVISION.

BY MISS VIOA OVERMAN, SECRETARY OF DIXIE CHAPTER.

The Florida Division met in annual convention in St. Petersburg, May 3-6, with Dixie Chapter, No. 1008, as hostess. The welcome program was given on the evening of May 2, the hostess Chapter, Confederate Veterans, city of St. Petersburg, and the Board of Trade extending numerous and gratifying welcomes, to which the State President, Sister Esther Carlotta, S. R., responded in her usual charming and impressive manner.

The convention opened Wednesday morning with credentials report showing one hundred and twenty-nine in convention. After preliminary business, the State President gave her annual report, telling of the work done and showing nearly two hundred new members added to the U. D. C. and nearly one hundred to the Children of the Confederacy during the year. Several decisions were included in the report, which was unanimously adopted amid enthusiastic applause. In this report was given in detail an account of the State President's action in the San Francisco convention in defense of the right of a Division to decide the standing of its own Chapters, a plain application of the sacred principle of States' rights for which our fathers fought and died; and her sturdy upholding of Florida's honor in this respect was loyal and heartily indorsed by her Executive Board and the convention, and she was warmly commended for her action.

Wednesday afternoon was given to reports of State officers, all showing good work. This was continued Thursday morning, followed, after the minutes, by election of officers. The beloved and revered State President sent consternation and distress into the ranks of her Daughters when she firmly refused to allow her name to be presented for reelection. The hostess President was eagerly awaiting the moment when she could nominate the faithful President for reelection. The votes of more than two-thirds of the convention were assured her, a list of them having been handed to her just before she called the house to order. Steadily she told the house that they could not nominate her; that she had learned early that morning that her Vice President, whom she had several times asked to take her place, had decided to accept the nomination; and that her own name could not be used. She gave a forceful review of her years of service to Florida, showing the growth of the Division, spoke for the first time in her long administration of the bitter attacks upon herself by a handful of members in the Division, and in words that touched every heart told how she had striven to give her best to Florida, to reflect honor as well as to receive it, and to carry the standard of her Division to the highest level. Storm after

storm of applause swept the house as she spoke; but it died into sobbing silence as she repeated her refusal to allow the use of her name and nominated her friend and Vice President, Mrs. H. H. McCreary, as her successor. Notwithstanding this, there came several simultaneous nominations of Sister Esther Carlotta herself, who, rising, spoke firmly and distinctly: "My Daughters, under no circumstances can my name stand at this time against Mrs. McCreary's. I always stand by my word; and touched, as I am, by your love and loyalty. I must decline your nomination." The convention then rallied to the nomination of Mrs. McCreary and gave her an election by vote of the Secretary. The hostess Chapter was delighted to have its own loved President, Mrs. J. C. Blocker, made Vice President.

Thursday afternoon and Friday were given to Chapter and committee reports and discussions thereon. Friday evening was devoted to new business. In this came several recommendations of the President, which were all adopted. One of these authorized a petition to the State authorities for a better observance of the State Memorial Day by the colleges and public schools of Florida. Another requested from the President General the cancellation of a charter of a Chapter for some time delinquent. Others touched on other matters of interest to the Division. But the most important and far-reaching of all was a resolution adopting a budget system of finance for the Division. For this discussion the President left the chair and spoke in full explanation of her recommendation and urged its adoption, saying that she could not leave her successor to face the burdens and annoyance of insufficient income which had harassed her own administration from its beginning. The convention acted with admiration the manner in which the retiring President sought to smooth the way of her successor, to make it easier than hers had been, and many grieved that she had never asked as much for herself or at least complained to us that we might have done something.

Every department of work showed splendid condition and gave evidence of the care and support given by the State President's mothering love, and the approach of the parting from her struck sorrow to the hearts of her Daughters. Many tributes were paid to her during the convention, and magnificent flowers crowded her desk, among them being a beautiful bouquet of roses from the Woman's Relief Corps tied with the American colors.

By unanimous vote the convention extended her authority to complete all unfinished detail work of her administration begun by herself and did this with the full approval of the incoming President. It also left in her hands, as chairman of the committee, the preparation for publication of historical papers of the Division. During the elections Mrs. C. H. Davis nominated her for State Historian with beautiful words of praise for her qualifications for the office. A deafening and prolonged outburst of applause followed the nomination, but it met a gentle but firm refusal.

A rising voice of thanks to "our incomparable President" of assurance of our lasting devotion was moved by Miss Lillian Nutt and enthusiastically carried unanimously.

When the business was concluded, the President first presented the President-elect and formally turned over to her the Division and its work. She then presented the members of the Executive Board. The new President, Mrs. McCreary, is the Shiloh Director for Florida, has long served on the Division Executive Board, and is well known to the Division. The Executive Board is composed of ladies who have been

devoted and prominent workers under the retiring administration and capable of a high standard of service.

The singing of the doxology brought the convention to a close, and the gavel of adjournment dropped at 12:25 P.M., Saturday, May 6. The next convention will meet in Miami, Fla.

THE OHIO DIVISION.

BY MRS. MAY D. TAYLOR, PRICE HILL, OHIO.

The Alexander H. Stephens Chapter of Cleveland on June 8 had the pleasure of entertaining Mrs. Cordelia Powell Odenheimer, President General U. D. C. A luncheon was given in her honor, followed by an afternoon reception at Hotel Statler, to which many of Cleveland's representative women, among whom was the mother of the Secretary of War, Newton D. Baker, were invited to meet our distinguished guest. Mrs. Odenheimer and some of the Cleveland Daughters went to Columbus on Friday, June 9, where they were met by members of the Dixie Chapter and entertained at luncheon, after which they were taken to the home of a Confederate veteran, Col. Charles Ammel, and there greeted by other Confederate veterans who were guests of honor and assisted in the afternoon's program. Colonel Ammel presented the Chapter with an exquisite Confederate flag. In trembling voice he said he had not put it upon a staff, but instead had placed ribbons upon each corner, because he wished it to be placed upon the casket of any Chapter member answering the call to cross the bar and upon that of veterans when they journeyed out to meet that immortal host of comrades who had worn the Confederate gray.

On Friday evening Mrs. Odenheimer was the guest of the Robert E. Lee Chapter at a reception at the home of its President, Mrs. D. B. Ulrey, and on Saturday a luncheon was given in her honor by Mrs. Daniel Carroll at the Athletic Club.

At the memorial exercises at Camp Chase Cemetery Saturday afternoon Gen. Bennett H. Young was the principal speaker. His address was given with all the ardor of twenty years ago, when he gave the first ever made over the Confederates buried in this city of our dead. The music was beautiful, and but for the pouring rain this would have been one of the most beautiful and eventful Memorial Days held in Camp Chase Cemetery, as it is the first time in the history of the Ohio Division that a President General has visited its Chapters and helped to strew flowers upon the graves of our Confederate dead. As Mrs. Odenheimer was pressed for time, she could not accept the invitation of the Chapters in Cincinnati and other cities of our State Division, much to the regret of the Daughters.

THE NORTH CAROLINA DIVISION.

BY MRS. JOHN D. LEAK, WADESBORO.

We are happy to report our Daughters hard at work, our last State and general conventions having given them much to do. A fine committee is collecting our share of the fund for the South's window in the American Red Cross Building at Washington, and we consider it truly "a tie that binds." Our Confederate Women's Home is a help and blessing. The children's Chapters are doing fine work in competition for the William Watson banner, Halifax, Rocky Mount, Wadesboro, Raleigh, Wilmington, and many others having reported recently. The seventeen U. D. C. districts have held their annual spring meetings, and these are always delightful and

inspiring occasions. Mrs. Little, State President, hoped to attend most of these meetings, but was prevented by the serious illness of her mother, the widow of Col. R. T. Bennett.

Our Division keeps a scrapbook; and Miss Jessica Smith, Custodian, is fast filling the three volumes—one for poetry, one for letters (and we have many that are historically valuable), and one for clippings. Our Chapters faithfully celebrate the South's "Saints' Days"; and some of the new Chapters, notable among them being the William P. Roberts, at Gatesville, sent in most interesting accounts. We observed Sunday, May 7, as "Country Church Day," asking those who assembled on that day to decorate the scattered and often lonely graves of our veterans.

THE ALABAMA DIVISION.

BY MRS. C. S. M'DOWELL, JR.

May was a red-letter month for the Alabama Division. During the first week, May 2-5, the Annual Convention was held in Anniston, a beautiful little city nestling at the feet of its protecting mountains, showing the mark of progress in its business sections and comfort and prosperity in its well-kept homes. From the moment we stepped from the train we felt the very spirit of hospitality in the air, and this hospitality was beautifully expressed by the speakers on welcome evening at the opera house.

On Wednesday morning the business sessions of the convention were begun, Mrs. Bibb Graves, President of the Alabama Division, presiding most delightfully, her presence being always an inspiration. The officers' reports showed progress along all lines. The Amelia Gorgas Memorial Tablet was reported finished and was presented to the State University by Mrs. Graves during commencement week. The Sallie Jones Scholarship was also reported complete. Lack of space forbids a detailed report of the interesting business sessions, which lasted till Friday noon; but it was in every way a most harmonious, pleasant, and profitable convention.

The social side of the convention was very enjoyable. Each day delightful luncheons were given the officers and delegates at Convention Hall. A brilliant reception was held on Wednesday evening. A delightful automobile ride and tea at the Country Club and also a ride to Oxford Lake were some of the pleasures tendered by the hostess Chapter.

Historical Evening, arranged by Mrs. Charles J. Sharp, Historian, was an especially enjoyable feature of the convention. All officers who were eligible for reelection were retained. Miss Allie Garner was the new Treasurer elected; Mrs. E. E. Aderhold, Historian; and Mrs. J. McLendon, Recorder of Crosses. Selma was chosen for the next place of meeting.

In Birmingham, May 16-18, was held the Twenty-Sixth Annual Reunion of the United Confederate Veterans, an event that always arouses the greatest enthusiasm in the hearts of loyal Daughters. Three times has the Magic City entertained the Veterans, and this was the best one of all. Everything was done for the pleasure and comfort of the gray-clad visitors by the committees, by the Boy Scouts, and by individuals. The Alabama Division, U. D. C., was given a place on the program when Mrs. Graves, President of the Alabama Division, Mrs. Odenheimer, President General, Mrs. Charles Brown, and Mrs. Cary spoke to the Veterans. Alabama is proud that her own General Harrison is to command the Veterans for the next year.

The memories of Anniston and Birmingham will linger long in the hearts of Alabama Daughters.

THE CALIFORNIA DIVISION.

BY MRS. GRANTLAND SEATON LONG.

The California Division held its Sixteenth Annual Convention at Stockton May 3 and 4. The following officers were elected for the coming year: President, Mrs. C. C. Clay, of San Francisco; First Vice President, Mrs. Grantland S. Long, Los Angeles; Second Vice President, Mrs. Harry Graves, Alhambra; Recording Secretary, Mrs. J. D. Hodgen, San Francisco; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Samuel A. Pleasants, Oakland; Treasurer, Mrs. Florence Ross, Riverside; Registrar, Mrs. Charles Trabert, Berkeley; Historian, Mrs. H. C. Warden, Los Angeles; Recorder of the Cross, Miss Louise Eley, Fresno; Custodian of the Flags, Mrs. Emma A. Loy; Parliamentarian, Mrs. Matthew Robertson.

The striking feature of the convention was its delightful spirit of harmony and good fellowship. The beauty of the city, the grace and hospitality of the hostess Chapter (Gen. Sterling Price Chapter), perfect weather, the fragrance of flowers, and the joy of reunion—all combined to make an ideal convention.

Our President, Mrs. Clay, furnished the keynote of our organization by her gentle, gracious, "Old South" manner and her dignified ruling. The sound of the gavel was hardly heard throughout the convention. The President's dinner given to the officers and Chapter Presidents Tuesday evening, at which three hundred Paul Neyron roses from her Oakland gardens formed the centerpiece, opened the social features. This was followed on Wednesday and Thursday by elaborate and artistic luncheons, a magnificent ball in the white banquet room of the Stockton Hotel, and an automobile ride—all given to the delegates and visitors by the hostess Chapter. In addition, several dinners were given by Chapter Presidents.

The usual routine was varied by a number of issues of which we feel very proud. The California Division contribution to the Red Cross Memorial Window now amounts to three hundred and nine dollars reported to the State Chairman. A spontaneous gift of love from the floor of the convention was raised for Mrs. Trader amounting to eighty-two dollars, and a handsome sum to the Shiloh Monument was contributed. A report of the General Division Convention in San Francisco in October was read, and attention was called to the flags of thirty-four States which decorated the walls and which had been presented to the California Division by our sister Divisions at that time. Also a greeting was received from our President General.

On Historical Evening Mrs. S. R. Thorpe's medal for the best historical collection was awarded to Mrs. Emma A. Loy, of the Robert E. Lee Chapter, No. 278; and Mrs. J. H. Stewart's medal for the best historical essay was awarded to Mrs. Klingberg, also of the Robert E. Lee Chapter, No. 278. Our President, Mrs. Clay, offers a medal next year for the best historical collection.

We had with us three Confederate veterans: Mr. W. H. Bretal, Mr. W. F. Cloudsley, both of Gen. Sterling Price's command, and Mr. W. B. Pressley, of Berkeley. It was of pleasing interest that the deciding invitation which carried the convention for Bakersfield as our next place of meeting came from another ex-Confederate soldier of Gen. Sterling Price's command, Col. E. M. Roberts.

ACTION BY SONS OF VETERANS.—At their meeting in Birmingham the Sons of Confederate Veterans decided to help the United Daughters of the Confederacy with the Shiloh

monument. Besides some cash contributions and pledges from Camps of about \$500, they adopted a resolution that every Son should send at least one dollar to the Director General, Mrs. Alexander B. White, Paris, Tenn. This action of the S. C. V. is timely, and if there is a good response it will result in substantial aid to one of the most important works of the U. D. C., which they are using every effort to complete next fall. This monument will be beautiful and a matter of pride to the South.

Historian General's Page

BY MISS MILDRED LEWIS RUTHERFORD, ATHENS, GA.

The demand has been so great for "What the South May Claim," and only five thousand copies could be printed with funds on hand, that hereafter all orders must be accompanied with ten cents per copy to defray the cost of postage (two cents per copy) and the postage already expended in its distribution. "The True Life of Jefferson Davis," "The True Life of Abraham Lincoln" for school use, by the Historian General, "The True Story of the Discovery of Ether as an Anæsthetic," by Dr. Crawford Long's daughter, Florence Long Barton, other papers by the Historian General, "The True Story of John Yates Beall," "The Story of Belle Boyd, the Confederate Spy," "The Story of Nora McCarty, the Jennie Dean of the West," "The True Story of John Brown," "The Myths of History," and "The Romance of Sam Houston" (by Sampler Lea, of Birmingham) are all now ready for publication, but there are no funds available. It is very important that the papers on Davis and Lincoln should be ready by the opening of the schools in September. It is hoped that some generous friends will see that the money is available to do this. For these two sketches one hundred and ninety-five dollars for five thousand copies is needed; the same amount approximately for the others in one pamphlet like "What the South May Claim." The Historian General would like very much to see these articles printed and distributed before her term of office expires, in November.

U. D. C. PROGRAM FOR AUGUST.

THE CONFEDERATE NAVY.

(Answers to be found in "Historical Sons of Omission and Commission," pages 20-23.)

Ritual

1. What part has Southern men had in naval affairs?
2. Relate the story of William Lewis Herndon.
3. What are some of the many things accomplished by the Confederate navy with only a small number of vessels?
 - (1) What did the Virginia (Merrimac) accomplish in two days?
 - (2) Tell the story of the Ariel and Alabama contest.
 - (3) Give the story of the Shenandoah
 - (4) Give the story of the Sumter.
 - (5) Tell what you know of other vessels not mentioned.
4. When was a navy yard in an inland city?
5. Give the story of the first submarine and its fate. (10, p. 23; 10, p. 35.)

Readings

"The Star-Spangled Banner."
 "The Confederate Flag." (3, p. 478.
 "The Nashville." (1, Vol. II., p. 189)

C. OF C. PROGRAM FOR AUGUST.

THE ROMANCES OF HISTORY.

(Answers in "Historical Sins of Omission and Commission," pages 10-12.)

Ritual.

1. Tell of John Jouett's ride and compare it with Paul Revere's.
2. Tell of Edward Lacy's ride and what was accomplished.
3. Tell of Ruth Sevier's ride and what result.
4. Tell of Agnes Hobson's and Emily Geiger's rides and what resulted.
5. Tell of Sam Dale and his pony Paddy.
6. Who was Molly Pitcher? Was she more heroic than Nancy Hart?
7. Who was Capt. Sally Tompkins? Why called Captain?
8. Tell the story of Mammy Kate and Daddy Cyrus.
9. Give the legend of the Cherokee rose.
10. What Indian tribes lived in the South?

FROM "GEORGIA: LAND AND PEOPLE."

BY FRANCIS S. MITCHELL, ATHENS, GA.

INTRODUCTION.

The aborigines lived so near the heart of nature that they learned her secrets and were unconscious poets. Their language, abounding in vowels, was soft and musical. Every proper noun had a meaning that was significant and often wonderfully poetic, as Cohuttan (Frog Mountain), Tallulah (terrible), Toccoa (beautiful), Amicalolah (tumbling water), Hiwassee (pretty fawn), Okefinokee (quivering earth), and Chattahoochee (rocky river). Neither the Creeks nor the Cherokees had a written language, and their history is a matter of tradition. The Creek language bore a resemblance to classic Greek. Their legends—wild, romantic, often tragic—are still full of interest for their pale-faced successors.

THE LEGEND OF NACOOCHIEE.

Long before the Anglo-Saxon had made his first footprint on these Western shores there dwelt in a lovely valley in North Georgia a young maiden of wonderful, almost celestial, beauty. Her name was Nacoochee (The Evening Star). She was the daughter of a chieftain, and in doing honor to her the people of her tribe almost forgot the Great Spirit who made her and endowed her with such strange beauty.

A son of the chieftain of a neighboring hostile tribe saw the beautiful Nacoochee and loved her. He stole her young heart, and she loved him with an intensity of passion that only the noblest souls can know. They met beneath the holy stars and sealed their simple vows with kisses. They found fitting trysting places in this charming valley, where, from the interlocked branches overhead hung festoons in which the white petals of the clematis and the purple blossoms of the magnificent wild passion flower mingled with the dark foliage of the muscadine. The song of the mocking bird and the murmur of the Chattahoochee's hurrying waters were marriage hymn and anthem to them. They vowed to live and die together.

Intelligence of these secret meetings reached the ear of the old chief, Nacoochee's father, and his anger was terrible. But love for Laceola was even stronger in the heart of Nacoochee than reverence for her father's behests.

One night the maiden was missed from the village. The old chief commanded his warriors to pursue the fugitive. They found her with Laceola, the son of a hated race. In-

stantly an arrow was aimed at his breast. Nacoochee sprang before him and received the barbed shaft in her own heart. Laceola was so stupefied by this terrible catastrophe that he made no resistance to his enemies, and his blood mingled with hers. The lovers were buried in the same grave, and a lofty mound was raised to mark the spot.

Deep grief seized the old chief and all his people, and the valley ever afterwards was called Nacoochee. A solitary pine, which was long a landmark in this lovely vale, sprang up from the mound which marked the trysting place and grave of the maiden and her lover.*

LEGEND OF THE CHEROKEE ROSE.

A proud young chieftain of the Seminoles was taken prisoner by his enemies, the Cherokees, and doomed to death by torture; but he fell so seriously ill that it became necessary to wait for his restoration to health before committing him to the flames.

As he was lying, prostrated by disease, in the cabin of a Cherokee warrior, the daughter of the latter, a dark-eyed maiden, was his nurse. She rivaled in grace the bounding fawn, and the young warriors of her tribe said of her that the smile of the Great Spirit was not so beautiful. Was it any wonder that, though death stared the young Seminole in the face, he should be happy in her presence? Was it any wonder that they should love each other?

Stern hatred had stifled every kindly feeling in the hearts of the Cherokees, and they grimly awaited the time when their enemy must die. As the color slowly returned to the cheeks of her lover and strength to his limbs, the dark-eyed maiden eagerly urged him to make his escape. How could she see him die? But he would not agree to seek safety in flight unless she went with him. He could better endure death by torture than life without her.

She yielded to his pleading. At the midnight hour silently they slipped into the dim forest, guided by the pale light of silvery stars. Yet before they had gone far, impelled by soft regret at leaving her home forever, she asked her lover's permission to return for an instant, that she might bear away some memento. So, retracing her footsteps, she broke a sprig from the glossy-leaved vine which climbed upon her father's cabin and, preserving it during her flight through the wilderness, planted it by the door of her new home in the land of the Seminoles, where its milk-white blossoms, with golden centers, often recalled her childhood days in the far-away mountains of Georgia.

From that time this beautiful flower has always been known throughout the Southern States as the Cherokee rose.

The Indians have passed away from this beautiful land they loved so well, but the memory of them still lingers and will linger forever in the melodious names of Georgia's mountains, rivers, and vales.

[Great injustice has been done to Georgia in regard to her treatment of the Indians, and this wrong of history must be righted.—MISS RUTHERFORD.]

TO A MOCKING BIRD.

The name thou wearest does thee grievous wrong.

No mimic thou; that voice is thine alone.

The poets sing but strains of Shakespeare's song,

The birds but notes of thine imperial own.

—Henry Jerome Stockard.

*This mound was opened in 1915 and found not to antedate De Soto's visit.

THE FAMOUS BATTLE OF HAMPTON ROADS.

BY J. F. SHIPP, CHATTANOOGA, TENN.

A recent editorial in the Chattanooga Times referred to the famous battle between the Merrimac and the United States fleet and land batteries at Hampton Roads in 1862 and stated that "the credit and prestige of victory was accorded the Monitor because of the fact that the Merrimac was withdrawn from the conflict and destroyed to prevent her falling as a prize of war into the hands of the Monitor's forces."

The writer of this, like many others who have written of that famous naval engagement, has been misled by erroneous information obtained from so-called history prepared by the press agents and attorneys for the Monitor to bolster up a claim to extort one million dollars from the Federal government as prize money, as the Congressional records at Washington will show.

It may be that the last survivor of the Merrimac's gallant crew is gone. If so, in justice to those departed heroes and in vindication of the truth of history I feel it my duty to make a brief statement of my personal connection with the rebuilding of the Merrimac and of my personal observations of her engagements with the United States fleet at Hampton Roads and Newport News, in which the Monitor played a part on the second day. In writing this historical sketch it will be necessary to indulge in some reminiscences to explain my observation of that great naval battle.

The company to which I belonged, the Glover Guards, of Jasper County, Ga., later Company G, of the 4th Georgia Regiment, were the first Confederate troops to reach the Gosport Navy Yard after it had been burned and abandoned by the Federal forces, about April 22, 1861. We reached Portsmouth, Va., on the morning of April 27 without camp equipage or commissary supplies. The conditions at that time of the new Confederacy were much the same as those of our country to-day, there being no lack of patriotism on the part of our people, but great lack of preparedness for the emergency that confronted us.

After getting breakfast at the Ocean Hotel, the company was assigned quarters in the Gosport Navy Yard, in which the smoldering ruins were still smoking. Other companies of Georgia troops arrived in rapid succession, from which were organized the 3d and 4th Georgia Regiments. We remained there for some time guarding the navy yard, patrolling the grounds, and working on details of various kinds. While there I assisted in floating the Merrimac, which lay near the navy yard dock, where she had been scuttled and

burned to the water's edge by the Federal forces. I was on the Merrimac a number of times while she was being rebuilt. Later our regiment established a new camp near the beach on the south side of Hampton Roads, which we occupied about May 30, 1861. Our camp site was located about halfway between the mouth of the Elizabeth and Nansemond Rivers, at which points we had poorly equipped land batteries of siege guns. That at the mouth of the Elizabeth River was known as Craney's Island, and the one at the mouth of Nansemond was known as Pig's Point. The latter was manned by infantry troops from our regiment, who served in details of one week each. We remained in this new camp a little over eleven months of watchful waiting, watching the Federal forces at Fort Monroe and Newport News in plain view on the opposite side of Hampton Roads and waiting for the coming of the Merrimac, which had long been anxiously awaited.

It was on the morning of March 8, 1862, while serving with a detail from my company at Pig's Point, we learned from the detail which relieved us that bright, crisp March morning that the Merrimac, which had been renamed the Virginia, was on her way down the Elizabeth River. When we had been formally relieved, we went on the beach to catch the first sight of the gallant ship in which we had more than a common interest, as several of her crew were from our regiment and two from our own company, Tom Penn and Alex Holsenback, both of whom were my boyhood friends.

We took up a position about opposite the Federal shore batteries at Newport News, in front of which lay at anchor the Cumberland and the Congress, also two other vessels whose names we did not know. After waiting on the beach for several hours, we saw the Virginia slowly round out of the Elizabeth River into Hampton Roads and turn in the direction of Newport News. We were then satisfied that the Cumberland and Congress at Newport News were the objects of her attack and that we had made no mistake in selecting our location to witness the fight. We could see hasty preparations on board the ships and among the shore batteries for action. The deck of the Congress was bedecked with laundry, which the men were hurriedly taking in. The action began, as I now recall it, about two o'clock. The Virginia fired the first shot from her bow gun at the Cumberland, which opened the fight and drew the concentrated fire of both the Cumberland and Congress and the shore batteries on her. By this time the roar and shock of battle was terrific. In the face of this concentrated fire the Virginia continued to deliver her shots with telling effect and headed direct for the

Cumberland, which she rammed with a terrific crash, distinctly heard above the din of battle. It looked as though the Virginia had some difficulty in releasing herself from the Cumberland, but when she backed away she delivered her bow gun into the Cumberland with disastrous results. She left her prow in the side of the Cumberland and so twisted the stem as to cause a leak in her bow.

We saw the Cumberland as she slowly sank beneath the water. She went down fighting her guns, with her colors flying, which were never lowered or removed. We saw the water shoot from the mouth of the cannon



when the last shots were delivered. The men and officers of the Cumberland were driven from their guns by water filling the ship. Many leaped into the bay to save themselves from being carried down with their sinking vessel, while many others of the gallant crew saved themselves by climbing the mast and clinging to the rigging.

I wish here to say that the heroes of the naval engagement at Hampton Roads in 1862 were not the officers and crew of the Monitor. That honor belongs to the heroic officers and crew of the ill-fated Cumberland.

When the Congress and the Minnesota (the latter on her way from Fortress Monroe to assist her sister ships) saw the fate that had befallen the Cumberland and the ineffectiveness of their concentrated fire on the Virginia, they took refuge in shallow water to save themselves from being rammed.

After the Virginia had sunk the Cumberland, she turned her attention to the Congress and the shore batteries. She soon riddled the Congress and silenced most of the guns from the shore.

About this time we saw descending the James River the Patrick Henry, the Jamestown, and the Teaser, coming to the assistance of the Virginia. However, the Federal forces had been greatly disabled and demoralized by the destructive fire from the Virginia. Very soon we saw the white flag displayed from the mast of the Congress, which was then aground, most of her guns being out of action and a number of her crew killed or wounded.

The steam tugs Beaufort and Raleigh, that composed the Virginia's escort, went alongside the Congress and took aboard some of her wounded. The tugs, however, were soon driven away by the fire from the Federal infantry on the shore, in which several of our men were wounded, including Lieutenant Minor, and also some of the prisoners from aboard the Congress.

Later the Virginia set the Congress on fire with hot shot to prevent her from again falling into the hands of the Federal forces. Up to this time the Virginia had been the focus for the fire of over one hundred guns at short range; and while everything outside had been shot away, still her armor was not materially damaged. She had been given a heavy coat of tallow, so that the shots which struck her glanced off with no effect except the shock of the blow. During all this terrific engagement her only casualties were two killed and eight wounded, one of whom was Captain Buchanan. The muzzles of two of her guns were shot away.

When the sun went down on the carnage and destruction of that eventful afternoon, the Virginia had rammed and sunk the Cumberland, riddled and set fire to the Congress, destroyed one large transport steamer, two schooners, and silenced the land batteries. This wonderful record was made right under the guns of Newport News. It was about dusk when the Virginia, using a boarding pike for a flagstaff, hoisted her colors and steamed away to her anchorage at the mouth of the Elizabeth River. She was accompanied by her escort. Of over one hundred guns whose shots had been concentrated on her for over three hours, there was not one left that was able to fire a parting salute to that grand old ship.

At intervals through the night we could hear the explosions of the guns as they were set off by the fire of the burning Congress. Her magazine exploded about midnight, sending a flame of fire high in the air. This was the closing scene of the first day's battle.

The second day's engagement was opened by the Virginia with the Minnesota about eight o'clock on March 9. I was on the beach with several members of my company and saw the first shot.

The Monitor had made her appearance during the night and was standing near the Minnesota. She at once entered the engagement by advancing to close range with the Virginia, which was constantly dividing her shots between the Monitor and the Minnesota. The Monitor kept shifting her position and firing at the Virginia from different angles and at times from very close range; while the Minnesota, still aground some distance away, kept up her fire on the Virginia. We saw one of the shots from the latter blow up a steamer lying beside the Minnesota.

The fight was kept up several hours, and finally the Monitor, apparently unharmed, withdrew in the direction of Fort Monroe. It was learned later, however, that one of the Virginia's shots had entered the pilot house, wounding Captain Worden, the commanding officer. The Monitor had withdrawn be-



THE VIRGINIA (MERRIMAC) AND MONITOR.

yond the shallow water, and the Virginia could not follow because of her draft being over twenty-two feet, while that of the Monitor was about ten feet. The Virginia held her position for about an hour awaiting the return of the Monitor; and when she did not return the Virginia slowly steamed up the Elizabeth River to the Gosport Navy Yard, where the officers and crew could be given a much-needed rest from their poorly ventilated ship.

The Virginia needed some repairs and to have some unfinished work completed. She had on her trial trip fulfilled the highest expectations of her builders, officers, and crew and with complete satisfaction to the Confederate government. She had revolutionized the naval construction of the world. She had brought humiliation to the United States navy and consternation to the Federal authorities. She had brought terror and the deepest anxiety to the people in all the Atlantic Coast cities. It was heralded far and near that the Virginia could destroy the United States navy and burn all the cities, including the capital. So great was the fright and panic in Washington that the Secretary of War ordered that canal boats and other craft be loaded with stone and sunk in the channel of the Potomac River to prevent her from ascending the river and destroying Washington City. The records show that so great was the excitement a hurried cabinet meeting was held at the instance of the Secretary of War. It has been stated that President Lincoln was the only one present who did not lose his head. When the Secretary of War and Commodore Dahlgren insisted on blocking the

channel of the Potomac, Mr. Lincoln stated that millions had been spent to open and keep open the channel and that it would be inadvisable to obstruct it until the Virginia had passed the guns and the fleet at Fort Monroe. It is also stated that boats loaded with stone were held in readiness to close the channel.

In truth, there never was any reason for the great fright of the Federal authorities on account of the destruction wrought by the Virginia at Hampton Roads. She could not have reached Washington on account of her great draft even if there had been no obstruction in the Potomac River. She was not seaworthy, and her speed was not over five miles an hour.

The Virginia's squadron again entered Hampton Roads near the guns of Old Point for the purpose of drawing the Monitor into the Roads. The plan was, when she came out beyond the guns of Old Point to close in and board her at any cost and take charge of her in a hand-to-hand fight. Every man knew his part and had the courage to perform the duty assigned him. The Monitor, however, declined to come out from under the cover of Old Point.

The Jamestown and steam tug Raleigh on April 11 captured two government transports loaded with hay, coal, and grain and towed them to Norfolk. They hauled down the flags from the transports and hung them at half mast on the Jamestown and Raleigh under the Confederate flag. They expected the Monitor to resent this insult, but she still declined.

I was on the beach every day except when prevented by occasional camp duties, and the only time the Monitor came beyond the guns of Fort Monroe and the Rip-Raps after her engagement with the Virginia on March 9 was on May 8, when she, with several other vessels of the Union fleet, came far enough to shell the land batteries at Sewell's Point; but when the Virginia advanced they withdrew under the guns of their land batteries at Fort Monroe and the Rip-Raps.

General McClellan's Peninsular Campaign and his march on Richmond, resulting in the battles of Yorktown, Williamsburg, and Seven Pines in the latter part of May, made it necessary to evacuate Norfolk and defend the capital of the Confederacy. Norfolk was evacuated on May 10, and the troops there were sent to Petersburg and Richmond.

The Monitor never engaged the Virginia after March 9, and the latter was not destroyed until the night of May 10 by her own officers and crew at the mouth of the Elizabeth River, near Craney's Island, and they reported the next day for duty at Richmond. When Norfolk was evacuated, the Virginia had no base for coal or repairs. She was not seaworthy, and on account of her great draft she could not enter the James River.

The Monitor was not the cause, directly or indirectly, of the destruction of the Virginia.

LAST REVIEW OF FORREST'S CAVALRY.

BY D. B. CASTLEBERRY, BOONEVILLE, ARK.

During the latter part of March, 1865, General Forrest reviewed his troops at West Point, Miss., and immediately thereafter marched out in the direction of Montevallo, Ala. It was whispered in camp that a large Federal cavalry was near there, and on the 31st of March, 1865, we could see volumes of smoke ascending from that direction; and the 3d Kentucky Regiment was thrown out in a skirmish line, with Capt. T. C. Miller, of Murray, Ky., in command. We skirmished the woods for miles in the direction of the smoke and found that a force of Federals had burned rolling mills or foundries about five miles southwest of Montevallo.

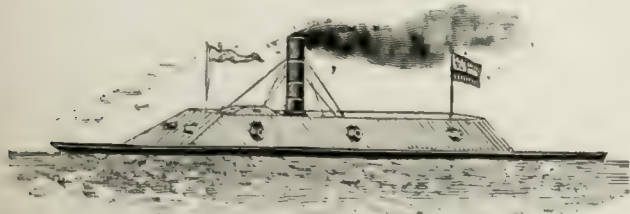
When we came into the main road leading to Selma, a call was made for a volunteer advance guard. The writer and another Kentucky boy volunteered, and we were ordered to report to the officer about two hundred yards down the road toward Montevallo. When we reported, we found that the officer and the other boys were Alabamians. We proceeded in the direction of Montevallo, and when within less than two miles of the town we came upon the outpost picket at a two-story white house on the left of the road who came out, saying: "You have got me." To this our commander replied: "Hand up your arms." But instead of handing up his pistol he fired some four or five times into our squad of fifteen or twenty without hitting any one, then climbed over a fence, and went running toward Montevallo. After we had fired a few shots, with two other boys I climbed over the fence and caught him, then turned him over to some other soldiers who had overtaken us. Capt. T. C. Miller came up and threw us out as skirmishers again.

The Yankee skirmish line was just on the south side of Montevallo on a rise, and we were on the brow of a slope, without any protection whatever, and from two hundred and fifty to three hundred yards apart. They could shoot at us and drop back a few feet and be out of sight. This skirmishing lasted for some two or three hours. At this time Captain Miller was commanding the left wing of the skirmish line and Irve Nance, of Oak Level, Ky., the right. Just as the Yankees charged us, dashing over the ridge within two hundred and fifty yards of us, Irve Nance said we would every one be captured; and, sure enough, they did capture several of us, but didn't get either of our commanders.

As prisoners we went back to Montevallo, a distance of two or three miles, and were then taken on to Selma, with continued fighting along the way; at Ebenezer Church there was a considerable fight. This place, as I remember, was twenty-five miles from Selma. On the second evening of April the Federal cavalry captured Selma and most of Forrest's command, but he and his escort swam the Alabama River and made their escape.

After General Lee surrendered, we prisoners were taken to Montgomery, Ala., and on the 14th of April, 1865, Tom Lovelace, Tom Mathis, James Castleberry, and I were paroled and walked from Montgomery to our homes, in Western Kentucky. James Castleberry is dead; I don't know of Tom Lovelace or Tom Mathis.

While at the Birmingham Reunion I went out to Montevallo on Wednesday, the 17th, to see if I could locate the place of my capture, the house where we captured the outpost picket, and the place in the town where we were taken after being captured. Though fifty-one years had passed, I had no difficulty in recognizing the three spots indicated. Judge



E. S. Lyman, a most excellent gentleman of Montevallo, showed me every courtesy, driving me to all these places, so interesting to one who was there at that terrible time facing a Federal cavalry of fifteen thousand men commanded by General Wilson. I know of but one other Kentuckian living at this time who was in that skirmish line, and that is Irve Nance, of Oak Level, Ky. If any other now living was in that advance guard or skirmish line, I should be glad to hear from him.

A CARPETBAGGER'S VIEW OF THE KU-KLUX KLAN.

BY A. J. EMERSON, DENVER, COLO.

Albion W. Tourgee was a carpetbagger, but he was of a higher order of man than the rank and file of that speckled aggregation. He was a lawyer, became a soldier, and was later a district judge in Dixie. Afterwards he gained considerable reputation as a writer of books. One of his books, "A Fool's Errand," was, I judge, widely read. He had a sense of humor. He calls himself the "fool" all the way through that book. He scorns and laughs at the "wise men" who were engaged in reconstructing the South. He thinks he could have done it better himself. He has humor enough to laugh at himself. He says: "I was captain of the Peru Invincibles, Company B, of a regiment that did an incredible amount of boasting at the outset, a marvelous amount of running soon after, and a reasonable amount of fighting still later in the Civil War."

Tourgee bought a home in Middle North Carolina and settled down as a citizen; but they still called him a carpetbagger. He tried to gain the friendship of his neighbors. There was too wide a gap between them. He was brave, bold, and free to speak his opinions and thoroughly Northern. They were Southern. He and they clashed. He became very unpopular, but faced it without flinching.

I remember seeing him several times about 1868. At that time in North Carolina we had a "scalawag" Governor and what the people called "the kinky-head" legislature. Tourgee was our district judge, holding court in several counties. The people were so angry with him that no one as he advanced from his hotel toward the courthouse would speak to him. He comes to the square. A lane is opened in the great silent crowd for him to pass. But no greeting is heard, no good morning, no hand stretched forth. He enters the courtroom. Not a lawyer salutes him. He takes his seat on the bench; the sheriff opens court. The judge then hears his first salutation, a lawyer's voice saying: "May it please your honor."

The Governor (scalawag) was equally execrating. His initials were W. W. When he went out of office, despised by the great body of his countrymen, his epitaph was:

"Here lies W. W.,

Who no more will trouble you, trouble you."

Tourgee's life was threatened more than once. You would hardly expect a man thus detested and scorned by a people to be able to appreciate any of their good qualities. But he does, and this proves that he was himself far superior to ordinary carpetbaggers.

As the Ku-Klux Klan has lately become a topic of fresh public interest, what Tourgee says of the Klan may help to clear away some of the clouds which hide from view the mysterious army that delivered the people of the South in their darkest day of trouble. I present some extracts from "A Fool's Errand."

Judge Tourgee points out that there were at that time two parties in the various Southern States: one composed of negroes, ignorant and poor, a few native whites, and a few Northern men resident in that section. He was one of them. These are his words: "Either knaves or fools or partaking of the nature of both who might elect to become permanent citizens and join in the movement. Against them were to be pitted the wealth, the intelligence, the organizing skill, the pride and hate of a people whom it had taken four years to conquer in open fight when their enemies outnumbered them three to one, who were animated chiefly by the apprehension of what seemed now about to be forced upon them by this misnamed measure of Reconstruction—to wit, the equality of the negro race."

NORTH AND SOUTH TWO NATIONS.

"The North and the South had been two households in one house, two nations under one name. The intellectual, moral, and social life of each had been utterly distinct and separate from that of the other. They no more understood or appreciated each other's feelings or development than John Chinaman comprehends the civilization of John Bull. It is true they spoke the same language, used the same governmental forms, and, most unfortunately, thought they comprehended each other's ideas. Each thought that he knew the thought and purpose of the other better than the thinker knew his own. The Northern man despised his Southern fellow citizen in bulk as a good-natured braggadocio, mindful of his own ease, fond of power and display, and with no animating principle which could in any manner interfere with his interest. The Southern man despised his Northern compeer as cold-blooded, selfish, hypocritical, cowardly, and envious."

TOURGEE, CALLED "CARPETBAGGER," FINDS THAT IT STINGS.

"In order to express their abhorrence for such as dared to go from the North to become residents of the South without an absolute surrender of principles, one who was of more intense virulence than the others invented a new term, or rather reapplied one which he had already helped to make infamous."

"The name itself was a stroke of genius. In all history there is perhaps no instance of so perfect and complete an instrument. 'Sans-culottes' is its nearest rival. 'Abolitionist,' its immediate predecessor, had the disadvantage of an etymological significance which sometimes interfered with its perfect application. 'Carpetbagger' had, however, all the essentials of a denunciatory epithet in a superlative degree. It had a quaint and ludicrous sound, was utterly without defined significance, and was altogether unique. It was susceptible of one significance in one locality and another in another, without being open to any etymological objection. This elasticity of signification is of prime importance in a disparaging epithet; there is almost always a necessity for it."

NORTH AND SOUTH CURSE CARPETBAGGERS.

"So the South cursed carpetbaggers because they were of the North, and the North cursed them because the South set the example."

"In nothing has the South shown its vast moral superiority over the North more than in this. 'I pray thee curse me this people,' it said to the North, first of the abolitionists and then of carpetbaggers; and the North cursed, not knowing whom it denounced and not pausing to inquire whether they were worthy of stripes or not. Perhaps there is no other instance in history in which the conquering power has discredited its own agents, denounced those of its own blood

and faith, espoused the prejudices of its conquered foes, and poured the vials of its wrath and contempt upon the only class in the conquered territory who defended its acts, supported its policy, promoted its aim, or desired its preservation and continuance."

A NEIGHBOR TELLS JUDGE TOURGEE OF THE KU-KLUX KLAN.

"I heard the noise of horses, quiet and orderly, but many. Looking from the window in the clear moonlight, I saw horsemen passing down the street, taking their stations here and there, like guards who had been tolled off for duty at specific points. Two stopped opposite my house, two opposite Mr. Haskin's, and two or three on the corner below. They seemed to have been sent on before as a sort of picket guard for the main body, which soon came in. I should say there were from a hundred to a hundred and fifty still in line. They were all masked and wore black robes. The horses were disguised, too, by drappings. There were only a few mules in the whole company. They were good horses, though; one could tell that by their movements. O, it was a respectable crowd! No doubt about that, sir. Beggars don't ride in this country. I don't know when I have seen so many good horses together since the Yankee cavalry left here after the surrender. They were drilled, too. Plenty of old soldiers in that crowd. Why, everything went like clock work. Not a word was said, just a few whistles given. They came like a dream and went away like a mist. I thought we should have to fight for our lives; but they did not disturb any one here. They gathered down by the courthouse. After a while from my back window I saw them down about the tree. A signal was given, and just at that time a match was struck, and I saw a dark body swing down under the limb."

"This new reign of terror had come so stilly and quietly upon the world that none realized its fearfulness and extent. At first it had been a thing of careless laughter to the great, free, unsuspecting North, then a matter of contemptuous ridicule, and finally a question of incredulous horror."

"Always the same intangible presence, the same invisible power. Well did it name itself 'The Invisible Empire.' Unseen and unknown! In one State ten thousand, in another twenty thousand, in another forty thousand; in all an army greater than the rebellion, from the moldering remains of which it sprang, could ever put into the field! An invisible empire with a trained and disciplined army of masked midnight marauders making war upon the weakling 'powers' which the wise men had set up in the lately rebellious territory."

COLONEL TOURGEE COMES NEAR SEEING THE KU-KLUX.

It is night. Colonel Tourgee and Judge Denton are on the train which arrives at Glenville near midnight, to go from there by carriage to Colonel Tourgee's home. A young girl is riding to the station to warn them of the Ku-Klux who, she has learned, are planning to meet them. She comes to the forks of the road and knows not which to take. She hears hoof strokes on all three of the roads and hides among the scrub pines bordering the roads. There were men all about her. Three of them came into the road so near her that she could easily hear all they said. One of the men spoke: "Gentlemen, I am the East Commander of Camp No. 5, of Pultowa County."

"And I, of Camp No. 8, of Wayne."

"And I, of No. 12, of Sevier."

"You are the men I expected to meet," said the first.

"We were ordered to report to you," said the others.

"How many men have you each?"

"Thirty-two from No. 8."

"Thirty-one from No. 12."

"I myself have forty. Are yours informed of the work on hand?"

"Not a word."

The leaders went back to the intersection of the roads, mounted their horses, and the leader commanded, "Attention!" The men gathered closer, and then all was still. Then the leader said in words heard by the trembling girl: "Gentlemen, we have met here to execute the extreme penalty of our order upon Thomas Denton. This unpleasant duty, of course, will be done as becomes earnest men. Colonel Tourgee, who is with him, is not included in the decree. I submit to you the question: 'What shall be done with the radical carpetbagger Tourgee?'"

It was moved that the same decree be made against him as against Denton. The vote was taken. All were in the affirmative except one.

The girl, with her revolver ready cocked in her hand, turned and cautiously made her way to the road which had been indicated as one to Glenville. Keeping on the shady side, she had gone about one hundred and fifty yards when she came to a turn in the road and saw in the moonlight one of the Ku-Klux sentries. He was facing the other way, but whirled and called, "Halt!"

Almost before the word was out of the sentry's mouth she gave spur to her horse and shot like an arrow into the bright moonlight straight toward the black-muffled horseman.

"My God!" he cried, amazed at the sudden apparition.

She was close upon him in an instant. She threw forward her revolver and fired. His startled horse sprang aside, and Lily, urging Young Lollard to his utmost speed, was flying down the road to Glenville. On, on she sped, arriving at the station in time to prevent Judge Denton and Colonel Tourgee from riding into the dreaded snare of the Ku-Klux.

THE EXCUSE OF THE REBELS FOR THE KU-KLUX KLAN.

"Ah me!" says the Judge, "the excuse of the Rebels is sad, sadder almost than the bloody facts themselves. What is it? We were rebels in arms; we surrendered and by the terms of surrender were promised immunity so long as we obeyed the laws. This meant that we should govern ourselves as of old. Instead of this, they put military officers over us; they imposed disabilities on our bravest and best; they liberated our slaves and gave them power over us. Men born at the North came among us and were given place and power by slaves and renegades. They were incompetent officers. The revenues of the State were squandered. We were taxed to educate the blacks. Enormous debts were contracted. We did not do these acts from political motives, but only because the parties had made themselves obnoxious. Alas, alas that a people who had inaugurated and carried through a great war should come to regard anything as an excuse for organized thuggism!"

You perceive, reader, that the Judge's effort to see his Southern neighbors as they saw themselves was rather a failure. But let that pass. He goes on to say:

"Yet it was a magnificent sentiment that underlay it all, an unfaltering determination, an invincible defiance to all that had the seeming of compulsion or tyranny. One can but regard with pride and sympathy the indomitable men who, being conquered in war, yet resisted every effort of the conqueror to change their laws, their customs, or even the per-

sonnel of their ruling class, and this, too, not only with unyielding stubbornness, but with success. One can but admire the arrogant boldness with which they charged the nation which had overpowered them, even in the teeth of her legislators, with perfidy, malice, and a spirit of unworthy and contemptible revenge. How they laughed to scorn the Reconstruction acts of which the wise men boasted! How boldly they declared the conflict to be irrepressible and that white and black could not and should not live together as coordinate ruling elements!

"And then the organization itself, so complete and yet so portable and elastic! So perfect in disguise that, of the thousands of victims, scarce a score could identify one of their persecutors! In it we may recognize the elements that go to make up a grand and kingly people. They felt themselves insulted and oppressed. No matter whether they were or not, be the fact one way or another, it does not affect their conduct. If the Reconstruction which the wise men ordained was unjust; if the North was the aggressor and wrongful assailant of the South in war; if to degrade and humiliate her enemy the terms of the surrender were falsified and new and irritating conditions imposed; if the outcasts of Northern life were sent or went thither to encourage or induce the former slave to act against his former master—if all this were true, it would be no more an excuse or justification for the course pursued than would the honest belief that these facts were true by the masses who formed the rank and file of this grotesquely uniformed body of partisan cavalry. In any case, it must be counted as the desperate effort of a proud, brave, and determined people to secure and hold what they deemed to be their rights."

BULLETS USED IN THE CIVIL WAR.

BY ALBERT KERN, DAYTON, OHIO.

The articles on "Explosive Bullets" appearing in the *VETERAN* for February and April of the present year have interested me sufficiently to justify the giving of fuller details and correcting statements about a feature that has been misunderstood and the error repeated at intervals ever since the great struggle between the States; and as the *VETERAN* has ever stood for the truth of history, this reply will be of timely interest. Space will permit only a mention of the chief, or most commonly used, projectiles for small arms, those used by the infantry of both armies.

The old musket, smooth-bore and of 69-caliber, used a round ball tied at the top of a paper cartridge with three buckshot, the well-known "buck-and-ball cartridge." Many of these old guns were hurriedly altered from flint to percussion, and in the North large numbers of the original percussion muskets, dating in manufacture from about the year 1845, were improved by rifling and barrels. The chief service arms, however, were the 58-caliber Springfield rifle and the 577-caliber English Enfield, the latter extensively used in the South.

As early as the year 1833 Captain Minie, of the Chasseurs d'Orleans, the Rifle Brigade of France, designed an elongated bullet that was destined to mark an epoch in the history of rifle development. In 1848-49 this bullet was introduced in the French service. The bullet was elongated, with three grooves for lubrication and bearing upon the rifling. A deep cavity or pocket in the base contained at the outer edge an iron cup which was driven into the cavity by the dis-

charge of the gun, which produced an expansion of the base of the bullet, causing it to take the rifling, as bullets used in all muzzle-loading arms had necessarily to be of a diameter proportionally smaller than the bore in order to allow loading after the gun became foul from firing.

The English Admiralty Board adopted the Enfield rifle (so named from the place of manufacture), using an elongated ball or "picket" of smooth surface without grooves and, dispensing with Minie's iron cup, placed in the cavity entering the base a packing of clay or a hardwood plug. (See Greener's "Development of the Gun," page 110, etc.) This plug caused the base expansion desired. The reformed 69-caliber American guns about the time of the opening of the war used the Minie bullet and a wooden plug in the cavity.

In adopting the new 58-caliber rifles and using the three-grooved Minie bullet it was found that the wooden plug was not necessary, as the exploding powder gas expanded the base of the bullet and thus gave it the spin, or rotary motion, desired. In the Confederate army the Enfield was used with its smooth-sided bullet; there was also a two-grooved bullet, sometimes cast with a cavity in base and sometimes with a solid base. It was long a question which gun carried the farthest, the 58-caliber Springfield or the 577-caliber Enfield, with the majority opinion in favor of the Enfield.

There were no explosive bullets used by either army in any of the service or regulation arms, as far as the writer has been able to ascertain. The device about to be described refers solely to expanding bullets.

Elijah D. Williams, of Philadelphia, Pa., on December 9, 1862, patented "an improvement in elongated bullets." His patent bears the number 37145 and is described thus in Volume I., page 696, year 1862, Patent Office Reports: "This invention consists in the combination with an elongated expanding bullet, of a headed pin and a concave expanding disk, the disk having its concave side against the base of the bullet and the pin entering the cavity thereof and operating to produce the flattening of the disk, by which it caused it to expand against the walls of and enter the rifle grooves of the gun. Claim: First, the combination with elongated expanding bullets of a pin C and expanding disk B applied and substantially as herein specified. Second, Fitting the pin to the cavity of the bullet in the manner substantially as herein specified, whereby the expansion of the bullet is caused to commence in the front part of its expanding portion and to be gradually continued toward the rear, as herein set forth."

This was the bullet extensively used in the Civil War and which the writer has found on the battle fields.

On July 19, 1864, Williams obtained another patent for what he then termed an "expanding bullet" and is Patent No. 43615, Volume I., 1864, page 647, Patent Office Reports. This bullet omitted the zinc disk, but the device came too late for use in the war. Williams at this time had removed to the city of New York.

On September 27, 1864, Mary G. Williams and John Owen, of New York, as administrators of Elijah D. Williams, deceased, obtained a patent for still another form of expanding bullet, known as Patent No. 44492, Volume I., page 450, year 1864, Patent Office Reports. This bullet was shorter in length than the others and had a differently applied washer, and the ball itself had lines of fracture, so that it would break into fragments on leaving the gun; the headed pin was of taper form. This bullet also came too late for adoption,

and the writer has found none of this type on the battle fields or in packages of cartridges.

The Williams bullet first described was made entirely of lead, except the washer or disk, which was zinc. It was also found that the expansion of the disk served to clean the barrel from powder residue. But as its action was not deemed any too safe for the rifling, only one such ball was placed among the ten cartridges in the packets and sometimes only one in every third packet. Undoubtedly the plug or pin and its attendant washer often came apart on leaving the gun or were carried along with the ball and into a wound. It is also possible that some corrosion of the zinc disk was injurious to a wound, and hence came the assertion that "the Confederates were using poisoned bullets."

B. J. Lossing, usually an authentic historian, was badly advised (Volume III., page 78) when compiling his illustrated history of the Civil War—Gettysburg: "At the hospitals of the national wounded in the town many manly young men were wounded in every conceivable way, by every kind of weapon and missile, the most fiendish of which was an explosive bullet. Whether any were used by the nationals, the writer is not advised."

To this remarkable and inaccurate statement a drawing is attached corresponding exactly with the Williams bullet described.

In the footnote Lossing goes on to say: "The drawing represents the explosive bullet. It contained a stem with a piece of thin copper hollowed and a head over it of bullet metal, fitting a cavity in the bullet proper. In the bottom of the cavity was fulminate powder. When the bullet struck, the momentum would cause the inverted copper disk to flatten and allow the point of the stem to strike and explode the fulminating powder, when the bullet would be rent into fragments which would lacerate the victim." He also says that he had procured some of these bullets from the battle fields, etc. The error of this statement will at once be noted. The disk was zinc, not copper; and of the many Williams bullets examined by the writer from unused cartridges, no powder of any kind was found in the cavity. The ball was "expanding," not explosive, and was not a device of the Confederates. The data supplied in this article and description of the patent abundantly refute the above statement.

The writer as a boy in making up a war-time scrapbook with clippings from newspapers of the time found such a printed statement. The Southern soldier in using captured ammunition used these bullets without knowing their design or form, as the bullet when released from its paper wrapping in loading had the grooves and the space between the base of the ball and the headed tige, or pin, filled with tallow wax, and it looked like any other bullet. Apropos of the "poisoned bullet" statement, the following personal incident is given:

Some ten years ago, on the occasion of a visit to Lookout Mountain, the writer was passing along by the tables of relic vendors to the right of the path toward the Point, all of whom solicited a purchase, etc. One of them, a sad-faced man, with every appearance of having been a soldier and who made no appeal, attracted my attention. Upon inquiry he produced a small box of bullets, which, scattered on the table, were being looked over, when there came along a large red-faced man, somewhat under the influence of liquor, who, noting that there were several of these bullets and parts of them being laid aside for purchase, intruded the remark: "These are some of the d—d poisoned bullets the Johnnies

used in the war." The writer replied: "You are grossly mistaken. These bullets were not poisoned and were the invention of a Northern man." Again the intruder repeated his statement, adding: "I tell you I was on Joe Hooker's staff, and I know what I'm talking about." To which this reply was made: "You may have been an ornament on General Hooker's staff, but you are talking to the wrong man in relation to these bullets, and you are mistaken and insulting when you accuse gallant men of an act for which they were not to blame nor aware of. You had better pass on." The man retired, and the old soldier extended his hand across the table in gratified approval.

Explosive bullets containing fulminate, or black powder, charges were not used for military purposes. This pattern of ball was designed for hunting rifles and usually those of large caliber for big game-shooting. The cavity generally entered from the point of the ball and was charged with powder and fired by a percussion cap on impact. (See Greener, page 180.)

The same effect or even greater is now obtained by the modern device of a metal-manteled bullet, leaving about one-fourth of an inch at the point, with exposed part of lead core. These are known as dum dum bullets, from the town in India where they were first used. The use of these expanding or "mushrooming" balls is supposed to be prohibited in war.

EXPLOSIVE AND POISONOUS BULLETS

Horace Edwin Hayden, Wilkes-Barre, Pa., of the 1st Virginia and 1st Maryland Cavalry, C. S. A., writes:

"Kindly refer your correspondents, Dr. George Brown, on page 95, February number, and Mr. James A. Lyons, page 185, April number, to the VETERAN for April, 1899, pages 156-158, where they will find the larger part of an article by myself which will answer their queries on this subject. The full article will be found in the 'Southern Historical Society Papers' of October, 1880, Volume VIII., covering ten pages.

"The subject was brought out by Lossing in his 'Pictorial History of the Civil War in the United States,' Volume III., page 78, in which, without the least effort to prove his statements, he makes the false charge against the Confederate States of using such fiendish weapons against the United States as poisonous and explosive rifle balls. In my paper I have shown from the United States Patent Office Reports that these very rifle balls were patented by the United States Patent Office and distributed to the United States troops and used by them and that they were neither poisonous nor explosive balls.

"Just one year ago a certain person at Antietam, Md., wrote me thus: 'You will have to prove to me that no poisonous bullets were used before the battle of Gettysburg, Pa. In the battle of Antietam, September 17, 1862, a long, smooth bullet, one ounce in weight, with a deep cavity, was used. It had a cork plug in the end, and the cavity was filled with a poisonous substance. They were made in England and sent to the South: and instead of the point's being foremost, the big end was, and this I have proof of.'

"I wrote at once to Mr. Reilly and endeavored to secure one of these poisonous balls, but he never responded to my request. What truth there may be in his statement I know not; but after the distinguished historian Lossing's deliberate effort to prove his charge against us without investigation, I am greatly in doubt about Mr. Reilly's charge."

A MARYLAND BOY IN THE CONFEDERATE ARMY.

BY G. B. PHILPOT, MILLEBURN, N. J.

When a very young man, still in my teens, I took the advice of Horace Greeley and went West, leaving my old home in Maryland where I was born and reared, and located in Jacksonville, Ill., to make my fortune. All went well until the war was actually started by the booming of guns at Charleston, S. C. Having been born and reared in a Southern State, my sympathies were naturally with the South; but the sympathies of the people with whom I lived were naturally with the North. I was not wise enough to keep a silent tongue in my head, but must express myself on all occasions; so I soon found that it would not be healthy for me, either physically or financially, to remain in that community.

I determined to return to my old home in Maryland and show the courage of my convictions by making my way across the Potomac River and into the Confederate army. When I reached my home, I found a number of my old companions, with sympathies like my own, who were as enthusiastic to enter the Confederate army as myself. We held secret meetings to devise ways and means for crossing the river. The means we had in our own horses; the way was the trouble. We learned of an old ford, long abandoned, which was not guarded by the Yankees. The bridges had all been burned by those bad fellows, the Rebels, to prevent the Yankees from crossing. I packed my carpetbag and went to the old ford, where I found one of our boys on the bank drying his clothes. His horse had thrown him into the river and left him to get out the best he could. Nothing daunted, I plunged in and fared better. Although my horse fell, I was not thrown, but got into deep water and by swimming and fording reached the Virginia shore thoroughly soaked. I rode to a hill, where I could see either way, took the clothes from my bag and from my back, hung them on the fence, and retired to the woods to await the drying process. Fortunately, no one passed, not even a "coon," or I might have been minus clothes.

In a few days all of our boys got over safely, and we started on the march for Romney to join Colonel Ashby. When we got to Leesburg, one of our boys (Thrasher) found that his horse had lost a shoe; so we stopped at a blacksmith shop to have him shod. The smith being a Union man and inclined to talk, he and Thrasher got into a discussion about the war. The smith called Thrasher a liar. He had not lived long enough in the South to learn that when one man calls another a liar he must expect a blow in return. Thrasher said in a very cool and deliberate manner: "I came over here to fight, and I will begin right here." He then struck the smith a blow, which knocked him down. Thrasher said: "Now get up and shoe my horse, and if you prick him I will come back and kill you." The horse was properly shod, and the smith was not killed.

We arrived in Romney with fifty men and held an election for officers. My name was not mentioned, not even for corporal. There were no uniforms for us, and the only arms were six Colt's revolving rifles and single- and double-barreled shotguns. A few of the boys had long knives made by a blacksmith with which they were going to cut to pieces any Yankee who dared to invade the sacred soil of Virginia. We were sent to Springfield, eight miles off, for drill and picket duty. About the third night we were roused by the cry, "Yankees coming!" We mounted and sat in our saddles until daylight. No Yankees came. This was repeated sev-

eral nights, until it became monotonous to me, and I determined to find out where the Yankees were and their number by going to their camp in person without letting any one know where I was going.

I rode over the mountains and crossed the river about a mile below Cumberland, in Maryland, where they were encamped. I made a circuit of the town and, approaching from the Pennsylvania side, entered the town after traveling about thirty-five miles. Going to a hotel, I had my horse fed and got my supper, got some cigars, and took my seat in front of the hotel to decide what should be my next move. Just then two soldiers came along, and I surmised that they were going to their camp. I joined them and asked them to pass me into their camp, which they did very willingly. Inside, I approached an officer, gave him my name as Frank Johnson, that I lived with my father six miles from town, which I knew would be in Pennsylvania. I told him that my father had sent me to town on business for him, and, being through with the business, I came to the camp to see the soldiers drill and the dress parade. He told me I was too late for either; that it was all over for the day. I then asked him: "Where are the Rebels?" He replied: "At Romney." Ashby, with eight or ten thousand troops, was there, and reports were coming in daily that Ashby was preparing to attack them at any time, and if he did they would be obliged to fall back into Pennsylvania, as they had not force enough to meet the Rebels. He then told me the numbers of their cavalry, infantry, and artillery, just what I wanted to know. Being then ready to leave, I invited him to come out to our house the next day (Sunday) to dinner; that my father and all the family would be glad to entertain one of Uncle Sam's officers; that we would give him an old-fashioned country dinner, and I would return with him in the afternoon to see the drill and dress parade. He expressed much pleasure for the invitation and said he would gladly accept. I told him the road to take and that any one on the road could direct him, as my father was well known in that vicinity.

With the information secured, I took my departure. Walking leisurely to the hotel, I paid my bill and started on the return trip, taking the same route back as I had entered and in a very leisurely manner until I had crossed the river. Not until then did I realize the risk or the danger and the fate that awaited me if captured, and they might yet suspect and follow me. I then said to my horse, "Billy, old boy, get a move on," which he did in fine shape. I knew then that all the horses in Uncle Sam's army could not catch me. I reached our camp safely, got a couple of hours' sleep, then rode to Ashby's camp and reported what I had done. He was glad to get the information and complimented me somewhat on the bravery of the trip, but advised me never to undertake the experiment again. I told him it was not bravery, but simply and purely fool ignorance; that I did not know the rules and usages of war. When I returned to my camp, the captain said something about arresting me for being absent from roll call; but after I told him what I had done, there was no arrest.

We were not called out again by false alarms, but slept peacefully on the soft side of our wooden benches until ordered to report to headquarters and from there on a march until we heard the guns at Bull Run. We got there too late to take part in the fight, which was just over, and the Yankees were fleeing; but we were in good time to join in the chase and for the capture of many prisoners with pistols, sabers, and army saddles enough to equip our com-

pany. Among the prisoners were four Yankee Congressmen who had come out from Washington to see the fight from a safe distance, of course, and, as they said, "to see the Rebels run." They too were escorted to Richmond to luxuriate in Libby Prison until exchanged for our officers captured in the early part of the fight.

Our next move was to Charlestown, in the Shenandoah Valley. Soon reports came that the Yankees were crossing the river at Shepherdstown in small bands, committing depredations, much to the annoyance of the citizens. We were sent there for their protection, and upon arrival we ran into a small band and drove them across the river without any blood being shed. The ladies hailed us at once as heroes and their deliverers. They at once sent a committee with a petition to Colonel Ashby to allow us to remain for their protection; that they would feed both men and horses. The petition was granted. Then we had some of the sweets without any of the bitter of war. The Yankees were on their good behavior, as they knew we would punish them if they were not. Frequently they came in boats to the middle of the river and called for the Johnnie Rebs to meet them, when we chatted in the most friendly manner and exchanged tobacco for sugar and coffee. All this time we were living on the fat of the land and making love to the pretty girls. One evening the Yanks bombarded the town with solid shot, I thought more to frighten the citizens than for anything else, as no damage was done. I was promenading with a young lady by moonlight at the time, and she was so badly frightened that she actually fainted and fell into my arms, which was exceedingly embarrassing to me. And when she recovered consciousness she too was embarrassed to find herself in my arms. I managed, however, to get her home safely.

Our next move was to Martinsburg to cover Stonewall Jackson's rear at Winchester and in front of General Banks, who was in Maryland. Winter was on now, and our duties were very easy. We soon got acquainted with all the good people of the town and were beginning to have a good time, when Stonewall on the first day of January, 1862, ordered us to join him for a move into West Virginia. The third day of our march we halted for rest. The next morning Welsh and I went out on a foraging expedition. We reached a farmhouse where the good wife was making bread and pies. The husband, a Union man, fearing arrest, had skipped into Maryland. The wife positively refused to give or sell us any of her bread or pies. We could, of course, have taken them, but Southern chivalry forbade it. On leaving, Welsh noticed some beehives and proposed to get even with her by coming at night and taking one of the hives. Why we should wait for night I do not know, unless it was because all evildoers prefer the cover of darkness for their evil deeds. At night we got one hive and deposited it in our room, where the boys had a roaring fire. Soon the bees warmed up and attacked us front, flank, and rear. We retreated precipitately into the snow and bitter cold, where we held a council of war and decided that the only way to recapture our castle was to lasso the hive, as no man was brave enough to enter. This we did after many attempts. Now the hive was out, but the bees were in. The only thing then was to freeze them out, and while doing that we were freezing outside. We opened all the windows and the doors and waited for the fire to burn down. When we saw them freezing, we raised the black flag and boldly marched in, all nearly frozen. Our prize contained about twenty pounds of honey, which we

divided with the boys who had assisted us in retaking our castle.

On our return to Martinsburg Bill O'Byrn, a half Irishman, armed himself with a fishing line, with a grain of corn as bait, for a flock of geese he had seen. The bait was immediately taken by an old gander, which, of course, wobbled along after Bill until his neck was wrung and secured to the saddle. The captain came along and asked Bill where he got the goose. Bill said he stopped to get water and the goose ran him, and he was afraid the "d-n goose would bite him." That goose was taken to camp and cooked, then stolen by one of my mess. We tried to carve it with a sharp knife, which was out of the question; we then sent for an ax, with which we managed to cut it into pieces. We tried to chew it, but might as well have chewed on inch-thick rubber. One of the boys insisted that that goose was one of the flock which had notified Nero of the burning of Rome.

We halted one day opposite Hancock, where there were a force of Yankees and a long train of cars, filled with army supplies, at the railroad station on the Virginia side of the river. We went quietly at night, loaded all the wagons we had and all we could get in the country around, and sent them to camp, while the men carried all they could on their backs—all done without disturbing the Yankees. The first they knew of their loss was when they saw the train burning, and we had gone. Harry Gillmore, one of my mess, found at Berkley Springs, in a cottage which had been occupied by his uncle the previous summer, three mattresses, which Harry thought he ought to save for his uncle, and at the same time they would be a great comfort to us.

We were now back in Martinsburg for the winter, with General Banks on his good behavior on the Maryland shore, twelve miles off. We had little to worry us and much pleasure ahead, such as sleigh-riding, dancing parties, and making love to the pretty girls. One party was given to which one of my friends was not invited, so I called on her to try to console her for the disappointment. I found her so very entertaining that I did not get to the party until very late, then I was bombarded on all sides: "Why so late?" My excuse was that I had been on picket duty and was just off, which satisfied them for the time. The next day a younger sister of the lady with whom I had spent the evening told her companions of my call the evening before, and they in turn told their big sisters. Another party was given, and I, on time, was again bombarded with: "O, so glad to see you on time! We were afraid you were again on picket, as on the night of Mrs. Pendleton's party." I agreed to compromise the matter by calling on each and every one and staying as long as I had with the first lady, and I kept my promise.

Those happy days were brought to a close on the 2d of March, 1862, when General Banks, without any previous warning and which I thought very mean of him, broke up our fun by advancing. We had to advance too in the same direction and had hardly time to say good-by to our friends. Our regiment being Jackson's rear guard, we had to keep the Yankee cavalry from crowding Jackson's rear; and for sixty-odd days we were under fire, Jackson retreating very leisurely. We halted one day to reorganize by electing new officers, and I was honored by being made lieutenant. That retreat was kept up for about a hundred miles. Without notifying Banks, Jackson crossed the mountain, marched down the Luray Valley on a parallel road, and surprised Banks by attacking him on front, flank, and rear, pushing him back to the starting point, leaving to Jackson nearly all of his wagon

train and army supplies. Banks was ever after known, North and South, as Jackson's commissary general.

Then Jackson began another retreat, a little more hastily this time. General Fremont was marching west of him on the other side of the mountain on a parallel road, while General Shields was marching east of the Shenandoah River, also on a parallel road, both trying to cut him off farther up the valley; therefore it required speed. He marched one day thirty-five miles with his "foot cavalry" without a straggler, with Banks following. When Jackson got to Port Republic ahead of both Fremont and Shields, he turned on Banks and sent him down the valley with a flea in his ear. Then he turned on Fremont and, after several hours of hard fighting, sent him limping back across the mountain. Jackson then crossed the north fork of the river, burned the bridge, made a pontoon bridge of wagons, and crossed the south fork of the river. He met Shields and, with a couple of hours more of hard fighting, drove him back down the river. Stonewall fought and defeated three different armies, either one of which was much larger than his own. He then crossed the mountain to the railroad and shipped his army to the relief of General Lee on the flank of General McClellan. Our cavalry was left in the valley in front of Shields to keep him from joining McClellan, which we did very effectually.

Our next move was to Cedar Mountain, stopping at a spring near the battle field. Being the first to dismount, I found on the bank a money belt in which was forty-five dollars in gold, left by an unfortunate Yankee. I took good care to make no effort to find the owner, because I thought the owner would not need the money after the fight which was about to begin. The Yanks were driven from that field, and we moved to Manassas Junction, where we surprised and captured the garrison at breakfast. The officers in a mess hall had just taken their seats, and we very politely requested them to step aside until we could enjoy the hot breakfast prepared for them. Then came the second Bull Run fight, after which General Hope was seen with his disorganized army fleeing to Washington. Our next move was to Frederick City, Md., the city of Barbara Frietchie fame. That myth was inspired by the fertile and imaginative brain of Mrs. Southworth, who had often visited the city and knew there was such a person as Barbara Frietchie living there and that she was a sympathizer of the Union cause; but she was at that time ninety-odd years old and bedridden, and consequently she could not have gotten to the window to wave the Union flag at Jackson's men. Mrs. Southworth gave the story to Whittier, which he later put into verse.

Jack West and I were invited by an old gentleman to be his guests while in the city, and we gladly accepted. I had been detailed by General Jones to recruit for my company, which had been very much depleted. I had circulars distributed calling on the young men to rally to our flag, in which I quoted a line from the Maryland song, "She bleeds, she burns; she'll come, she'll come, Maryland, my Maryland." I recruited fifteen men, who were ever after called the "Bleeders." On the third morning, while we were dressing, the key was turned in the lock of our door, and the old gentleman said: "You are now my prisoners." I said: "Jack, what does that old man mean?" Jack said: "You know that he is a Union man and will try to keep us until the Yankees come in." I said: "He can't hold me. I will jump out of the window onto the roof of the porch and slide down the pillar." Just then the old man, who had heard all our talk, again turned the key and said: "Boys, breakfast is waiting for you."

We were greatly relieved, and the old man told it as a great joke on us. I left the city the same day with my Bleeders and went to my old home, where I spent three happy days with my mother and sisters.

Sharpsburg came next, with its desperate all-day fighting, night and darkness ending it. General Lee recrossed the river at night for the want of ammunition and rested on the Virginia shore, while General McClellan rested on the Maryland shore. General Stuart then made a raid around and in the rear of McClellan's army, through Pennsylvania, and impressed about one thousand horses from the rich farmers. That was the first long march that my Bleeders had, and they suffered terribly, as it poured in torrents one whole night. We lived on the same fare as our horses (green corn) and never left the saddle except to feed men and horses. We were three days and nights on that march. We next encamped about two miles from Orange Courthouse, Va. A regiment of the Yanks suddenly appeared in the town, halted on the main street, where they could not be seen by us, and set a trap by facing their men one-half east, the other west. One company was then sent out on the road leading to our camp to decoy us in, and we took the bait. When we met them, they skirmished a little, then ran, we, of course, following. They divided where the road forked, and Colonel Jones ordered me to follow the part going west, which at Main Street again turned west, with us following. A short distance from the town there was a deep mudhole extending across the road, into which my horse fell, with four others. When I picked myself up, I found Yankees in front and behind and a mudhole in the center. We five jumped the post fence and ran up the hill. Their horses could not jump the fence, and they were obliged to go back to a gate in order to follow us. On the top of the hill was a garden with a paling fence, over which I jumped without being seen by them, and I crawled under the bushes. They passed within a foot of me, but they saw only the four running to a strip of woods, whom they followed and captured.

After I had been under the bushes about an hour (I thought it a lifetime), I heard an angelic voice calling: "Soldier, soldier, you can come out now; the Yankees have all gone." For a moment I wondered if I was in heaven, with an angel calling me. When the same voice again called, "Soldier, soldier, don't be afraid; the Yankees have all gone," I knew I could trust that voice and crawled out, to find a charming young lady, who laughed at my appearance. No wonder. I was covered with mud, and perspiration, with dust and blood mingling, was running down my face. She escorted me to the house. Her father and mother met us in the yard, and they too laughed at my appearance, which now was a little embarrassing to me in the presence of my angel. They made amends, however, by ordering water, soap, and a towel, with which I was soon a little more presentable. In the meantime the old gentleman said he thought a little whisky would do me good. I thought so too and gladly accepted his hospitality, while the mother of my angel was preparing something more solid, for which I was grateful also. Soon the boys who had escaped returned with my horse, which had followed them, and I was ready for another expedition. I lost but four men, while Colonel Jones, who had followed the other squad, lost the major and ten men captured.

Again we returned to the valley at Woodstock. I was ordered with my company to Fisher's Hill to watch the Yankees at Strasburg, about one mile away, all open country between the two places, with the pike running through. We could see

the Yankee camp, but they could not see us on account of the trees and tall bushes. Now, I thought, I will get even for Orange Courthouse. The road up and around the hill was winding and very narrow. I placed my men on the side of the road in the bushes on the bank above, some ten feet high; on the other side of the road there was also a very steep bank. I told my men to kill the horses of the first set that came, which would block the road. The Yanks would have to wheel in the narrow road to get back, and during the wheeling my boys could get in their work. I tried many days without success to draw them on by going with a squad and skirmishing with them until I could induce them to charge and follow us to my ambush. They finally took the bait, and I allowed them to get so close they could not resist the temptation any longer and rode into my trap. We wounded only a few and captured fifteen, with their horses and arms. My horse was shot, but I escaped by crawling under the bushes again. I then felt that I was more than even for Orange Courthouse.

General Jones started on an expedition to West Virginia and detailed me to take command of the camp during his absence. Two men who had been on furlough came in and reported that they had been to their homes in Charleston, in the enemy's lines, and that there was a company of Yankee cavalry quartered in the courthouse in Charleston. I found fifty men willing to go with me to try to capture the lot. We were three days making the trip over the mountain and across the Shenandoah River. Leaving our horses about a mile from the town, we went on foot to the courthouse and surrounded it. They were quietly sleeping, never dreaming that any Rebels were within seventy miles of them; and when alarmed by their sentry, they fired through the door, but hurt no one. I called to them to surrender, and that if another shot was fired I would burn the building with them in it. Another shot was fired, whereupon I threw a lighted match in the straw where they had been sleeping. They were then ready to surrender. We secured their arms, marched them to the stable, and ordered each man to bridle and saddle his horse, also the extra horses. We had captured one lieutenant and fifty-four men, with their arms, and sixty-five horses.

It was then two o'clock in the morning, and we marched until the middle of the afternoon without feeding. Two of my men, who lived in that section, left camp to go to their homes and met three men dressed in Confederate uniforms who represented themselves as Mosby's men. When told what we had done and where we were at that time, my men were easily captured, and the would-be Rebels hurried off and notified a regiment of cavalry of our position.

In the meantime we had fed and moved on, but halted in a creek to water the horses. To my great surprise, a regiment of cavalry appeared in the bend of the road and opened fire on us, killing five of their prisoners, who were all on that side. We scattered like a covey of frightened birds. As I turned to run I heard one of the prisoners say, pointing to me: "That Rebel killed our men." Of course it was false, but the colonel thought it true and sent a squad of men after me. I knew if I kept to the main road they would soon catch me, as my horse was very tired from our long march; but I also knew he was a good jumper, and by jumping the fences I could gain on them, as they would have to pull the fences down to follow me. I also knew that if I was caught I would in all probability swing from the limb of a tree on the roadside. So I jumped the fences and kept ahead of them until night and

darkness came to my rescue, when they turned back, much to my joy and relief. I then walked by the side of my horse until I came to a farmhouse, in which I felt sure of finding a kindly welcome. The old gentleman and his wife took me in, fed me and my horse, and offered me a good bed; but I told them I had rather sleep on the floor to be near my horse, where I could quickly mount and fly to the woods in case of need. In two days I reached our camp, expecting to be court-martialed for leaving without permission; instead of that I was promoted to a captaincy, with many expressions of regret by General Jones for the failure of my expedition.

(Continued in August number.)

THE VALLEY OF MEMORY.

BY SUSAN THORNTON PRICE.

(Price poem of the Texas Division, U. D. C., 1895.)

O, the fairest place on earth to me
Is the green Valley of Memory;
For the treasured past is garnered here
In its pulsing, loving atmosphere.
Holy I count the moments I wait,
Dreaming sweet dreams by the sunset gate,
Seeing afar in the golden west
The portals bright of the land of rest.

But the dream that comes most oft to me
Is of that land that was fair to see,
My own, my native, my dear Southland,
Towering aloft majestic and grand;
Its leaders noble and knightly men
Whose like we shall never see again.
With them the age of chivalry died,
With them the South's hopes were crucified.

But in the Valley of Memory
These knightly men hold converse with me,
While women excelling poet's dream
Oft bask with me in the sunset gleam;
And the Old South seems to 'live again
In her women fair and lordly men.
Do you wonder that I love to wait
And dream these dreams by the sunset gate?

In this valley a talisman bright
Glows with a holy, supernal light,
And I seek as over it I pore
The hidden haunts of our "Old South lore."
Ages to come will the richer be
For these golden truths of memory,
For sun ne'er shone on fairer land
Than Southland old, majestic, and grand.

Then wonder not that I love to wait
And dream sweet dreams by the sunset gate,
While fancy flies afar in the past
'To gather the dreams too bright to last
And weave them again in chaplets fair,
That ages unborn our glory share
In visions sweet of our dear Southland,
Our Southland old, majestic, and grand.



"Sleep while the weary years are flying,
While men are born, while men are dying!
Sleep on thy curtained couch of sod!
Thine be the rest which Christ hath given,
Thine be the Christian's hope of heaven,
Thine be the perfect peace of God."

CAPT. JAMES MERCER GARNETT.

Entered into rest eternal at his home, in Baltimore, Md., on February 18, 1916, in the seventy-sixth year of his age, Capt. James Mercer Garnett, Jackson's chief of ordnance in the old Stonewall Brigade, later ordnance officer of Grimes's Division (formerly Rodes's), 2d Corps, Army of Northern Virginia. Captain Garnett entered the army from the University of Virginia, where he was taking a postgraduate course, belonging to one of the two companies formed there, the Home Guards.

When Lincoln's proclamation, April 15, 1861, called for seventy-five thousand men "to crush the rebellion," Captain Garnett received orders to march to Harper's Ferry April 17, but arrived to find that six hours before Lieut. Roger Jones, United States army, with a few men, had burned the armory buildings and retreated toward Carlisle, Pa. On July 13 he joined Capt. (later Brig. Gen.) W. N. Pendleton's battery, the Rockbridge Artillery, which his friends and



CAPT. J. M. GARNETT.

college mates had already joined. At midday of the day following they started on the march to Manassas to take part in that great battle. He participated in this and in many of the principal battles of the war, and his wonderful memory and accuracy made him an authority on all war subjects. He wrote a number of accounts of the various battles, among them being "The Battle of Second Manassas," "The Battle of Winchester, September 19, 1864," and "Early's Campaign in the Shenandoah Valley," all published in the Southern Historical Society papers, and many others. He left a war journal of great value that he wished to have published the past year.

Captain Garnett was born at Aldie, Loudoun County, Va. (the home of his great-uncle, the Hon. Charles Fenton Mercer), on April 24, 1840, the eldest son of Theodore Stanford Garnett, of Virginia, a distinguished civil engineer, and of

Florentina Isadora Moreno, daughter of Francisco Moreno, who settled in Pensacola when Florida was still a Spanish colony. He came from a long line of famous men, statesmen and soldiers, in the Mercer and Garnett families, of Virginia, whose noblest characteristics he seemed to inherit. A man of unblemished honor, faithful and true in every relation of life, and of deep piety from his early boyhood, when he was confirmed by Bishop Johns at the Episcopal High School of Virginia, with his younger brother, Theodore, by his side. He was a cousin of Gen. Robert Selden Garnett, who was killed at Carrick's Ford, July 13, 1861, and of Gen. Richard Brooke Garnett, who fell July 3, 1863, on the heights of Gettysburg, while bravely leading his men in Pickett's famous charge. He left a widow, Katherine H. Noland, daughter of Maj. Burr Powell Noland, Chief Commissary of Virginia, C. S. A., a son of James Mercer Garnett, Jr., and a sister, Miss Ella I. Garnett. His only brother, Judge Theodore S. Garnett, of Norfolk, who was on Gen. J. E. B. Stuart's staff and Commander of the Virginia Department, U. C. V., died on April 27, 1915, lamented by all.

As a churchman, an author of great repute, and a distinguished scholar, Captain Garnett was widely known and honored. Taking the highest honors at the Episcopal High School of Virginia as a boy, he entered the University of Virginia and won the master's degree in two years (1857-59). He taught in Brookland School in 1859-60. In 1860-61 he took a postgraduate course at the University of Virginia. After four years in the Confederate army, and being "recommended for promotion for gallant conduct," he returned to the university in 1865 as Licentiate in Ancient Languages, also teaching at Midway School. In 1866-67 he was Professor of Greek and Mathematics at the Louisiana State University, and in 1868 he was Assistant Principal of the Episcopal High School of Virginia. In 1869-70, while studying at Leipsic and Berlin Universities, he declined the principalship of the Episcopal High School offered him by the board and on his return home was elected to the presidency of St. John's College, Annapolis, Md., which position he filled from 1870 to 1880, establishing and teaching the School of English in addition to his duties as President. In 1880 he established Garnett's University School for boys at Ellicott City, Md. It was in a most successful condition when he was appointed to the Chair of English Language and Literature at the University of Virginia, just established in 1882, remaining there fifteen years. In 1896-97 he was Professor of English at Goucher College, Baltimore, Md., in which city he spent the remainder of his life, teaching privately and engaging in literary work. The purity of his life, his courtesy and sincerity, and his deep Christian character made a lasting impression on his pupils and colleagues. He wrote the "History of the University of Virginia" at the request of that institution. His textbooks on Anglo-Saxon and English are widely used in colleges, and he occupied positions as president and vice president in scientific and literary societies.

But it is as a Confederate soldier that his friends love to think of him. While at the University of Virginia he organized the John Barrie Strange Camp, U. C. V., at Charlottesville, and was its Commander until he left the State. A matter in which he took deep pride and interest was the organization of the Albemarle Chapter, U. D. C., the first in Virginia, to "help the Camp in caring for all worthy Confederates and their families who are in need" and "to aid the Camps of Confederate veterans in their benevolent and historical work." This Chapter was formed at his home

at the university May 15, 1894, by his wife and a few other Confederate ladies. The Chapter, now numbering over one hundred, is unceasing in the work for which it was organized. Later Captain Garnett was an officer in the Franklin Buchanan Camp, of Baltimore, until his death.

With deep love for the Southern Confederacy, unchanged and unwavering in his devotion and his convictions, he answered the last summons and in a moment, without a sigh, had "crossed over the river" and was at rest. And it was as a Confederate soldier that he lay in his gray uniform and gray casket, as he desired, marked "C. S. A." on the silver plate after his name, with the cross of honor and the insignia of the Confederacy on his breast, the battle flag beside him, and was carried back to his beloved State and laid to rest in a lot he had chosen near the Confederate soldiers' section of the Middleburg Cemetery, beside the comrades who had died of wounds in hospitals there after the first battle of Manassas (to whom a monument was erected in 1866), who, like himself, had fought the good fight and kept the faith to the end.

CAPT. GEORGE M. JONES.

After months of failing health, the noble spirit of Capt. George M. Jones left its earthly tenement on the afternoon of May 11, 1916. He was born in Shelby County, Tenn., October 19, 1836, a son of Henry T. and Mary E. Jones. He was a Confederate veteran; and during the war he participated in the battles of Wilson Creek, Hartsville, Lexington, Pea Ridge, and numerous minor engagements. He was always interested in the organization of United Confederate Veterans, and for some time was Commander of the State Division and head of the Springfield Camp. He was the prime mover in having the Confederate cemetery at Springfield transferred to the United States government for its care and keeping.

During the early history of Springfield and Green County, Captain Jones was conspicuously identified with undertakings in the business and commercial fields of Southwest Missouri, some of which are left as monuments to his industry. The first and only cotton mill ever built and operated in Springfield was constructed by Captain Jones. He was a director and stockholder in numerous firms and corporations in Southwest Missouri until his retirement, ten years ago.

Captain Jones was a gentleman of "the old school" and a Christian. His was a serene and tranquil spirit, and his kindness of heart and genuine regard for humanity surrounded him with friends whose regard intensified with the years. He was one of the most prominent figures in Methodism in Southwest Missouri, and especially was he prominent in Springfield, where for almost a half century he had been a central figure in and a wise and loyal supporter of St. Paul's Church. He was for many years chairman of the board and often a member of the District and Annual Conferences. He was also a delegate to the General Conference of the Church several times.

Captain Jones was married in 1868 in Lee County, Ark., to Mrs. Elizabeth Berry Campbell, widow of Col. L. C. Campbell and the oldest daughter of Maj. Daniel Dorsey and Olivia Polk Berry, a prominent family of Springfield. Since her death he devoted himself to his children, finding his chief joy in their development and success in life. He is survived by a son and a daughter.

DUNCAN ROBERTS.

Duncan Roberts, a gallant soldier of the War between the States, died suddenly February 13, 1916, at his home, in New-

ton County, Miss. He was born May 22, 1841, and enlisted in May, 1861, in the Confederate service with Company I, 20th Mississippi Regiment. He took part in all the battles of his company under General Floyd in West Virginia and Kentucky. He was in the fight at Fort Donelson. He was captured and remained a prisoner at Camp Douglas seven months. After being exchanged, he served in West Mississippi under General Tilghman, who was killed at Baker's Creek, and was afterwards transferred to Georgia under Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, serving through that campaign to the fall of Atlanta. He was then under General Hood in Tennessee, participating in the battles of Franklin and Nashville, and surrendered under General Johnston in North Carolina. His wife, two daughters, and one son survive him. He was tenderly laid to rest near his old home, in Randall Hill Cemetery, in Jasper County, Miss., by many sorrowing friends and relatives

[A brother and comrade, M. F. Roberts.]

TALBOT HIBBLER.

On the morning of August 23, 1915, the gentle spirit of Talbot Hibbler passed into the great beyond. He was born

in Sumter County, Ala., July 26, 1846, and died at his home, in West Point, Miss. At the age of sixteen years he entered the Confederate army from the University of Alabama, joining Company G, 1st Mississippi Cavalry, Armstrong's Brigade, Forrest's Corps, and served gallantly until the war closed, taking part in all the campaigns in Georgia, Tennessee, Alabama, and Mississippi, and was in the battles of Franklin, Selma, and Atlanta.



TALBOT HIBBLER.

He was a private detailed as scout. He was always intensely interested in preserving the ideals of the Old South, and that he might the more effectually do this he was most active in the work of the United Confederate Veterans. He ranked high in the State organization, advancing from colonel to brigadier general, U. C. V.

In every sphere of life Comrade Hibbler was faithful to his duty and fulfilled every obligation honorably. He was sympathetic and generous, steadfast to his friends and comrades, by whom he was loved and trusted. He always had a cheery word for everybody and saw in every man, woman, and child, white and black, a friend. He was my friend. He lived next door. We miss him in the Camp, in the church and Sunday school, and on the streets. He was an ideal citizen and a devoted, loving husband and father. After several months of suffering, death came to his relief. In his Confederate uniform, with the stars of general of the 3d Brigade, Mississippi Division of Confederate Veterans, we laid him to rest under a mound of beautiful flowers and the flag of his beloved South.

[His friend and comrade, J. G. Westbrook.]

WILLIAM ALFRED HUDNALL.

William Alfred Hudnall was born in Northumberland County, Va., April 5, 1828, and died at the home of his nephew, J. B. Hudnall, at Lilian, in Northumberland County, on November 18, 1915, having reached the ripe age of eighty-seven years. He had spent his memorable life of so many years within his native county, enjoying in full measure country life on his beautiful and productive farm, Waverly. Being a man of means and influence in his community, those in intimate relationship with him were blessed and his acquaintance esteemed by all. Early in life he married Miss Novella Canway Blackwell, of the same county; and though no children blessed this union, their home was noted for the extensive hospitality dispensed there. Quoting from a tribute to her memory: "No bridegroom was ever truer to his bride. Their married life was like two gentle rivulets starting at different points, then meeting in a peaceful valley and flowing onward to the ocean." The memory of the social life enjoyed at Waverly will live for ages, and the generations to come will learn of the true Southern hospitality which abounded there.



W. A. HUDNALL.

Mr. Hudnall was a faithful Confederate soldier, entering the service in April, 1861, and, serving until that eventful day of April 9, 1865, at Appomattox, he received his discharge, a private in the ranks of whom too much has never been and can never be said. On June 5, 1911, the Lee-Jackson Chapter, U. D. C., presented him with a Confederate Cross of Honor, and other courtesies were shown him by this Chapter of which he seemed most grateful, and his letter of thanks and appreciation is kept among the prized records of the Chapter historian. Although an attendant upon Church services and a contributor thereto, it was not until late in life that he united with any denomination; but in May, 1913, he was confirmed by Bishop Gibson, thereby entering into full communion of St. Mary's Protestant Episcopal Church at Fleeton, Va. His death was caused by a most unfortunate fall, fracturing the hip, causing intense suffering, from which he longed to be released to enter into that life of endless peace and happiness. All that loving, thoughtful kindred and friends could do to relieve his suffering and prolong his life was done; but God saw best to call the genial host, faithful friend, and aged soldier home.

"It singeth low in every heart,
We hear it each and all,
A song of those who answer not;
Forever we may call.
They throng the silence of the breast;
We see them as of yore—
The kind, the brave, the true, the sweet,
Who walk with us no more."

MRS. MARIE B. SAYRE.

The death of Mrs. Marie Burrows Sayre, of Seattle, Wash., on April 13, 1916, is deeply mourned by the members of Robert E. Lee Chapter, No. 885, U. D. C., of which she was a charter member. From the time of its organization Mrs. Sayre was prominent in the councils of the Chapter, having held in turn the offices of Corresponding Secretary, Treasurer, and First Vice President and finally, as a demonstration of the regard in which she was held, being elected in 1912 Honorary Vice President for life. She also served the Chapter on many important committees. In 1908 she was appointed by Mrs. Cornelia Branch Stone as State Director for the Arlington Monument Fund, and for this cause she labored untiringly and devotedly.

Marie Burrows was born of an old Southern family in Alexandria, Va., seventy-four years ago, April 27. Her uncle, Dr. John Burrows, of Virginia, was one of the most widely known Baptist ministers in the South. Her days of young womanhood were full of stirring romance. During much of the war she was upon the battle fields of the great conflict with the Army of Northern Virginia as a nurse in the field hospitals or, with all the Southern women of the time, making bandages or scraping lint for the wounded soldiers. An exciting incident was the capture of herself and her mother by Confederate cavalry under Gen. J. E. B. Stuart while attempting to run the blockade out of Richmond to get to their home in Alexandria, no one being allowed to pass the lines at that period of the war.

In 1872, in Washington City, Miss Burrows was married to Capt. James M. Sayre, of the Union army, who died in 1877. Of their three children, a daughter and a son survive her.

LUDWELL R. DAVIS.

Ludwell Rector Davis died at his home, near San Augustine, Tex., on October 28, 1915. He was born August 10, 1838, the son of Elias Kinchloe Davis, a native of Kentucky, who was an early settler of Eastern Texas and helped to capture the old stone fort at Nacogdoches from the Mexicans. In 1836, when a boy of about eight years of age, Ludwell Davis participated in the famous escape from the Mexicans, rendering valuable assistance in caring for the women and children when they crossed the Texas border into Louisiana. He lived and died on the farm on which he was born. In 1852 he went to California and spent seven years as a gold miner. Returning to his home a short time before the War between the States broke out, he was one of the first to enlist in April, 1861, for the Confederate service. His command was in Granbury's Brigade, Cleburne's Division, Hardee's Corps, serving under Generals Johnston and Hood, and he took part in many campaigns through Mississippi, Tennessee, and Georgia. In the battle of Franklin, Tenn., he received seven wounds and carried a Minie ball for a long time as a memento of that battle. He was taken off the field as a prisoner and sent to Camp Chase, later sent to Point Lookout, Md., where he was discharged some time after the war.

Beginning life anew, he returned to the old place west of San Augustine and was a farmer and planter for the rest of his life. In 1867 he was united in marriage to Miss Mary C. Polk, daughter of the late Judge Alfred Polk, who settled in San Augustine County in 1836 and was a descendant from the same original stock of President James K. Polk. Of their nine children, eight survive him, five sons and three daughters. Very early in life he became a Christian and lived that life consistently.

ANDERSON H. GIVHAN.

Anderson H. Givhan was born in Haynesville, Lowndes County, Ala., on the 15th of April, 1844. In his seventeenth year he volunteered in the Confederate army, joining the 3d Alabama Cavalry, and he served in that regiment to the close of the war. After his return home he was happily married on the 13th of September, 1865, to Miss Virginia Carolina Pope, of Perry County. Eight children were born to them, three sons and five daughters, all of whom survive. Only one death had occurred in the family, that of the wife and mother several years ago.

While at college in Summerfield, Ala., he joined the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and continued in its fellowship and communion to the time of his death, which occurred at his home, in Gastonburg, Ala., on the 12th of March, 1916, within one month of his seventy-second anniversary. The interment was in the Pope Cemetery, near Uniontown, in Perry County. The beautiful and impressive burial service of the Church was conducted by Rev. C. H. Motley, his pastor, assisted by the writer, and was followed by the beautiful burial rites of the Confederate Veterans. Love and esteem for the memory of the dead were made manifest by the beautiful floral tributes. As in sadness all reluctantly turned away, the grave was left a bank of rich flowers.

Next to his family and his Church, Brother Givhan's love and fidelity were for his comrades, the Confederate veterans. He was a member of the Camp, U. C. V., at Uniontown and on the staff of Gen. O. B. Semmes, Commanding the Second Brigade, Alabama Division, U. C. V., and will be sadly missed at the reunions.

His life and his conduct and deportment were such as to entitle him to the confidence and esteem of all who knew him and to warrant his family, his friends, and his pastor at his funeral to say: "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright: for the end of that man is peace."

[Tribute by George Fontaine.]

MORRIS LASKER.

Comrade Morris Lasker, former Commander of Magruder Camp, U. C. V., who served in Company F, 2d Regiment of Texas Cavalry, C. S. A., departed this life on the 28th of February, 1916, at his home, in Galveston, Tex. Though born in the German Empire and strongly attached to the people and traditions of his fatherland, he realized that his allegiance belonged to the country of his adoption, and at the first call to arms he enlisted in the 2d Texas Mounted Infantry and later was in the 2d Texas Cavalry when Texas joined her sisters of the South. At the close of the War between the States he accepted the arbitrament of the sword and became a loyal citizen of Texas of the great galaxy of the United States of America."

And now at a ripe old age, with his name written in the book as "one who loved his fellow men," this comrade has answered his last roll call. His comrades commissioned to give expression to the sentiment and feeling of the Camp passed memorial resolutions, from which the following is taken:

"Resolved, That the members of Magruder Camp, No. 105, U. C. V., bow in sorrow and submission to the dispensation of Divine Providence in the recall of the immortal spirit of our lamented comrade, Morris Lasker, for whom our highest esteem and confidence were expressed in his selection to serve as Commander of our Camp."

[Committee: William M. Stafford; E. E. Rice, William L. Cameron, and Robert M. Franklin.]

LUKE J. DYSER.

Luke J. Dyser, a prominent Confederate veteran of Baltimore, Md., died at his home on the seventy-ninth anniversary of his birth, April 23, 1916, after an illness of a week.

He received his early education at St. Peter's School, in Baltimore. When the war began, he enlisted in the 1st Maryland Regiment, serving in Company G. Later he joined Company F, 1st Virginia Regiment, known as Mahone's Brigade. He took part in many battles, including the first and second battles of Manassas, Sharpsburg, South Mountain, Spotsylvania Courthouse, the Wilderness, and Gettysburg. He was with Lee when he surrendered.

After the war Mr. Dyser returned to Baltimore and married Miss Mary C. Hurley. He was appointed a captain of police of Baltimore County and served about ten years, when appointed to the city force. He retired in 1905. He was a member of St. Benedict's Catholic Church and was also a member of Arnold Elzey Command of Confederate Veterans. He is survived by his wife, five sons, and four daughters. Mr. Dyser was an ardent student of Shakespeare; and it was a coincidence that his death occurred on the tercentenary of the author, who also was born and died on April 23.

EDWARD CURD.

Edward Curd, born in Wilson County, Tenn., December 30, 1845, was a son of the late Price Curd, who came from



EDWARD CURD.

Virginia in the early part of the last century and made his home in Wilson County. Edward Curd was educated in his native county, and at the beginning of the War between the States he enlisted in Freeman's Battery of Light Artillery, C. S. A., at the age of sixteen years and served four years. At no time or place, either in war or peace, did Comrade Curd ever betray a trust. He took part in many important battles among the bravest and was always mag-

nanimous to a fallen foe. He had been in feeble health for some time before his death, which occurred on April 21, 1916. He had been a citizen of Williamson County, Tenn., since 1881 and was an honored member of McEwen Bivouac, No. 4, of Confederate Veterans, at Franklin. His wife and two sons survive him. In his home life Edward Curd was happy in its love and devotion. In civic and Church relations he was faithful in the discharge of all duties.

In the resolutions passed by McEwen Bivouac in his honor it is stated "that it is a just tribute to his memory to say we mourn for one who was in every way worthy our highest regard. Every act of his life bespoke the true Christian gentleman of whom it has been most truly said by one who knew him best, that he had 'never met a truer, manlier man.'"

[Committee on Resolutions: John A. Miller, Chairman; N. B. Dozier, C. L. Cowan.]

REV. EDWARD RUTHVEN RICHARDSON.

On December 2, 1915, Rev. Edward R. Richardson passed away at his home, in Avon Park, Fla. On the night of his return from Missouri, where he spent the summer with his daughter, he suffered a paralytic stroke, and death came in a few weeks.

Mr. Richardson was born April 30, 1833, near Horrey Falls, N. Y. Preparing himself as an attorney at law, he practiced in the highest courts of the nation and at various times in the States of Nebraska, Texas, Colorado, Missouri, and Florida. As a young man of firm convictions, he enlisted for the Confederacy in the War between the States and attained a colonelcy. He was sworn into the Missouri State Guard on April 13, 1861, by Gen. M. Jeff Thompson as third lieutenant of Company A. The company was reorganized after the battle of Carthage and became Company K, 1st Regiment of Infantry, 3d Division, Col. John T. Hughes. Mr. Richardson was then appointed commissary, with the rank of captain. When the State troops were turned over to the Confederacy, in December, 1861, he was attached to Company E, 3d Regiment, 1st Missouri Brigade, under General Little. He went to the army east of the Mississippi River at Corinth, Miss., and was then on the general staff as commissary of the Army of the West. He was later transferred to the Trans-Mississippi Department and placed on scout duty. He was wounded by a fragment of shell from a gunboat at Marion, Ark., in 1864, captured, and taken to Memphis and placed in the Irving Block. Exchange was refused, but he was paroled and had no further chance for active service.

After the war he resumed the practice of law, in which he was more than successful; but as the years passed by a severe throat trouble compelled him to seek refuge in Florida. He gave up the practice of law and was ordained a priest in the Episcopal Church, serving the Churches at Crete, Nebr., St. Joe, Mo., Bonham, Tex., and De Land, Fla. He went to Avon Park in 1896 and was rector of the Church of the Redeemer there until January, 1914, when advancing age caused him to resign. He was a thirty-second degree Mason and had done yeoman service for Masonry.

Mr. Richardson was married in November, 1860; and of this union there were three children, two daughters and a son, who survive him.

JOSHUA L. COLLINS.

Joshua L. Collins died at his home, in Geneva County, Ala., March 22, 1916. He was born in Chambers County, Ala., in 1838. His parents moved to Tallapoosa County, and in 1856 he settled in Dale County, now Geneva. At the outbreak of the war he enlisted in the Confederate army as a private in Company G, 33d Alabama Regiment, and was in active service until the end. Brave and loyal to the Southern cause, he went through many battles and endured the hardships of the four long years and was never wounded. In the battle of Chickamauga he had thirty-six bullet holes shot through his clothing, with no injury to himself. He was in a train wreck near Knoxville, Tenn., where many were killed and wounded, and he came out unhurt.

"Uncle Josh" had great faith in Divine Providence and died trusting in the great Father of light. When the din of battle and scenes of war were over, he returned to his native home and did what he could to recuperate from the losses of the war. He was twice married and is survived by his second wife, two sons, and one daughter. In 1878 he was ordained in the Primitive Baptist Church at Old Mount Gilliard and had been annually called to fill that stand and had

acted as moderator for thirty-eight years in that Church. In 1915, when he was called to accept it for the thirty-ninth time, some of the brethren proposed to give him a call for life; and he made the remark that "this call may be for life," and so it was.

"Uncle Josh" will be greatly missed. He was a great lover of peace, a good husband, and a kind and loving father. He was a man of kind and sympathetic heart, always ready to help those who needed a friend. In his years of service to God and his fellow man he reared seven orphaned children and did for them all that was in his power to do. He was a friend to all and always stood for that which was uplifting to his community, morally and spiritually. On the 22d of March, 1916, surrounded by his family and many lifelong friends, he peacefully breathed his last. By his request his great-grandson, Rev. Alex Collins, held the funeral services. He was laid away in the old churchyard at Mount Gilliard, no more to awake from the rest that is promised to him who has fought the good fight.

[Tribute by W. M. Burch.]

JAMES A. TURNER.

On March 31, 1916, James A. Turner passed away at his home, in St. Louis, Mo., at the age of seventy-eight years. He fell on February 25, fracturing his right hip; and, owing to his advanced years, he did not respond to treatment. He was born February 11, 1838, in Fayette, Howard County, Mo., where his parents had gone from Kentucky nearly a



JAMES A. TURNER.

century ago. The family removed to Carroll County, Mo., in 1842. In May, 1861, James Turner enlisted as a Confederate soldier and served as second lieutenant of Company C, 1st Regiment, 4th Division, Missouri State Guard, under Gen. Sterling Price, in the battles of Wilson Creek, Carthage, Lexington, and other important engagements. He was a member of Camp 684, U. C. V., of Carrollton, Mo., and attended the reunions regularly until the

last few years of his life. He read a great deal, always looking forward each month for the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, in which he took great delight.

Mr. Turner was formerly widely known in Democratic political circles in Missouri, having held the position of enrolling clerk in the legislature at Jefferson City for five successive sessions, and he was Secretary of the State Board of Equalization for several years. He was known as a loyal party worker and a man of great efficiency in his terms of public service.

He was truly a Christian gentleman and a member of the Baptist Church. On June 30, 1863, he was united in marriage to Miss Susan Frances Dobbins, who, with eight children, survives him.

HENRY G. HARRIS.

Henry G. Harris was born in Scottsville, Va., July 2, 1847, and died there February 23, 1916. As a lad of sixteen he



H. G. HARRIS.

entered Mosby's command; and though his actual service was short, he was in prison for nine weary months. A few years ago a beautiful tribute to the purity of his prison life came to the ear of the writer from one who shared with him all the horrors and privations of the long imprisonment at Fort Warren, in Boston Harbor.

Returning to Scottsville at the close of the war, he engaged in mercantile business with his brother, C. B. Harris. The youthful ardor which he took

into the army matured into a loyal devotion to the cause for which he had fought and seemed to enter into the very fiber of his personality, characterized by an intense fidelity to the traditions of the past, an uncompromising conviction of right, and a standard of values reaching back to a type of man and Virginian too fast disappearing.

As long as strength permitted he attended the State meetings of veterans. He was Adjutant of Henry Gantt Camp, U. C. V.; and, in the words of his sorrowing comrades, "his place cannot be filled." His interest in the welfare of its members was unflagging, as was signally evinced on the last Sunday of his life, when he dictated a note to the President of the U. D. C. Chapter of Scottsville asking aid for an old veteran. He was interested in all the undertakings of this Chapter and was ever ready with advice and assistance.

Mr. Harris became a Mason in early manhood and was devoted in theory and practice to the tenets of the ancient craft. About thirty-seven years ago he connected himself with the Methodist Church and was answering in his allegiance and devotion to the Church of his choice. The aesthetic side of life ever appealed to Mr. Harris far more strongly than the material. He loved music, books, and flowers. In reading, his taste was refined and cultured.

"His life was gentle, and the elements
So mixed in him that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world, 'This was a man!'"

[Tribute by Naomi M. Hill, President U. D. C., Scottsville, Va.]

WILLIAM EASLEY LOGGINS.

William Easley Loggins, who died January 14, 1916, in Reedley, Fresno County, Cal., was a veteran of the Confederacy and a member of Sterling Price Camp, U. C. V., of Fresno.

Born in Centerville, Tenn., September 5, 1845, he enlisted at the age of sixteen years and served for over three years in

Company D, 9th Battalion, Tennessee Cavalry, General Forrest commanding. This battalion saw hard service and engaged in many encounters with Sherman's army in the march through Georgia, surrendering at Charlotte, N. C., May 3, 1865, under General Johnston. While still but a boy in years, the hard life of the army had not deterred his development; and he was at this time a man of remarkable physique, standing six feet four inches in height and weighing two hundred and eight pounds.

Returning to his old home, Mr. Loggins met and assisted in combating the terrors of the Reconstruction period, being among the first to join that brave and historic band known as the Ku-Klux Klan. After a few years he went to Obion County, Tennessee, where, in 1875, he married Miss Nannie Curle, of Lynchburg, Va.

In 1884 Mr. Loggins removed his family to Fresno County, Cal., where he resided for thirty-one years, establishing a reputation for absolute honesty and integrity.

He was a brave soldier, a self-sacrificing comrade, a merciful adversary to those in his power, a kind and loving husband, an almost worshiped father, and an honest, upright, clean-minded man. What better record can be left?

MAJ. C. SHIRLEY.

Maj. C. Shirley was born on the 31st of October, 1835, and died on the 10th of April, 1915, in his eightieth year, at his home, in the western suburbs of the town of New Market, Va. He had for years been commander of the Neff Rice Camp of Confederate Veterans, and as such he held the reverence and the respect of every member of the Camp.

Not only was Major Shirley popular at home, but he had



MAJ. C. SHIRLEY.

occupied various public positions, having been justice of the peace and supervisor for the county of Shenandoah. As such he held the esteem and respect of the people of his own community, of the whole county, and of many in adjoining counties as well. He was a man of commanding personal appearance, stern when occasion required, but possessed of kind and generous traits of character. All his life he had been

blessed with good health, never having had any serious illness until the last.

In 1861 Major Shirley was a member of the State Militia with the rank of lieutenant. On the breaking out of hostilities he volunteered in Company K, 12th Virginia Cavalry, George J. Grandstaff, captain, Rosser's Brigade, C. S. A. He was captured and confined for about two years at Camp Chase and Point Lookout.

A good man has been taken from us. His memory will long be revered.

Confederate Veteran.

SETH PHINEAS MILLS.

Death came suddenly to Seth P. Mills, former State Senator, Confederate veteran, planter, and pioneer citizen of Waco, Tex., on February 11, 1916. He was born August 19, 1841, in Dade County, Mo., and received his education in Newtonia College, near Springfield. He enlisted in the Confederate army September 12, 1862, at Newtonia as orderly sergeant of Company F, Smith's Regiment of Missouri Cavalry, which was attached to Shelby's Brigade, Marmaduke's Division, and took part in the battles of Cane Hill, Springfield, Hartsville, and Cape Girardeau, Mo., Helena, Ark., and was in all the engagements of Price's raid in Missouri in 1864. For gallantry in battle and exemplary conduct as a soldier he was promoted to lieutenant, in which position he excited the emulation of the men of his command and the commendation of the commanding general.

His command was disbanded at Corsicana, Tex., in 1865; and young Mills was left in a strange land penniless. His energy and determination helped him to make a success of his farming life, and he also became a prominent figure in public life, filling positions in State, county, and city affairs. He was a representative in four sessions of the Texas Legislature and in the Senate in 1902. He took special interest in all matters concerning agriculture, believing that material prosperity depended upon this. In local political affairs he was a member of the city council of Waco and chairman of the present charter committee. He was serving his sixth term as Commander of Pat Cleburne Camp, No. 222, U. C. V., and had commanded the Third Brigade, Texas Division, U. C. V., in 1911 and 1912. He was also President of the McLennan County Confederate Association for several years.

In October, 1871, Mr. Mills was married to Miss Fannie Standifer, who died in 1909. His second wife was Mrs. Jennie Southgate, who survives him, with the three sons and four daughters of his first marriage.

Three noble characteristics were dominant in Mr. Mills—industry, integrity, and kindness. He occupied a warm place in the hearts of the people of McLennan County, who knew his worth.

JUDGE CHARLES T. DUNCAN.

Judge Charles T. Duncan, of Jonesville, Lee County, Va., died at Gate City, Va., on the 29th of September, 1915. He was descended from a sturdy pioneer family, among the first settlers of Southwest Virginia, from whom he inherited the sterling traits of character which distinguished him through life. His great-grandmother was shielded from the Indians at Fort Blackmore, in Scott County, when Daniel Boone and

his party retreated there after being attacked by the Indians on their first attempt to settle Kentucky. His grandfather was one of the first settlers of Moccasin Gap. Charles T. Duncan was born on the 9th of July, 1838, and was educated in the common schools of that day.

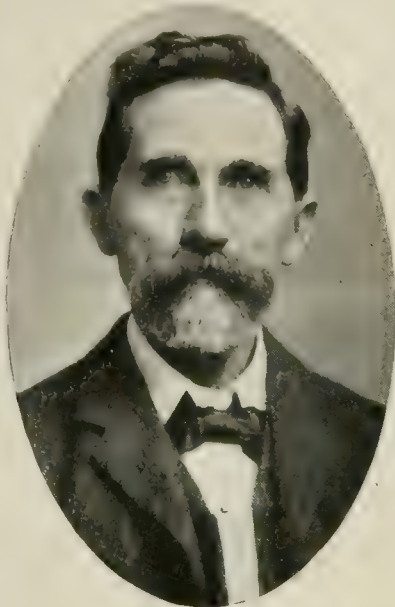
When Virginia called upon her sons to repel invasion, Charles Duncan responded to the first call and became a private in the 37th Virginia Regiment, commanded by Col. Samuel V. Fulkerson, and served until the close of the war. He was soon promoted to a lieutenantancy and served on Colonel Fulkerson's staff and was with him when he fell mortally wounded. Duncan was noted for his gallantry. He was captured and imprisoned for several months before the war closed. While in prison he studied law, was admitted to the bar sometime after the surrender, and in a short time was elected attorney for Lee County, serving eight years. He practiced law for forty years with uninterrupted success. He was a member of the convention which gave Virginia the Underwood Constitution, under which the State was readmitted to the Union, and with the gallant minority of conservatives he did all he could to ameliorate the provisions of that odious instrument. He was loved and esteemed by all who knew him. His first wife was Miss Mary Martin, daughter of Col. W. S. Martin, of Lee County; his second marriage was to Miss Ella Holliday, and of this marriage there were two sons, Charles T. and Paul Duncan.

On his last day on earth Judge Duncan delivered a centennial oration to the people of his native county in commemoration of the hundredth anniversary of its organization and participated in the unveiling of a monument commemorating the event near the spot where his grandfather lived when the county was organized.

JOHN S. BECKLEY.

John Simpson Beckley, though born and reared in a Northern State, enlisted in the Confederate army in Missouri and followed the varying fortunes of the Southern cause to the surrender. Early in the strife he was painfully wounded in a cavalry charge; and before the close of hostilities he had received three severe wounds, the effects of which were with him during the rest of his life. He served as a member of John Stimmons's company, in Price's army, and was first wounded in the Lone Jack engagement. Recovering from that, he took part in the battle of Elkhorn, receiving another wound. Then in the battle of Helena he was again wounded. He was a brave and gallant soldier and did not know the meaning of fear.

In 1868 Mr. Beckley removed from Missouri to Paris, Tex., and there made his home among the people for whom he had fought and bled, devoting his tireless energies to the reclamation and rebuilding of the fair land of his adoption. He was an admirer of fine stock and took a pride in introducing and breeding again those splendid horses for which the South has been noted. He was a man without guile, candid of speech, and with a high standard of right. He died in Paris on July 16, 1915, at the age of seventy-nine years.



S. P. MILLS.



J. S. BECKLEY.

ARCHIBALD LIVINGSTON.

Archibald Livingston was born in Marlboro County, S. C., in 1836; but he had lived all his life in Madison, Fla., where



ARCHIBALD LIVINGSTON.

on April 22, 1916, he entered into eternal rest. At sunset on Easter Sunday, when the "golden gates of the resplendent west" seemed hanging in a sea of glory, we laid him to rest under the blue skies of his beloved Southland, and comrades and friends covered his bier with lovely flowers and draped his grave with the Stars and Bars, the flag he had followed through four years of bloody strife. Mr. Livingston entered the service of his country as orderly sergeant of Company G, 3d Florida Regiment. There are now only seven survivors of the one hundred and fifty men who belonged to Captain Langford's company. In writing to his mother from the battle field of Murfreesboro, Mr. Livingston said: "Don't worry about me. I am here to do my duty, and I shall do it." He followed Bragg, Johnston, and Hood throughout the entire western campaign until he was captured at the battle before Nashville and was then in prison at Camp Chase, Ohio, for five months. He was one among the brave men who helped to place Chickamauga, Resaca, Missionary Ridge, Jonesboro, Franklin, and other battles high in the temple of fame. The 3d Florida Regiment had the honor of having twenty battles inscribed on its flag for gallantry. Senator Blackburn, of Kentucky, wrote to Mr. Livingston that the grandest charge he had witnessed during the war was made by the Florida troops under General Bate at the battle of Franklin. Mr. Livingston was extremely modest and seldom mentioned his achievements as a soldier, but history will record his courageous deed in saving the flag through shot and shell at the battle of Missionary Ridge. He carried to his grave the scars of his wounds. The Camp of Sons of Veterans at Madison is named in his honor. He was Adjutant of Colquitt Camp, U. C. V.

In 1881 Mr. Livingston was married to Miss Fannie Webb, who, with a devoted son, survives him. His many travels had increased his love and charity for his fellow man, and his long life was useful and active and one of service and brotherly kindness. His uniform kindness was a passport to many hearts and an outlet for noble deeds. He was a splendid type of American citizenship, and his life work will live in the hearts of his friends, for

"To live in hearts we leave behind
Is not to die."

MRS. VIRGINIA GARDNER TRUSSELL.

Mrs. Virginia Gardner Trussell, widow of the late James T. Trussell, who was a member of Company B, 12th Virginia Cavalry, Baylor's Light Horse Cavalry, died at her home, near Kearneysville, W. Va., March 18, 1916, after a brief ill-

ness. She was the daughter of the late Gervis Shirley Gardner, and was born in Charlestown, W. Va., September 11, 1838, and, with the exception of a few years in Michigan, spent her life in Jefferson County.

Mrs. Trussell was a woman of great kindness of heart, and all who came in contact with her felt the influence of her strong Christian character; and although advancing in years, she maintained the keenest interest in life. She was a member of St. Bartholomew's Episcopal Church at Leetown and for many years had been the oldest in point of membership. She was also a charter member of Leetown Chapter, U. D. C., and was always ready to support any movement for the good of the cause she held dear in the days of privation and suffering, 1861-65, "made holier by the test of years."

Mrs. Trussell is survived by her three children (Mrs. Jones Hoyle, of Dickerson, Md.; Mrs. Lynn Grantham, of Jefferson County, W. Va.; Mr. James E. Trussell, at home) and five grandchildren, also two sisters (Mrs. Rebecca Hunter, of Denver, Colo., and Mrs. Lucie Martin, of Detroit, Mich.) and a brother (Gervis S. Gardner, of Cincinnati, Ohio, who was a member of the 2d Virginia Infantry).

She was laid to rest in the family lot in Edgehill Cemetery, Charlestown, in the shadow of the Blue Ridge Mountains, the home of her childhood.

CAPT. FRANCIS HOLMES.

Capt. Francis Holmes, born in De Soto County, Miss., June 6, 1839, was a son of Col. Finley Holmes, one of the pioneer settlers of the county.



CAPT. FRANCIS HOLMES.

He was a graduate of the Mississippi State University and entered the Confederate army in 1862 as a member of Company I, 29th Mississippi Regiment, Walthall's Brigade, and was promoted to a captaincy for gallantry. At the battle of Lookout Mountain he was wounded and captured and then confined at Fort Delaware until the close of the war.

Captain Holmes was married to Miss Elizabeth Clark, of Hernando, Miss., in 1866, and to them were born seven children, six of whom survive with the mother. While in prison during the war Captain Holmes became a Christian; and after his marriage he joined the Methodist Church, of which he was an active and consistent member until his death, having been a steward and trustee for more than forty years. His death occurred at his home, near Plum Point, Miss., where he had lived all his life except the four years in the army; and he was laid to rest in the Bethlehem Cemetery, at Capleville, Tenn.

Captain Holmes had been prominently connected with a number of business enterprises in Memphis, Tenn., and was a familiar figure in the social and commercial life of that city for many years. He retired from active business several years ago. He was always keenly interested in public questions and had a wide circle of friends.

SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS

ORGANIZED IN JULY, 1866, AT RICHMOND, VA.

OFFICERS.

Commander in Chief, Ernest G. Baldwin, Roanoke, Va.
Adjutant in Chief, N. B. Forrest, Biloxi, Miss.

REPORT OF BIRMINGHAM REUNION, S. C. V.

The Twenty-First Annual Reunion of the Sons of Confederate Veterans was called to order by Comrade Thomas Dozier, Commander of the Henry D. Clayton Camp, of Birmingham, on Monday, May 15, at 8:30 P.M. Addresses of welcome were delivered by Comrades Weatherly, Kilby, and Dozier, with a response by Robert P. Linfield, of Biloxi, Miss. The annual address was made by Hon. M. E. Dunaway, of Little Rock, Judge Advocate in Chief. The official ladies were presented by Merritt J. Glass, of Tulsa, Okla., and the response was made by John W. Bale, of Rome, Ga. Short addresses were made by Commander in Chief W. N. Brandon, of Little Rock, Department Commander Cleghorn, and Division Commander Bloch, of Mobile.

The business session of the convention was called to order by the Commander in Chief at 9:30 A.M. May 16, and the roll call showed many of the officers and delegates from the various Camps present. The following Past Commanders in Chief were also in attendance: Dr. Thomas M. Owen, Montgomery, Ala.; Judge R. B. Haughton, St. Louis, Mo.; Clarence J. Owens, Washington, D. C.; J. P. Norfleet, Memphis, Tenn.; and Seymour Stewart, St. Louis, Mo.

The report of Comrade Owens, Chairman of the Latham Prize Contest for the best essay on "The Causes That Led to the War between the States," showed that the first prize was awarded to Lloyd T. Everett, a member of Washington Camp, while the second prize was given to A. H. Jennings, of Lynchburg, Va. The following comrades were also given honorable mention: John W. Bale, Rome, Ga., and J. C. Wise, Haymarket, Va.

Comrade Haughton, of the Monument Committee, and Dr. Owen, Historian in Chief, made complete reports, outlining the work undertaken during the year and the plans for the coming year.

A resolution was introduced by Comrade Hart condemning the practice of Camps having "associate members," men who were not eligible to membership in the general organization; and the Confederation went on record as opposing such membership, as the Constitution requires that all

members shall be lineal descendants of Confederate soldiers or sailors.

A resolution was also introduced providing that all Camps shall follow the strict requirements of the Constitution and pay the *per capita* tax upon every member in good standing in such Camp.

A resolution was introduced by Adjutant Forrest providing for the appointment of a Textbook Committee, that shall prepare a pamphlet reviewing the histories now being taught in both the public and private schools. This committee shall criticize fairly and impartially all such books and shall publish their report in pamphlet form, copies of this report to be sent to all members of the Confederation, Veterans' Camps, and U. D. C. Chapters and their aid enlisted to have all objectionable and unfair textbooks removed from the schools. This committee will work in conjunction with the Textbook Committee of the U. D. C.

A resolution was introduced by Past Commander Owens, and unanimously passed by the convention, stating that the Sons of Confederate Veterans were in sympathy with the President of the United States on the questions of national importance now before the nation and pledging the members of the organization to aid with their influence, money, and lives.

The election of officers resulted as follows: Commander in Chief, Ernest G. Baldwin, Roanoke, Va.; Commander Northern Virginia Department, Dr. J. Garnett King, Fredericksburg, Va.; Commander of Tennessee Department, Thomas B. Hooker, Memphis, Tenn.; Commander Trans-Mississippi Department, Merritt J. Glass, Tulsa, Okla.; Historian in Chief, Dr. Thomas M. Owen, Montgomery, Ala. Executive Council: E. G. Baldwin, *ex officio* Chairman, Roanoke, Va.; W. N. Brandon, Little Rock, Ark.; Seymour Stewart, St. Louis, Mo.; Adolph D. Bloch, Mobile, Ala.; Garland P. Peed, Norfolk, Va.; A. J. Wilson, Little Rock, Ark.

At the meeting of the Executive Council held on May 18 N. B. Forrest was unanimously reelected Adjutant in Chief and Chief of Staff. Comrade Forrest is now serving his tenth year as Adjutant in Chief.

RESOLUTION ADOPTED AT BIRMINGHAM REUNION, MAY, 1910.

Whereas the international relations of the United States in this hour of world tragedy call for the highest and purest patriotism and the loftiest statesmanship; and

Whereas the test is put to the United States in the interpretation of the obligation of preparing for the common defense, the protection of the dignity and honor of the nation, as also in proving the United States the friend of mankind; and

Whereas in the personality of Woodrow Wilson, President of the United States, himself a son of the South, the nation has a leader consecrated sublimely to the ideals of America and best interests of humanity; therefore

Be it resolved by the Sons of Confederate Veterans in annual convention assembled, the organization founded upon principles and convictions the purest of the human heart, that assurances be conveyed to the chief executive of the nation of the sympathetic interest of the Sons of Confederate Veterans in the tasks devolving upon his high office, of the belief in the principle of preparedness that we may be ready to protect with power the land that we love, and of the offer, should the country call, of the Sons of Confederate Veterans to respond with life, fortune, and sacred honor.



ERNEST G. BALDWIN,
Commander in Chief S. C. V.



MISS IRENE DICKSON, MAID OF HONOR S. C. V.

Miss Dickson is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jerry Dickson of New Orleans, and represented the Louisiana Division, S. C. V., as Maid of Honor at the Birmingham Reunion. She is also Daughter of Camp Beauregard, S. C. V., of New Orleans.

GENERAL HEADQUARTERS, SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS, MEMPHIS, TENN.

GENERAL ORDERS NO. 9 BILoxi, Miss., April 20, 1916.

1. In the Reunion Convention held in the city of Richmond, Va., June 2, 1915, the following resolution providing for a committee for marking the battle fields was adopted:

"Resolved: It is the sense of this meeting that one of the chief purposes of the organization of the Sons of Confederate Veterans is to perpetuate the historical points of the battle fields upon which the veterans of 1861-65 fought and died by marking the same with tablets and other suitable markers or small monuments to help perpetuate their deeds and memory, thereby locating beyond question those historical points for the benefit of posterity.

"Further: That a commission, to be known as the Commission for Marking the Historical Points of the Battle Fields and Other Places of the War of 1861-65 or some similar name, shall be appointed by the Commander in Chief for the purpose of inaugurating this work, raising funds to pursue the same and doing anything it deems advisable within the limits of this work.

"This commission shall be officered by a President, an unlimited number of Vice Presidents, a Secretary and Treasurer, with a Consulting Directorate, to be composed of one member from each active Camp of Sons of Confederate Veterans, who shall be empowered to act on all matters pertaining to the work.

"This commission shall render a written statement of its progress each quarter, said statement to be rendered to the Commander in Chief and Adjutant in Chief of the Sons and

be published in the CONFEDERATE VETERAN. The terms of the officers shall be for one year or more, and all officers shall be entitled to reappointment."

2. In pursuance of this resolution the Commander in Chief announces the appointment of the following comrades as members of the Commission for Marking the Battle Fields:

President, Clarence J. Owens, Washington, D. C.

Secretary and Treasurer, Nathan Belmont Forrest, Biloxi, Miss.

The Presidents

Alabama, Emmett O'Neil, Florence.

Arkansas, William G. Hutton, Little Rock.

District of Columbia, Charles H. Keel, Washington, D. C.

Florida, Duncan U. Fletcher, Jacksonville.

Georgia, John W. Bale, Rome.

Kentucky, H. C. Moorman, Owensboro.

Louisiana, W. O. Hart, New Orleans.

Missouri, Seymour Stewart, St. Louis.

Mississippi, Thomas Upton Sisson, Winona.

Maryland, Matthew Page Andrews, Baltimore.

North Carolina, Gen. Julian S. Carr, Durham.

Oklahoma, Merritt J. Glass, Tulsa.

South Carolina, A. L. Gaston, Chester.

Tennessee, Leland Hume, Nashville.

Texas, Edgar Sourry, Wichita Falls.

Virginia, W. W. Old, Jr., Norfolk.

West Virginia, A. D. Smith, Jr., Fayetteville.

New York, Dr. John A. Wyeth, New York.

Illinois, Biscoe Hindman, Chicago.

Gen. George P. Harrison, Opelika, Ala.

Gen. Bennett H. Young, Louisville, Ky.

Gen. K. M. Van Zandt, Fort Worth, Tex.

THE SOUTHWEST DIVISION

The Southwest Division comprises the States of Arizona and New Mexico and is under the command of Carl Hinton of Silver City, N. Mex. Comrade Hinton went to Silver City a little over a year ago from Arkansas and is now Secretary of the Chamber of Commerce. Silver City is populated largely by Southerners and is one of the fastest-growing cities of the Southwest, being considered the ideal health resort of the United States. The Sons there were so loyal to the memory of their fathers that they invited Adjutant Forrest to come over one thousand miles, at their expense, to aid in organizing the John A. Moses Camp.

Comrades Robert Powell and Herndon Lehr, members of the Camp, are taking an active part in organizing Camps throughout the Division and are now forming Camps at Santa Fe and Albuquerque.



CARL HINTON.

Confederated Southern Memorial Association

MRS. W. J. BEHAN.....	President
New Orleans, La.	
MRS. JOHN E. MAXWELL.....	Treasurer
Seale, Ala.	
MISS DAISY M. L. HODGSON.....	Recording Secretary
7909 Sycamore Street, New Orleans, La.	
MISS MARY A. HALL.....	Historian
1105½ Broad Street, Augusta, Ga.	
MRS. J. ENDERS ROBINSON.....	Corresponding Secretary
113 Third Street South, Richmond, Va.	
MRS. VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE.....	Poet Laureate
1045 Union Avenue, Memphis, Tenn.	



Next Convention to be held in Birmingham, Ala.

VICE PRESIDENTS

ALABAMA—Montgomery.....	Mrs. J. C. Lee
ARKANSAS—Fayetteville.....	Mrs. J. Garside Welch
FLORIDA—Pensacola.....	Mrs. Horace L. Simpson
GEORGIA—Atlanta.....	Mrs. A. McD. Wilson
LOUISIANA—New Orleans.....	Mrs. James Dinkins
MISSISSIPPI—Vicksburg.....	Mrs. E. C. Carroll
MISSOURI—St. Louis.....	Mrs. G. K. Warner
NORTH CAROLINA—Raleigh.....	Mrs. Robert H. Jones
SOUTH CAROLINA—Charleston.....	Mrs. S. Cary Beckwith
TENNESSEE—Memphis.....	Mrs. Charles W. Frazer
VIRGINIA—Front Royal.....	Mrs. S. M. Davis-Roy

SEMICENTENNIAL CELEBRATION IN CHARLESTON.

On May 14, 1916, the Ladies' Memorial Association of Charleston, S. C., celebrated the semicentennial of its organization, the exercises being held in St. John's Lutheran Church, where the first public meeting took place fifty years ago. The religious service was conducted by Rev. G. J. Gongaware, pastor of the Church, after which Col. S. E. Welch, Adjutant General of the South Carolina Division, U. C. V., spoke eloquently of the occasion and introduced Dr. Yates Snowden, Professor of History at the University of South Carolina, a son of Mrs. Mary Amarantha Snowden, first President of the Association, who delivered the historical address, recalling many incidents in the life of the Association and revealing to the present generation the conditions in the sixties and the struggles and difficulties that the members had to overcome in order to pay fitting tribute to the memory of their brave soldiers and to mark the spot where each one lay.

Colonel Welch next introduced Hon. Joseph Barnwell, a veteran of the Confederacy, who bears to this day scars won as a citadel cadet upon the field of battle. As orator of the occasion he made clear the position of the South, the heroism of the soldiers, the patient endurance of her women, their ministrations to the wounded, and, after the war, their loving devotion to the memory of those who gave their lives for the cause. He paid a glowing tribute to the women of the South and especially to Mrs. Snowden, the first President of the Association, and dwelt particularly upon the stand taken by the South relative to the humane conduct of war, reading General Beauregard's controversy with General Gilmore relative to the shelling of the resident portion of Charleston and quoting from General Lee's Order No. 73 to the troops as they went into the enemy's country, in striking contrast to the orders as carried out by such generals as Sherman and Sheridan.

None can doubt that the ideal position of President Wilson, which reflects the spirit of all true Americans of to-day, owes its inspiration to the humane principles enunciated by Southern leaders and to those faithful and obedient soldiers who never forgot that they fought only armed men who recognized the sanctity of the home and paid due respect to the rights of noncombatants.

It will be well to mention here some of the facts that led to the forming of this Association, fifty years ago. In the early part of 1866 Mrs. M. A. Snowden, who had been an indomitable worker in the cause of the Confederate soldier and was at the head of the Soldiers' Relief Association in Lower South Carolina and who on several occasions had

visited the fields immediately after a battle and helped superintend the burial of the dead, as well as the removal and care of the wounded, again visited the battle field of Gettysburg for the purpose of re-marking the wooden headstones placed at the graves of the Confederate soldiers from South Carolina buried there; and upon her return she said that she would never rest until she had removed those bodies to South Carolina soil. So in May of that year, when Miss Burrows, Miss Beckman, and Mrs. Brown, three interested ladies, visited Col. Peter Gaillard, then mayor of the city of Charleston, and asked the assistance of Mrs. Gaillard and himself in forming an association to care for the graves of the Confederate soldiers, his mind naturally turned to Mrs. Snowden; so he took the ladies to her, feeling sure that she, with her wonderful power of organization and executive ability, was the woman of Charleston best fitted to lead in this movement. This visit led to a call to the ladies of Charleston to gather at the Mills House on May 14, 1866, to form an association for the said purpose, at which time Rev. Dr. Bachman, pastor of St. John's Lutheran Church, presided, and the following officers were elected: Mrs. M. A. Snowden, President; Miss M. C. Burrows, First Vice President; Mrs. William Fitch, Second Vice President; Miss Annie Simpson, Recording Secretary; Miss L. Chapin, Corresponding Secretary; Mrs. Henry Wigfall, Treasurer.

On May 21, 1866, the first public meeting was held in St. John's Lutheran Church, at which time solemn and impressive addresses were made and a resolution passed inviting every town and village throughout the State to unite with them on June 16 to honor the memory of the Confederate soldier and to decorate with suitable services his resting place, wherever it might be.

The first Memorial Day was a notable occasion in Charleston. The services were held in Magnolia Cemetery, where a lot had been given during the war for the burial of dead soldiers. To quote from Prof. Yates Snowden: "Inspiring addresses were delivered by Rev. Dr. Girardeau and Rev. Mr. Bowman. Three odes, written for the occasion by Henry Timrod, Mrs. C. A. Ball, and Rev. Dr. Winkler, were sung with fine effect under the leadership of Prof. Thomas P. O'Neale. Timrod's contribution was his exquisite 'Sleep Sweetly in Your Humble Graves,' by some considered the finest of all his verse and which appeals to all manner of men."

In 1867 it was deemed advisable to change the date of Memorial Day to May 19 "in order to unite with our sister associations in the South."

The Association then secured from the Legislature a gift of marble and granite left from the building of the State-

house, to be used for the erection of headstones to the soldiers and also for a monument to be placed in the center of the lot at Magnolia Cemetery. Besides this, the Legislature appropriated one thousand dollars to the work. The corner stone of the monument was laid in 1870; but it was not until November 30, 1882, that the monument was unveiled, as the efforts of the women and the community in general was first expended in caring for the widows and orphans of the Confederate soldiers. Besides the eight hundred soldiers buried in the lot at Magnolia, Professor Snowden says: "The President reported at the meeting in March, 1869, a list of forty-two soldiers and seamen outside of the Confederate grounds at Magnolia whose graves had been marked by headstones; and the minutes of the Association for nearly forty-five years thereafter now and again report the gift of tombstones to the families of impoverished Confederate soldiers, several of them in adjoining counties. In May, 1869, special provision was made for marking the graves of the heroic torpedo boat men whose bodies were recovered from Hunley's fish torpedo boat. Horace L. Hunley, who constructed the boat and gave her to the Confederacy, met death on his own craft October 10, 1863. The lot where these heroes are buried always receives the special attention of the Association."

In 1870 the Association set aside sufficient funds to bring on the bodies of the South Carolinians who were buried on the field of Gettysburg. The President again visited the battle field and, with the assistance of Dr. Weaver, son of Mr. Samuel Weaver, who had so ably assisted her on previous occasions, also of three patriotic women of Baltimore, Miss Henrietta Hoffman, Mrs. Ada Edgerton, and Miss Retta McRae, succeeded in overcoming innumerable difficulties and at last was able to have the bodies sent to Baltimore, where they were placed on a steamer for Charleston. Professor Snowden describes their reinterment as follows: "The remains arrived in Charleston; and on May 10, 1871, eighty-four bodies were buried in Magnolia Cemetery. The ceremonies were probably the most impressive in all the long and honorable history of the Association. Six thousand people were present. Lieut. Gen. R. H. Anderson presided. The Rev. Mr. Capers (Brigadier General) read the beautiful prayer which had been written by the beloved Dr. Bachman, being 'unable from years and infirmity to ascend the platform'; and Dr. Girardeau delivered an impressive address which no one present could ever forget. Two odes of rare beauty and pathos, by Dr. John Dickson Burns and the Rev. Dr. Charles S. Vedder, were sung by the young ladies of the Confederate Home School and a choir of gentlemen."

These are a few points of interest in the work of the Association which still goes on year by year, caring for the graves of its beloved soldiers, giving burial space and headstones to any veterans desiring it, celebrating each year with appropriate services Memorial Day on May 10, at which time the monuments throughout the city are decorated with wreaths, flowers, and flags and the one thousand and more graves with a small Confederate flag over each one.

The sentiments of the Association are best expressed in the closing words of Mr. Barnwell's oration delivered at the bicentennial celebration, in which he says: "But passing away from the events of the war and those which attended its close, we come to those of the half century which has since elapsed. Much of this is familiar to you. This society has kept steadily in view the lessons of its founders. A checkered existence, indeed, has been that of our city. Pestilence and storms and earthquake have done their work. The bitter

days of Reconstruction (when, for instance, in 1867 the society did not venture to celebrate its anniversary by either procession or speaking, but simply by the decoration of the graves under its charge), the regeneration of the State by Hampton in 1876, the political revolution in 1890, and the political convulsion of a few years ago have alike found its members true to their sacred task. The annual procession, the words of eulogy, and the gentle laying on of wreath and flower have recurred in unceasing round. As the old have gone the young have taken their places; and the young will in turn hand down to those who follow them the lesson here taught and learned, that success is not the true test of virtue and that valor may be illustrious even in defeat.

TIMROD'S BEAUTIFUL ODE.

"It would not be too much to say that a society which gave occasion for the beautiful ode of Timrod, written for its first anniversary, has thereby justified its existence; but I am sure that the equal of this ode has not been written for any other of our societies in this or any other Southern State. A celebration of your anniversary would not be complete without hearing it, and with its repetition I shall conclude this address:

"Sleep sweetly in your humble graves;
Sleep, martyrs of a fallen cause;
Though yet no marble column craves
The pilgrim here to pause.

In seeds of laurel in the earth
The blossom of your fame is blown;
And somewhere, waiting for its birth,
The shaft is in the stone.

Meanwhile, behalf the tardy years
Which keep in trust your storied tombs,
Behold! your sisters bring their tears
And these memorial blooms.

Small tributes! But your shades will smile
More proudly on these wreaths to-day
Than when some cannon-molded pile
Shall overlook this bay.

Steep, angels, hither from the skies!
There is no holier spot of ground
Than where defeated valor lies
By mourning beauty crowned!"

HARMONIOUS ASSOCIATIONS.

During the C. S. M. A. Convention in Birmingham Miss Mildred Rutherford, while giving the report of the Memorial Association of Athens, Ga., of which she is President, stressed very strongly the point that the Memorial Associations should never be merged into the Daughters of the Confederacy; for, while both organizations are one in sympathy, each has special objects of its own. She spoke of the beautiful relations that exist between the two organizations in her home town. The Memorial Association always chooses the orator for Memorial Day, makes out the program, and selects the music and the marshal of the day who directs the line of march, while the Daughters of the Confederacy pay all the expenses of the day and deliver the crosses of honor. All Daughters of the Confederacy are considered honorary members of the

Memorial Association and are thus entitled to vote upon the orator and all matters pertaining to the Memorial Day exercises. The committees for stage decorations, placing of flags, and decorating the monuments are all selected by the Daughters of the Confederacy. The Children of the Confederacy act as honorary escort for the veterans.

Miss Rutherford urged that we do not refer to our Memorial Day as Decoration Day. This latter term belongs to the North, the wife of General Logan, U. S. A., who originated the custom in that section after observing ours, having so designated it. Miss Rutherford also spoke of the many monuments which had been erected by the Ladies' Memorial Associations prior to the organization of the Daughters of the Confederacy, a period from 1865 to 1894, and urged that the history of these monuments be written and thus preserved.

A GERMAN SOUTHERN PATRIOT.

In the town of Garbeck, Province of Westphalia, Germany, near the Rhine River, in a castle built by her great-great-grandfather more than two centuries ago, Miss Fredrika von Loesse was born April 10, 1808. Her ancestry was a line of nobility, and this German stock is among the ablest and sturdiest of the many which have mingled to make the modern America. For many generations the men of the Von Loesse family had been generals in the German army; but when Miss Von Loesse married Prof. Joseph Heacker, her interest was turned from military life to the college work of her husband. There were nine children born to them, the eldest of whom, William Joseph Heacker, was born on March 26, 1832, in the old William von Loesse castle at Garbeck. They were ambitious for this son to become a priest, so they took him to Cologne to enter upon his studies for the priesthood, together with the study of music. The boy begged that he be allowed to enter some medical school; but his father was determined that William should become a priest, and William was compelled to continue his studies in the Catholic school.

At the close of six years' work at Cologne an uncle, who was a priest, visited him, and while going over the work of the previous year he was surprised to see how much the boy knew of physiology. This uncle persuaded William's father to send him to a medical school, and William was entered in the Bonn University for the study of medicine. After he had graduated and returned home, he learned that his uncle, William von Loesse, had made arrangements for him to enlist as a surgeon on the general's staff in the German army. William knew that service in the army was obligatory on every man in Germany unless arrangements could be made with the king to be released; and as his uncles were generals, he felt that they would do all in their power to keep him in the army. So he determined to go to some other country immediately. He spent about two weeks at home, then went quietly off to Rome for several months, then to Paris and took up the practice of medicine. All the while he kept up correspondence with his mother, whom he was trying to persuade to leave Germany.

In 1851 Dr. Heacker went to London, and from there he wrote to his father that he would rather go to America and make his home in a new country than return to Germany and serve in the army. His father responded that if William would not return to Germany the family would go with him to America, and a few months later Professor Heacker emi-

grated to the United States with his son and eldest daughter, Mary. They settled in Louisville, Ky., and the mother and other children came over from Germany in the spring of 1852.

While on a visit to Dr. Hawkins at Frankfort, Ky., Dr. Heacker met John Cabell Breckinridge, and they became fast friends. Mr. Breckinridge took him to visit a relative near Bridgeport, and there the Doctor met Miss Armilda Wright, to whom he was married on April 28, 1853. They made their home in Louisville, where he was demonstrator of anatomy at the Medical College and also practiced medicine until 1861. Dr. Heacker's father and family were strong abolitionists, but his own sympathies were with the South; so at the beginning of the war he took his wife to her home at Bridgeport and waited there for his brother-in-law to arrange his business so they could join the Confederate army together. In the early spring of 1861 they went to Nashville, Tenn., where Dr. Heacker enlisted in General Bridgeman's cavalry battalion, of Bragg's command, which was afterwards consolidated with General Ashby's.

He returned to Kentucky with that regiment and was in many skirmishes there during the rest of the year. His regiment was with General Zollicoffer in the battle of Mill Springs, when that general was killed, January 19, 1862. Dr. Heacker was the first to reach him after he received his mortal wound and assisted in giving him medical aid.

After this battle Dr. Heacker was promoted to surgeon of General Raines's brigade, whose troops were with General Bragg at Chattanooga, Tenn. They were ordered to march through Kentucky to Cincinnati, though their destination was Frankfort, where General Bragg inaugurated a provisional Governor of Kentucky. While at Frankfort Dr. Heacker went out to see his wife at Bridgeport. Some of General Buell's men planned to capture him; but the Doctor was enabled to escape, though he had to ride south to Marion to reach the Confederate lines, as he was cut off from Frankfort. At Lebanon he found General Bragg retreating through the Cumberland Mountains into Tennessee. When Gen. William J. Hardee reached Lebanon on October 8, 1862, and learned that a detachment of Federals was at Perryville, he turned at once and attacked them. The Doctor hastened to the scene of the battle and found the Confederate army in much confusion. He escaped General Buell's army by returning to Harrodsburg, Ky., and that night had another narrow escape from Federal soldiers, who pursued him several miles, and joined General Bragg in the safer regions of Tennessee. At Murfreesboro the two armies were bivouacked with their camp fires in sight. During the night Dr. Heacker with a Confederate brigade passed around the Federal rear and assailed the wagons, capturing large quantities of stores.

During many weeks of waiting for Rosecrans Dr. Heacker rendered valuable service in doing scout work for Bragg's army. He was detached and placed in the secret service, which carried him into Kentucky. He was captured in the eastern part of that State on May 2, 1863, and taken to Camp Chase Prison. During a violent storm on the night of July 3 this brave Confederate surgeon carried out his plans to escape. Twenty men were to make the adventure with him; but many of them were deterred by the raging tempest, and only seven joined him and made their escape. By a devious route he made his way back to Nashville, Tenn., and joined the Confederate army. He was later sent by Gen. S. B. Buckner with dispatches to Gen. John H. Morgan at Burkesville, Cumberland County, Ky., which he reached about July

7, enlisted in the brigade, and went on the raid with Morgan through Kentucky, Ohio, and Indiana. He was captured and, with other prisoners, placed on a train for Cincinnati. Always on the alert, the Doctor made his escape by jumping from the train, went up the Ohio River into Virginia, and joined a Confederate scouting party. He was sent to Bean's Station, Tenn., sometime in August, 1863, to take charge of the Confederate hospital, where he remained for more than a year.

The army having run short of medical supplies, General Gracey sent Dr. Heacker to Cincinnati to purchase medicines, which he shipped to Nicholasville, Ky., by rail and from there by private conveyance to Cumberland Gap, Tenn. This brave venture, being chronicled in Southern newspapers, caused the United States government to offer a reward for him, and on account of this he assumed the name of Dr. Thomas White. He was sent into Eastern Kentucky with another scouting party, and on the 1st of December, 1864, he was captured at Turnersville while in a skirmish with Wolford's Cavalry. He was taken to Cincinnati and placed in McClain Barracks, and in March, 1865, he was court martialed and exiled north of Mason and Dixon's line for a term of three years. He went to Jasper County, Ill., and practiced medicine there under the name of Dr. Thomas White until President Johnson's amnesty proclamation was issued, when he assumed his own name. He practiced medicine in Illinois for thirteen years and then started south to take a position in a medical college of North Carolina; but, meeting some old Confederate friends as he passed through Morristown, Tenn., he was persuaded to locate there. He afterwards bought Mineral Hill Springs, in Grainger County, Tenn., where he lived until his death, in March, 1915, having nearly completed the eighty-fourth year of his age.

Dr. Heacker was one of the first advocates of the germ theory and contributed an article of over one hundred pages on the subject. For over forty years he wrote regularly for a number of medical journals. He was a member of the National Eclectic Medical Society and ex-Vice President of the Tennessee State Eclectic Medical Society. Prof. J. Buchanan, M.D., in his book on bacteriology, a standard work of that kind, says that Dr. Heacker in the year 1867 was the leading scientific savant and undoubtedly the most successful physician in Tennessee and her only bacteriologist.

A LOST FLORIDA FLAG.

The whereabouts of the flag of the 3d Florida Regiment is unknown. The other regimental flags of Florida (seven) are being preserved in the Capitol in Tallahassee, and the only one needed to complete the number is that of the 3d Regiment. The last seen of this flag, which had the honor of having twenty battles inscribed on it, was in the battle of Missionary Ridge. While the Florida troops were making a grand charge on the enemy the brave color bearer was shot down. Archie Livingston, of Company G, 3d Regiment, seized the flag of his dead comrade, Charlie Ulmer, and bore it aloft until the troops fell back, when Stebbins, the acting adjutant, took the flag. After Hood's disastrous campaign, in the confusion of many consolidations, the flag which had been "baptized in blood" was lost. Any information that will lead to the recovery of this flag will be gratefully appreciated by Mrs. Enoch J. Vann, Madison, Fla.

IN THE LAST DAYS OF THE CONFEDERACY.

BY MRS. J. B. WILKINS, COLUMBIA, TENN.

After Hood's retreat from Tennessee the scattered and hopeless forces of the Southern army often rallied and gave



JOSEPH H. AND MARTIE B. DUNGAN.

battle to the pursuing and victorious enemy at various points. Wilson's Raiders, dealing death and destruction as they penetrated to the heart of the Confederacy, were met by a portion of Forrest's Cavalry about twenty miles above Selma, Ala., and fought the battle of Belcher Creek. In this vicinity stood the home of O. P. McGee, which was also the home of Miss

Martha Louise Dungan, the principal figure of this article.

On hearing that the Yankees were approaching, the father hastily gathered what he could of provisions and the little children, with their mother, "Mam," and retreated to the pine woods for shelter. The wife and Miss Mattie remained to defend the home and encourage the Southern soldiers to stand by their guns. As the fight waxed hot and the Yankees were getting the best of it, the cheers of these brave women could no longer inspire the Confederates, so they fled for safety to a nearby swamp. There they remained until the silence of the guns told that the conflict was over. Being anxious to know the result of the fight and fearing that they would be run upon by the Federals as they emerged from their hiding place, Miss Mattie devised a flag of truce by tearing a sprig of white from her petticoat and attaching it to a cornstalk and boldly approached the house. Forrest met them, parting the company and escorting them through a loud cheer. But O the sight that met their gaze as they entered their home filled with dead and dying Yankees, many of whom were landed in a trench in their yard for a few days! The presence of Miss Mattie was a paragon for many a sick and wounded soldier.

The accompanying picture was made of Miss Mattie and her brother, Joseph Hall Dungan, just before he left home for the field of battle. Hall Dungan went out with Company A from Selma, Ala., under General Cheatham and was seriously wounded in the upper arm, which rendered him a cripple for life. His son, J. A. Dungan, of Memphis, still has the coat he wore when wounded and treasures it highly. Two other sons survive him, David and John, and a daughter, Mrs. W. T. Williams, of Trenton, Tenn.

Miss Mattie Dungan was married to Milton B. Permetter and makes her home with her only child, Mrs. H. N. Tharp, of Humboldt, Tenn. Though very feeble, she still likes to tell her grandchildren of the struggles and bravery of the Southern heroes. She was born in Tennessee in 1841 of Scotch-Irish parents, whose lineage dates back to the Hamiltons of Scotland and Bells of Ireland, and later to grandfathers of the American Revolution. She is a charter member of

Nathan Bedford Forrest Chapter, U. D. C., at Humboldt, and is lovingly called its "mother."

Joseph Hall Dungan was the last survivor of four brothers who gave up all to follow in the ranks of that glorious cause to which shall be sung pæans of praise until time shall be no more.

A MYSTERY OF THE SOUTH.

BY H. D. ALLEN, BOSTON, MASS.

On August 13, 1912, there appeared in the daily papers an Associated Press dispatch from Washington, D. C., stating that the United States government had on hand a large amount of Confederate money which "came into the possession of the Union army at the close of the war," and that rather than destroy it a selection of such notes would be sent to any public library which would agree to preserve and display it as a historical exhibit illustrating an epoch in the history of this country.

I sent the clipping to a niece of mine who was the librarian at Shirley, Mass., suggesting that she apply for the notes, and in due course of time the bills arrived. After being held by the trustees for a year or two, they were sent to me with a request to have them framed. There were fourteen notes in all and in a bad state of preservation. Some were scorched on the edges by fire, some had large holes punched in them (cancellation evidence), and most of them were so worn as to be really unfit to exhibit. Up to this time I had never seen a Confederate note. As soon as I began to study them I realized that there must be many more bills of the various issues. Then I conceived the idea of assembling a nice collection, having it framed under glass, and placing under each bill a typewritten article covering everything of historical interest that I could discover, partly as a model for Southern libraries to follow. For the purpose of a public exhibit I assumed that one bill of each denomination issued would be ample without going into minor varieties, so I have eighty-four notes. I have corresponded far and wide and have not found that any one has attempted to put together such a display, the idea of the historical notes being wholly unique and without precedent.

I have been working for a year on my historical notes and have them nearly completed, except as to the famous \$10 bill of September 2, 1861, reproduced on opposite page. When the Atlanta Georgian, in the interest of historical research, kindly printed a facsimile of the bill with an article by Dr. George Brown, of Atlanta, I felt sure that some one in the South would be able to name the person whose picture on the bill has gone unchallenged for fifty years as Williamson S. Oldham, of Texas; but up to the present time no one has furnished absolute proof.

It may interest the readers of the *VETERAN* to see a list of the candidates for honors. All the good people who have written me send pictures which they think resemble the picture on the bill. Some of them do slightly, but any positive proof is lacking. The candidates are: William L. Yancey, Howell Cobb, Abraham Lincoln (impossible), Alexander H. Stephens, Jefferson Davis, R. M. T. Hunter, John H. Reagan, Andrew Johnson, Senator Orr (of South Carolina), Governor Watts (of South Carolina), Franklin Pierce, Governor Hamilton (of Texas), Robert Toombs, Thomas Corwin (Governor of Ohio), Thomas B. Huger (a lieutenant in the Confederate States navy), and George A. Trenholm. None of these qualify. I have access to the Boston Public Library,

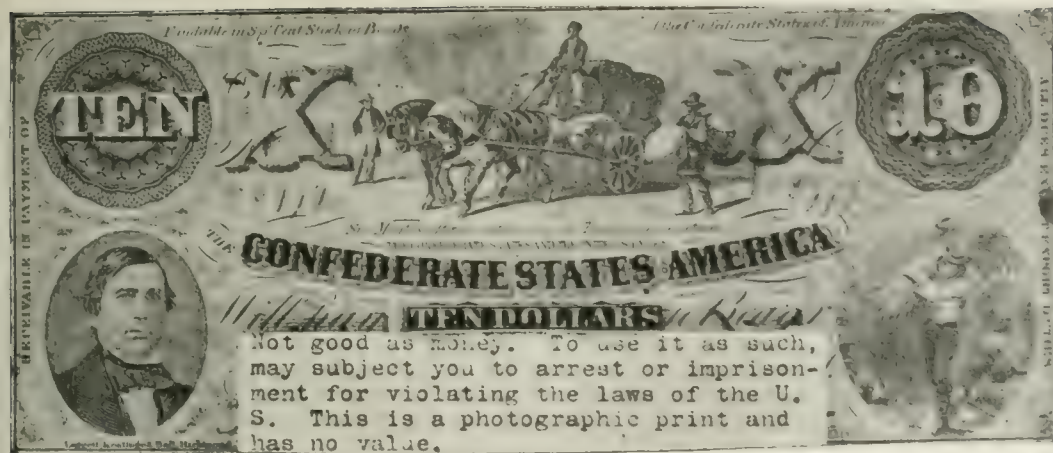
the Boston Athenæum, and the library of Harvard College, containing over two million volumes, and I am faithfully looking up every reference sent to me, but so far without definite result.

My correspondence shows that, in spite of the thousands of volumes written on Southern history, little or nothing has been done on the subject of Confederate money. All I can say is that when my exhibit is viewed by Southern people visiting Boston they will be amazed by the wealth of Southern history surrounding these Confederate notes, and I venture the prediction that many Southern historical societies and libraries will take steps to duplicate this exhibit, and when that time comes it may be next to impossible to obtain some of the bills needed. Many of the Northern libraries sent for these bills and now have them on exhibit, but no one has yet attempted to do what I have outlined as to the historical notes.

IS IT EDWARD C. ELMORE?

Some years ago Mr. William W. Bradbeer, of Mount Vernon, N. Y., whose great book on Confederate money is now the standard authority, took a trip through the South, partly in an effort to locate the mystery. He met some Southern gentlemen who had been employed in the Treasury Department at Richmond. On being shown a copy of the bill, one of them exclaimed: "Why, that is my old boss, Ed Elmore!" Little realizing that the statement might be challenged and believing it to be first-hand evidence, Mr. Bradbeer accepted it as a fact, even neglecting to take the names of any of the gentlemen present. However, Hon. Edward C. Elmore, Jr., of Columbia, S. C., informs me that, to the best of his knowledge and belief, the picture on the bill is not that of his father, Edward C. Elmore, who was the Treasurer of the Confederacy, and he sends me an enlarged copy of the only photograph of his father in the possession of the family, which seems to bear out his assertion. Mr. Bradbeer, in publishing his book last July, makes the assertion that the picture is that of Edward C. Elmore, and he stands pat on the statement to-day and challenges proof to the contrary; and I do the same, partly because of the statement made to him by an employee of the Treasury and partly because it would have been very natural and eminently proper for the Confederacy to have recognized on one of its pieces of money the chief officer of the Treasury Department, which issued and handled the money, and the officer whose personal signature appears on all four of the bills issued at Montgomery, which were fine examples of the engraver's art and greatly prized in any collection of Confederate money. Can another picture of Mr. Elmore be found exactly duplicating the picture on the bill? I hope all old photograph albums in the South will be searched for this.

Keatinge, Leggett & Ball was the firm that engraved and printed the bill, and it was probably done at Richmond. It is not clear whether the members of the firm were natives of the South, of Virginia, or even of Richmond; but it would seem that the city directories of Richmond for 1861 or following years could be traced for the members of the firm or their descendants and some one be located who could give us information. When Richmond was abandoned, the firm went to Columbia, S. C., and from that city the work on Confederate money was continued. Later on Mr. Leggett left the firm, and it was known for some time as Keatinge & Ball. Possibly the city directories of Columbia for 1861 and fol-



lowing years might furnish clues to the members of the firm or their descendants, some of whom might know the facts.

It is possible that the engravers might have been furnished with a number of photographs of persons who had been considered for the honor of appearing on the bill and by some accident got the photographs mixed or that they even purposely selected the photograph of some good-looking gentleman who was comparatively unknown and not even remotely connected with the Confederate Treasury or government in any official capacity. How would the members of the engraving firm know, for instance, the identity of a photograph sent them from New Orleans or Montgomery if the name of the person had not been written on it?

It seems highly important and desirable that old photograph albums in the South should be diligently searched for a small card photograph exactly duplicating the picture on the bill.

I refuse to believe that there is not somewhere in the South, even at this late day, incontrovertible evidence which will settle this mystery for all time; and I call on all loyal Southern people, librarians (State, city, or town), historians, teachers, students, members of Confederate veteran societies, all men who were at Richmond in 1861 (and perhaps employed in the Confederate Treasury), any one who knows any of the descendants of Keatinge, Leggett & Ball, who engraved the bill (either at Richmond or Columbia, S. C.), and last, but not least, the great army of newspaper men, who often do things when all others fail, to take up and conduct a vigorous search in an endeavor to find out who this man was and thus solve the great mystery. To the first person who sends me definite proof I will pay a reward of \$10 and an extra \$10 to any one sending me a small card photograph exactly duplicating the likeness on the bill.

I have lately received from a patriotic Southern woman a list of officers and clerks of the Treasury Department at Richmond in 1861-62. Some of these gentlemen were probably young men and may be alive to-day. If not, their descendants must be, and it is extremely probable that from this list may be found some one who can offer proof as to the picture on the bill. The list follows: C. G. Memminger, Secretary; Philip Claxton, Assistant Secretary; Henry D. Capers, Chief Clerk and Disbursing Officer; James H. Nash, Correspondent (English); H. Kennerworth, German and French Correspondent; James A. Crawford, Warrant Clerk; Henry Spar-

Register; Charles T. Jones, Chief Clerk; Edward C. Elmore, Treasurer; Thomas T. Green, Chief Clerk.

SURRENDERED AT APPOMATTOX.

Dr. G. W. Baskett writes from Van Alstyne, Tex.:

"Two veterans of this community, R. L. Canby and J. W. Honeycut, witnessed the surrender of the skeleton forces of General Lee to the hosts of General Grant at Appomattox, C. H., Va. They are both poor, but worthy men in every respect. 'Uncle Dick' Canby, eighty years old, enlisted at Wetumpka, Ala., April 9, 1862, in Company C, Captain Cavafev commanding, which was sent to the Army of Northern Virginia and placed in the 5th Alabama, Colonel Hilditch's regiment, Gracey's Brigade, Longstreet's Corps. His first big battle was at Chickamauga, and he was in the fighting from that time to the surrender at Appomattox. He was with the detail that retook the crater in front of Petersburg, where about eight thousand negroes were killed. After receiving his parole, he took a boat at Cedar Point and went to Mobile, Ala., from there up the river to Montgomery, and then walked home to join his wife, from whom he had been separated for three years.

"J. W. Honeycut, now seventy-one years old, enlisted at Shelbyville, Ala., in 1863 as a member of Company A, which was sent to Virginia and placed in the 44th Alabama Regiment, Barksdale's Brigade, Longstreet's Corps. His first general battle was Gettysburg, and he was with the Army of Northern Virginia until the surrender at Appomattox."

These veterans would be glad to hear from any old comrades.

WILLIAM H. GILBERT, OFFICE? A. D. MISER, Decline, La., writes: "At the battle of Missionary Ridge Lieut. J. W. Scott selected me and two others as sharpshooters to guard the gap between our lines. We were stationed at the left of Bragg's headquarters and to the left of Cobb's Battery. We had stopped the Federal colors the seventh time when a very large, fair complexioned officer, riding a roan horse, took the colors and started for the gap. We were so astounded by his gallantry that we allowed him to get within close range of our lines before firing on him. He fell from the horse, but the latter never broke his gait till suddenly he stumbled and fell. He also had received a bullet. I have always wanted to know who this man was. Who can tell me? I was a member of Company D, 11th Louisiana Regiment, Gibson's Brigade, Stewart's Division."

BOOK REVIEWS.

CAMPAIGNS AND BATTLES OF THE ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA.

By George Wise, of Virginia. Neale Publishing Company, New York. Price, \$3 net.

"Lovingly dedicated to the sons and daughters of the Confederate veterans," with the wish that they may be inspired by "the gallant deeds of their fathers to the noble aspiration to excel in devotedness to home and firesides," is this history of the "Campaigns and Battles of the Army of Northern Virginia," by Capt. George Wise. It is written from his personal observation and experiences, for he served in that part of the Confederate army from May, 1861, to the surrender at Appomattox, and "his splendid abilities as an engineer won for him high praise from General Lee and others in high command. He dug the pit and arranged the chambers and bomb-proofs of the largest gun ever mounted on the Confederate lines and surveyed and drained the lines and attended to all repairs to the works on Evans's, Gracie's, and Colquitt's salients." He enlisted on the 17th of April, 1861, for a term of one year in the service of the State of Virginia as one of the Old Dominion Rifles, under Capt. Arthur Herbert, which company afterwards became Company H of the 17th Virginia Infantry; and this command made a fighting unit which never failed to meet the requirements of the situation.

In the first chapter of his book Captain Wise gives an interesting account of the stay in the old town of Williamsburg, where Virginia troops were gathering for defense of the city, which is only about six miles from Washington. The roads leading therefrom were patrolled daily and nightly to prevent surprise from the Federal forces then assembling in Washington. However, the surprise came by water with the appearance of the gunboat Pawnee with a demand for the surrender of the city. Long before the time agreed upon for its evacuation the United States troops were being landed, and it was a hurried get-away by the Confederates to escape capture. As it was, Captain Ball's cavalry company, acting as rear guard for the retreating Confederate forces, was captured and kept in prison for several months before being paroled. The Confederates went on to Manassas, the mobilizing camp for the troops hurrying from the South, and there prepared for the test of their mettle in the inevitable conflict impending. Captain Wise pays a fine tribute to these young sons of the South who endured the discomforts of the training camp in such good spirit. Not a murmur was heard over the lack of necessities of soldier life by those who had been accustomed to the luxuries that wealth afforded; but they seemed to start in with the determination to share whatever of trial or prosperity was in store for the South, and that spirit endured to the end.

All through this narrative Captain Wise writes as one who was present and took part in the experiences recounted, yet it is not at all personal; in fact, the personal note is distinctly absent, and there is no boosting of self in any of the narrative. It is altogether a history of the operations which made the Army of Northern Virginia so famous; and, in addition to his own account of these campaigns and battles, he quotes largely from reports of commanders on both sides and from other writers, and, what will be especially appreciated, he gives the numbers engaged and the casualties of each battle on both sides as taken from official records. The style of the narrative is simple and clear, and the intimate view afforded makes it of more interest than is usual in a history of army operations.

Captain Wise is also the author of a "History of the 17th Virginia Infantry," and he has done a good part in making these additions to the history of the Army of Northern Virginia.

A SHORT HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN PEOPLE. By Edna Turpin. B. F. Johnson Publishing Company, Richmond, Va.

One of the most important duties of the Southern people is to see to it that the coming generation shall have a true and impartial history of the United States, giving especially a fair and just account of the part of the South through her statesmen and soldiers in winning the country and in the formation and administration of the government. It should also give a clear account of our institutions and the conditions of the development of our political, social, intellectual, moral, and industrial life. This needs to be done because the histories written by Northern men generally ignore or misrepresent the South as a factor in the founding and development of the republic. The history should be adapted to the needs of pupils in the public schools. Miss Edna Turpin, of Virginia, in this volume has responded to this need. It is published by a Southern publishing house and is introduced with a brief foreword by S. C. Mitchell, President of Delaware College. The following statement of its merits by President Mitchell seems just. He writes: "The prime merit of the work is, in my opinion, that events are made so to unfold that even a child will grasp the principle of cause and effect as it has worked itself out in the history of our country. The process of growth is brought out in every paragraph in such a way as to make the sequence of events illuminating." It is the story of the steps by which the colonies became a federated republic, and that republic was changed to a centralized nation by the arbitrament of war. It also gives the history of the country under the national ideals.

TWO BOYS IN THE CIVIL WAR. By W. R. and M. B. Houghton.

FROM THE BEGINNING UNTIL NOW. By M. B. Houghton.

These two beautiful volumes contain the delightful reminiscences of two brothers, Alabama soldiers, who went into the Confederate army at the ages of eighteen and sixteen and were brave and faithful to the end. It is the story of soldier life in camp, on the march, on the field of battle, and one of them in prison for many weary months. There are incidents, humorous and pathetic, of reckless courage and of gentlest kindness, of high patriotism and unselfish devotion to duty.

There are not only "moving incidents by flood and field," but there are profound discussions of the principles involved in the great conflict and true, fair statements as to the origin and conduct of the war by the Federal government and as to the disgraceful orgie of Reconstruction.

These books will be of great value to the historian of the War between the States, between States' rights and centralized government, in which the Confederate States contended for the Constitution, under which they agreed to enter the Union, and the Federal government stood for maintaining the Union by tramping on the Constitution to conform to the theories and satisfy the demands of fanaticisms and so ease the conscience and quiet the spirit of Puritan New England.

The books are from the Paragon Press, Montgomery, Ala.

IN FRATERNAL SPIRIT.

The following comes from a patron in Chicago, Ill.: "I have been exceedingly interested in reading the May number of the *VETERAN*. I think you have done a good work in collecting and publishing the historical matter which appears in this number. I am not a member of the United Confederate Veterans. On the contrary, I was for nearly five years a member of the army which did its best to defeat the Southern Confederacy. I suppose that during that time I shared the opinions which prevailed in the Union ranks in regard to the Confederate army; but as time has gone by I have come to recognize the patriotism which actuated the army and people of the South in the War between the States, and I have since made many friends among the officers and soldiers of the Confederate army. I have been a subscriber for several years to the *CONFEDERATE VETERAN*; and although I have been totally blind for several years, I have listened with interest to the greater part of the articles which have appeared in each number. * * * I inclose check for one dollar, for which you will please send as many copies of the May *VETERAN* as it will pay for, and I shall place them where they may be of some benefit to you."

T. C. Kelley, Adjutant U. C. V. Camp at Hallwood, Va., sends a nice list of subscribers, of which he writes: "My little list contains the names of two sons, one brother, and a granddaughter. I have been subscribing for these five for years and will continue as long as I live or can get the money to pay for it. I love the *VETERAN*; it is my Confederate Bible. I am not one of those who are so glad that we were overpowered. I stand for the God-given principle of Democracy—that this should be a government of the people, by the people, and for the people, and that our representatives in Congress have no power save that delegated to them by the people. I enlisted April 22, 1861, and surrendered at Appomattox April 9, 1865; was twice wounded, two bullets striking me in the breast and passing out at the back. One passed out itself; the other was cut out three months after it was received. This was May 31, 1862, so you see that I began early to receive these reminders that war is not all fun. I have never gotten over those terrible wounds; they are a continual reminder of the days that tried men's souls. I am still an unreconstructed Rebel and will die one. I walked home from Appomattox to my father's, in Eastern Virginia arriving May 8, 1865, a little over three hundred miles from Appomattox."

Frank H. Foote, 1516 Monroe Street, Vicksburg, Miss., asks that some member of the following regiments, 17th Louisiana, 31st Louisiana, 4th Mississippi, and 46th Mississippi, comprising Baldwin's Brigade at the siege and defense of Vicksburg, please locate for him as nearly as possible the site of General Baldwin's headquarters, what regiment it was near, etc.

W. T. Wright, Crawfordsville, Ind.: "The *VETERAN* is one of my greatest pleasures in reading; and its receipt always means a late hour of retiring for the night, as I am unwilling to lay it down until I have gone through it. Then later some of its contributions are reread with unabated interest."

ORIGIN OF THE STARS AND BARS.

A committee appointed by the Sons of Confederate Veterans has been working for a year in the endeavor to decide correctly who designed the first flag of the Confederacy, the Stars and Bars. It has had great difficulty in securing conclusive evidence on the subject. The committee is still working on the matter and will be greatly obliged for any information, however unimportant it may seem to be, that bears on this question. If there is any one now living who may have been much around the Capitol in Montgomery in the early part of the year 1861, his or her address will be highly appreciated also. Address all communications to R. B. Houghton, Chairman, Third National Bank Building, St. Louis, Mo.

W. S. Ray, of Idabel, Okla., wants a copy of the poem beginning:

"As life's evening shadows lengthen and our hearts are beating slow,

We grow weary of its burdens and its strife;

And our memories go backward to the scenes of long ago,

And we live again the morning hour of life."

R. H. Alderson, of Gallatin, Mo., wants to get into communication with the nine members of the 1st Georgia Regiment that he met in 1864 southwest of Atlanta, one of whom was George E. Johnson, who lived at Macon, Ga. Mr. Alderson was a member of Company I, 23d Regiment of Missouri Volunteers, U. S. A.

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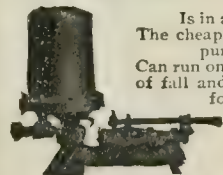
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Joe F. Summerlin, of Valley Mills, Tex., wants the address of any of his comrades of Hudson's Battery, Forrest's command, in 1864 until the surrender. He needs proof to secure a much-needed pension.

If any of the friends or relatives of Luther Santmyer, a young Confederate soldier, presumably of a Southern regiment, will write to L. B. Tennant, Farmington, W. Va., they can hear something in regard to the young soldier's death, etc.

Mrs. Alice B. Rand, 205 Van Voast Avenue, Bellevue, Ky., wishes to complete her file of the VETERAN. She needs January, July, August, September, October, November, and December, 1899. Any one who can furnish these will please write to her.

Mrs. Alexander B. White, of Paris, Tenn., Director General Shiloh Monument Committee, U. D. C., would like to get in communication with the member of the S. C. V. of Florida who has a Confederate battle flag that was carried in the battle of Shiloh.

James M. Adams, Box 66, Monroe, Ga., wishes to hear from some member of Joe Wheeler's cavalry who passed through Social Circle in 1864 and who remembers his service in carrying a box of clothing to Alcova River, where the command camped for the night.

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Mrs. M. T. Gabbart, of Durham, Okla., is trying to secure a pension and wants to communicate with some member of her husband's command who can testify to his service. William Jefferson Gabbart joined the army at the age of fifteen years and served four years. His company is not known, but his captain's name was Thomas Vaughn, at whose death Thomas McKeever took charge.

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Box 38, Nashville, Tenn.

THE SUTHERLIN MEMORIAL.

The city of Danville, Va., has acquired the Sutherlin Memorial, better known as the last Capitol of the Confederacy, where President Davis held his last cabinet meeting. The entire property cost forty-eight thousand dollars. Thirty thousand dollars was paid by the city, and the remaining eighteen thousand was raised by popular subscription. The proceeds of the sale go to the great-granddaughter of Maj. W. T. Sutherlin, who lives at Birmingham with her guardian, E. W. Barrett, the owner of the Birmingham Age-Herald. The historic mansion is used at present as a repository for Confederate relics, and many of the rooms are used by various organizations connected with war days.

An old negro who was body servant and cook for an Arkansas officer was ambling along with the stragglers in the rear of the Confederate army on the retreat from Helena when a staff officer overtook him. "Sam," asked the officer, "can you tell me where I can find headquarters?" "Naw, sah," replied the negro. "I don't know where dem headquarters is. I ain't seed nothin' 't all ter-day but hindquarters."

J. P. Murray, R. R. No. 3, Box 94, Lebanon, Tenn., would like to hear from some comrade who can testify to the service of John Lowery, of Company G, 6th Georgia Cavalry, Forrest's command, under Capt. J. R. Lay and Colonel Hart.

Comrades of Leatherstock's Brigade, Army of Tennessee. Write me for something to your interest. Give names of all other living comrades, with addresses. L. A. Fitzpatrick, 31st Mississippi Regiment, P. O. Box 333, Helena, Ark.

George H. Miller, Dukes, Fla.: "I welcome the VETERAN as I do no other publication. The South is greatly indebted to your great magazine, and she is still very greatly in need of it. Mark me a lifelong subscriber."

E. V. Sharp (Company C, 44th Virginia Battalion), Lawrenceville, La.: "I have been a subscriber to the VETERAN for several years and would not be without it."

Information is wanted of John O'Sullivan, brother of Daniel J. O'Sullivan, who was last heard from in New Orleans, La., 1882 to 1888. He was born



Facts about PRINTING

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in Ireland, and as a boy he was employed on one of the Mississippi steamers. He joined the Confederate army in 1861 or 1862 at New Orleans, and after the war he worked with A. A.

Voss & Co., of Mobile and Galveston. Any information would be gratefully received by Miss O'Sullivan, a niece, 623 St. Nicholas Avenue, New York City.

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Col V Y Cook

Dec 16

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VOL. XXIV.

AUGUST, 1916

NO. 8

WOMAN'S PART IN WAR

By Mary H. Southworth Kimbrough

Who bears the long suspense of war? Who pays
With tears the cannon's cost? Who must behold
The maimed forms of those brave sons she bore
When from the bloody battle field they bring
Them home? And who must comfort, who restore
Men's shattered hopes—who must extract the sting
When victory has passed them by? . . . We know
Whose task this is. Since first the world began,
It has been woman's part in war. 'Twas so
When Southland's bugles called, and tidings ran
Of Southland's jeopardy from end to end
Of our fair land. Our mothers heard and wept,
Then kissed their sons and sent them to defend
Their righteous cause. And every warrior kept
Within his heart his pledge to one brave saint
To match her sacrifice with noble deed.

O great Confederate mothers, we would paint
Your names on monuments, that men may read
Them as the years go by and tribute pay
To you who bore and nurtured hero-sons
And gave them solace on that darkest day
When they came home with broken swords and guns!



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NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE

Responding to an inquiry as to the dead buried at Carrick's Ford, L. D. Carrick, of Parsons, W. Va., writes that there are no marks to identify the graves, and he knows but two of those buried there, one of whom was H. Venable (thought to have been a lieutenant) and the other George Lockett, of General Garnett's staff.

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VOL. XXIV.

NASHVILLE, TENN., AUGUST, 1916.

NO. 8. S. A. CUNNINGHAM,
FOUNDER.

ROBERT E. LEE.

BY EMMA FRANCES LEE SMITH.

(On seeing the memorial window in St. Paul's Church, Richmond, Va.)

When with rapt eyes and loyal hearts we stand
Within these sacred precincts and there see
Inscribed in splendor the renown of Lee,
Leader beloved, like Moses, who for land
And people long reviled took firm command
Of hosts predestined to defeat till he
With courage grand in sad humility
Sent back to ruined homes his shattered band,
Can we, the children of that land he loved,
Enough revere and cherish his great name
Who in the dismal hour of failure proved
How strong he was to do God's will? Now Fame
Hath writ his story on these glowing panes;
We add this tribute which our love constrains.

A WAYSIDE HOSPITAL.

BY C. P. DARGAN, DARLINGTON, S. C.

At the beginning of the war my father, Dr. T. P. Dargan, was surgeon of the 21st South Carolina Volunteer Infantry, serving in Virginia; but this regiment was subsequently transferred to Morris Island, near Charleston, S. C. In 1863 soldiers being furloughed home on account of disability from wounds, sickness, and other causes had a long, tedious trip to Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, and Louisiana, as there was no railroad then crossing North Carolina westward. The only railroad running south and southwest was by Florence, S. C., and many times these soldiers died from exhaustion ere they reached the shelter of home. My father, who was still surgeon of the 21st Regiment, conceived the happy idea of establishing a wayside hospital at Florence, then in Darlington County, on the railroad, where these unfortunate soldiers might be treated before they succumbed to exhaustion on their homeward journey. He carried out this idea successfully and unaided. The hospital was established, and thousands of Confederate soldiers whom he brought back from the grave, as it were, rose up and called him blessed. He was more valuable to the Southern Confederacy than a

hundred soldiers on the battle field, yet to this day no public record has ever been made of his philanthropic services.

I was a boy twelve years of age when the war closed. One Sunday morning in the month of April, 1865, just a short while before the surrender, I saw a detachment of Sherman's Cavalry—probably a part of Kipetricks' command—come through our town. They had an engagement with Johnston's command at Florence, ten miles south of this place, but nobody was hurt. On Sherman's approach the Yankee prisoners, numbering some ten thousand, had been removed from Andersonville, Ga., to Florence, and this cavalry detachment was sent there to release these prisoners.

"KEEP THE RECORD."

BY FRANK S. KOLBES, WASHINGTON, D. C.

In his article on page 148 of the VETERAN for April Colonel Saussy gives the nativity of Gen. James Withers as the State of Wisconsin. Appleton's "Biography," Volume VI, page 584, gives the birthplace of Jones Mitchell Withers as Madison County, Wis. Both are in error. Jones Mitchell Withers, Major General C. S. A., was not born in Wisconsin. His father was John Withers, of Dinwiddie County, Va., son of William Withers, who was Secretary to Governor Dinwiddie, of Virginia, in colonial times, who married Mary Herbert Jones, of Virginia. Most of the children of John Withers and his wife were born in Dinwiddie County, but about 1800 he removed his family to Madison County, Ala., where several of his children were born, among them being his son, Jones Mitchell Withers. One of his sisters, Priscilla Wright Withers, married William McDowell, of Huntsville, Ala., and these were the grandparents of my wife. Another of General Withers' sisters was the wife of Gov. C. C. Clay, of Alabama, and mother of Hon. Clement C. Clay, who was imprisoned at Fortress Monroe with President Davis. In the summer of 1914 my wife visited the family burying ground, on the plantation of her great-grandfather, John Withers, in Madison County, Ala., near Huntsville, and copied the inscriptions from several of the tombstones there. Gen. Jones M. Withers died in Mobile, Ala. (where he is buried), in 1889, at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Huger, wife of Col. D. E. Huger, who was Adjutant General on his staff.

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Founder.

Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

All who approve the principles of this publication and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to cooperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

FOR THE "TRUTH OF HISTORY."

BY SAMUEL WILL JOHN, SELMA, ALA.

In the July number of the *VETERAN*, page 331, Dr. G. W. Baskett writes of Veteran "Uncle Dick" Canby, who says he enlisted at Wetumpka, Ala., in Company C, Captain Cumfey, which was sent to the Army of Northern Virginia and placed in the Fifth Alabama, Colonel Hilliard's Regiment, Gracie's Brigade, Longstreet's Corps. Comrade Canby's advanced years have caused him unwittingly to confuse things a little, as reference to the records shows that Colonel Hilliard raised a legion of four battalions of infantry and one of cavalry. This legion fought with distinguished gallantry at Chickamauga and afterwards went with Longstreet into East Tennessee, where the legion was dissolved, and the infantry companies were formed into the 59th and 60th Alabama Regiments and the 23d Alabama Battalion and incorporated into Gracie's Brigade, which went to Virginia under Longstreet. No company of the legion was ever assigned to the 5th Regiment, which was in Rodes's (afterwards Battle's) Brigade, nor did Colonel Hilliard command a regiment after the legion was dissolved. There was no "detail" made to take the Crater, but Wilcox's old brigade, composed of the 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, and 14th Alabama Regiments, commanded by Brig. Gen. John C. C. Saunders, under the immediate direction of Major Mahone, did retake it and hold it.

Dr. Baskett says of Veteran Honeycutt that he was a member of Company A, 44th Alabama Regiment, Barksdale's Brigade. The 44th Alabama Regiment was never in Barksdale's Brigade, but was for a short while in Wright's Brigade and later was placed in Law's Alabama Brigade, composed of the 4th, 15th, 44th, 47th, and 48th Alabama Regiments, and served with great credit till paroled at Apomattox.

Another more serious error was made by D. B. Castleberry, in the same number, in his article on "Last Review of Forrest's Cavalry," page 307, when he wrote: "On the second evening of April [1865] the Federal cavalry captured Selma and most of Forrest's command, but he and his escort swam the Alabama River and made their escape." When Armstrong's small brigade, which held the breastworks east of the Summerfield road, had repulsed the enemy twice with severe losses and were then flanked out of the works, they were nearly all captured; and when Forrest saw that the city had been taken, he, with a few officers and members of his escort, went east along the river road, and, as the high water in the river had backed the water of Beach Creek over the bridge, he and those with him swam the creek and, after going a mile or more along the river road, turned north through the Brantly quarter, and at Massena Godwin's horse lot, on the Range Line road, came upon and killed a Yankee picket guard. They then crossed to the west side of the road, then to the west side of the Cahaba River and on to Marion, Ala., where Forrest took command of much the larger part of his corps under Major

Generals Jackson and Chalmers and moved it to Gainesville, Ala., where he and his command were paroled.

It may appear to some that these are small errors; but the *VETERAN* will be read by future generations in search of the truth of history made by the armies of the Confederacy, and therefore all who write for its pages should be absolutely accurate in all their statements.

"THE INDISPENSABLES."

John L. Collins, Adjutant General and Chief of Staff, 3d Brigade, Mississippi Division, U. C. V., praises the work of the Boy Scouts at the Birmingham Reunion in the following:

"Referring to the communication of Hampden Osborne, M.D., of Columbus, Miss., in the July *VETERAN*, I can think of nothing of more vital importance to the welfare of the veterans who may attend the next annual Reunion, to be held at the capital city of our country. The feature of having for the first time the Boy Scouts as an auxiliary to such an occasion demonstrated at the last (Birmingham) Reunion that hereafter they should be considered an indispensable adjunct, easing up a great many difficulties that heretofore have existed. As the Doctor has so well stated, these lads were surely on to their job, laying the Information Bureau entirely in the shade. It was remarkable how keenly sagacious they were in the performance of their duties, ever on the *qui vive*, led by an active spirit of watching the wishes of the 'old boys' of 1861-65, and never failing to comprehend a desire. It seemed that they could look us in the face and understand just what we wanted, never wasting words directing, but simply leading to the places we sought; no matter about distance or crooks, but landing us on the spot. When done they would stroll around, eagerly looking for another subject to center their apprehensive affections upon. O, those boys at Birmingham will never be forgotten for the service they so magnificently performed and, as Dr. Osborne said, overcoming that discontent and disappointment which heretofore have prevailed. The *VETERAN* cannot do a better service for the pleasure of the next Reunion than by keeping this prominently before the committees and management for our 'On to Washington in 1917.'

"Concluding, let me name these laddies our 'indispensables' for all coming Reunions, and the Birmingham boys should be given the positions of honor in showing new recruits the right way to do efficient service."

THE REUNION AT BIRMINGHAM.

BY J. N. POTTS, ADJUTANT SECOND BRIGADE, W. VA. DIV., U. C. V.

The recent Reunion at Birmingham was a great meeting. Birmingham's hospitality will be remembered as long as the old veterans live. The whole Southland is proud of Birmingham.

The prime object of these Reunions is expressed in the title, "Reunion." Comrades who in the sixties wore the Confederate gray and bared their breasts to the leaden hail of an invading army of overwhelming numbers, who suffered together from cold and hunger and wept together over the mangled remains of their fallen comrades as they saw them consigned to uncoffined graves, like to clasp each other's hands again and renew their covenants of perpetual comradeship. Instead of gray jackets, they come now with gray beards and snow-white locks. Venerable men they are, whose hearts became entwined in rifle pits and on many

bloody fields more than half a century ago. They were boys then, and they still love to call each other by the endearing name of "boys," though they are nearing the sunset gate of life.

It would seem that the present generation would be awestricken and stand with uncovered heads in the presence of a reunion of such men, the remnant of the most patriotic and most heroic army that was ever marshaled on the earth.

I should like to know why those having charge of the entertainment of the meetings make the dance such a prominent feature of the occasion. It seems to me so incongruous, so entirely out of place. It is like Nero fiddling while Rome was burning. I am not raising the question of the right or wrong of the modern dance. Solomon said, "There is a time to dance," but surely this is not the time. It looks too much like dancing on the graves of our fallen brothers. Thousands of old soldiers and many thousands of women who suffered during the cruel war would like to see the dance eliminated from future Reunions. May I ask just how the custom of selecting sponsors and maids of honor originated and what their duties were supposed to be? No question about their being first-class young women who would be doubly welcome if their presence was meant as a token of respect for the veterans; but if the dance is the paramount attraction, then I suggest that they seek that amusement elsewhere.

FIRST WHITE HOUSE OF THE CONFEDERACY.

BY MRS. CARRIE PHILAN BEALL, NEW YORK CITY.

Through an Alabama paper I have learned that the owner of the old Jefferson Davis home in Montgomery, Ala., known as the "first White House of the Confederacy," is thinking of demolishing the house to build a hotel on the lot. Being an Alabama New Yorker, my heart is and ever has been filled with the desire to make an Alabama Confederate museum of this old home. Will you not aid in this work by urging all Confederate organizations to save it before it is too late—United Confederate Veterans, United Daughters of the Confederacy, Sons of Confederate Veterans, and Confederate Southern Memorial Association? The White House Association is a member of the Confederated Southern Memorial Association. Great men and women over the country have indorsed this work; Northerners have contributed to the fund. I hope the State will not let the house be lost to Alabama. The traveling world is interested in the "Cradle of the Confederacy," its Capitol, and the "first White House" used by President Davis and his family. In 1866 Mrs. Davis presented to the White House Association every imaginable article—two carloads, shipped without expense by Colonel Falkner, a veteran and President of the road—beautiful relics, manuscripts, books, and paintings, a splendid mahogany bedroom set (four-posted bed, with hangings), all to go into this house for a Confederate museum. When Gov. Joseph Johnston was in office he reserved a room in the State Capitol, now known as the "Jefferson Davis Room," for the safe-keeping of these invaluable relics until the house could be acquired for them. I have much literature on this subject, and volumes could be written on it. The city of Montgomery has given this Association a beautiful lot on a hill near the cemetery, and the city and State should assist in placing the house on this lot. It would be a great museum, a repository for these wonderful relics, a resting place for visitors, and a lovely home for the cemetery sexton. The late Editor of the *VETERAN* was interested in this

work. Being away from Alabama, I know of no better way to reach my dear people than through the *VETERAN*, which I have taken from the beginning and would not do without. Please help us to save this home as a repository for the marvelous Davis collection. We also have Robert E. Lee and Stonewall Jackson relics to place in this museum.

MAGNANIMITY OF A FEDERAL PICKET.

BY ROBERT YOUNG, EATONTON, GA.

W. F. Jenkins, aged seventeen, a member of my command, Company G, 12th Georgia Infantry, was very seriously wounded in the side and leg just at dusk on August 28, 1862, in the battle of Second Manassas. When the firing ceased, Capt. A. S. Reid ordered Robert Jenkins (a brother) and Henry Marshall to look for and bring him into the lines. Seeing that Frank was desperately wounded, he ordered him taken to the field hospital and directed that his brother stay with him until the father could come. It was unusual to allow this, and Captain Reid said: "I may be court-martialed for it, but I'm going to take the risk."

While Frank Jenkins was being taken to the field hospital at night the little party was halted and asked: "Who are you?" The bearers responded: "We are two men of the 12th Georgia carrying a wounded comrade to the hospital." To their surprise, the picket said: "Don't you know you are in the Union lines?" "No." "You are, go to your right." Robert Jenkins said: "Man, you've got a heart in you." The Federal said: "God bless you."

The hospital was soon reached, but the doctors did not think Frank could survive the wound in his side; so they did not amputate his badly wounded leg. A few days later Robert Jenkins, with Frank and Lieutenant Scott, of the same company, who had also been seriously wounded on the 27th at Manassas Junction, reached Middleburg, twenty miles northwest of the battle field. As the wounded men lay on the ground a pretty young lady of the town came inquiring for Frank Jenkins and had him removed to her home, but her father declared that no Confederate soldier should stay in his house, and he made such a row that Robert Jenkins went out to look for another place. Finding that Scott had rented a room and wanted to share it with Frank, he was soon removed to the new place and there remained until his father came and took him home. After nineteen months he returned to the army with a shorter leg and was given a position as orderly sergeant of Dole's Brigade, serving to the end.

Thus through the thoughtfulness of his captain and the magnanimity of a Federal picket this young life was saved to many years of usefulness. Frank Jenkins lived nearly his entire life in Eatonton, Ga., where he became an eminent lawyer and judge of the Superior Court, holding the high regard, respect, and love of all who knew him. His death occurred there suddenly in December, 1900.

BATTLE OF FRANKLIN SURVIVORS.

The Union survivors of the battle of Franklin, November 30, 1864, will hold a special reunion during the time of the National Encampment, in Kansas City, Mo. This reunion will be on the day of the parade, about August 30, but the time and place will be given in the Kansas City papers. All Confederate survivors of that battle are invited to be present.

George F. Smith, President Battle of Franklin Survivors' Association, and J. K. Merrifield, 4321-A LaCade Avenue, St. Louis, Mo., will be glad to furnish information.

CAPT. THOMAS PINCKNEY.

[Tribute by Mr. Joseph W. Barnwell delivered at the anniversary meeting, April 12, 1916, of Camp Sumter, United Confederate Veterans, Charleston, S. C., of which Captain Pinckney had been Commander.]

Commander Clinck and Comrades of Camp Sumter: It is at once a privilege and a pleasure on behalf of Camp Sumter to pay our last tribute of respect to the memory of Capt. Thomas Pinckney, lately the Commander of the Camp. It seems strange, indeed, that a meeting of the Camp should be taking place and he be no longer here.

He was born in Charleston on August 13, 1828, and died in Charleston on November 15, 1915. He came of a strong stock of men and women. His first American ancestor (I go no farther back) was Dr. Henry Woodward, the first white settler in South Carolina, who by his own desire was left alone among the Indians at Port Royal by Sandford on his expedition there in 1666, nearly four years before the settlement of the colony in 1670. Gov. and Chief Justice Robert Gibbes was his next ancestor in order of time, who shortly after the settlement of the colony came here from the overcrowded island of Barbados, as so many other capable and prosperous settlers came, adding at once their substance and experience in colonial affairs to the resources of the struggling colony; then "Tuscarora" John Barnwell, the commander of the expedition against the Indians of North Carolina in 1711 and agent of the colony in transferring the government of the Lords Proprietors to that of the crown in 1719; then Chief Justice Charles Pinckney and his son, Gen. Thomas Pinckney, who, like his brother, Charles Cotesworth Pinckney, was a soldier in the Revolution, a diplomatist after the war was over, and a candidate of the Federal party for the presidency of the United States. Gen. Thomas Pinckney was also a major general in the United States army, commanding the Southern Department in the War of 1812.

His mother was of the Beaufort Elliotts. William Elliott, the first successful planter of sea island cotton in 1790, was his grandfather. The Hon. Stephen Elliott, the naturalist, and his son, Stephen Elliott, the gifted Bishop of Georgia, and Gen. Stephen Elliott, of Fort Sumter, were his near kinsmen. Eliza Lucas, the wife of Chief Justice Pinckney, his great-grandmother, was the introducer of indigo-planting in the colony; and Rebecca Motte, of Indian arrows fame, most known of our women in the Revolution, was his grandmother. I doubt whether this descent could be surpassed, certainly not in South Carolina history.

Captain Pinckney attended school at Pendleton, where his father resided during the summer, and at Greenville, where his brother, the Rev. Charles Cotesworth Pinckney, was the rector for some years. He grew up with the manly vigor which hunting, fishing, boating, swimming, and riding, the sports of the coast country of his day, naturally gave. With a splendid form, over six feet in height, he was as erect in his eighty-eighth year as he was when I first remember him, a handsome man in his twenties. They strengthened his constitution so as to enable him to withstand the privations of prison life during the Confederate war.

He received his collegiate education at the University of Virginia and was graduated in medicine at the Medical College of South Carolina in the class of 1849. Dr. J. F. M. Geddings and Dr. William H. Huger were two of his classmates. He studied medicine, as his brother, the Rev. Charles Cotesworth Pinckney, studied law, because his father desired

that both of his sons should obtain professions. However, he never practiced medicine and never assumed the title of doctor, to which he was entitled. After completing his medical studies at the College of Physicians and Surgeons, in New York, he took charge of his own plantation, Fairfield, on



CAPT. THOMAS PINCKNEY.

South Santee River, left to him by his uncle, Col. Thomas Pinckney; and his father also turned over to him Fannymede, formerly the plantation of Rebecca Motte. He planted them until the outbreak of the Confederate war, in 1860. That he was an ardent Southerner in his views scarcely need be stated. The best proof of the respect in which he was held by the men of his neighborhood is the promptness with which he was able to raise first a company and then a squadron of cavalry to serve under his command. It will interest you to know that he has left reminiscences of the war and the subsequent days of Reconstruction. The proofs of these had actually been printed at the time of his death.

I give only an outline of his experiences from December 20, 1860, when the State seceded. It is noteworthy that he expresses an opinion that "most people" believed at that time that the dissolution of the Union would be a bloodless one. With a view, however, to preparing for any emergency which might arise owing to the secession of the State, he was first a member of a cavalry company commanded by Capt. (afterwards Gen.) Arthur Manigault, who had served in the Mexican War, and he subsequently joined in raising another company, called the St. James Mounted Riflemen, of which he became captain, later recruiting it into a squadron. His men were enlisted for the war. He served for a time under Maj. Edward Manigault, whose headquarters were at McClellanville and who had under his command the Mounted Riflemen, the light artillery company of Capt. Christopher Gaillard, and six companies of infantry.

Service under Major Manigault, a most gallant and efficient officer, afterwards desperately wounded on James Island in 1865, was most acceptable to Captain Pinckney and his men. The passing of the conscription act of 1862, however, and the reorganization of the Confederate armies gave the right to those soldiers who had not enlisted for the war, but who were, nevertheless, kept in service, to choose their own officers up to the rank of colonel; and Major Manigault at the election then held lost his commission, as so many other capable officers did, as a consequence of this legislation.

Captain Pinckney was first under fire in a raid upon the rice plantation on the Santee, made by the enemy's gunboats shortly after the reorganization; and the facts related in his narrative and his strictures upon the conduct of the officer commanding in the place of Major Manigault, show this officer's unfitness for command. The efforts made by the Captain, including an interview with General Pemberton, then in chief command here, to escape from the command of this officer were unavailing. General Pemberton further refused to have the captain and his men transferred to Virginia on the ground that he "needed cavalry as well as General Lee." This command was subsequently broken up, and Captain Pinckney's men in part, with the cavalry battalions of Stokes and Emanuel and the Charleston Light Dragoons, were formed into the 4th Cavalry Regiment under Col. Benjamin H. Rutledge.

The new regiment was transferred to the neighborhood of Yemassee, guarding the Charleston and Savannah Railway, under the command of Gen. W. S. ("Live Oak") Walker. I remember seeing Captain Pinckney there in the summer of 1863.

In May, 1864, the regiment was sent to Virginia to form a part of the brigade of Gen. (afterwards Senator) M. C. Butler. They arrived at Richmond on May 24, 1864, and in the engagement at Hawes's Shop, May 28, 1864, where so many Charlestonians, especially members of the Light Dragoons, gave up their lives for their country, he was cut off from his command and taken prisoner. His sword, which had belonged to his grandfather, General Pinckney, and which had also been used by his father in the War of 1812, was taken from him by Lieutenant Ingersoll, of a Michigan regiment, in Custer's Division. Many promises were made by Lieutenant Ingersoll, and subsequently to his son, to restore this relic to Captain Pinckney, but it has never been returned.

Although he was reported as killed, he was able to get through the lines a message to his family which was forwarded by Capt. Rawlins Lowndes, of Hampton's staff, and which reached them a few days after the receipt of the report of his death.

From June 8 to June 25, 1864, he was confined at Point Lookout and from June 25 to August 29 at Fort Delaware. From there he was conveyed by sea to Morris Island and imprisoned among the six hundred Confederate officers held under the guns of the Confederate batteries in Charleston Harbor in retaliation for the imprisonment of eighty-three United States officers confined in Charleston by the Confederate government after the action of General Gilmore in bombarding the city without proper warning.

His health had been much impaired and his life endangered by the miserable fare and the cold and damp of his quarters at the North, but he was quite restored by the ocean air on his voyage South and by the fresh breezes of Morris Island. They were placed at Morris Island under the guard of a negro regiment and subjected to orders unusually harsh.

Their rations were "a few worm-eaten hard-tack, a little chunk of bacon say one and a half inches square, and a cup of bean soup." It was estimated that there were three beans to every quart of water. It is characteristic of his practical common sense that he learned at once to adapt himself to prison life. The blanket which he purchased for \$10 from one of his guards when first captured and which he as characteristically shared with Lieut. Lionel C. Nowell, of the Light Dragoons, and the frying pan which hung from his shoulders as he was transferred from prison to prison were so many object lessons in prison life. At the North he resolutely refused to go into hospital when ill, for he had observed that all of his friends who did so died. The negro sergeants who guarded the camp at Morris Island were soon respectful and almost attached attendants to the extent to which they dared to go. The many letters which he persistently wrote, though few were ever delivered, obtained for him small sums (much less than was actually sent) from friends at the North which he used for himself and his companions. At Morris Island boxes came through untouched from time to time.

On October 21, 1864, he was removed to Fort Pulaski, near Savannah, where his treatment was no longer severe, and on December 15, 1864, he was exchanged in Charleston Harbor, though not permitted at the time to return to service in the army.

After a brief visit to his plantations, from which most of the negroes had been removed by his father to a farm in Abbeville County, he passed through Columbia just before the entry of Sherman, carrying off in his wagon and saving from fire and pillage some of the precious possessions of his relations there.

Finding out in March, 1865, that he was expected to report for service, he purchased a horse, the poorest, he says, which he ever rode, for \$2,700. Salt was then selling at from \$50 to \$75 per bushel.

On rejoining his command at Smithfield, N. C., in March, 1865, he found, owing to various causes, just ten of his former company present and only one officer. When Sherman's army advanced from Goldsboro, Captain Pinckney's horse, borrowed for the fight, became frightened at the firing and fell upon him, fracturing his left ankle. While slowly following in the wake of Johnston's army he heard from one of his men that it was reported that Lee had surrendered. He had been lying in a freight car side-tracked at Hillsboro. He thus describes what happened upon his hearing the news: "I was so shocked that I dragged myself to the open doorway; and as there were many men passing back and forth, I launched such a philippic at the crowd soon collecting as I had never indulged in before, telling them it was a disgrace to the uniform they wore for the soldiers of the Confederate States to be circulating reports which they knew to be untrue and which were becoming only to weak-kneed old men and women at the rear, who knew nothing of the spirit of the army."

Alas! he was soon shown the parole of a soldier of Lee's army, and, in his own words, "it required time to take in this stunning blow."

Arrived at last at Abbeville, he was in October, 1865, well enough to reach Flat Rock, N. C., which had been raided by deserters coming down from the mountains during the absence of most of the men who owned property there. He found his father's house in bad condition, most of the furniture having been removed or stolen. He succeeded, however, in getting a good deal of it back. He then returned to Abbe-

ville and set out for his plantations on the Santee. His mother had died in June, 1864, during his absence in prison, and his father died in the same month in 1865.

Captain Pinckney, like many Confederate soldiers, considered it almost treason and an insult to the memory of the Confederate dead to criticize the conduct of the war, to doubt the necessity of secession, or even to question whether a successful result of the war would have brought unparalleled advantage to the Southern States. However, when the war was over and he returned to his deserted home on the Santee, to Eldorado and Fairfield, he began at once to build anew upon the old foundations. He spent no time in useless re-aping and for nearly sixty years lived not in the past, but in the present and the future, doing his duty as became a man.

He found his houses pillaged and much of the furniture and many of the books stolen or destroyed, but most of the negroes were still on his places. With the aid of an officer of the United States sent up by General Devens, afterwards Associate Justice of Massachusetts, he succeeded in convincing the negroes that his lands did not belong to them, and he again began planting.

At one time he and three of his friends supported themselves by hunting deer and wild turkeys three days in the week and selling the game in Charleston, forty-two miles away. He proved himself an excellent manager of free labor, having a genuine liking for the negro, whom he knew how to control—indeed, he knew how to get on with most people whom he met in life. He passed through the evil days of Reconstruction, making the best of circumstances, of course assisting actively in the rescue of the State from barbarism in the Hampton campaign of 1876. Rice-planting under the changed conditions no longer was a source of wealth and often resulted in total loss. After some years he did not carry on the business himself, but resided in Virginia, where he had married, until his return to Charleston in 1892.

Captain Pinckney was twice married, first on the 20th of April, 1870, to Miss Mary Stewart, daughter of Mr. John Stewart, of Richmond, Va., and on the 12th of July, 1892, to Miss Camilla Scott, the daughter of the Hon. Robert E. Scott, of Fauquier County, Va. He is survived by his widow and by a son of the first marriage and a daughter of the second.

I have never known any one who preserved his youth in old age as well as Captain Pinckney. Until almost the end of his life he went everywhere and seemed to enjoy everything. He always appeared younger than his contemporaries and often younger than men much his juniors. Neither in civil nor in military life was he ambitious. He was twice offered promotion during the war and refused it, wishing to remain with his men. He never sought or held public office, yet he was essentially public-spirited. He did his duty without hesitation and without a thought as to what others would say or think of him. Without a trace of bigotry, he loved his Church and was ready to aid it whenever it was in his power conscientiously to do so. He never cared to be brilliant, but he had sound judgment, which, aided by a strong sense of humor, guided him to the right road. He made few mistakes in the course of his long life.

Brave, truthful, courteous, genial, hospitable, amiable, though he knew how and when to say "No," making life pleasant to himself and to all around him, he was an ornament to his community, a fine example to our youth, and a type of the men of the Old South.

THE BATTLE OF OLUSTEE.

BY GEN. GEORGE P. HARRISON, OPELIKA, ALA.

The year 1864 opened with promise of great activity on the part of the Federal armies. The preceding year had given victories to them which produced in the Union forces confidence in the ultimate success of the cause for which they fought. There was talk of action against Mobile and at various other points on the coast.

At this time Maj. Gen. Q. A. Gillmore was the commanding general of the Department of the South. He had under his command on January 31, 1864, some 33,927 men, of all branches of the service, and one hundred and ten pieces of artillery, of which forty were field guns. General Gillmore seemed to believe that an expedition into Florida from Jacksonville might be valuable to the Federal cause and would, if successful, open up a market for cotton, lumber, turpentine, and other products of the State; that it might shut off the Confederacy from the cattle herds of Florida, which at that time were contributing largely to the support of its armies; that it might obtain recruits for the negro regiments he was empowered to enlist and organize; and, finally, that it might promote a movement of the citizens to organize a loyal State government.

Early in 1864 President Lincoln wrote to General Gillmore as follows:

"EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON, January 13, 1864.

"Major General Gillmore: I understand an effort is being made by some worthy gentlemen to reconstruct a loyal State government in Florida. Florida is in your department, and it is not unlikely that you may be there in person. I have given Mr. Hay a commission of major and sent him to you, with some blank books and other blanks, to aid in the reconstruction. He will explain as to the manner of using the blanks and also my general views on the subject. It is desirable for all to coöperate; but if irreconcilable differences of opinion shall arise, you are master.

"I wish the thing done in the most speedy way possible, so that when done it will be within the range of the late proclamation on the subject. The detail labor, of course, will have to be done by others; but I shall be greatly obliged if you will give it such general supervision as you can find convenient with your more strictly military duties.

"Yours very truly,

A. LINCOLN."

Following this, General Gillmore wrote to the general in chief of the Federal armies:

"HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE SOUTH,
HILTON HEAD, January 31, 1864.

"Maj. Gen. H. W. Halleck, General in Chief, Washington, D. C.—General: In reply to your letter of the 22d inst., I beg leave to state that the objects and advantages to be secured by the occupation of that portion of Florida within my reach—viz., the richest portions between the Suwanee and the St. John Rivers—are, first, to secure an outlet for cotton, lumber, timber, turpentine, and the other products of that State; second, to cut off one of the enemy's sources of commissary supplies. He now draws largely upon the herds of Florida for his beef and is making preparation to take up a portion of the Fernandina and St. Mark Railroad for the purpose of connecting the road from Jacksonville to Tallahassee with Thomasville, on the Savannah, Albany, and Gulf Railroad, and perhaps with Albany, on the Southwestern Railroad; third, to obtain recruits for my colored regiments; fourth, to inaugurate measures for the speedy restoration of Florida

to her allegiance in accordance with instructions which have received from the President by the hands of Maj. John Hay, assistant adjutant general. I am expecting to accomplish these objects with the means at my command. The only requisitions which I have made in excess of my ordinary wants to enable me to accomplish this work speedily are for fifteen hundred horses and fifteen hundred sets of horse equipments to mount some infantry. If the filling of these requisitions will occasion any embarrassment to the departments of supply, they can be reduced thirty per cent.

"Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

Q. A. GILLMORE, Major General Commanding."

In furtherance of this expedition, General Gillmore directed General Seymour, who was in command of the District of Hilton Head, to embark on the 5th of February, 1864, with his command, composed of Barton's and Montgomery's Brigades, Henry's Brigade of Mounted Infantry, and Langdon's and Elder's Battery of four guns each, and to rendezvous at the mouth of the St. John River by daybreak February 7. To transport this command, some thirty-five or more vessels were employed. The movement of these vessels through the waters of Port Royal and Broad River was detected by the Confederates and reported to General Beauregard, who was commanding the Department of South Carolina, Georgia, and Florida. On February 8 Brigadier General Finegan reported by telegraph to General Beauregard that five gunboats and two transports of the enemy had made their appearance in the St. John within five miles of Jacksonville, and on the next day he announced the arrival at Jacksonville of eighteen vessels (gunboats and transports), the landing of the enemy, and an immediate advance on the night of February 7. General Beauregard, who had some days prior to this ordered troops at Charleston and on the line of the Charleston and Savannah Railroad and at Savannah held in readiness for such an emergency, telegraphed orders to send to the imperiled quarter with all possible celerity every soldier that could be spared. The soldiers thus sent were nearly all Georgians, and hereafter will be shown.

The want of adequate rolling stock on the Georgia and Florida Railroads and the existence of a gap of some twenty-six miles between the two roads subjected the concentration of these troops to a delay which deprived the efforts of General Beauregard to relieve Florida of full effect. General Finegan was advised by telegraph of what was done and instructed to do what he could with his means to hold the enemy at bay. On February 8 the enemy's force at Jacksonville was largely augmented by the arrival of more troops and on that night advanced from Jacksonville with great rapidity.

Lieutenant Colonel McCormick, who commanded the Confederates at Camp Finegan, retired before their superior numbers and withdrew his forces to Camp Beauregard, near Olustee, on the 13th of February. The enemy with celerity passed on to Baldwin, capturing on the way five guns of the Milton Light Artillery, which had been ordered to Baldwin. Baldwin was reached at daylight on the 9th of February. Remaining there a short time, the Federal forces continued on to Barbers the same night. At this point they were met on the 10th of February by two companies under Maj. Robert Harrison, of the 2d Florida Cavalry, who checked their progress for several hours at St. Mary's Crossing.

On the 10th of February the enemy's forces reached Sanderson. On the 11th they were within three miles of Lake City. Here they met and skirmished with a small force of Confed-

erates collected there by General Finegan. From there they fell back to Sanderson, thence to Barbers, on the east bank of St. Mary's River, where they constructed field works and concentrated their whole force. On the 13th of February General Finegan moved to Ocean Pond, near Olustee, and occupied the strongest position between Lake City and Barbers. Here field works were thrown up, and General Finegan, whose command was increased by the arrival of the troops sent from Georgia and South Carolina, organized them as follows: 1st Brigade, composed of the 6th, 19th, 23d, 27th, and the 28th Georgia Regiments; the 6th Florida Battalion of Infantry, under the command of Brigadier General Colquitt, with the Chatham Artillery attached; the 2d Brigade, composed of the 32d Georgia Volunteers, 1st Georgia Regulars, 64th Georgia Volunteers, 1st Georgia Battalion, and Bernard's Georgia Battalion, under Col. George P. Harrison, with Guerard's Light Battery attached. The cavalry was placed under command of Col. Caraway Smith, of the 2d Florida Cavalry, and the Florida Light Infantry was held in reserve. The whole Confederate force was: Infantry, 4,600; cavalry, about 600; artillery, 3 batteries, 12 guns.

On the morning of February 20, 1864, the enemy left his position on St. Mary's River and advanced in force, variously estimated at from eight thousand to twelve thousand, one column by the railroad and the other by the Lake City and Jacksonville Road, a distance from St. Mary's River to Olustee being some nineteen or twenty miles.

The country through which the Union army's advance was made and where the battle was fought needs some attention to enable a full understanding of the details of the campaign. From Jacksonville west to the Suwanee, Florida is a vast level, intersected here and there with creeks and rivers flowing east and west, and the whole country is dotted with numerous ponds and small lakes. In 1864 this plain was generally covered with turpentine forest, the trees not growing close together, however, but so far apart that the eye could see for good distances, and passage through this forest was not difficult for artillery or cavalry. There was little undergrowth, except that here and there, at intervals varying in extent, were bays, so-called, of semitropical plants, which are sometimes extensive and generally swampy; indeed, the definition given in the Century Dictionary of the word "bay" is, "A swampy piece of ground with undergrowth over it." Also there are cypress swamps and what are called "slashes," or "tracts," on which was water ankle-deep at times or deeper. The soil was hard and at the slashes consisted of white sand, firm to the touch, which, I suppose, forms the foundation on which rests the upper soil, where there is no water, and is a substratum of the whole country. The ground where dry was covered at that season with coarse grass and wild flowers, and there were few cultivated or cleared tracts on the line of march and those of no great extent. From Jacksonville the railroad runs almost due west to the Suwanee River and parallel, and not far off, at times crossing from one side of the railroad to the other, runs the traveled road known as the Lake City and Jacksonville Road, which could be used by artillery and wagons. Neither road nor railroad was fenced, as well as I can remember, and certainly not on the battle field. Of this field there is only one map which I have been able to find, made by Lieutenant Grant, of the Confederate engineering corps, and shown in the Atlas of the "Official Records," Plate 53, No. 3. A very good copy also is to be found in the "History of the Chatham Artillery" and in the eleventh volume of "Confederate

Military History." I believe that it is substantially correct, but it would be an advantage if it showed more of the lay of the land toward Sanderson.

The battle field was two and a quarter miles east of the fortified position, and some two miles west was a branch, so called, though the map would indicate the latter to be a narrow bay of considerable length at right angles to the railroad which runs through it, and a notation on the plot tells the reader that here the pursuit ended. Judging from some accounts, it must have been swampy. The distance from this branch, or bay, to the line of fortification west is some five or six miles. The railroad runs almost straight from the bay to the fortifications, and about halfway between the Lake City Road crosses the track from the north to the south as one goes west; while near the bay and west of it the road has a branch a little to the north and terminating near the railroad about a mile east of the fortifications. These latter were constructed at right angles to and crossing the railroad, extending from Ocean Pond on the north to a cypress swamp on the south, in front of which there were forests westward on the right. In front of the works the ground was occupied by a bay not practicable for troops except where crossed by the railroad and pike, which were here parallel and close together.

Ocean Pond is some two and a half by two miles in extent and well protected the left flank of the works, which made a strong defensive position to a direct attack, though possible to be turned around the pond. On the road south of the railroad about a mile in advance of the works was a house, and north of the railroad, opposite this house and where the branch of the Lake City Road by the plat seemed to end, was a large bay, rather indefinite in its boundaries, stretching toward Ocean Pond; and about halfway between the intrenchments and the point marked as the place where pursuit closed was a small pond. The whole ground, except where the bays and swampy places were located, was covered with pine trees with tall bare trunks not so thickly placed as to interfere with a fair view of the whole area.

Such was the battle field of Olustee, which I shall proceed to describe as faithfully as possible, after fifty-two years, as one who was present and in command of the left of the Confederate line. Being informed of the advance of the enemy, General Finegan had his entire command drawn up in line of battle behind the intrenchments near Olustee Station about 10 A.M. About twelve o'clock General Finegan sent me an order to send forward the 64th Georgia Regiment with instructions to meet the enemy, then reported about three miles in our front, to engage them lightly and fall back, with a view to drawing them on to our works. As this was a new regiment recently assigned to my brigade and had never before been under fire, I rode back to see General Finegan and suggested the propriety of sending forward with them two companies of the 32d Georgia, Companies H and B, under Captain Mobley. To this suggestion he assented, and the 64th Georgia and these two companies were immediately sent forward, under command of Colonel Evans, with said instructions.

About thirty or forty minutes after these troops had been sent forward I heard the long roll sounded in Colquitt's Brigade and saw him riding toward me. On meeting him I asked to know the cause of the long roll, and he told me he had just received an order from General Finegan to move to the front with a part of his brigade, assume command of all our forces at the front, and capture a regiment of Yan-

kees that were reported to be tearing up the railroad track, adding that he had no idea what the force of the enemy was, that he was apprehensive General Finegan did not know, and that he had ridden by to have an understanding with me to the effect that if he found the enemy stronger than reported and he should need my assistance he desired that upon notice I should come promptly to his support. To this I agreed, and General Colquitt, with three regiments of his brigade and a section of Gamble's Battery, proceeded to the front. About two miles from Olustee Station he found the enemy advancing rapidly and our cavalry retiring before them. He immediately dispatched one of his staff back to me with the message that "the Yankees were out there as thick as hops" and for me to come forward at once.

I then requested this staff officer, Major Morgan, to notify General Finegan of the message he had brought me from General Colquitt and to inform the former that I had gone to the assistance of General Colquitt, which I did by moving to the front with all of my brigade then with me except the 1st Florida Battalion and one section of Guerard's Battery, which were left at the intrenchments.

As soon as General Colquitt saw the enemy he threw forward a party of skirmishers and hastily began to form line of battle, being then under a thick fire from the enemy's advance. The 19th Georgia was placed on the right and the 28th Georgia on the left, with a section of Gamble's Battery in the center. The 64th Georgia and two companies of the 32d Georgia were formed on the left of the 28th.

I had advanced about a mile to the front when I received a message from General Colquitt urging me to move up rapidly. I had scarcely put my command into double-quick when the sound of artillery in my front indicated that the fight had opened. Quickening our pace, we moved on until within a few hundred yards of the place where the road we were on crossed the railroad. At this place the shells of the enemy's artillery were exploding over us. I halted for a moment to take in the situation and observed the enemy's position across the railroad, which was then sweeping the front of my command with a battery stationed near the crossroads. I saw General Colquitt forming a line of battle, and then I moved my command in double-quick time across the railroad and formed a line of battle on the left of that just established by General Colquitt. In doing this my formation was delayed by our retreating cavalry, who at a rapid gait rode through and over my line, many of them shouting as they did so: "Lie down; the Yankees are coming!" But my gallant men failed to obey the cavalry, kept on their feet, and were soon facing the pursuing enemy, who, armed with repeating Spencer rifles, had utterly demoralized our cavalry. On the first volley from our infantry, however, they stopped their chase and fell back to their main line. Our cavalry continued its retreat and, with the exception of one squadron of the 4th Georgia Cavalry, under command of Captain Brown, was not seen or heard of again during the battle. I well remember Captain Brown, at the head of his squadron, riding up to me in the midst of the fight and demanding that I assign him a place in the line of battle. I told him he had made a mistake, that I had nothing to do with the cavalry. To this he replied: "I know that; but you are the ranking officer I find in the fight, and I demand that you assign me a place." I then told him that if it was a fight he wanted here it was and directed him to deploy his squadron on my left and keep me posted of the movements of the enemy. This he gallantly did, and it was on account of information given by

him and communicated by me to General Colquitt that the 6th and 32d Georgia Regiments were moved to the right flank of the enemy and caused them to fall back in confusion.

As soon as my line was well established I received a message from General Colquitt directing me to assume command of the left of our line. This I did, and the engagement soon became general. I then reported to General Colquitt and asked for instructions. He replied that I was in proper position to fight my own line and that he would fight his. This we proceeded to do. Being now at long range (about three hundred yards), I advanced, in conjunction with the right of our line, to within about one hundred and fifty yards of the enemy, who stubbornly stood his ground. About this position the field was hotly contested by both sides for an hour, when the enemy gave way slowly before the close pressure of our gallant men. (It was during this encounter, while riding with my staff down the line from the left toward the center, that the results of the day seemed doubtful. It was whispered that my ordnance officer, Lieut. R. F. Dancy, was instantly killed, and my aid-de-camp, Lieut. Horace P. Clark, and one of my couriers had their horses shot from under them, and my own horse was badly wounded.)

Not much time elapsed before the enemy was reinforced by fresh troops, and our advance was checked. His resistance now seemed more stubborn than before for more than twenty minutes, when sullenly he gave back a little, apparently to seek a better position; but he still held us at bay. Now the results of the day seemed doubtful. It was whispered down the line, particularly in the 6th and 32d Georgia Regiments, that our ammunition was failing and there was no ordnance train in sight. This I immediately reported to General Colquitt, who urged that we hold our ground, that ammunition would certainly reach us directly. This, I am proud to say, was heroically complied with by my command, many of them for fifteen or twenty minutes standing their ground without a round of ammunition. Seeing the critical condition of affairs, I dismounted, placed one of my staff, whose horse had been displaced, upon my horse, and he and the others of my staff and couriers conveyed ammunition from a train of cars some half a mile or more distant. It was in the discharge of this duty that Lieut. George M. Blount, my acting assistant adjutant general, was shot from his horse, though not seriously wounded. By making several trips they succeeded in supplying to our line sufficient ammunition for the reopening of a rapid and effective fire, before which the enemy commenced to retire slowly, still keeping his fire upon us, when the 1st Florida Battalion, under command of Lieut. W. Robert Gignilliat, arrived from the intrenchments. I at once ordered him to the support of the 64th Georgia Regiment, whose ammunition was nearly exhausted, and the latter to take position and open fire near the left center. These reinforcements, with some that arrived from the right, served to embolden our men and intimidate the enemy; for the latter's retreat now became more hurried and his fire less rapid and effective. Under instructions from General Colquitt, I threw forward the 6th and 32d Georgia Regiments, the extreme left of our line, to flank the enemy upon his right, which movement succeeded admirably, for soon his right was exposed to a cross-fire which told upon his ranks with fine effect. A general advance of our line now drove the enemy, who retreated sullenly at first, then precipitately, before our victorious arms for some miles, when night came on, and, by order of General Colquitt, we ceased firing, and our line halted.

The commanding officers of the various regiments did their

duty nobly. Our artillery was efficient, but it was the infantry that put the enemy to flight. General Colquitt was the senior officer on the firing line during the entire fight. The only message received by me from General Finegan after I moved to the front was to fall back to the breastworks if we were hard pressed. This was communicated to me through General Colquitt, who agreed with me that a retreat was impracticable. No backward movement was made or attempted by our troops during the entire fight.

The Federal forces which left St. Mary's, as before stated, were under the command of Gen. Truman Seymour and were attempting to carry out the instructions of Mr. Lincoln by marching a column of Union troops well into the country west of Jacksonville, there to establish a strong position. From that point they expected to break up all communication between East, Middle, and West Florida by the destruction of railroads and bridges in the region above the Suwanee River. The Southern Confederacy thus not only would have been deprived of a large quantity of foodstuffs that it had been drawing from East and South Florida, but at the same time a rallying point would have been established for any of the inhabitants who were disposed to attempt the organization of a government acknowledging allegiance to the United States. Such was the program that General Seymour, by direction of Gillmore, had undertaken on this occasion. Seymour carried out the first part of his orders all right. He went a good way into the interior, and there he found trouble. At Olustee he found across his path Gen. Alfred H. Colquitt and the Confederate forces heretofore named.

The losses of the United States forces were as follows:

In Barton's Brigade, killed, wounded, and missing.....	824
In Hawley's Brigade, killed, wounded, and missing.....	587
In Montgomery's Brigade, killed, wounded, and missing.....	316
In Henry's Brigade, killed, wounded, and missing.....	57
In the artillery, killed, wounded, and missing.....	77

Total 1,861

Loss in the Union army, nearly thirty-four per cent.

The losses in the Confederate forces were:

In Colquitt's Brigade, killed, wounded, and missing.....	481
In Harrison's Brigade, killed, wounded, and missing.....	460

Total 946

The percentage was over seventeen and a half, or a little over one-half of the Union loss.

The battle of Olustee was a "fair, square, stand-up fight. It took place in a beautiful pine woods having but little undergrowth." It lasted about three hours and was, for the numbers engaged, one of the bloodiest encounters of the whole war. The Confederate losses, as above shown, were 946; the Union, 1,861—a casualty list seldom shown in the histories of war. General Seymour fell back to his gunboats at Jacksonville as fast as he could and made no further attempt to carry out President Lincoln's plan regarding Florida. No battle ever fought was more completely decisive of the matter at issue than was the battle of Olustee.

Reply of Gov. Isham G. Harris, on April 18, 1861, to the Federal government's call for troops: "Tennessee will not furnish a single man for coercion, but fifty thousand, if necessary, for the defense of our rights or those of our Southern brothers."

MEMORIAL DAY AT CAMP CHASE, OHIO.

ADDRESS BY GEN. BENNETT H. YOUNG AT COLUMBUS, OHIO, JUNE 10, 1916, ON THE OCCASION OF THE DECORATION OF THE GRAVES OF CONFEDERATE SOLDIERS AT CAMP CHASE.

Ladies and Gentlemen and Spirits of My Heroic Departed Comrades: The ladies composing the two Chapters of the Daughters of the Confederacy at Columbus for many years have been extending to me invitations to come and deliver the annual address upon the occasion of the decoration of the graves of these illustrious dead amidst whose sepulchers we now stand.

The men who sleep here, many of whose names are unknown, died as the result of war's sufferings and sacrifices. It has been asserted that I had the honor of being the first man to make a speech over Confederate graves in territory north of the Ohio River. Be this as it may, I was early in this work. An inmate for a brief while of the Ohio penitentiary in 1863 and later a prisoner at Camp Chase, it was thought fitting to ask me to talk here this afternoon. This is my third visit on such a mission.

There are a number of differences in the surroundings of my first and last coming to Columbus. It lacks forty-seven days of fifty-three years since, on the 27th of July, 1863, I first came to this city. Marked changes have occurred during this interval. We need not consider the changes in any of us personally; but there are vast changes in the condition of our country, in the growth and development of this city, and in the greatness and unity of the American nation. The expansion of the republic in all lines in the last fifty-three years, measured by any standards other than the standards used in determining the greatness of the progress of the United States, would be impossible.

On the 2d of July, 1863, Gen. John H. Morgan's division of Confederate cavalry crossed the Cumberland River at or near Burkesville, Ky. This division was three thousand strong and was composed almost entirely of young Kentuckians. This command entered Ohio at Harrison on the 13th of July and proceeded on what is designated as the "Ohio raid" toward Cincinnati. About twenty thousand Federal troops had been centered at Cincinnati along the line of what is known as the Little Miami Railroad. To pass this cordon, or living trocha, required genius and skill. General Morgan turned his face northward. General Burnside conceived the idea that it was his purpose to go higher, possibly to capture Dayton. Disposition of the Federal forces was made to counteract this move of General Morgan's, when the wily Confederate officer, having outwitted the other side, quietly turned his way southward and passed the Federal line at Glendale.

On the 13th of July, 1863, Morgan's command made the longest single day's cavalry march of the world, and Morgan's march on the Ohio raid up to that time is considered one of the most remarkable exploits of cavalry in any war. It is claimed that they marched one thousand miles in twenty-six days and that on the 13th and 14th of July, without stopping, by a continuous march they covered ninety-five and one-fourth miles in thirty hours of marching time. This surpassed Stuart's Chickahominy raid when he moved around McClellan's army for the purpose of securing accurate information as to the disposition of the Federal troops under McClellan.

On the 19th of July, 1863, Morgan's forces met disaster at Burrington Island, and three-fourths of his command were

captured. Eight hundred of his forces, composed largely of the 8th Kentucky Cavalry, Cluke's Regiment, of which I was a member, marched seven days longer. Morgan outrode the Federals and continued the march toward the Pennsylvania border for a week; but on the 26th of July he and his followers were captured at or near Salineville, in Columbiana County, Ohio. The tired and sleepy soldiers who had made this wonderful ride, although hungry, did not ask for food. They prayed only for sleep, and on the naked ground, without blankets, they lay down and were allowed to slumber until the following morning, when they were entrained and brought to Columbus. We arrived here sometime in the fore part of the night. Having been disabled in my foot, I was placed in the penitentiary by my captors and after a day or two removed to Camp Chase.

Twenty-six days of incessant marching and fighting had told upon the physique of the heroic and stalwart Kentuckians who composed General Morgan's command. Dust-stained, weary, reduced somewhat in flesh by reason of the uncertain commissary which the people of Ohio provided for them, they were glad for a brief while to do nothing but rest and sleep.

General Morgan's capture and his subsequent confinement in the Ohio penitentiary, together with sixty-nine of his officers, form one of the striking episodes of the history of the great War between the States, and, according to the judgment of Morgan's men—indeed, of all Southern men—the conduct of the officials of the Ohio penitentiary and of the Federal authorities reflects little credit on the history of this great State. It required a number of years to fix the responsibility for this great wrong. The United States has published one of the most wonderful books ever issued by any government. It has provided vast and accurate material for future writers about the gigantic struggle between the North and South. The books, several hundred in number, as printed, contain every telegram, order, or announcement made by either the Federal or Confederate authorities during the war; so that now we are enabled calmly and confidently to examine the records and let them speak for themselves as to what was said and what was done in those days of passion, prejudice, and excitement.

On the 30th of July General Morgan and a number of his officers were brought to the Ohio penitentiary. They were treated with the most shameful indignity. Their heads were shaved, their beards and moustaches were cut off, and nothing separated them from the fate of the felons in the Ohio penitentiary except they were not compelled to wear striped clothes. General Morgan during his operations from 1861-63 had captured many thousands of prisoners, a large number from the State of Ohio; and I defy any one of these men, except in isolated instances, to mention a single act either of discourtesy or unkindness on the part of the soldiers composing General Morgan's command to any prisoner. At Hartsville, Tenn., in December, 1862, Morgan's men had captured an entire regiment, the 104th Ohio; and so considerate were the cavalymen of General Morgan's command, under fire from the pursuing forces, that a large majority of the prisoners were carried across the Cumberland River behind the Confederates, and this prevented them from fording the stream.

Gen. George Stoneman was active as a cavalry officer. He made many raids. When, early in the war, he was directed to lead an expedition toward Richmond, Va. (April 29 to May 7, 1863), he did not deal with a gloved hand. He destroyed property, confiscated horses and food, burned railroad bridges

and mills, and used every power at his command to deplete the communities through which he passed and to cripple the Confederate government. General Pettigrew said: "He proceeded to Hanover Courthouse, burned property, etc., May 4, 1863. From April 27 to May 13 thirty-five hundred men were with Stoneman." General Stoneman, in his report of May 13, says: "To the pecuniary loss and destruction of the bridges over rivers, railroads, telegraphs, canals, wagons, and railroad trains, public property of all kinds, horses and mules captured and those brought out by escaped slaves, corn, meal, and bacon consumed by animals and men, etc., there must be added the money value of four hundred and fifty negroes who came out of the country with the various parties. Several thousand more would have obtained their freedom through us could they have procured the means of transportation." Stoneman did in the South just what Morgan did in Ohio, only Morgan did it in a less degree. Nobody ever thought in the South of putting the officers and men who were captured with Stoneman, Grierson, McCook, or Buford's forces in the penitentiary or treating them with indignity or inflicting on them needless humiliation. From July 27 to August 6, when Stoneman made his raid through Georgia in his effort to reach Andersonville, he was captured on the 30th of July, 1864, at Clinton, Ga., and a large proportion of his troops became prisoners of war. The numbers were largely augmented by the capture of Jug Tavern a few days later by a detachment of General Morgan's troops under Col. W. C. P. Breckinridge.

Nobody suggested putting General Stoneman in the penitentiary or subjecting him to the indignities that were heaped upon Morgan and his men. General Stoneman himself, in his report to the commander in chief of the Federal army, said: "I consented to be taken prisoner of war, and as such our treatment has been everything that we could expect."

On Grierson's raid to Baton Rouge, La., April 17 to May 2, 1863, he left La Grange, Tenn., seventeen hundred strong. April 17, 1863. Gen. Benjamin Grierson had marched, according to his reports, six hundred miles. He destroyed all the property of every kind he could. He had gone through Tennessee, Mississippi, and Louisiana. Not a single soldier or civilian in the South advised placing the captured soldiers of Grierson's command in the penitentiary or heaping upon them any personal indignity.

In Missouri, where the bitterness and fierceness was not exceeded in any other portion of the Confederacy, nobody advised the incarceration in the penitentiary of Shelby's men or Marmaduke's men; nor, in turn, did the Confederates who captured numbers of Federal soldiers in Arkansas think of consigning these men to felon cells.

I recall that at Lexington, Ky., in October, 1862, quite a proportion of the 4th Ohio Cavalry were made prisoners by Morgan's command, and at Mount Sterling in 1863 Cluke captured numbers of the 45th Ohio. I do not believe any of these captives could truthfully say that, except in very rare instances, aught was said or done that was other than courteous or polite.

It remains a distinguishing feature of Ohio's bitterness toward Morgan and his men that they were subjected to shameful and unparalleled indignities.

As I said before, we are enabled now to place the responsibility where it properly belongs. Originated by Gen. H. W. Halleck, it was approved by Gov. David Tod and Gen. A. E. Burnside and also General Hoffman, who had charge of war prisoners on the Federal side. There were possibly

reasons at the time for this, which were not given. Outside of the border States, Indiana and Ohio were the first States to be invaded by Confederate cavalry forces. Stuart's raid to Chambersburg lasted only four days, but such of Stuart's men as were captured were treated as prisoners of war, and none of them were consigned to a felon's cell. The truth is, the Federal authorities desired to terrorize men for making cavalry raids into States like Indiana and Ohio, and for this reason Morgan's men were treated cruelly and brutally and inhumanly.

It may have sounded well in 1863, when passion and prejudice were at flood tide; but when you review it in 1916, fifty-three years afterwards, it reflects discredit on all who were concerned with this unjustifiable transaction.

Much of the bitterness between the North and South during and since the war grew out of the treatment of prisoners. It suited the purposes of the "bloody shirt" element to exaggerate every possible circumstance in order to embitter the people of the North against the people of the South. No stone was left unturned to accomplish this ignoble purpose. It was not to remedy any conditions. These had long taken care of themselves; and no abuse, vilification, or denunciation of the Southern people and their armies could accomplish anything but to engender sectional hate and serve as a political asset to give the party then in power lengthened control of the government. Pictures were taken of the prisoners sent forward for exchange by the Confederates, and men actually reveled in the charges of cruelty at Andersonville, Libby, Raleigh, and Millen. These men who were using the gruesome photographs for their selfish ends took great care to have no photographs taken of the prisoners of the North brought to the South from Elmira, Rock Island, Camp Douglas, Camp Morton, Fort Delaware, and Point Lookout. Elmira and Rock Island were veritable "hell holes" and were worse than Andersonville, as shown by the records of sickness and death. There is one answer the South can make which shatters into fragments all these libels and slanders and completely vindicates the Confederacy and its people from these unwarranted falsehoods. It must not be forgotten that in all the days of the war Southern ports were blockaded. Quinine, chloroform, and all other medicines were contraband, and there was at all times in the Southland a great scarcity of these essentials in both surgery and medicine. Food was scarce, and many of the people and soldiers of the Confederacy often wanted for the necessities of life. In the North there was no lack of any of these things. It was a land of plenty and abundance, as against scarcity and want in the South.

The following telegrams show the cause and source of this indefensible treatment of General Morgan's men. The excuse about mistreatment of Streight was both false and insincere. At the very moment these pleas of justification were being penned, Streight had \$3.33 a day to supply his table and was living upon the best that beleaguered Richmond could produce:

"WASHINGTON, July 28, 1863.

"*Maj. A. E. Burnside:* The general in chief directs that General Morgan and the officers captured with his command be sent to the Columbus penitentiary. If it cannot receive them all, send the excess to the most convenient penitentiary in Ohio.

W. HOFFMAN,

Commissary General of Prisoners."

"August 3, 1863.

"General Mason, Camp Chase, Columbus: I do not think it advisable against their own will to trim the hair or shave the beard of the officers who arrived from Johnson's Island to be confined in the Ohio penitentiary.

A. E. BURNSIDE, Major General."

"CINCINNATI, July 27, 1863.

"Governor Tod: General Halleck wants all of Morgan's officers put in the penitentiary of your State. What is your opinion, and have you room?

A. E. BURNSIDE, Major General."

"COLUMBUS, July 27, 1863.

"Major General Burnside, Cincinnati, Ohio: I approve of General Halleck's suggestion to confine Morgan and his principal officers in the Ohio penitentiary. We have room for about thirty.

DAVID TOD, Governor."

"HEADQUARTERS OF THE ARMY, WASHINGTON, D. C.,
July 27, 1863.

"Brig. Gen. S. A. Meredith, Fort Monroe—General: You will please inform Mr. Ould, agent for exchange of prisoners, that Gen. John H. Morgan and his officers will be placed in close confinement and held as hostages for the members of Colonel Streight's command who have not been delivered in compliance with the conditions of the cartel.

"Very respectfully your obedient servant,

H. W. HALLECK, General in Chief."

"CONFEDERATE STATES OF AMERICA, WAR DEPARTMENT,
RICHMOND, August 1, 1863.

"Brigadier General Meredith, Agent of Exchange: Colonel Streight's command is treated exactly as are the other officers held in captivity by us. What that treatment is you can find from any conscientious officer who has lately been confined in the Libby. You will hear no complaint from me or from the Confederate authorities so long as our officers receive the treatment which yours do here.

"Respectfully your obedient servant.

RO. OULD, Agent of Exchange."

Quotation from Gen. John H. Morgan's letter dated Ohio Penitentiary, Columbus, Ohio, November 9, 1863:

"Hon E. M. Stanton, Secretary of War: We were subjected to the same treatment which convicts usually undergo upon entering the institution. Our beards were shaved, our hair closely trimmed, our persons bathed, and we were notified that we were expected to conform to the strict discipline of the prison. How vigorously it has been enforced will appear in the fact that two of my officers have been confined in the dungeon—twenty-four hours in one instance and forty in the other—upon suspicion of any offense unknown to the regulations of any military prison or any system of military law.

JOHN H. MORGAN, Brigadier General, C. S. A."

Gen. B. F. Butler in his report says: "I have felt it my duty to give an account with this particular carefulness of my participation in the business of exchange of prisoners, the orders under which I acted, and the negotiations attempted, which comprises a faithful narrative of all that was done, so that all may become a matter of history. The great importance of the questions; the fearful responsibility for the many thousands of lives which, by the refusal to exchange, were sacrificed by the most cruel forms of death from cold, starvation, and pestilence of the prison pens of Raleigh and Andersonville, being more than all the British soldiers killed

in the wars of Napoleon; the anxiety of fathers, brothers, sisters, mothers, wives to know the exigency which caused this terrible and perhaps, as it may have seemed to them, useless and unnecessary destruction of those dear to them by horrible deaths—each and all have compelled me to this exposition, so that it may be seen that those lives were spent as a part of the system of attack upon the rebellion, devised by the wisdom of the general in chief of the armies, to destroy it by depletion, depending upon our superior numbers to win the victory at last. The loyal mourners will doubtless derive solace from this fact and appreciate all the more highly the genius which conceived the plan and the success won at so great a cost."

Fair-minded and honest men do not expect that prisoners of war should carry dress suits and kid gloves and sleep on feather beds. They are entitled, however, to be reasonably fed, clothed, and kept warm. They are not expected to receive luxuries except at their own cost. In the face of all these difficult conditions the truth of history has come to light, and the reports of Federal officers show that in the North twelve per cent of the Confederate prisoners died, and in the South of Federal prisoners only nine per cent died. Argument, abuse, and vilification cannot change these figures. They show that the South was far more humane and just to Federal prisoners than the North was to Confederate prisoners.

Encyclopedias, histories, and textbooks have been filled with these libels against the Confederate government and the men of the South concerning the mistreatment of these prisoners. It is wonderful that more Federal prisoners did not die in Confederate prisons than the records show. The Federal government could have furnished surgeons and could have furnished supplies, but it did not. The truth is that if there was suffering in Southern prisons where Federal prisoners were confined it was the result of the policy of General Grant, who felt that it was better to allow Northern prisoners in the Southern States to die rather than to exchange them for the men in Northern prisons; that while it looked inhuman and brutal, yet justice to the soldiers who carried the guns and who were in the ranks required this sacrifice of the men who were held as prisoners in the South. So it was not the inhumanity or cruelty or barbarity of the Southern people or of the Southern government, but a deliberate purpose of the United States and its officers declining exchange during a great period of the war, because, as General Grant said, all Confederate prisoners in the Northern prisons were as dead men, and it was wiser and more merciful to hold them and allow the Federals who were confined in Southern prisons to die. He viewed it only as a question of economics. If this was his view, if this was his judgment as commander of the armies of the United States, let history take it as it stands. General Grant took the responsibility then, and it is not unfair to ask that the responsibility be placed on him and his officers now; and this effort to blame the Southern people and the Confederate government is ungenerous, unjustified, and absolutely false.

There are three things that a large proportion of the men of the Southern armies do not propose to ignore. First, the great wrong that was done to Jefferson Davis by his long confinement in Fortress Monroe and by the cruel and brutal order of General Miles to place in irons the feeble and emaciated President of the Confederate States when he was in a casement where escape was impossible and where no thought of rescue could ever come. Nervous, excitable, worn with

mental disturbances which would almost destroy reason, with strong arms he was thrown upon his bed and shackled, and he wore these shackles for five days under the order of Gen. Nelson A. Miles. Public indignation reached such a stage that persistence in this brutal and inhuman course brought down upon its authors the condemnation of a large majority of the people of the North, who at that period hated the people of the South because of the conditions which had been brought about by the war. The second is the indignity and humiliation which were forced upon Morgan and his officers in the Ohio penitentiary. The excuse for this in the light of the facts now revealed by official reports is piteous and puerile. The third is the effort to fasten upon the Confederate government and the people of the South the charge that they willfully and deliberately inflicted needless suffering upon the Northern soldiers held as prisoners of war.

Time has vindicated the men and women of the South; and these things are not said to-day to stir up passion or prejudice, but to put the cold, sharp facts of history before the people of this country, and particularly before the people of the North, and to let them know where the blame should be placed and to whom blame belongs, where suffering and death ensued to men who were held in confinement as prisoners of war. To the Southern people it is one of the most satisfying things of all the war's history that the Northern prisoners in the South were treated more kindly and suffered a smaller percentage of mortality than the Confederate prisoners who were confined in Federal prisons.

After the war, when it was fashionable to shake the bloody flag and cry "Treason!" it was popular to denounce and vilify the South for its treatment of prisoners during the war. The fact is that as large a percentage of Southern prisoners died at Elmira as Federals at Andersonville. There never was a time when Federal prisoners in the South did not receive the same rations as the men who were fighting in the front and in the trenches. The Federal army had behind it unlimited resources, not only of food, but of clothing, supplies, and medicines; while the South, blockaded and cut off from the world, had to rely on herbs and home remedies for the treatment of much of the disease that followed in the wake of the Confederate armies.

It took a long while to get at the truth which has verified these statements that I have made; but it finally turned out that a report coming from the United States surgeon general's office demonstrated that twelve per cent of all Confederate prisoners died, while only nine per cent of Federal prisoners in Southern prisons died. No amount of argument can dispute these facts. It took thirty years to get the necessary data upon which to base this vindication of the South, and no well-informed man can deny these statements.

Ohio stands alone in the mistreatment of Morgan's men. Indiana pursued no such merciless, brutal course as was pursued in the Ohio penitentiary. Pennsylvania, while holding Morgan's officers in the Pennsylvania penitentiary at Pittsburgh, did not subject them to the indignities which were meted only to convicts. West Virginia measured no such treatment to these brave and gallant men whose courage and valor on battle fields made them heroes. It seems now that Gen. H. W. Halleck was responsible for this brutal and shameful treatment of General Morgan and his officers. David Tod, then Governor, acquiesced; General Burnside acquiesced; but, so far as I can read history, to General Halleck belongs the blame of this military outrage.

It was claimed by General Halleck that the treatment of

Morgan and his men was due to the injustice which the Confederate authorities had done to Col. A. D. Streight, who had been caught by General Forrest near Gadsden, Ala., May 3, 1863. It was claimed that Colonel Streight had been put in the Georgia penitentiary, which turned out to be a mere fiction, and there was no justification for such an allegation. Streight and his men were confined at Libby Prison, in Richmond, and were given reasonable privileges, all that prisoners could ask. Streight complained of the rations furnished him and his men, and thereupon the Confederate government allowed Colonel Streight the use of one hundred dollars a month out of his own funds to supply himself such things as he thought necessary in his condition. No such treatment was accorded Morgan and his men. At times they were denied necessary clothing and were put in damp, dark, cold, desolate, freezing dungeons and subjected to punishments that had neither parallel nor justification in the history of war.

Some of Morgan's men sleep in this cemetery, and I consider that I am not violating the proprieties of the occasion when I come here to recount these great wrongs. My purpose is not to arouse any antagonisms nor to create bitterness. The cold, clear facts of history ought never to be distasteful to any people. Truth cannot hurt any cause or any man. No patriotic or well-thinking man justifies the horrors of Reconstruction. The outrages perpetrated by carpetbaggers, scalawags, and negro freemen upon the people of the South has long since been recognized by just and thinking men as a sad and baneful story and the result of war's passion, prejudice, and bloodthirstiness.

We all love and revere General Grant, son of Ohio, for the manly and courageous course he took when Andrew Johnson was threatening to punish General Lee and his officers, and no one doubts that General Grant would have kept his word and unsheathed his sword and used the forces under his command to prevent the violation of the parole he had given Lee and Joseph E. Johnston and the Confederates east of the Mississippi. However much we may feel these wrongs that were done Morgan and his men, we are disposed to recall gratefully to mind the greatness of Gen. U. S. Grant in this crucial hour of trial (he saved the United States from a guerrilla war and possibly the South from extermination), and that other great man from Ohio, whose memory the South loves and appreciates, the magnificent William McKinley, who at Atlanta permitted a little girl to pin a Confederate badge on his bosom and who recommended the marking of Confederate graves in the cemeteries north of the Ohio River.

Some one may say, Why revert to these things now? Fifty-one years have passed since the struggle ended, and why reopen these matters which have a tendency to renew asperities and bitterness? My answer is this: Although on Ohio soil, I am standing among Confederate graves. These men were here against their will, captives by the vicissitudes and misfortunes of war. Some of them died of neglect, others because the Federal government resolved that the prisoners in the South should die victims of disease rather than relieve their sufferings by exchanging the Confederate prisoners and thus allow them to take up arms again in defense of their country's liberty. Their bodies have long since crumbled to dust; there is nothing left of those heroes but the memories of their achievements and their valor. We do not know the names of hundreds of men who died in Federal prisons, but we do know that most all of them were brave, loyal to their country, and that all of them were offered their

liberty if they would take the oath of allegiance to the United States. They spurned the offer and died victims of disease and mistreatment and want rather than prove false to their native land.

In my own personal recollection of these brave and fearless men who thus died on a question of honor and loyalty, hundreds of them day by day saw the force and power of life's current decrease. They listened to their heart strokes and by their murmur well understood that their vitality was, moment by moment, lessening. They counted their pulse beats and realized that the end was approaching. They looked into the small hand glasses and saw in their features the emaciation and pallor that precede dissolution. They knew very well that their resistance to the powers of disease was rapidly depreciating. They gazed at their wasted hands, and these told them that they were losing their energy and their strength, and their blood was losing its vigor; that if no relief came quickly they must perish. Gangrene, dysentery, smallpox, fevers, malaria stalked within the prison walls and were striking men down by the scores. They saw their dead associates hour by hour carried out to sad and hurried burial.

Day by day they could read the proclamations published and posted on the walls of the miserable and cheerless abodes their captors had assigned them, and the agents of the government made constant declaration that if they would forswear allegiance to the cause of the Southland the doors of the prisons would swing wide open, and they might go forth as freemen to breathe the life-giving air outside the wretched hovels in which they were forced to remain, and they might without restraint visit their homes and friends and take up anew their daily vocations. To these were often added the pleadings of friends and relatives urging them to leave these prisons where death walked with riotous fierceness and have the comforts and peace of their firesides. Thousands spurned these offers and temptations; and, my friends, they died rather than accept their liberty bought at the price of their honor and integrity.

We call those men heroes who meet without fear the shock of battle, who in the midst of cheers, with hearts quickened by the glow of chivalry and moved by the companionship of associates, charge batteries and rush to death in the whirl and excitement of conflict. Men in scenes like this die without a quiver of soul or a tremor of nerve, and we shout ourselves hoarse in applauding their heroism, and well we may. But, men and women, what about the inmates of these loathsome prisons who, with liberty extended to them in the midst of plague and desolation, shut out from the necessities of life and the appliances of medical and surgical skill, in filthy hospitals on beds of straw, with the groans of their beloved comrades in crowded hospitals sounding to them as they passed from life to death, are struck down by the assaults of disease? What, I ask, of these men who steadily and courageously refused liberty and preferred to die with an unbroken loyalty and devotion to the cause for which they stood rather than accept freedom upon other than honorable terms? I ask, Where do these men stand in the records of the brave and true?

Noble, thrice noble, martyrs, heroes of heroes! Truest of the true, these men of the South are crowned with imperishable wreaths of glory and honor. Their people grant only to them the highest place in the niche where are placed in grateful remembrance the heroes who magnified Southern manhood and patriotism.

The French have what they call *esprit de corps*—the spirit

of the army—that which makes the French soldier proud of his uniform and valiant in the day of battle. The *esprit de corps* of a race is that which makes a people proud of the blood which courses through its veins. The *esprit de corps* of a nation is patriotism, that which makes its citizens proud of flag and country. The *esprit de corps* of an individual is personal honor, that which makes him respect himself and cherish his own good name. The *esprit de corps* of these Confederates who sleep in Ohio's bosom was patriotism to the South, loyalty to the States of which they were citizens, fidelity to the people of their own blood, and devotion to the cause which they thought was right. They were faithful unto death, and the South lays a white flower upon the graves where they sleep and bemoans the fate that forced these heroes to die far from their homes and bereft of the tender ministrations of those they loved, to find their burial places amid such sad and sorrowful scenes. There may be some here who have no sympathy for the cause for which these men sleep; but Heaven promises a crown of life to him who is faithful unto death.

Amid these exercises the men and women of the South always speak one name with tender reverence and admiration, that of Col. W. H. Knauss, of this city. We call him great and good, with his patriotic heart overleaping all the prejudices and passions of war and inaugurating the decoration of these once neglected graves and pleading for a wider and broader spirit and for writing over their dust the magic word "Americans." There is no place in all the Southland where the name of Colonel Knauss does not evoke the affectionate remembrance of its people.

FLOWERS ON CONFEDERATE GRAVES.

Scatter the fragrant blossoms,
Bathed in a people's tears,
Over the graves where heroes
Sleep through the lapsing years.

Tenderly strew the roses
Over each warrior's bed—
Roses of white and crimson
Over the Southern dead,

Who for their people's freedom
Fearlessly fought and died;
Roses of white and crimson,
Tokens of love and pride—

Love for their grand devotion,
Pride in their knightly deeds,
As through a past of glory
Reverent memory leads.

And to your silent legions
Go not subdued and bowed,
But with the souls of freemen,
Standing erect and proud.

Scatter the snowy roses,
Scatter the roses red,
Where, till the final trumpet,
Slumber the Southern dead.

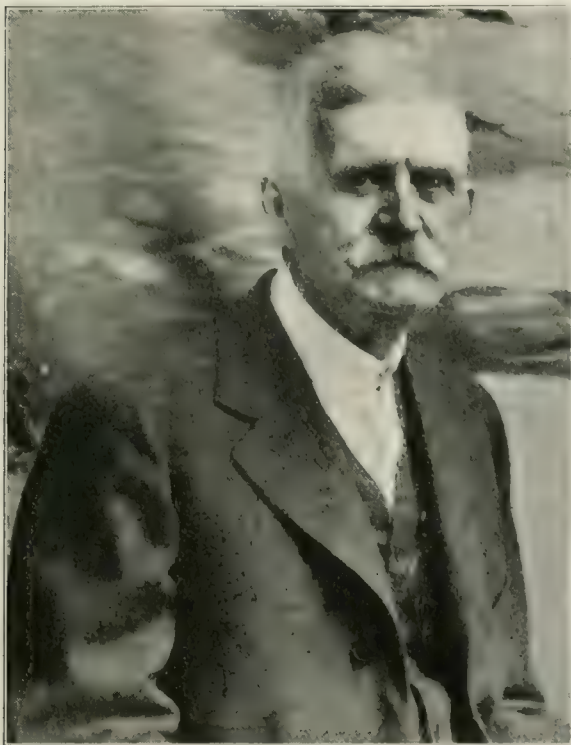
—Howard Morton, in *Army and Navy Magazine*.

THE BLACK SHADOW OF THE SIXTIES.

BY FINLEY P. CURTIS, JR., BUTLER, TENN

FOREWORD.

If this memoir of my father's life during the War between the States, which, obedient to his will, I herewith humbly set forth, shall receive naught save his commendation and the reader's approbation for truth and accuracy and interest, then its aim will have been accomplished. Fact is both the foundation and structure of the memoir, it having been compiled from the diary and the unimpaired memory of my father. It is fervently hoped that the understanding hearts of many other "old veterans" may be responsive. I therefore submit it herewith, believing that if it shall even so slightly aid in the perpetuation of grateful memory and the spirit of the cause, if it shall add a lost word to history or awaken a profounder love for liberty, if it shall speak truth and furnish wholesome enjoyment for other souls, then, I believe, none may pronounce it in vain.



FINLEY P. CURTIS, SR., COMPANY B, FIRST REGIMENT, NORTH CAROLINA INFANTRY.

The low, ominous rumbling of the impending struggle had reached the vicinity of my home sometime in 1860; but, being young and occupied in other things, I scarcely noticed it. Perhaps I considered the prevalent talk of war as mere idle gossip, for youth laughs at misfortune. At birth it was a subdued, uncertain whisper which chilled receptive hearts with evil foreboding; a customary sullen lapse of the gradually dying rumor; then with the suddenness of a volcanic storm rang the sinister declaration of war, the marshaling of hostile hosts, the reverberating crash of cannon roar, a smoke-blackened sky—war!

So suddenly had the black storm gathered and burst that it paralyzed the senses with sheer unexpectedness. It would be an interesting psychological study to analyze the various

complicated or concentrated emotions thus occasioned in the human mind. Indifferent as I was to the whispered rumor of war, its sudden appearance had not frightened but overpowered me with apathy, numbing feeling and forbidding clear judgment. Wherefore, then, did so many noble sons of the South sacrifice their young bodies to the cruel god of war? What siren voice lured them thither? Why did they go? There is no true answer. I dimly felt that I must go and preferred to volunteer rather than be conscripted. This I did on May 1, 1861. Who shall say more?

To the company which was immediately organized in the town of Wilkesboro, composed of the entire county's best citizens whose average weight was one hundred and fifty pounds and whose height was six feet, I joined myself. For our captain we selected Sidney Stokes, a wealthy farmer of Wilkesboro; for major, J. B. Gordon, a prominent merchant, cool, quiet, bold; for lieutenant, H. A. Brown, a proficient young cadet late from Annapolis Military Academy. We pitched camp about half a mile from Wilkesboro (over one hundred strong), where for a month we drilled and were trained for regular service at the front. Preparation for departure was hurriedly made. Oilcloths cut square with straps attached were substitutes for knapsacks. Some of the men were furnished with blankets; others took blankets or bed covers from their respective homes. The good, industrious ladies of the entire county convened and made blouse uniforms for their brave sons, brothers, fathers, and husbands. Finally, on the last of May, being ready for the march, we departed, amid final caresses, tearful farewells, and earnest prayers, for Statesville, N. C., the nearest railway station. And that was the saddest and most cruel blow of the war—departure.

After a two days' march we arrived at Statesville, whence we were transported by rail to Warrenton, N. C. There we remained for quite a while; in short, the slow ingathering of the essential ten companies, the election of officers, the distribution of war munitions, the drill, and complete organization of the regiment required about three months. Sidney Stokes, captain of Company B, of the 1st North Carolina Infantry, was promoted to general; Gordon, elected temporary captain of Company B, was promoted to general over a cavalry brigade; Lieut. H. A. Brown was raised to captain, assuming the place of General Gordon. We were drilled in regular army fashion by Marcks, a German drillmaster, and were frequently ordered to march in double-quick time around a near-by race track, which was approximately a mile in circumference. Many of the soldiers, however, exhausted by the rapidity of the march, were unable to circumscribe it; but I never failed to maintain the lead, since in my youth I had been accustomed to running that distance every day to and from school. Inspection of arms and troops was frequent and drill somewhat strenuous, but during intervals the men enjoyed sport of various kinds.

In the fall of 1861 we were commanded to move through Richmond on to or near Fredericksburg. Company B was detached from the regiment and stationed at the termination of Acquia Creek to blockade the Potomac River in a triangular section formed by the junction of the two watercourses. Here we erected a species of semicircular fortifications, whose exterior perpendicular wall consisted of several tiers of cut-and-hauled sod and the interior of an almost impenetrable embankment of earth secured from within. Three or four cannons were placed at proportional distances along the breastworks, one of which, mounted and heavily rifled, car-

ried a hundred-pound shell for a space of five miles; the others were less powerful. Behind the barricade groups of from eight to twelve soldiers constructed several durable houses of hewn logs and daubed the chinks with mud. The house I helped to build was a two-story building covered with shingles. Unwittingly we were preparing for comfortable hibernation. Behind all, on the crest of the mountain, two more formidable-looking but much-battered guns menaced the Potomac's waves below.

Thus sheltered, came the winter of 1861 with his roaring icy blasts, heavy snows, and solid ice. Truly, although unconsciously, we had prepared for his coming; and well, for it was a veritable reign of misery. So thickly was the mouth of Acquia Creek congealed with ice that a spring on the nether bank, four hundred yards away, became our constant water source. Once during neap tide, despite the entrance of a railroad into this section, we were for twelve days completely encompassed by water and marooned without paths of egress. And it was while Acquia Creek was so densely frozen over that a Yankee vessel loaded with hay sought to force a passage up the Potomac River. Our big mounted, heavily rifled cannon boomed a hostile warning. Its shrieking shell pierced the tons of hay just above the fatal water line, and the shell from the vessel exploded above our heads with a deafening roar. Dozens of pieces were afterwards picked up from the ice. Apparently no mutual damage was effected by either shot, since none of us was harmed, and the ship passed quickly from sight. Nevertheless, being a diversion from inertia, the episode served to lend some enthusiasm to the soldiers.

The midwinter silence was again broken when, in the small hours of a piercingly cold night, lashed by furious icy winds, I trod the lonely sentinel beat to and fro along the shadowy wharf that far overhung the dank waters of the Potomac. It was an awful night. The blackness of a subterranean dungeon enveloped the sky; the angry tides of the still blacker river roared and fought with the trestles beneath me; the blasts shrieked in their mad effort to freeze the blood in my veins—a combination of demons to quake the bravest heart. Suddenly was borne to my ears on the boisterous wings of the wind the muffled dip, dip, r-r-i-p, r-r-i-p, swish, swish of oars. This extraordinary sound at so unusual an hour of night, in the sharp teeth of such a noisy gale, astounded me with its mere singularity, out-of-placeness. It was no illusion, although I could not pierce the impenetrable blackness. The sound came closer, louder, more distinct. I shouted in a loud voice for the corporal guard, who came running excitedly to the wharf and demanded what was the matter. I reported what I had heard, and not until he himself had heard the noise of oars did he cease his murmurings of incredulity and braggart disgust. Then quite suddenly he became still, and his knees knocked together in fear. Perhaps the Yankees were landing!

Dawn revealed the mystery. A ship steamed up the Potomac and stood waiting. A boat pulled off from the island with one lone occupant and made toward the vessel. It was our negro cook, Sneade, who during the night had stolen a boat and concealed himself behind the island to await the prearranged coming of the Yankee vessel. We fired our big cannon at it; but the tampion having been left in the barrel, a loud and dangerous explosion resulted, not in the wreck of the ship, but almost in the annihilation of our own men. Before we could load and fire again, the Yankees had received the deserter and steamed away.

Thus ended the winter of 1861, and thus the black shadow merged into a blacker reality—war.

The advent of spring, 1862, found us still in winter quarters at the mouth of Acquia Creek; and now the armies of the North and South awoke, as it were, from their winter sleep to renew military activity. But, as if to forbid them, the rains of Orion and the ceaseless melting of ice rendered the roads so impassably muddy that frequently eighteen yoke of cattle were needed to draw one cannon. Rain and mud, however, do not daunt war; the soldier knows this. And hence without any surprise about the 25th of March we received orders to evacuate our fortification at the mouth of Acquia Creek and join the regiment near Fredericksburg, since the Yankees were landing at Ivinsport, ten miles above us. Next day we returned to our regiment and were ordered to Goldsboro, N. C. Leaving Fredericksburg on the 24th, we reached Goldsboro, after a severe journey, on the 25th. In a cold, drenching rain and without tents we made, or rather attempted to make, camp. And what a night! Never shall I forget the uncomfortable misery we suffered, standing, sitting, or lying, wet to the skin, around our fires in the damp smoke and chilling rain. Fortunately, the vicinity produced an abundance of rich pine, and we did at least partake of its unused warmth.

We were very much relieved, therefore, on the 29th to obtain our tents. Thus provided, we marched two or three miles, pitched camp in proper military fashion, built good fires, swept off the yard, and adjusted things comfortably. Imagine the difference in feeling. Here we discarded our old guns for new Enfield rifles, which I helped to unload at Goldsboro. These guns were muzzle-loaders, being charged by biting off the end of the specially manufactured paper cartridges and inserting both the powder and ounce ball into the barrel. The charge was then tamped tightly with a ramrod. It was a great improvement over the old guns, many of which had presumably been altered from flint and steel to percussion, and we were proud possessors. We thought we could "lick" the entire Federal army. Our new Enfield rifles were also provided with bayonets; mine I kept razor-keen and could easily at a single stroke fell a small sapling. We remained here for two months, drilling, cooking, etc.; but, being in an unsanitary section, many of the soldiers became sick and were allowed furloughs to visit their homes.

Near the last of May we were ordered back to Virginia. And that was a memorably rough march, for we were forced to travel through continual rain, with hunger-cramped stomachs, in jolting box cars or on rocking, roaring flats. After a seeming age of such miserable transportation, we reached our destination and pitched camp about half a mile from Petersburg. Here we passed one night and day ordering blankets, constructing bunks, and arranging things in general. But just as we had completed the making of our camp we were ordered back to Weldon. Such is one of the cruel tricks of war. However, there was no alternative; so we lowered and packed our tents, gathered our necessities, and loaded them on the train. But once more fickle fortune betrayed us. In the very act of departure the order was countermanded; and so, like puppets of inexorable fate, we returned to our old camp and repeated all our labor—this in a torrent of rain. Our crackers became soaked with water, and, rendered thus unpalatable, we emptied them upon the ground with the fatal result that on the morrow we found several fine cows dead and swollen almost to the point of rupture from having eaten the rain-soaked crackers. Thus ended the hither-thither severe tramping of the month of May, 1862.

The first of June bore insistent rumors of desperate fighting at Richmond. Immediately we were ordered to the scene of action, and while marching toward the battle field proper through rain, mud, and water knee-deep night fell, and we were forced to stand picket duty till dawn in that dismal, soggy swamp at Seven Pines, or Fair Oaks. Never did I spend such a night of restless misery. The monotonous, sickening suction of swampy earth, now standing on one foot, now slowly sinking on the other, nauseated me. I was chilled to the bone, and on the next day I could scarcely be on duty; yet, like an automaton, I forged along. Then quite suddenly I found myself in the delirious throes of typhoid fever and tossed four or five weeks on a hard camp bunk ere I was sent to Camp Winder Hospital. During my sickness my brother Judson was wounded in the arm at Malvern Hill, father's old friend, J. C. Spainhour, died of typhoid fever, and the Confederates won a great victory over McClellan's forces below Richmond.

During my confinement of fourteen days in the hospital father visited me; then he visited the regiment on the battle field, seeing many of his friends and returning at night with my brother Larkin. We were all very thankful that we were again permitted to be together, for the soldier can never promise to return alive from war. On the 11th of August father procured a furlough for me, and I accompanied him home. 'O it was good to be home again, joy to see mother and sisters once more.' I was happily lost in the sweet, peaceful silence of the Old North State's mountains, away from the sight of blood, away from the deafening roar of cannon. I went to war a thoughtless, impetuous youth; I was now a man, a soldier in arms, beginning to realize the significance of the great conflict.

But I was not now my own master, and so with much regret I started back to the army about the last of September, accompanied by Col. H. A. Brown. Arriving at Richmond after a weary journey, we found that the army had gone to Winchester, Va. Traveling by way of Staunton, thence one hundred miles down the Virginia Pike, tired, footsore from the long, rough trip, we at last found our regiment ten miles east of Winchester.

On the 17th of October we received two days' rations, with orders to march. But in the act of departure the order was withdrawn, and we remained in camp there until the 25th. At the dawn of day on the 26th we left camp with directions to destroy the railroad from Harper's Ferry to Winchester. All night we pursued the task of destruction, annihilating the tracks, piling up huge heaps of cross-ties and firing them, carrying the heavy steel rails and casting them in the voracious flames, then dragging them forth, white-hot at the center, and bending them around stumps, thus rendering the rails useless. But almost as rapidly as we destroyed the tracks the Yankees replaced them. We were then ordered toward Manassas. After a hard march of twelve miles, we camped near the Shenandoah River, cooked two days' rations, broke camp at seven o'clock, and, after wading the river, crossed the Blue Ridge Mountains at Ashley's Gap, whence we entered a little town called Upperville. There on November 2 we pitched camp, formed a line of battle, and witnessed an ineffective running fight.

We recrossed the Blue Ridge at another gap, marched till midnight, built fires in a beautiful hickory grove, cooked two days' rations, and departed silently at three o'clock, leaving our bright burning fires, a ruse to delude the enemy. We marched two miles, halted, formed a line of battle, then

moved swiftly on to Front Royal. It was pinching cold, and large flakes of snow were falling thickly; but we waded the river again and engaged the enemy in a sharp skirmish. Several of them were killed or wounded in an attempt to cross. Vividly do I remember the horror of that scene—those mortally wounded Federals lying in a row with gaping wounds in their heads—and thrice vividly the trembling hand of the dying man who wiped the shattered brains from his forehead. To the day of my death I shall see that hand moving slowly as if to frighten away a fly, so ghastly real. Although we had no tents and deep snow covered the ground, we remained there a few days longer.

On the 9th we departed for Strasburg, camped one night, turned back toward Winchester, and made camp with orders to cook rations for two days. We then destroyed the railroad, as in the former raid, from Strasburg to Front Royal, after which we spent several days in camp resting. On the 21st of November we left camp for Staunton, marched about twenty-one miles, and camped at Woodstock, where Col. H. A. Brown and I ate supper with distant relatives. So royally were we treated that the din of war was forgotten. On the next day we went up the valley to Newmarket and directed our course toward Gordonsville. But before crossing Luray Gap, whose distance over by the winding road was sixteen miles, being destitute of shoes, with the ground roughly frozen, we were commanded to cut up green cowhides and tie the hairy side around our feet. This was the latest novelty in footwear; and hence, being the first exhibitors of the newest "fad," we were duly proud. Perhaps it may be interesting to know that, whereas some of the modern shoes are unendurable and adapted only to rug-clad floors, our novel "cowhides" were both comfortable and serviceable. Having crossed the mountain, we forded Rapidan River and continued toward Gordonsville. Then we turned abruptly in the direction of Fredericksburg, camped, and moved on to Front Royal. The distant roar of heavy cannonading reached our ears on Sunday, December 7. We rested on this day and received a liberal supply of clothing, shoes, socks, etc.; not, however, before they were needed, for we were ragged and barefooted, and it was growing cold. Here we intrenched ourselves in temporary breastworks. To our right and left cannons belched their incessant smoke and fire. The peculiar low-hanging of the oppressive atmosphere and the wary, grim silence of the intrenched soldiers mysteriously foreboded the coming of a desperate conflict. Alas! too true was the strange prognostication.

From the 11th to the 14th of December large forces of both Federals and Confederates had been gathering on the hills and in the valleys in or near Fredericksburg, intrenching themselves, building earthworks, planting cannons, cooking, and preparing for the forthcoming struggle for national supremacy. Great hostile guns boomed sullen and wrathful from each antagonist. Before us would soon be enacted a tragic reality, an epoch memorable in the annals of history, which the soldier instinct, the marshaling of troops, the tense stillness ominously foretold the terrible battle of Fredericksburg. On the morning of the 14th the festering sore of war erupted in a storm of death.

On the summit of Marye's Hill, which, approaching within half a mile of the river, terminates in a rocky bluff overlooking the city, was planted a Confederate battery; and behind the stone fence (on the outer edge of the narrow road) parallel with the river, crouched Cobb's Brigade, guns loaded, eyes glued along their burnished barrels, waiting, waiting

silently for the incautious foe to spring the perfect death trap. About one o'clock, after much hesitancy and urging, the glittering armed hosts of Burnside, massed between river and railroad, division behind division, artillery in front an infantry in the rear, moved, awe-inspiring and imposing, in a solid blue-clad human wall toward the cannon-planted hill. The first forward move brought a storm of shot and shell into their organized ranks. They were treading on forbidden ground. But, wavering not, they surged on, on against a molten sheet of hissing, shrieking lead; on they surged across the smooth stretch of land, closing their wide shell-rent wall of blue; and still on through a leaden hail they rushed till within fifty yards of the stone fence, till within fifty yards of a waiting hell, unwavering. Then suddenly, like the hideous nocturnal reanimation of a long-dormant volcano, with one supreme and simultaneous blaze of blinding light came from behind the stone fence and from the rocky bluff a mingled hell of sound and death, the thunderous roar of cannon blended with myriad musket fire, the wild, weird, blood-congealing Confederate yell, and a vast panel of Burnside's blue-clad human wall sank swiftly, stricken to the earth. The grand awfulness and horror of that destruction was ineffable.

Again and again that day Burnside's hosts stormed the invincible Confederate hell of light and death, crouched waiting, untiring behind the stone fence. Human power could not resist it. Thousands and thousands of men were slain; human bodies, supine beneath the sun, fell heroic victims to an invisible foe. No man ever reached the stone fence; none scaled the fortified bluff. And thus ended the horror of the fourteenth day of December, 1862, a blow to the North, a glory for the South, the immemorial battle of Fredericksburg.

On the 15th we left our temporary breastworks and moved into the railroad trench in plain view of the enemy. That evening they were allowed an hour's truce to bury their many dead, but they did not finish their task. During the night the army retreated across the river, and when dawn came we captured a number of prisoners, among whom was an excellent band. It was now midwinter and very cold, but we remained here several days, drilling and doing picket duty.

Christmas came, quiet, cold, a lonesome lull of silence after the great battle. Some of the regiments gave mock drills and enjoyed sport of various kinds. Cakes, pies, and apples were abundant, but at exorbitant prices—niceties relished for sacrifice, the delicate irony of war. Near the last of December we moved nearer the banks of the Rappahannock River for more careful picket duty, where, being relieved on New Year's Day by the 3d North Carolina Regiment, we were detailed with a squad of eighty men to build earthworks and prohibit the passage of the enemy. Here we passed several uneventful days, serving on picket duty, completing our task of fortification, drilling, etc.

On the 24th, being transferred to Jackson's old division, Taliaferro's Brigade, we moved to another section, erected shanties of poles, and went into winter quarters, barely in time to escape a cold, heavy snowstorm. During our hibernation there through the month of February snow often fell twelve inches deep, and frequent squalls intensified the atmosphere. It was a winter month indeed. But, true to religious instincts and desires, each Sunday morning ere the eleventh hour we had swept off the camp yard and were ready to receive the gospel offered by our new chaplain, Rev. W. R. Gaultney.

Apparently the Prince of Peace was sole Monarch now in our quiet winter quarters. Seemingly both war and the lust

of battle had vanished in the roaring gales. But not so. The lust of battle was merely smothered for lack of hostile air, for the soldier must perforce do battle at all opportunities. Accordingly, when one of winter's fiercest blasts was raging and the blood cried out for exercise, a Virginia and Louisiana regiment challenged the 1st and 3d North Carolina Regiments for a snowball battle. We answered their challenge with a white hail of molded snow and received a like volley of well-aimed missiles in reply. Then the battle waxed hot, both combatants now charging, now retreating, molding, receiving, hurling the glistening projectiles at the oncoming enemy. Balls flew as dense as hail. It was dangerous, almost as dangerous as a real conflict. Some of the soldiers threw mud-frozen snow formed and left in the road by horses' hoofs. Hardly a man escaped without injury, and many, having been smitten in the eye, were borne to the rear in ambulances. We routed our antagonists, captured their colonels and captains, their flags, cooking utensils, etc., chased them through their camp, and carried their officers away on our shoulders. We held the merited spoils until they sent a truce flag to replevy them. A triumphant victory! But, alas! on the morrow they avenged their outraged honor and ignominious defeat, conquering us with great slaughter and rapine, bearing our officers victoriously away. O man, wilt ever have thy fill of war?

The 1st of April brought general military activity. "Fighting Joe" Hooker, having superseded Burnside, was located north of Fredericksburg with an army thoroughly equipped and disciplined, numbering about one hundred and twenty-five thousand men; while Lee, lying in and around Fredericksburg, had only about fifty-five thousand men. Another terrible battle was fought here, ending with disastrous results to the Federals. Twice now had this battle ground proved fatal to the Northern invaders; so Hooker, acutely realizing this, moved with the main body of his army up the Rappahanock, crossed, and intrenched his large force around Chancellorsville. Lee, leaving nine thousand infantry to protect his move, also marched toward Chancellorsville in pursuit of Hooker. This seemed to be the predetermined scene of battle, and instinctively the armies flocked thereto.

About the 1st of May the van of the two armies met, and the Federals were driven back upon their main body intrenched around Chancellorsville. Lee, seeing that to storm their position directly would occasion great loss of life, ordered Jackson's Division to flank the enemy in the rear. Accordingly, leaving Fredericksburg inconspicuously on the next day, we marched in double-quick time up the "old plank road," turned abruptly toward the river, and fell suddenly, like a typhoon wind, upon the unsuspecting enemy. So paralyzed with surprise were their pickets in the rear that they did not even rise from over the steaming cooking utensils, but surrendered without a sound. As we charged the forward-facing battery a frightened gunner on the right wheeled his ponderous cannon and fired hastily at us, only thirty yards away, plunging toward its smoking mouth. The heavy charge of grape and canister screamed and shrieked and whined with a thousand hideous sounds above my head, but I halted not until I leaned for support upon its heated barrel. Our sudden attack had distracted them; and in a mad attempt to flee men, horses, and cannon, becoming entangled in the dense thickets of young trees, all were captured like entrapped rats. And now, with the fury and suddenness of a cyclone, we rushed upon the main line of battle, backs to us, behind breastworks. So silently and swiftly did we descend upon

them that not a shot was fired. They dropped their arms and surrendered quietly.

It was one of the greatest strategies of the war; not so great, perhaps, for the brilliancy of its conception, but great indeed for the completeness, the victorious triumph of its cunning execution. Lee had conceived the strategy, and Stonewall Jackson had effected it. But I have always marveled at the stupidity or carelessness of that army in allowing us to surprise them so completely. How did it happen? That is the secret.

Night fell upon us, an array of worn bodies destitute of ammunition. Fresh troops relieved us, but we were heavily shelled in quitting the field. Withdrawing about a mile, we lay down on our arms in a line of battle. All through the night we heard the Federals felling trees and building breast-works—sounds that foretold the advent of a fiercer struggle. What would the day bring forth?

About the tenth hour of the same night General Jackson, with his staff, while returning from an examination of the Federal position, was fired upon and fatally wounded by a volley from his own men, who thought the enemy was seeking to surprise them—a wound from which the great man died on May 10. His death was an irreparable loss to the South. Not a man but mourned the death of Stonewall Jackson.

Continued in September, 1893.

CAMPAIGNS OF LEE AND SHERMAN.

COMPARING THE CAMPAIGN OF LEE IN PENNSYLVANIA AND THAT OF SHERMAN IN GEORGIA.

BY MRS. ELIZABETH WYSE KLINGBERG, OF ROBERT E. LEE CHAPTER, NO. 278, LOS ANGELES, CAL.

In order to bring out sharply the essential difference between the manner of warfare of Lee and that of Sherman, I wish to give, first, an account of the methods and principles displayed in the two campaigns, and, secondly, a short character sketch of the two commanding generals. Both had wonderful influence over the men they led, and in the end the conduct of their soldiers reached the pitch, subtly and inevitably, of the leader. He, adored by his army, had in each case so much power to uphold the standard of knightly generosity, mercy, and justice, all that dignifies human action, and that especially beautifies it when the passions, strain, and necessities of war press upon the character of men.

Lee's campaign in Pennsylvania comes first in the order of time and should be considered first in reference to the moral effect it might have had upon later campaigns of the Northern army. Early in June, 1863, Lee began his march northward. He was not expected to visit Maryland with severity; but when he passed into the altogether hostile State of Pennsylvania, the people fell into a state of terror and panic. Northern historians report the hasty flight of many families across the Susquehanna, the excitement spread all over the State, and in Pittsburgh the alarm rose to such a height that there was a demand for martial law. Shops were closed, business was suspended, and men who had been hiring substitutes now enrolled themselves in the militia. For the first time the North realized what it had meant to the South to face invasion. But all expectation of meeting a cruel and rapacious foe was happily disappointed; they were not destined to suffer treatment resembling in the slightest degree what the South had already undergone, much less the terrible injuries that came later.

Before General Lee crossed the Potomac, he wrote to President Davis: "I shall continue to purchase all the supplies that are furnished me while north of the Potomac, impressing only when necessary." In his first order of June 21 he ordered the most scrupulous respect for private property, putting it not in the form of a dry command, but appealing to his men in stirring words not to undertake retaliation for what they had most unjustly suffered, but to make war only upon armed men. His order of June 27 repeated the instruction, praised his men for forbearance, saying, however, that any instance of forgetfulness would be punished. Rhodes, the Northern historian, says: "The Confederates committed little or no depredation or mischief. Lee exerted himself to the utmost to have his wishes observed." He remarks further that this was all the more creditable to Lee, as he did not believe that the Northern generals had shown Virginia the same consideration. We have a number of remarks from General Lee which show his convictions on this point, expressions unusually severe for him to make and that carry more weight than those of men with less perfect poise. He speaks of the "outrages of our barbarous enemy. Their conduct is such as to excite the horror and detestation of the civilized world." And again: "I grieve over the desolation of the country and the distress to women and children occasioned by the spiteful incursions of the enemy, unworthy of a civilized nation."

The Northern newspapers of 1863 and recent writers bear witness to the noble magnanimity of the men whom they are now proud to claim as their countrymen. In the New York Herald of June 28, the Boston Courier of June 23, and the New York Tribune of June 29 are words of praise for the restraint of Southern men from acts of destruction. Pollard tells us that "no house was entered without authority, no granary was pillaged, no property was taken without payment on the spot, and vast fields of grain were actually protected by Confederate guards mounted on almost starved horses."

Northern praise and support of what the South proudly claims as the most enlightened, restrained, and advanced ideals ever practiced in war in the history of the world give unanswerable force to the evidence that this distinction justly rests upon us in the conduct of our heroes in the Pennsylvania campaign. The world has never since matched the theory or the practice of these ideals. Nothing in the present war in Europe, notwithstanding all the supposed gains in humanitarianism and civilization during the last half century, approaches it.

The battle of Gettysburg, the culmination of this campaign, stirs the heart of every American as perhaps no other event in our history, and of it I wish only to say that both North and South unite in the feeling expressed thus by one Northerner: "Breathes there a man with soul so dead who would not thrill with emotion to claim for his countrymen the men who made Pickett's charge and the men who met it?"

In connection with this battle we have an account of General Lee's balance and self-control by Lieutenant Freemantle, of the British army, a tribute which is new to some of us. In his book, "Three Months in the Southern States," he describes what he saw on the field of Gettysburg. After the failure of the wonderful charge, he noticed "that Lee's face did not show the slightest disappointment, care, or annoyance. To every soldier he met he spoke an encouraging word, saying, 'All this will come right in the end,' or, 'We will talk this over afterwards, but in the meantime all good men will rally.' He spoke to all the wounded who passed him. Many who were

badly wounded cheered him, and those with slight hurts bound themselves up and took up a musket. An officer came up almost angry to report the condition of his brigade. Lee shook hands with him and said cheerfully: "General, all this has been my fault; it is I who have lost this battle, and you must help me out of it the best way you can." The man went off calm and completely changed in spirit." Lee's expression of grief over the noble men who fell here has been compared with Napoleon's remark: "What is the loss of a million men to a man like me?" In this light we realize afresh how much reason all Americans, North and South, have to revere his memory.

This picture, drawn by an outsider, of the wonderful serenity of Lee, his gentleness and sympathy, and his absolute self-control and mastery of himself at a time of the greatest imaginable strain and excitement must be kept in mind when we study the excitable, frenzied manner and utterances of General Sherman. The inconsistencies and wild remarks made by Sherman, even when at leisure in his camp, almost pass belief.

The following account of the Georgia campaign is developed almost wholly from Northern sources, as no statement is so incontrovertible as the testimony of Sherman himself or of his corps commanders as to what happened. With the exception of Kilpatrick, the notorious leader of Sherman's cavalry, whose demoralizing escapades were winked at by his superiors on account of his efficiency, the Northern leaders were regarded as men of character who sincerely wished to conduct war decently. One is loath to believe anything else, but it becomes impossible to explain their remarks in any charitable light.

Orders were given that only the foraging parties might plunder the country; but right at the start the spirit of disorder and vengeance toward Georgia was allowed to get into the minds of the whole army, and all the evidence is against any effort made to turn the current or appeal to the better instincts of the troops. The words, "Forage liberally on the country," in the first order carried an implication of license.

Sherman telegraphed to Grant that he would move through Georgia "smashing things," and again he said he would "make the march and make Georgia howl." "I propose to make the inhabitants feel that war and individual ruin are synonymous. There was a devil-may-care feeling pervading my officers and men."

Sherman started out with a fine army of sixty thousand men in the best of health and spirits. All sick and wounded were left behind. As Grant said in a telegram to Sherman, there was no danger, no one to trouble him, unless he were bushwhacked by the little boys and old men left to guard the railroads. Georgia had been sending her men to the Army of Northern Virginia and trying to feed that army. Owing to the difficulties of transportation, the heart of the State was full of rich stores—great pits of sweet potatoes, cellars of bacon and ham, flour and poultry. The Northern view that the easy feat of marching through this rich and helpless country was a marvelous military achievement has never been understood by the South.

The weather was perfect, and the men, spreading out in two wings, marched by parallel roads, covering ten or fifteen miles a day. Each brigade daily sent out a party of fifty men on foot, who would return mounted, driving cattle and mules and hauling wagons and family carriages loaded with fresh mutton, smoked ham, turkeys, chickens, ducks, meal, jugs of molasses, and sweet potatoes. Immense droves of cattle and

horses were collected and driven along. At night they were turned into enormous fields of ungathered grain, a very different sight from the guard placed over growing grain in Pennsylvania the summer before.

Sherman's attitude of laughing at all this robbery and the careless disregard of common honor and soldiership are shown in the following remarks: "The people of Georgia do not know what war means; but when the rich planters of the Oconee and the Savannah see their fences and corn and hogs and sleep vanish before their eyes, they will have something more than a mean opinion of the Yank. Even now our poor mules laugh at the fine cornfields, and our soldiers riot on chestnuts, sweet potatoes, pigs, and chickens." A man who so misunderstood what considerations have weight with men of the Southern temperament, so lacking in fine distinctions, made a comment only on his own character and motives in such statements as these.

Again he tells of meeting a soldier carrying a ham on his musket, a jug of molasses under his arm, and a piece of honey in his hand, who caught the General's eye and quoted carelessly: "Forage liberally on the country." Sherman told him, going through the form of a rebuke, that only the fifty thieves were to do the foraging; but the incident shows clearly that the sentiment of the soldier was derived from headquarters.

The burning of private dwellings and of whole towns now began. Private homes at Rome were fired, then the torch was applied to Atlanta, and two hundred acres were burned over; beautiful homes and lovely shade trees were left a mass of ruins. Macon and Milledgeville suffered from one corps, and other towns were destroyed by the other. Madison, a beautiful town, suffered the fate of all towns on the line of march. Homes and stores were pillaged, household goods and furniture piled in the streets.

A Northern correspondent with the Federal army gives the usual order of events as this: "A planter's home was overrun and boxes, drawers, and escritaires turned out. If the house was amply furnished with rich ornaments, each group coming and going through the day took what they wanted. If they were disappointed at what they found, they tore and destroyed everything. They frequently tickled the owner with sharp bayonets if they suspected that valuables were hidden. Evidence came to light after the war, corps commanders found, of cases where men were partially hanged and of some who were killed outright. If a house was deserted, the piano was destroyed, mirrors broken, the furniture ruined, and rich cushions and carpets carried out as trappings for the mules and horses. Last of all came stragglers who wanted to enjoy a good fire and who left wonderful old homes, with their rich associations, a heap of ashes." This correspondent also stated that such freaks as taking the last chicken or pound of meal, even the crockery and bedding, from the very poor was common. All plate, jewelry, and silver were taken, and the soldiers were decked out with heirlooms, diamond ornaments, and watches.

Sherman, Cox, Howard, and other generals of the Northern army admitted this pillage, and the various official orders show "lawless foraging and unwarranted burning of buildings," as one writer mildly puts it. Sherman said in his final report that his soldiers "were a little loose on foraging; they did some things they ought not to have done." There is no wonder at that when we find Sherman gloating over the destruction as in this report: "We have consumed the corn and fodder thirty miles on each side of a line from Atlanta to Savannah, as also the cattle, hogs, sheep, and poultry; we

have taken ten thousand mules and countless slaves. I estimate the damage to Georgia as at least \$100,000,000, of which \$20,000,000 is to our advantage and the rest simple waste and destruction."

With such sentiments in the leaders, it was only natural that the rank and file burned homes and laid waste the land. Sherman's orders "left loopholes for the mania of destruction," and it seems that he did not keep in touch with what was happening at the time, but cherished a childlike assumption that his men could do no wrong. The result of the spirit let loose in the army in Georgia was increasing disorder after the siege of Savannah, when the army turned to march through the Carolinas. Sherman remarked casually: "The whole army is burning with an insatiable desire to wreak vengeance upon South Carolina. I almost tremble at her fate, but feel sure she deserves all that is in store for her." As a direct result of the Georgia campaign, General Howard complains of the "most outrageous robberies committed" by his men. He found cases where rings were taken from the fingers of ladies in the very presence of the officers, and of women who were struck and robbed. General Blair, of the 17th Corps, reports that "every house on the line of march to-day was pillaged, trunks broken open, and jewelry and silver taken." The army records show many offenses, but very few punishments. The final result of the holiday feeling and the devil-may-care spirit which Sherman had looked upon so indulgently in Georgia was perhaps reached in the burning of Columbia. This involved, to take a single item, the destruction of the rare and valuable collections of fossils and paintings of Dr. Gibbes, the friend of Agassiz.

It is a strange thing that to this day the North still views the "sum of all these villainies" as martial glory and has never acknowledged any blemish in the conduct of the victorious general. The whole campaign is regarded as a romance instead of a harsh and disgraceful reality, and I find expressions referring to it as a beautiful dream that brings pleasure at the remembrance. It is remarkable that many critical journals which to-day condemn one or the other of the European powers now at war for destruction of farming implements, private or scientific property, or for suffering inflicted upon the helpless, had no word of repudiation for the acts of Sherman's army and even to-day feel no shame at such methods, such blots upon the history of this country.

Sherman was, indeed, well named when "Tecumseh" was given him, and it must be sensitiveness at the appropriateness of this term that causes his admirers to refer to him invariably as William T. Sherman.

A wiry figure, wrinkle-netted face, auburn hair, and restless manner well bespoke his character. A messenger sent by Grant to interview him found him sitting in an easy chair in his slippers. He twisted a newspaper frantically as he talked and slipped his foot perpetually in and out of his slipper. He had a habit of talking every moment, interrupting all others, and then of shoving off persons receiving orders until he would push them to the door and out.

His wild outbursts are well represented by this comment: "To secure the navigation of the Mississippi I would slay millions. For every bullet shot at a steamboat I would slay a thousand 30-pounder Parrotts into even helpless towns on the Red, Yazoo, and wherever a boat can float or a soldier march." "Death is mercy to a secessionist; and the quicker he or she is disposed of, the better." His restless fancies, his habit of pouring out volumes of correspondence on all subjects, political and military, led to many rumors that he was

insane. This fact that he was entirely mad was deplored in the Northern papers so much that Sherman was ready to hang every reporter who came about his army.

His men regarded his eccentricities and oddities with affection and pride, and he must have had qualities of leadership and unselfishness, toward them at least, which made them devoted soldiers; but when all allowance is made for his energy, his restless will, the business instinct and purpose so often praised, one who has studied him with an attempt to be fair can only feel that he was a man pitifully dwarfed on many sides of his nature and that he was most dangerous to his friends and to the cause he represented in his lack of restraint and the frenzy and madness that seemed to overtake his better self. If it were not that victory threw a concealing mantle over his defects, one feels in all dispassion that he would now be regarded as a disgrace to his government.

In a comparison with Lee no one could suffer so much as Sherman. Lee, whom even disaster could not move from the most complete disregard of himself or the kind thought for the humblest subordinate and the least of his foes, was the incomparable leader of men. Utterly unselfish to his own people, benign to his enemies, war had no power to subtract one iota of his native nobility. He stands to-day matchless and alone, an idealist who actually lived his ideals through a period of war. One can say no more. Such men raise on high the possibilities of the whole human race and fulfill themselves in new ways generation after generation.

List of works consulted in studying the topic of this paper: W. T. Sherman's "Memoirs," U. S. Grant's "Personal Memoirs," John B. Gordon's "Reminiscences," Longstreet's "From Manassas to Appomattox," Official Records of the Union and Confederate Armies, James Ford Rhodes's "United States Since the Compromise of 1850," Schouler's "History of the United States," T. A. Dodge's "Bird's-Eye View of the Civil War," E. A. Pollard's "The Lost Cause" and "A Southern History of the Civil War," and J. C. Ropes's "The Story of the Civil War."

BEHIND THE FIRING LINE

BY L. A. WAILES, M.D., NEW ORLEANS, LA.

Preliminary to the advance of the attacking line, it was the duty of the surgeon of each command to organize the ambulance corps, whose duty under his lead and direction, disarmed and marked with a white band conspicuously around the arm to designate their noncombatant functions, and equipped with all first-aid requisites, it was to follow the advancing line, ready to render assistance and remove the wounded to the field hospital at a convenient spot in the rear, selected with a view to a concurrence of shade, water, and, as far as possible, safety from the enemy's fire.

As assistant surgeon to — Regiment, it was the writer's lot to be detailed once on such service. That part of the line which it was our duty to follow had to advance under a hot fire of infantry and artillery across an open field of several hundred acres, and, of course, there was no lack of work for us. At a certain point of the advance the field was crossed by a rail fence, and off at some distance and rather out of the direct line of fire we saw a man lying close against the bottom rail. Making our way to him, we were soon struck by the peculiar position of the body. It seemed to lack that "abandon" and indifference to appearances of a soldier who had received too sudden a call to assume a dignified pose in death. On the contrary, he was lying stretched as straight

and flat as a shingle. As one of the corps said afterwards: "You could hardly have picked him up with a fork." In fact, he was almost burrowed under the bottom rail. It took but a glance to detect the feint, and with a poke in the ribs from the surgeon's boot and "Get up, you cowardly baby, and go to your command," he rolled over and, wiping the tears from his eyes, said: "I wish I was a baby; I wish I was a gal baby."

A TIMELY DIVERSION.

A sharp, continuous rattle of small arms, like a cane-brake on fire, gave notice that the battle was on in earnest. A regiment till now in reserve was ordered forward. "Quick step, forward!" Soon the "zip" of Minie or Mauser warned us of our proximity to the slaughter. Until then the advance had been as silent as a funeral march, every man occupied with his own thoughts; not a voice was heard save the word of command: "Close up! Double-quick! March!"

Bob E., "long since answered to his last roll call," the wit and humorist of the company, ever ready with witty retort or quick repartee to interrupt a quarrel or divert an unpleasant discussion, gave sudden utterance to a most lugubrious wailing cry: "H-a-a! I want to go home to my ma-a-a." The uproarious laughter that greeted this sally from all within hearing, followed by the command, "Charge!" and the Rebel yell, was the prelude to the victorious onslaught.

"A CARPETBAGGER'S VIEW OF THE KU-KLUX KLAN."

BY A. J. EMERSON, DENVER, COLO.

From the extracts already given, you perceive that Judge Tourgee was a writer of ability. As a judge his reputation was good. As a politician he might have made a statesman, but he ran his career in the wrong latitude. He recognized this fact at last, and then he classed himself among the fools. His humor is rather grim and sardonic, because it is the humor of a defeated man. But it runs through the book. It shows in the dedication: "To the ancient and honorable family of fools this book is respectfully and lovingly dedicated by one of their number." And it sticks out in the last paragraph of the book, where he wrote for himself an imaginary epitaph:

"He followed the counsel of the wise
And became a fool thereby."

He ridicules the wise men at Washington who had prepared the "Reconstruction measures."

"They proceeded to outrage a feeling as deep and fervent as the zeal of Islam or the exclusiveness of Hindu caste by giving to the ignorant, unskilled, and dependent race equality of political right. Not content with this, they went farther, and by erecting the rebellious territory into self-regulating and sovereign States they abandoned these two parties like cocks in a pit to fight out the question of predominance without the possibility of national interference. They said to the colored man: 'Root, hog, or die.' It was cheap patriotism, cheap philanthropy, cheap success."

One of these wise men felt impelled to come down South. Heralded by the newspapers of the land and accompanied by a bodyguard of reporters, he tremblingly took his life in his hand and hied him southward to convert obdurate Rebels and proclaim political light and life.

"Something in his speech there was," says Tourgee, "which

failed to please; and first angry words, then the angrier bark of Derringer and revolver, followed. The crowd scattered, the bodyguard disappeared, and that most amiable of controversies, a genteel Southern fight, took place under the eye of the wise man, or rather under his ear, as he crouched behind the desk from which he had a moment before been expounding 'the law of love as coördinate with the love of law.' The fool chuckled again and again at the wise man's discomfiture and was never tired of adducing it as an instance of the failure of wisdom at long range when pitted against sense at short taw."

In fact, the fool, being at short taw, impugns the wisdom of the entire Republican party, which is at long range. He wrote in December, 1868, to one of the wise men: "We Republicans of the South will go down with the Reconstruction movement. Some of us will make a good fight for the doomed craft; others will neither realize nor care for its danger; but on neither will justly fall the responsibility that will rest now and for all time with the Republican party of the North—a party the most cowardly, vacillating, and inconsistent in its management of these questions that has ever been known in any government."

THE KU-KLUX KLAN AGAIN.

But Mr. Tourgee never finds that his humor is able to "caper nimbly" on the theme of the Ku-Klux. That is always a serious matter with him.

"It was builded upon an ineradicable sentiment of hostility to the negro as a political integer and a fierce determination that the white people of the South or a majority of that race should rule, if not by the power of the ballot, then by force of skill, brain, and the habit of domination. The bravest and strongest and best of the South gave it their recognition and support; in most cases actively, in some passively. Thousands believed it a necessity to prevent anarchy and the destruction of all valuable civilization."

"The new revolution which had begun went on. The Klan increased in numbers and in power—an *imperium in imperio*—until its decrees were far more potent and its power more dreaded than that of the visible commonwealths which it either dominated or terrorized."

"The rule of the majority had been overthrown, the power of the government boldly defied, and its penalties for crime successfully evaded, that the enfranchisement of the colored man might be rendered a farce and the obnoxious amendments and Reconstruction legislation practically nullified. Read by the light of other days, the triumph of the ancient South was incredibly grand; in the then present there was little lacking to give it completeness; in the future—well, that could take care of itself."

"Time went on, and twelve years from the day when Lee surrendered under the apple tree at Appomattox there was another surrender, and the last of the government organized under the policy of Reconstruction fell into the hands of those who inaugurated and carried on war against the nation."

THE FOOL BECOMES RECONCILED; DEFEAT MAKES HIM A WISER MAN.

"Failure was written above the grave of the pet idea of the wise men. It was with a feeling of relief, if not of satisfaction, that the fool recognized this result. He was like the battered soldier who, though not victorious, sits in his old age, crowned with the glory of many wounds, peaceful and contented despite the undesired outcome of his warfare."

TOURGEE TALKS WITH DR. MARTIN, HIS OLD INSTRUCTOR, AND BECOMES A PROPHET.

"You think the 'irrepressible conflict' is still confronting us, then?" said Martin.

"Undoubtedly. The North and the South are simply convenient names for two distinct, hostile, and irreconcilable ideas—two civilizations they are sometimes called, especially at the South. At the North there is somewhat more of intellectual arrogance, and we are apt to speak of the one as civilization and of the other as a species of barbarism. These two must always be in conflict until the one prevails and the other fails. To uproot the one and plant the other in its stead is not the work of a moment or a day. That was our mistake. We tried to superimpose the civilization, the idea of the North, upon the South at a moment's notice. We presumed that by the suppression of the rebellion the Southern white man had become identical with the Caucasian of the North in thought and sentiment and that the slave by emancipation had become a saint and a Solomon at once. So we tried to build up communities there which should be identical in thought, sentiment, growth, and development with those of the North. It was a fool's errand."

"Leaving the past, what have you to say of the future?"

"The battle must be fought out. If there is to remain one nation on the territory we now occupy, it must be either a nation unified in sentiment and civilization, or the one civilization must dominate and control the other. As it stands now, the South is the most intense, vigorous, and aggressive."

"But why do you think that the South is more likely to rule than the more populous and more enterprising North?" asks Dr. Martin.

"Because they are thoroughly united and are instinctive natural rulers. They are not troubled with scruples, nor do they waste their energies upon frivolous and immaterial issues. They are monarchical and kinglike in their characteristics. Each one thinks more of the South than of himself, and anything which adds to her prestige or glory is dearer to him than any personal advantage. The North thinks the Southern people are especially angry because of the loss of slave property; in truth, they are a thousand times more exasperated by the elevation of the freed negro to equal political power. The North is disunited; a part will adhere to the South for the sake of power, and, just as before the Civil War, the South will again dominate and control the nation."

(In another paper Judge Tourgee's declaration that the Ku Klux Klan was "organized thuggism" will be considered.)

A MARYLAND BOY IN THE CONFEDERATE ARMY.

BY G. B. PHILPOT, MILLBURN, N. J.

(Continued from 111 numbers.)

We come next to the Gettysburg campaign. A few miles from that town we ran into a body of cavalry, who killed my horse and wounded and captured me. I was sent by train to Fort Mifflin. During a stop at a way station I saw on the platform directly opposite my window the lieutenant whom I had captured at Charlestown. He knew me at once and made some twitting remark. My first thought was that he would report at Fort Mifflin that I had killed the five prisoners, which made me very uneasy. Fortunately, he did not know my name. I was in the barracks about two weeks and was then transferred by steamer to Fort Delaware. Upon my arrival I learned from some of our men, prisoners like myself, who had just arrived by train, that one Cooper had

escaped during the night. I immediately took his name, and when the roll was called I answered to the name of Cooper. When my name was called, there was no answer; therefore I was the one who had escaped. A number of friends among the prisoners posted me as to Cooper's company, regiment, etc.

After being there about a month, to my great horror and chagrin I was summoned to appear before General Schoef, the commandant, who asked my name, regiment, etc. I thought it no sin to lie to save my neck, particularly as I was innocent. After hearing my tale, he sent for a number of my friends, one at a time, who all told the same tale. I discovered that he had gotten from a deserter his information that my name was Philpot, and not Cooper. I felt that the General was not satisfied to believe the deserter and doubtless would have been satisfied to believe me and my friends had not his adjutant, searching my clothes for evidence against me, found in my pocket a memorandum book with my name in full as an appraiser of horses that were on the trip to Charlestown. That ended all hope of escape for me. Now, I thought, I will be shot in the morning, by no means a pleasant reflection. I was ordered to be placed in a cell where I could see the light of day only through a small grated window, expecting every day to be taken out and shot or hanged. I was kept in there about a week, then was ordered to prepare to travel. I had no preparations to make except to that country whence no traveler ever returns. All I had was on my back. When I was taken out, the guard informed me that I was to go to Johnson's Island, where none but officers were kept. I was sent there under my own name, and Cooper was heard of no more; neither did I hear of any charges against me.

I could write to my mother, who had heard nothing from me since I saw her; so I wrote and told her of my condition, the scant food, etc. At that time we were allowed to receive boxes of provisions and clothing. My sister wrote that they would send me a box for Christmas and a cake with General Terry's name on a slip of paper, thinking in her innocence and goodness of heart that by so doing I would be favored. I knew better; and when the box arrived and was being examined to see that no dynamite, artillery, or any other contraband of war was in it by which I might blow up or shoot up the garrison, I found the slip of paper with General Terry's name on it, which I slipped into my mouth without being seen. I felt that the cake would do me more good than General Terry, who had plenty. The box was an immense one, requiring four strong men to carry it to my quarters. On being opened, what a sight met my eyes! There were turkeys, chickens, Maryland biscuit, sugar, coffee, and all the good things that could be put up by a loving mother and sisters. That cake I had with my mess for desert on Christmas day, after a very big dinner of turkey, ham, etc. The result was that we were all deathly sick that night. I wrote my sister that I believed she had intended killing General Terry, but that it had come near killing five good Confederate soldiers. We watched that box with jealous eyes, never leaving it without a guard day or night.

In my room was Colonel Berkley. A friend of his in Kentucky sent him a ten-gallon keg of whisky without knowing that it was contraband of war. When it arrived, we collected five dollars in our room with which we expected to bribe the Jew who attended to the examination and delivery of packages. The Jew looked with longing eyes on the money, but was afraid to take it for fear of discovery and punishment. My only hope then was the good old doctor, a kind-

hearted German, who had treated me and who, I felt sure, would favor me. His order could get the whisky. So I told him that there was a little whisky at the express office for Colonel Berkley, who had been wounded, but who could not get it without an order from him. He very promptly said: "O yes, yes; de Colonel, he shall haf de order." I got the order and lost no time in getting the precious burden to our room. I suggested to the Colonel the advisability of drawing the whisky out and filling the keg with water, as when it became known at headquarters they would send for our prize. We hunted up all the canteens, cans, bottles, etc., filled them with the precious fluid, and filled the keg with water, placing it near the Colonel's bunk. Hardly had we finished when there appeared upon the scene a lieutenant with a squad of men and demanded the keg. The Colonel pleaded with him to let him have a small portion for medicinal purposes; but not a drop would he give, and they carried the prize out, thinking of the good time they would have. Our cans then came out of hiding, and for many days a number of Rebs were gloriously happy. The Yanks were so disappointed and chagrined at being fooled by a lot of Rebels that they never came back to search our quarters.

One evening I was standing at a window when a terrible windstorm came up. I saw a huge tree torn up by the roots. I felt the building quiver and shake. I thought every moment that it would go over. The roof did go off; and I went out of the window, landing on my feet. Running around the end of the building, I propped myself against the side and was held there by the wind until the storm was over. I jumped out of the window because I knew there would be a rush for the door by three hundred excited men, in which many would be crushed, as did happen. The roof of every building in the inclosure was blown off except that of the hospital filled with sick, of which not a timber was moved. In the meantime the sentinels were firing on us, the garrison outside fired on us, and the gunboat in the bay also gave us a broadside. With all this and timbers flying in every direction, many were wounded and injured, creating a veritable pandemonium. As many as could got into ditches or hugged stumps to keep from being blown to destruction. Then came a terrific down-pour of rain. Without shelter and without dry clothes, we passed a horrible night. The Yankees gave as an excuse for the shooting that they thought we were trying to escape.

Many plans to escape were devised. Kentuckians whose bunks were on the ground floor cut a hole in the floor with a saw made by filing the back of a knife, then dug down far enough to start a tunnel. The digging was done with knives, sticks, or whatever could be found, the dirt being emptied under the building where it could not be seen. The diggers knew where to come up on the outside, but did not know that there was a stump at that point. They worked between the roots an opening large enough for the two who were in front to get out. The third was a big, broad-shouldered man, who squeezed himself in so tight that he could get neither out nor back; and when he was found, with only his head above the ground, a saw and ax had to be used to get him out. He was returned to his quarters, and the other two were captured later, not being able to get off the island.

On the first night of January, 1864, the thermometer stood at thirty-five below zero. It was so cold that the sentinels were taken off duty. Three men scaled the fence and started across the bay on the ice, which was several feet thick. One of them was found frozen to death, while the other two got to a farmhouse so badly frozen that they died the next day.

Another plan of escape was made. We organized into companies and regiments, all bound to secrecy by a solemn pledge. Armed with knives filed to a point and fastened to poles sawed from the slats of our bunks, at a certain signal we were to batter down the fence and rush upon and overpower the garrison, which at that time numbered only three hundred militia. Then we were to capture the steamer lying at the wharf, go to Sandusky, and there get boats to carry us to Canada. All of which might have been accomplished but for having a Judas in camp who betrayed us a few days before our intended attack. The barracks were searched and our arms confiscated. Colonel Hill, who was then in command, said that he expected any morning to wake and find himself a prisoner.

Major Green, a prisoner, secured the uniform of a United States major. He wrote himself a furlough indorsed by the colonel of the regiment to which he was supposed to belong. It was passed by his brigade commander, the general of the division, and then by General Grant. With another paper, a general pass giving him transportation on all railroads signed by General Grant, all different signatures, he was saluted by the sentinel at the gate and passed out. To show his boldness he went to General Terry's office, introduced himself as Major Green, of General Grant's army, and presented his papers. While there the supper bell rang, and General Terry invited him to supper. He supped with the General, returned to the office, and was smoking one of the General's cigars when there appeared upon the scene the corporal who called the roll to which Green belonged. The corporal recognized him and said: "Hello! What are you doing here?" General Terry reprimanded him for speaking in that way to a superior officer. The corporal said: "He is one of our prisoners. I know his face well, as I call his name twice every day." The General said: "You are mistaken. This is one of General Grant's officers. Go call your roll." That was done, and Green was absent. Every building in the prison was searched, but Green could not be found. General Terry then said to Green: "I am really and truly sorry that you have been caught. Any man who could play such a clever trick deserves his freedom; but I must, in duty bound, send you back to your old quarters and deprive you of your uniform and papers." So much for being too bold. The only man who ever escaped entirely was Captain Lattine, who secured a private soldier's uniform; and when the gate was opened for prisoners to go out on the bay for water late in the evening, he went with the crowd. When on the ice, he stepped aside and began talking to one of the prisoners. The officer in charge ordered him off, saying: "You have no business talking to prisoners." He sauntered around until dark, then made his way across the bay. He was heard from in Philadelphia, in Washington, and again in Richmond. We heard later that the poor fellow was killed in his first fight after getting back.

I am telling only of my own experience and will say but little about the rations issued, except that they barely sufficed to keep body and soul together. Probably I fared better than any man in the prison, owing to the good old doctor's kindness and my mother's living within the Federal lines. With an order from the doctor, which he never failed to give me, I was enabled to get provisions from home, and my rations I gave to one less fortunate than myself.

About the first of March, 1865, three hundred of us were paroled to be sent to Richmond for exchange, and we anxiously looked forward to the day of departure. The trouble

was in crossing the bay, which was so full of ice that the boat could not run, and the ice was not thick enough to walk over. In that state of suspense we waited for about two weeks; then we bade farewell to Johnson's Island, where we had seen so much suffering and misery inflicted upon human beings. In Sandusky we were put in a vacant room on the second floor to wait for a train. A wagon loaded with loose hay, with six mules attached, stopped under our window. Captain Boston threw a well-lighted cigar on the hay; and in a moment the whole load was in flames, the mules running off with the burning hay. We yelled with delight, while the citizens were wild with fright, threatening vengeance against us. Of course no one knew who threw the brand.

On reaching Richmond my first move was to locate my company, which I found at Hanover Courthouse; but there was only a remnant, barely a corporal's guard. It was sad indeed to me to miss those brave and loyal boys, to me more than brothers, who had followed me in so many hard-fought battles. I felt as if it would have been well for me to go with them, particularly since I knew now that our cause was lost. I left that small remnant of my company realizing that I could never lead them to battle again. With a sad and heavy heart I paid my passage to Lynchburg, but had literally to work my way by gathering wood every few miles to keep up steam. I remained at Lynchburg until the surrender.

These reminiscences of the War between the States were written fifty-odd years after the events herein recorded for the benefit and enlightenment of my nieces and nephews and their children's children, to remind them when I am gone that they had an uncle who served as a private soldier and officer in the Confederate army, with the reasons why I did so. In the first place, I inherited the spirit from my paternal grandsire, who, with his musket on his shoulder, marched from Baltimore town to Boston to fight under the banner of Washington against the army of King George for his liberty and independence. That same spirit animated me, knowing that the South had a true and just cause for maintaining the rights that had been denied her by the North in refusing to enforce the law which was passed, not by any one of the Southern States, but by the Congress of all the States, and made a part of the Constitution by the approval of the Supreme Court, the highest tribunal in the land. Not only did the Northern people refuse to obey and enforce that law, but they actually murdered citizens whose rights under the law they were trying to have enforced. The very erroneous idea that the South carried on the war solely to hold the negroes as slaves is entirely false. The South fought for the rights that the Constitution gave to sovereign States, and which were denied them. That was all. Certain fanatics of the North, in their holy horror at the great wickedness of holding the negroes as slaves, forgot that their ancestors were among the first to introduce slavery into this country and into most of the Northern States. But just so soon as they found that slavery was not profitable, then, and not till then, did they discover the enormous sin of holding slaves and, to relieve their sorely stricken consciences, sold them to the South to bear the burden of sin. Then they decided that the South must be relieved of its burden of sin by freeing the slaves and by different means started in motion a plan to free them by and through their emissaries, who secretly distributed throughout the South their most righteous and godly literature among the slaves, which advised and urged them to insurrection, to destroy property, and even to murder their masters—to rise *en masse* and de-

clare their freedom. That scheme failed, for the slaves were too loyal to their masters, and also other schemes of the kind down to that crazy fanatic, John Brown, who has been proclaimed a martyr throughout the North. Such were the grievances of the South. She could not have been true to herself to remain longer without a struggle in such a Union, which ignored all the rights to which she was entitled under the Constitution; and especially after Mr. Lincoln's chief adviser said: "To hell with the Constitution! It is a compact with the devil and a league with hell." Though the South was overwhelmed by the force of numbers, she has been clearly vindicated in her claim of States' rights by the verdict of the whole country, and our Gen. R. E. Lee stands to-day at the head of all modern military chieftains.

A few days after the fight at First Manassas my mother received a letter, signed "Turner Ashby," telling her that I had been killed in that fight and several of our boys wounded; that he would send my body to Point of Rocks, the nearest place across the river, and that it would be there on a certain day. My mother, convinced of the genuineness of the letter, sent my brother to the Point to meet the body and also notified the minister that the burial would be on the following Sunday. The report circulated over the neighborhood, and the whole community went to the church to attend my funeral. My brother returned without the body, and all thought something had happened to cause the delay. He went the second day, but no corpse was there. All were in doubt and suspense until my mother got a letter from me a year later. It was mailed in Maryland by the wife of a Yankee who had been detained in Martinsburg when General Banks went through so rapidly that she could not leave with her husband. I saw that she was sent through the lines the next day to join him. And I am here to-day, fifty-odd years after the events recorded, to give thanks to the good Lord for his great mercy in sparing me to tell of even so little of my war experiences.

The following joke on General Grant is said to have been told by himself. When the armies were before Richmond, General Grant and staff were reconnoitering between the lines when they met an old negro whom the General questioned, saying: "Uncle Ben, where are General Lee and his army?" Uncle Ben said: "Ober 'bout Richmond, Ah b'lebe, sah." "How many men has he?" "Seems like 'bout er milyun to me, sah." "Where is General Longstreet?" "He is ober 'bout Petersburg, Ah b'lebe, sah." "How many men has he?" "Dey seems like a milyun too, sah." Uncle Ben then said: "Gineral, kin Ah ax yer jist one question?" "Certainly, Uncle Ben. What is it?" "Whar' is you-uns gwine, anyhow?" "Well, Uncle Ben, I may go to Richmond, I may go to Petersburg, I may go to heaven, or I may go to hell." "Gineral, yer kain't go to Richmond, 'kase Marse Bob Lee is dar; yer kain't go to Petersburg, 'kase Gineral Longstreet is dar; yer kain't go to heben, 'kase Gineral Stonewall Jackson is dar; but yer kin go to hell, 'kase dar ain't no Rebels dar."

On a certain occasion one of our officers surprised and captured a party of Yankees much larger than his own. This officer and some friends were visiting some ladies soon afterwards, when one of them asked him how in the world he managed to capture so many more men than he had. The officer said: "Well, miss, I just called to them to surrender, and they surrendered, and that is the way I taken 'em. Now, miss, will you please, miss, sing, miss, 'Ever of Thee I Am Fondly Dreaming,' miss? A beautiful old song! Thank you, miss."

THE LAST ROLL

CHARLES C. HEMMING.

"'Tis ever wrong to say a good man dies."

One of earth's noblemen is gone in person only, in spirit never, for his personality was such that his impression will go down to the coming ages. He was a true Christian gentleman. He leaves behind him no associate whom he has not helped and elevated.

Charles C. Hemming was reared in Jacksonville, Fla. When merely a boy he answered his country's call to arms and joined the Southern army, and his record as a Confederate soldier will always be an honor to his family, to his country, and to that cause he loved so well and constantly; for the handsome monument he erected to the Confederate soldiers of his native State bears witness to this remembrance. He fought gallantly for the cause he espoused; was taken prisoner and for many months languished behind the bars of a Federal prison, made his escape, made his way through a hostile country to Canada, and went on a sailing vessel to Cuba. After the war closed he went to Brenham, Tex., to begin life anew, making his own way, for he was largely a self-made man. In 1867 that dreadful scourge of



CHARLES C. HEMMING.

yellow fever visited Brenham, and after having the fever himself he turned to the alleviation of others who were afflicted. Night after night he sat beside some sick bed, cooling the fevered brow or closing the tired eyes of some sufferer and often with his own hands placing into the bosom of mother earth all that was mortal of some of our citizens.

After entering on a mercantile career, Mr. Hemming married Miss Lucy Key, daughter of Dr. John P. Key, who sacrificed his own life in caring for and treating the yellow fever victims of 1867. Later he became cashier of the Giddings Bank for several years, eventually removing to Colorado, where, by thrift and farsightedness, he amassed a large fortune, though it has been said of him that he gave away a fortune in helping others whom he thought needed assistance, for his was ever a generous hand.

Mr. Hemming was almost a lifelong member of the Presbyterian Church. He was a Christian who lived the truth of his Christianity, a Church member who was all that membership meant, a citizen who stood for the only true citizenship, a friend who let you read all that was in his big heart. One of the kindest, bravest, truest men that Brenham has ever known passed calmly to his reward when his eyes were closed. He sleeps at Colorado Springs, near the foot of the rugged mountains he loved so well. Nearly every citizen of this town and country knew, loved, and honored him; but no more will they see the smiling face or hear the joyous laughter or feel the cordial hand clasp of "Charley" Hemming, for the record of a long and useful life is closed. The great storms of life, its great sorrows, its disappointments, its joys, its griefs, its successes all through the seventy years of life passed by and over him and left the same sweet, unembittered man, his faith in God and his fellow man steadfast, immovable. His heart was as brave as a lion's, as tender as a child's; no word of bitterness fell from his lips; his was always the word of kindness.

The grandest funeral oration ever delivered was that by God himself when he said: "Moses my servant is dead; therefore arise, go, and be like him." This, then, is the sum and substance in the case of our departed friend, and the admonition of those of us who are left here is to try to be like him. Peace to his memory!

MARY C. DIXON.

THOMAS A. ELGIN.

Thomas Ashford Elgin, a prominent citizen of Marshall, Tex., died there on May 5, 1916, after months of failing health. He was born March 8, 1841, in Huntsville, Ala., and when a lad of seventeen he went to Memphis and for several years was a printer in the office of the Memphis Eagle. In 1859 he went to Marshall, Tex., and worked as a printer until he answered the call of the Stars and Bars.

He enlisted April 19, 1861, in Capt. S. J. Richardson's company; and after service on various fields he was captured at Arkansas Post and was sent as a prisoner to Camp Butler. Upon being exchanged, he again entered the service and had much hard experience in Tennessee around Chattanooga. He was mustered out of the army May 20, 1865. He went back to Marshall, Tex., and made a success as a cotton broker. On February 7, 1868, he was happily married to Miss Laura Ousley; and to them were born six daughters, all of whom survive him. Comrade Elgin was a Mason, a Knight Templar, an Elk, and was for many years Adjutant of W. P. Lane Camp of Confederate Veterans.

BASIL EARLE OVERBY.

"The love where death has set his seal
Nor age can chill nor rival steal
Nor falsehood disavow."

Basil Earle Overby, born in the town of Jefferson, Jackson County, Ga., was the youngest of the three sons of Judge Basil Hallam Overby and his wife, who was Miss Asenath Thrasher, daughter of an influential planter whose large estates were in what was then a part of Clarke County, Ga., but is now Oconee County. There were six children in the family, three sons and three daughters. Losing his mother at the tender age of five years, Earle Overby and a baby sister were taken in charge by their grandparents, Barton and Mary Thrasher, and kept until the father's second marriage to one of the three daughters of Gen. Hugh L. Haralson, all of whom married distinguished men, one becoming the wife of Judge Bleckly, of Atlanta, and the other of our loved and gallant Gen. John B. Gordon. Mrs. Overby, the most beautiful of the three, is still living in Washington City with her daughter, the widow of Gen. Charles Williams, who died in the Philippines.



BASIL EARLE OVERBY.

During the War between the States his grandfather tried to keep Earle from enlisting, but the boy ran away from the Madison High School and became a soldier of the Confederacy, though not then fourteen years of age. He became a member of Company K, Georgia State Troops, and was afterwards in the cavalry service; but it proved too hard for him, so he was transferred to the artillery, where he remained to the close of the war, surrendering with Joseph E. Johnston in North Carolina. It was a terrible experience for the tenderly reared boy, but he was doubtless better for it in after years. Its tender memories, mingled with honest pride for duty well performed, overcame the bitter experiences of warfare. To the last he revered the cause for which he had fought, and doubtless he was again in spirit amidst the scenes of camp or battle when, almost with his dying breath, as if responding to some call, he said in a strong, clear voice: "Lumpkin's Battery!" It was the command with which he had served.

In 1877 Mr. Overby was elected sheriff of Oconee County, and he held this position for thirty-five years, then voluntarily retired. His record was one of duty well performed; and though the position required firmness and stern control, his kindness was evident to his wards and made them his friends. After this he was holding a position in the State Agricultural Department in Atlanta when he almost lost his life by gas asphyxiation and never recovered from the effects of the poison, death resulting some weeks later at his home, in Watkinsville, Ga., October 26, 1914. He is survived by

his wife, who was Miss Mary Covington, of Ringgold, two sisters, Mrs. Robert Winship, of Atlanta, and Mrs. Callie Price, of Madison, and one brother, Nick Overby, also of Atlanta.

To his family the most important epoch of his life was his confession of faith in Christ, his baptism and reception into the Church. He was for a long time a teacher in the Sunday school of the Baptist Church at Watkinsville and had also been its superintendent. Though no children came to bless his home, there were young relatives to whom he gave a helping hand, as well as other young people struggling to get an education. His beloved wife was an inspiration in his life and joined with him in loving service to others.

"Alas for love if this were all and naught beyond, O earth!"

REUBEN M. NEWMAN

Reuben Manning Newman, the youngest son of James Newman, of Hilton, Orange County, Va., and the last survivor of his father's children, was born March 20, 1843, and died at the old family homestead on April 17, 1910.

When the war came on in 1861, though still but a schoolboy, Reuben Newman and his brothers left for Harper's Ferry on the night of April 17, the date of Virginia's ordinance of secession. He became a member of the Gordonsville Grays, Company C, 13th Virginia Infantry, of which Gen. A. P. Hill was colonel, later commanded by Col. James A. Walker (afterwards commander of the Stonewall Brigade) and by Col. James Barbour Terrell, also promoted to be brigadier general. His record as a soldier is one of those priceless heritages which his descendants to remote generations can cherish with patriotic pride. His conspicuous courage in battle, where he was several times wounded, his unflinching fortitude under the hardships which this famous regiment endured, his cheerful comradeship, whether on the tented or the stricken field, endeared him alike to officers and men. In the battle of first Cold Harbor he and his brother Herbert were wounded, the latter dying as the result of his wounds. His eldest brother, Wilson, was left for dead on the bloody field of Winchester; his brother Sheridan, captured at the fall of Vicksburg, survived the war, as did also his brother Stanley.

His merit as a soldier won him promotion as vacancies occurred in his company, and in the latter part of the war he was commissioned aid-de-camp on the staff of Gen. George H. Steuart. In 1871 he married Miss Kate Randolph Taylor, who survives him with six daughters and one son. Another son, Sheridan, died in early manhood.

In civil life Mr. Newman was held in no less esteem than as a soldier in war. As all who remember those times well know, peace had her privations as well as her "victories no less renowned than war"; these he endured and overcame with like fortitude and patience. A model citizen, he was looked up to by his neighbors for his civic example of industry, integrity, and devotion to the State. He fought a long and brave battle to restore wrecked fortunes, but disease and age and infirmity ensued; yet he did not falter nor turn back, but bore with Christian patience every trial that came. After more than threescore years and ten he "fell on sleep" like one who lies down to pleasant dreams based on noble memories and illuminated by the vision of a better country and a heavenly which faith discerned beyond the earthly horizon.

W. W. S.

CAPT. JOSEPH H. FUSSELL.

Capt. Joseph H. Fussell, prominent lawyer, Confederate veteran, and citizen of Columbia, Tenn., died there on November 4, 1915, having been in failing health for some time. Captain Fussell was born in Maury County in January, 1836, and had nearly reached fourscore years of age. He is survived by his wife and several nieces and nephews. He was highly educated and exceptionally intellectual and was a lawyer of profound ability. He was one of the best-known Confederate veterans in the State and was at one time prominent in politics.

A desire to do something for his country was manifested early in life; for he enlisted at the age of eleven years as an American soldier to fight the Mexicans, but was rejected on account of his youth. At the beginning of the War between the States he enlisted in Forrest's cavalry as a private, but was soon promoted to the command of a troop of soldiers. His war experience included participation in seventy battles without losing a drop of blood. At the battle of Franklin he was shot through the beard, but was not injured. He was mustered out at Charlotte, N. C., on May 3, 1865, being under General Wheeler at that time. He returned to his home, in Columbia; and on January 23, 1873, he was married to Miss Margarette Roberts, a daughter of Capt. William Tate Roberts and granddaughter of Gen. Isaac Roberts, who was a general under Washington in the Revolution. He acquired his education at Jackson College, of Columbia, and received a law degree. After graduation he began the practice of law and soon entered politics.

In 1870 Captain Fussell was elected attorney-general of his district and served creditably until 1886. No public officer ever discharged his duties with more courage, fidelity, and ability. All his life Captain Fussell had been an ardent prohibitionist. He was a ruling elder in the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, having devoted most of the latter years of his life to the cause of that Church. He was a member of the Board of Publication, President of the Legal Board, and State Clerk of the Tennessee Synod. In 1910 he was unanimously elected Moderator of the General Assembly which convened at Dickson, where the Cumberland Presbyterian Church had been organized a hundred years before.

Captain Fussell was a man of sterling honesty and of high moral standards. He was a sincere and unselfish friend, a devoted husband, a strong patriot, and a high-class citizen. He was prominent in fraternal circles, having been a Mason, a Knight Templar, and a Knight of Pythias. He was looked upon as a leader among the Confederate veterans of his county and was always interested in the annual reunions.

JEROME B. COYLE.

Jerome B. Coyle died at his home, near Charlestown, W. Va., March 15, 1916, aged seventy-two years. He was born in Berkeley County, Va. (now West Virginia), October 21, 1843, but had been a resident of Jefferson County since early manhood.

In 1862, when a lad of eighteen years, he volunteered in Company A, 12th Virginia Cavalry, General Rosser's brigade, and served in the great strife for Southern independence from Fredericksburg to Appomattox. His comrades have said he was a brave and dutiful soldier on many hard-fought fields. Since the war he had been a farmer and was highly respected by his friends and neighbors. He is survived by one daughter, Miss Hallie Coyle.

[Tribute by his friend and comrade, H. T. Miley.]

J. M. TROSPER.

J. M. Trosper, Sr., was born in Knox County, Ky., May 10, 1835, removed to Texas in 1859, and died in that State on February 12, 1916. He enlisted April 19, 1861, at Marshall, Tex., for one year in Company F, 2d Regiment of Texas Mounted Rifles. At the expiration of his term of service he returned home, raised a company of cavalry (Company K, 28th Texas Cavalry), and served throughout the war, being honorably discharged at the surrender in 1865. He then went to Bethany, La., and there engaged in the mercantile business. In 1867 he was married to Miss Anna Mays, of South Carolina, who died in February, 1910, survived by three children—J. M. Trosper, Jr., of Greenwood, La.; Mrs. J. C. Miller, of Ponca City, Okla.; and Mrs. H. F. Edgar, of Bethany, La. In May, 1912, he was married to Miss Elodie Trepagnier, of New Orleans, La., who survives him.

Comrade Trosper was a member of W. C. Lane Camp, U. C. V., at Marshall, Tex.

DR. E. B. MOSELEY.

Dr. Elijah Bucklie Moseley was born in Dallas County, Ala., May 25, 1835, and died in the same county June 12, 1916. His early education was received at Orrville Academy, which a generation ago sent out a large number of men who filled



DR. E. B. MOSELEY.

places of trust in Church and State. When the call of the Confederacy was sounded, his brave young spirit responded promptly. He enlisted as a private in the volunteer company organized by Capt. C. C. Pegues at Cahaba, Ala., in April, 1861; but before the expiration of the year his soldierly qualities were recognized, and on January 7, 1862, he was elected second lieutenant. On the reorganization of the company in April, 1862, he was elected captain of Company G, 5th Alabama Infantry, known as the "Cahaba Rifles," a company which rendered conspicuous service; only four members now survive. Dr. Moseley served with great bravery and distinction in the Army of Northern Virginia. He was wounded in the battle of Malvern Hill July 1, 1862, and also at Gettysburg on July 1, 1863. He graduated from Tulane Medical College in 1868, returned to Dallas County, and there practiced for half a century. His first wife was Miss Annie H. Edwards. His second marriage was to Miss Ann P. Howell. Two daughters and a son, children of the two marriages, survive him. After the religious services of his burial at Orrville, the members of Camp Jones, U. C. V., of Selma, Ala., conducted the funeral by the Camp ritual.

HENRY CLAY ERWIN

Henry Clay Erwin, patriot, soldier, and Christian gentleman, entered the higher life on February 11, 1915, ripe in man's allotted years and also in those virtues that form and transform character. Excelling in many traits, he stood aloft like some lone tree in a forest, commanding reverence, yet offering beneath its wide arms hospitality and protection. The spirit of the mountains among which he lived seemed to abide in his sturdy integrity and pure faith. His parents moved from North Carolina in the thirties and settled near Fair Mountain, Ga., at the time of the Cherokee exodus from their laughing waters and happy valleys to the plains of the far West. There on October 12, 1844, this son was born. As his mountains glowed in answer to the touch of the rising sun, our soldier boy, with the ardent chivalry of his Scotch and English ancestry, responded to his country's call. In 1862, while a student at Marietta Military Academy, at the early age of eighteen he enlisted at Kingston, Ga., joining Company E, under Capt. Jeff Johnson, in the 4th Georgia Cavalry, commanded by Col. I. W. Avery, which won and sustained distinction and honor until the war ended.

Henry Erwin was made first lieutenant, but from necessity led his company in all its important engagements. He followed the fates of war from his first battle at Chickamauga through Tennessee and all along the W. and A. Railroad in North Georgia. During the first day of the battle of Resaca, May 14, 1864, he was wounded in a skirmish at Tanner's Ferry, three miles south of Resaca and west of Calhoun. On his way home on furlough he was captured by a part of Stoneman's Cavalry, but escaped prison by the humane decision of the surgeon in charge, who pronounced his wound too serious for long travel. Learning that he had an aunt at Gainesville, not far away, he was sent to her good care. There the released prisoner soon recovered and, despite the remonstrance of friends and surgeons, determined to rejoin his company in Middle Tennessee during the invasion of Longstreet.

Unwilling to pass his loved home *en route* without making a visit, he concealed his horse some distance from the house and soon joined his family, whose joy was lost in wonder over the miracle of his entrance and doubt of the chance of his escape; for the enemy had surrounded the place on a looting expedition. Trusting his fate to the God who never sleeps, he rested until early morn. In taking his departure he hid himself in the tall weeds between the yard and orchard, but was soon alarmed by the clamor of pursued chickens and the running of the hungry Yankees in every direction. Just here a Southern woman's sagacity, tact, or intuitive protection of her offspring served its purpose well. Quickly pulling from concealment a coop of fine fryers, Mrs. Erwin called the willing pursuers around her and slowly gave each a chicken, while her son made good his escape.

Regaining his company, Lieutenant Erwin continued to hold the esteem and trust of all who knew him, demonstrating his intrepid courage and convictions of right unto the finish and through later years in every phase of his long, good life of Christian soldiership. Returning to farm life in 1865, he soon saved the means to finish his education at Emory and Henry College, in Virginia, and in six years was happily married to Miss Mary Adelia Harlan, the eldest daughter of Hon. James M. Harlan, whose graces of Christian womanhood live anew in her fine children, together with the sterling qualities of him whose memory we delight to honor.

CAPT. FIELD ARROWSMITH.

"The battle's o'er, the victory won," and in the peace and quiet of Maplewood is laid to rest all that is earthly of our friend and comrade, Field Arrowsmith. He was born in Giles County, Tenn., on July 7, 1839, he lived beyond the allotted span, and in the fullness of years well spent in the service of his Master and his country he "fell on sleep" at midnight, April 30, 1916. As gentle and pure as a woman



CAPT. FIELD ARROWSMITH

in thought and act, an exemplar of righteous living, a citizen of blameless character, a Christian without dissimulation, and a soldier of the Southern arms who bared his breast to the storms for four long years without fear or faltering, is the epitome of his life. Truly "the gentlest are the bravest." Enlisting as a private in Company B, 32nd Tennessee Infantry, in 1861, he was promoted orderly sergeant of the company, was captured at Fort Donelson in February

1862, exchanged September, 1862, wounded at Chickamauga in September, 1863, and again at Powder Springs in June, 1864. He was elected captain of his company after the battle of Chickamauga. At the reorganization of the army in North Carolina, in 1865, the 32d was consolidated into one company, of which he was elected captain, and assigned to the Fourth Consolidated Regiment under Colonel Searcy. Paroled at Greensboro, N. C., in April 1865, he returned to Pulaski, Tenn., where, as one of its leading merchants, he brought to the restoration of his broken fortune and the upbuilding of his ruined country all the energy of an unbroken spirit and the inspiration of a courage that, "making no apologies for the past," looked forward with Christian hope and helpfulness to the confirmation of all that was best in God's good time in the cause to which he had consecrated the best years of his young manhood.

This is a short sketch of a life that deserves a better history, but the love and devotion of a noble wife, the abiding esteem of his old comrades in arms and of the community in which he lived will hold his memory as a sacred heritage.

MRS. MARTHA E. WILLIAMS SCOTT.

Mrs. Martha Elizabeth Williams Scott, wife of Maj. C. R. Scott, died at her home, in Montgomery, Tex., on her sixty-ninth birthday. She was born in Greenville, Ala., March 30, 1847. In 1857 her father, William Stone Williams, moved his family to Texas, which State continued to her home until her death, March 30, 1916. She was a true Southern girl who spun, wove, and wore the "homespun dress" of the sixties. She was happily married to Maj. C. R. Scott in December, 1884, and is survived by her husband, two sons, and a sister, who, with numerous other relatives, mourn the loss of one beloved.

CAPT. JOHN ORR.

Capt. John Orr, one of the pioneer merchants of Calvert, Tex., died in Austin, Tex., on April 22, 1916, and was buried there. He was born at Montreal, Canada, February 4, 1840. When sixteen years old he went to Demerara, South America, where he was employed handling the Hindu coolies on the British government sugar farms. Early in 1860 he went to New Orleans, La., and was connected with the press until April, 1861. When war between the States broke out, he enlisted in the Confederate army as a private and was elected first lieutenant of his company, which became a part of the 6th Louisiana Infantry. Isaac G. Seymour was the first colonel; and John Orr was made adjutant with rank of captain and held this position until he was captured, in the spring of 1863. His regiment was in the first battle of Manassas and with Stonewall Jackson in his valley campaign, in the 8th Brigade under Gen. Dick Taylor, and also in the Seven Days' fights around Richmond. Here Colonel Seymour was killed, and Maj. H. B. Strong became colonel of the 6th Louisiana Infantry. In the march against Pope with Jackson at the Second Manassas, Harry T. Hayes commanded the brigade—5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, and 9th Regiments—in this battle. Hayes's Brigade held the railroad cut without a cartridge and no weapons except the rocks along the new railroad. When the battle was over, the cut was filled with dead Confederates and Yankees. Orr's regiment was with Jackson at the capture of Harper's Ferry just before the battle of Sharpsburg. In this battle, on September 17, 1862, the brigade of Harry Hayes, on General Lee's left wing under Jackson, was almost decimated, Colonel Strong being killed and almost all of the field officers either killed or wounded. Captain Orr participated with conspicuous gallantry in all the battles from First Manassas to Fredericksburg except the Seven Days' fighting around Richmond. He was wounded at Winchester and was in the hospital at Lynchburg almost two months, getting back to his command just in time for Second Manassas. In his report General Hayes said: "Particularly would I call attention to the conspicuous gallantry of Captain Orr, adjutant of the 6th Louisiana Regiment, who was the first to mount the parapet of the enemy's redoubt, receiving while doing so a severe bayonet wound in the side. In an engagement near Culpepper Courthouse in 1863 three or four companies of the 5th and 6th Regiments were captured by the Yankees and with them Adjutant Orr. He was sent, with about two hundred other Confederate officers, to the military prison at Johnson's Island, in Lake Erie, where he was kept a prisoner for seventeen months. He was made postmaster of his ward, containing one hundred and twenty-four other officers. In 1911, forty-seven years afterwards, he made out from memory a list of the name, rank, and command of these one hundred and twenty-four officers, which was published in the *VETERAN* and materially assisted several Sons of Confederate Veterans in proving the records of their kinsmen.

Captain Orr went to Texas in 1865 and was in business in different cities until 1885, when he settled permanently in Austin, where he was known and appreciated for his sterling worth as a man and citizen.

Captain Orr was married to Miss Emma Hanna, oldest daughter of Maj. J. S. Hanna, in December, 1868. She died in January, 1870. In June, 1871, he married Laura K. Allen, of Milam County. Of this union were born seven children, of whom two sons and two daughters survive him. John Orr stood high in the Blue Lodge of Masonry, in the Chapter, and in the Commandery.

JOHN W. STORY.

When the tocsin of war was sounded in the spring of 1861, it is said that all the men of Southern sentiment in the little county of Fentress, in the spurs of the East Tennessee mountains, able to perform military duty formed into one company of cavalry of eighty or ninety men. W. Scott Bledsoe, a born soldier, was made captain, and the company did much effective service under Zollicoffer, including the disastrous engagement at Mill Springs. The company was acting independently at



JOHN W. STORY.

Shiloh and in the Kentucky campaign under Bragg, but after the return of Bragg's army to Tennessee, in the fall of 1862, there was a reorganization, and it was then that the 4th Tennessee Cavalry Regiment, commanded by Col. Baxter Smith, was formed, and Captain Bledsoe's company was added to it as Company I. The latter was made major of the regiment, and his brother Robert became captain of Company I.

John W. Story, a member of Company I, had made a fine record as a soldier in all of the important engagements of Johnston's army, and at Bentonville he displayed such conspicuous gallantry, witnessed by Colonel Smith, that he was brevetted lieutenant on the field and thereafter commanded his company, Capt. Robert Bledsoe having been killed previously. To Lieutenant Story no higher tribute could be paid than that of Maj. George B. Guild Adjutant of the 4th Tennessee Cavalry, in his book entitled "A Brief Narrative of the Fourth Tennessee Cavalry Regiment," in which he says: "John W. Story, now a prominent member of the bar at Harrison, Ark., furnishes the casualty list of Company I. He was the sergeant of his company for some time during the war and was one of the best we had. As adjutant of the regiment, I never had trouble with his reports or the many orders made on his company for information; they were always clear, concise, and exactly what was called for. He was made a lieutenant on the field of Bentonville for his bravery and efficiency in every duty as a soldier. He was in every engagement and was wounded twice in battle on both occasions seriously."

Of such a record his friends and relatives may well be proud. John W. Story was born in Fentress County, Tenn., in 1841. He graduated from the Law Department of Cumberland University in 1868 and practiced law at Lebanon, Tenn., and at Sherman, Tex., before going to Arkansas in 1885. In Harrison he was known as a lawyer of fine ability and upright character; he was an active Presbyterian, a stanch Democrat, and a Knight Templar. His death occurred in Birmingham, Ala., on March 10, 1916, and he was taken back to Arkansas and buried by the side of his wife in the old cemetery at Harrison. Two sons and a daughter survive him—Mrs. Kate Lanier, of Forrest City, Ark., Dr. Goree Story, of Washington, and Dr. John Story, of Birmingham, Ala.

JAMES EDWARD HERRELL.

James E. Herrell, who was born March 24, 1843, and died March 11, 1916, was a native of Fauquier County, Va., but in childhood moved to Prince William. At the outbreak of the War between the States, while yet a mere lad, he enlisted as a private in Company F, 17th Virginia Volunteers. During the four years of strife, through meritorious service, courage, and gallantry, he rose from the ranks to sergeant, then lieutenant, and finally to the captaincy of his company.

After the close of the war Captain Herrell entered the mercantile field and conducted several business enterprises. He became a candidate for sheriff, and to avoid a contest he was made a deputy. After serving in this capacity for some time, he was made deputy clerk under the late Captain Edwin Nelson. In 1900 he was elected to the office of County Treasurer, which office he held until 1912, when he retired as Treasurer to take up his new duties as Clerk of Prince William County, which office he held at the time of his death. He was a man competent and highly qualified as a public servant; and his faithful, valuable, and unimpeachable services as an official made him the friend of Prince William citizens, who hold dear their trust, honor, and respect for him. Aside from his public life, men and women throughout the commonwealth knew him for just what he was—generous, whole-souled, honest, and conscientious—for his services as a friend were never-failing. His life was filled with generous, kindly deeds. Surviving him are his wife, six daughters, and one son.

L. A. GEORGE.

Another soldier of Wheeler's Cavalry passed from earth when Labe George breathed his last on June 2, 1910, at Demopolis, Ala. He was born in December, 1846, near Camden, Ala. As soon as he was old enough he enlisted in Company I, 3d Alabama Cavalry, and fought under Gen. Joe Wheeler. Four of his brothers also were in the Confederate service. After the war he located in Mobile, Ala., as a clerk for Dunlap & Co., but soon worked his way up to a partnership and was quite successful in the business. He married Miss Ann Dortch, of Camden, Ala., who, with their three children, survives him. In 1890 Comrade George removed to Demopolis, Ala., seeking a change on account of his health. There he established the firm of L. A. George & Son and conducted it most successfully, also regaining his health. He was an unusually energetic, active man, and always enjoyed hunting and fishing. Even after his seventieth birthday he was in the field two or three times a week, hunting on horseback all day throughout the bird season, and three weeks previous to his death he spent a day in the

woods fishing. Shortly after this, while working in his garden, he had a severe fall, bruising his chest, which brought on an attack of pneumonia, causing his death in four days. He retained his bright, witty disposition to the last. He was a true gentleman of the Old South and will be sorely missed by his many friends. His remains were accompanied to the grave by the Confederate veterans of Demopolis, and "taps" was sounded as he was laid away.

JOHN W. H. PORTER.

After a lingering illness, John W. H. Porter, Confederate veteran, attorney, newspaper publisher, and historian, died at his home, in Portsmouth, Va., on May 20, 1916, at the age of



JOHN W. H. PORTER.

seventy-four years. In his death the city loses one of its most valued residents. He had been a builder as well as a chronicler of events; he was active in municipal work, and in his writings he left many valuable records of the great War between the States. He was Adjutant of Stonewall Camp, Confederate Veterans, for a long time, and was also a consistent member of the Monumental M. F. Church.

Mr. Porter was the scion of a distinguished Norfolk County family. His father was a famous naval constructor and the first designer of a steam-propelled, ironclad fighting vessel. John W. H. Porter received his education at the Portsmouth schools and the University of Virginia. He was at college when the war began and as a member of the student body assisted in the taking of Harper's Ferry in 1861. He then returned to Portsmouth and enlisted in the Confederate army with the "Old Dominion Guard" at the age of nineteen. Subsequently he was transferred to the Signal Corps and later to the infantry, receiving promotion to a lieutenantcy. After the war he studied law and was admitted to practice in 1866. He was elected City Attorney in 1872 and served for seven years. He then went into the newspaper business and conducted the Portsmouth *Daily Enterprise* until 1889, when he resumed his legal practice. In 1883 he was elected to the Virginia Legislature and served two successive terms. Mr. Porter married, in 1869, the daughter of Owen D. Ball, of Baltimore, and is survived by his wife and son.

WILLIAM C. CAULY.

William C. Cauly died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. W. S. Shannon, in Durant, Okla., March 22, 1916. He was born in the State of Alabama April 5, 1844; but went to Mississippi when a boy and served throughout the war as a member of Company C, 30th Mississippi Infantry, Walthall's Brigade. He moved to Texas in 1869, settling in Collin County. He reared a large family of daughters, only two of whom survive—Mrs. Dickson, of Davis, and Mrs. Shannon, of Durant, his home being with the latter for fifteen years.

United Daughters of the Confederacy

MRS. CORDELIA POWELL ODENHEIMER, *President General*
Washington, D. C.

MRS. J. H. STEWART, Los Angeles, Cal. *First Vice President General*
MRS. L. M. BASHINSKY, Troy, Ala. *Second Vice President General*
MRS. LULU A. LOVELL, Denver, Colo. *Third Vice President General*
MRS. F. M. WILLIAMS, Newton, N. C. *Recording Secretary General*
MRS. W. F. BAKER, Savannah, Ga. *Corresponding Secretary General*

MRS. C. B. TATE, Pulaski, Va. *Treasurer General*
MRS. ORLANDO HALLIBURTON, Little Rock, Ark. *Registrar General*
MISS MILDRED RUTHERFORD, Athens, Ga. *Historian General*
MRS. JOHN W. TENCH, Gainesville, Fla. *Custodian Cross of Honor*
MRS. W. K. BEARD, Philadelphia, Pa. *Custodian Flags and Pennants*

"Love Makes Memory Eternal"

FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.

Dear Daughters: I have been asked by several members whether there is any probability of our not being able to hold our next Convention at Dallas, Tex., on account of conditions on the border. Apart from the fact that Dallas is five hundred miles from the border, Congressmen whom I have consulted see no reason for believing that anything will occur to justify changing our place of meeting.

The amount contributed toward Arlington Monument Fund since the last statement is \$1,287.12. Mr. Streater writes me that he has sent the detailed report to the *VETERAN*, which I hope all of you will read and realize how little effort it will take now to raise the remaining sum due before the Dallas meeting. It behooves each one to contribute the ten cents for which I have asked, or as much more as individuals, Chapters, and Divisions can afford, to make up for delinquents, as my appeal may not reach all. I have attended burials of veterans in the Confederate section of Arlington during the past year. There is a dignity and stateliness about them—the casket draped with the battle flag, the United States Regulars firing volleys, the last bugle call, comrades reverently standing around, and, towering in all its glory, our tribute, the superb monument. Mrs. Eugene Little, President of the North Carolina Division, and I made a study of this work about a month ago, and we both felt that words could never express the grandeur of its conception.

Mrs. Alexander B. White, Director General of Shiloh Monument, has recently returned from Chicago, where she went to inspect the nearly finished monument. She writes that it will be far more beautiful than she anticipated and that she hopes we will be able in the early fall to unveil on Shiloh battle field a monument to our Confederate dead equally as beautiful as the one at Arlington. Daughters, cannot we have every penny for this monument on hand then? The Sons of Veterans contributed most liberally, both in cash and pledges, during the Reunion in Birmingham, and only a few thousand dollars more will be needed.

I feel more encouraged about the sum for the window to be placed in the Red Cross Building to the women of the sixties. Mrs. C. B. Tate, Treasurer General, reports having \$678.80 to its credit, and Mrs. A. C. McKimbrough has collected about \$500, which, in accordance with the ruling of the San Francisco Convention, she will turn over to Mrs. Tate. There are many States yet to be heard from with their contributions. Miss Mabel Boardman, President of the Red Cross Society, writes that she plans to have a "memorial book," beautifully bound, in which will be inscribed the names of contributors to the window and names of individuals in whose memory gifts are made. This book will be placed in a glass case in the Assembly Room.

For several years the Children of the Confederacy have been

foremost in my mind; and from numerous letters I receive regarding them, I am more impressed than ever with the importance of having them become more closely allied to the general society. Mrs. Philip Holt, Director of the Children of the Confederacy of North Carolina, was authorized by me to offer at the Dallas Convention a very beautiful banner to be given the Children's Chapter sending in the best article, only one article to be sent in from each State. Mrs. Holt is chairman of this contest, and all inquiries must be made to her at Rocky Mount, N. C.

While I have not been able to answer all inquiries about the cotton tax collected between 1863-68, I have left no stone unturned to inform myself on the subject and have made several visits to Senators, Congressmen, and officials of the Treasury Department regarding it. During the present session of Congress thirteen bills relating to it have been introduced in the House and one in the Senate. Of course the money collected is not, as many suppose, lying in a lump sum in the Treasury, awaiting payment to lawful claimants, and all indications are that an indefinite time will elapse before it is decided whether any portion of the sixty-eight million dollars shall be returned to its rightful owners or their heirs.

On July 12 I appeared with General Estopinal and Captain DeLeon before the House Committee of Military Affairs at a hearing of the Works bill. While the greater number of the committee appeared to be in favor of the bill, I realize that the unsettled condition of the country will most likely retard for some time the passage of any bills of such character. Therefore I trust that you will urge your State Senators and Representatives to raise their veterans' pensions to at least ten dollars a month, the amount given by Tennessee, Kentucky, Missouri, Florida, and Oklahoma.

The great grief that has fallen upon the President of the Tennessee Division in the death of her husband, Mr. J. Norment Powell, is shared, I know, by all her associates. Mr. Powell, at the recent Tennessee Convention held at Johnson City, won the hearts of all who attended by his graciousness and desire to do all in his power for the welfare of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, and I feel that we have lost a valuable coworker.

CORDELIA POWELL ODENHEIMER, *President General.*

"The things of every day are all so sweet:
The morning meadows wet with dew;
The dance of daisies in the moon; the blue
Of far-off hills where twilight shadows lie;
The night with all its mysteries of sound,
The silence and God's starry sky.
O life, the whole life, is far too fleet;
The things of every day are all so sweet."

THE MISSISSIPPI DIVISION.

The Mississippi Division extends most cordial greetings to sister Divisions and Chapters and announces the unanimous indorsement at the recent State Convention at Gulfport, Miss., of Mrs. S. E. F. Rose, former Historian and President of the Mississippi Division, for the office of Historian General of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, and her name will be presented for that office at our coming Convention at Dallas, Tex.

Mrs. Rose is known and beloved by all the United Daughters of the Confederacy, and the Mississippi Division feels that words would be superfluous as to her fitness for this office. Her work speaks for itself, and she has rendered invaluable service to the South in writing the history of the Ku-Klux Klan.

Mrs. Rose has given much of her time in research and study to advance the cause of Southern history, and the United Daughters of the Confederacy as an organization will be safe in placing our historical work in the hands of this loyal Daughter.

With an abiding faith in Mrs. Rose's ability, the Mississippi Division earnestly asks and will appreciate the support of the Divisions and Chapters in electing her to the important office of General Historian. U. D. C.

Cordially,
VIRGINIA R. PRICE,
President Mississippi Division U. D. C.

THE VIRGINIA DIVISION.

BY MRS. GLASSELL FITZHUGH, CHARLOTTESVILLE.

Great interest is being manifested by the Virginia Division in the candidacy of Mrs. W. C. N. Merchant, of Chatham, for Recording Secretary General next fall. In presenting Mrs. Merchant's name for this important office it is but our continued trust in one whose faithful service in memory of our beloved cause has been inestimable and the assurance that, if elected, her experience, her untiring energy, and her devotion to this organization—the United Daughters of the Confederacy—will render her an officer of whom not only the Virginia Division, but the General Division also, will be justly proud.

Mrs. Merchant is the great-niece of John Apderson, captain of militia, Fredericksburg, Va., who took his company from that place to Harper's Ferry at the time of John Brown's raid and afterwards took the same company into the Confederate army. The following is a record of her wonderful service in the U. D. C. work:

Mrs. Merchant is a charter member of Rawley-Martin Chapter, Chatham, Va., organized in May, 1896, and was its first Secretary. She was State Registrar for two years, State Treasurer for two years, and in 1901 was elected President of the Virginia Division. It was during her term of office that the union of the Virginia Division and the General Division was effected.

In 1911 she was appointed Shiloh Director for Virginia, and the total amount raised in Virginia from 1911 to 1915 was \$2,425.29. She was elected State Recording Secretary in 1912 and served two years.

Her father was only twelve years of age in July, 1861. Her paternal grandfather married late in life and was an old man with a crippled hand and could not hold a gun, but served as captain of the home guard of his neighborhood. Her maternal grandfather was forty-three years of age and volunteered, but was rejected on account of his health.

Mrs. Merchant's mother's home was on the Warrenton Turnpike, about three miles from Fredericksburg, on the north side of the Rappahannock, and from 1862 until the close of the war they were in the Union lines, their yard a camp and their parlor headquarters for a general.

Mrs. Merchant is a descendant of the Andersons, Randolphs, Flemmings, Keiths, and Fords, of Virginia.

THE MISSOURI DIVISION.

BY MRS. L. E. WALKER LONGAN, FIRST VICE PRESIDENT.

In seven States of the South the graves of the soldiers who wore the gray and fought under the Stars and Bars were decorated with fragrant flowers on our Memorial Day.

Hannibal Chapter observed the beautiful custom in Palmyra this year, as that city is located near the center of Marion County, and the only Confederate monument in the county is there. The ceremonies at the monument in the courthouse yard were simple but impressive. An address was delivered by J. W. Proctor, a Confederate veteran, and Mrs. John J. Conlon, President of the Hannibal Chapter, made a brief talk in presenting a large wreath of immortelles on behalf of her Chapter. At the conclusion the ladies of the Hannibal Chapter scattered violets about the base of the monument.

The Dixie Chapter, of Slater, Mo., has held all regular meetings during this year, and one special meeting in giving a luncheon to our Confederate veterans. An interesting program was rendered, and at the close all sang "Dixie."

We have made the following contributions during the year: Cunningham Memorial, \$5; Christmas charity, \$5; window Red Cross Memorial Building at Washington, D. C., \$5; Ellen Wilson Memorial School, \$5; Missouri Educational Fund, \$5; for piano player at Confederate Home, Higginsville, \$1; Ella Trader Fund, \$1.

The Margaret A. E. McLure Chapter, of St. Louis, is offering a four years' scholarship at Missouri State University, all expenses paid, to a young lady of Southern lineage living in Missouri who is unable financially to pay necessary expenses. For further information, apply to either Mrs. E. W. Cooke, 5729 Cates Avenue, Mrs. W. A. Johnson, 325 Westgate Avenue, or Mrs. Lula D. Hynson, 6042 Waterman Avenue.

Mrs. John Francis Davis, of Stonewall Chapter, Kansas City, Mo., ex-Historian of the Missouri Division and Chairman of the Historical Committee, writes: "Widespread interest is manifested among the Daughters of the Missouri Division in the efforts of the Historical Committee to place the history, 'The South in the Building of the Nation,' in our five State Normals and in our public libraries. Through many years there has been a growing want for such a series of books as would present Southern literature along with its correlated branches of research in history, intellectual activities of other sorts, folklore, and politics. The value of these books to the loyal women of the South in perpetuating a fast-disappearing history is incalculable. A number of Chapters in the Missouri Division are aiding in placing a set of these histories where the youth of our State may have access to them. The effort will go hand in hand with our educational work."

Mrs. Elma Ealy, Chairman of the Educational Committee, Missouri Division, has been appointed editor for the Cape Girardeau Chapter, and reports ten dollars voted for subscriptions to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN. This is most worthy of emulation. Twenty-five dollars was voted for educational work.

Mrs. Alexander H. Major is editor of the St. Louis Chapter, No. 624, which, with a membership of one hundred and thirty-

five, is the largest Chapter in the city. Steadfastly the purposes of the organization are being carried out. The unveiling of the \$25,000 Confederate monument in December, 1914, marked the close of a long and faithful effort, this Chapter being the largest contributor to the monument fund. Its greatest benevolent work has been in caring for veterans and their wives. The contribution to charity is about twenty dollars per month. St. Louis Chapter has the only young ladies' auxiliary in the State, its members being young ladies over seventeen years of age; and it also has the Robert E. Lee Chapter No. 1, Children of the Confederacy, the first Chapter in the State to receive a charter. Its membership is about forty, the ages ranging from infancy to seventeen years.

Among the contributions of the St. Louis Chapter this year is that of twenty-five dollars for the Southern Memorial Window in the Red Cross Building at Washington.

THE LOUISIANA DIVISION.

The following lines were written by Mrs. E. C. T. Longmire, President of the Fitzhugh Lee Chapter of New Orleans and Registrar of the Louisiana Division, and are to be sung to the air of "The Bonnie Blue Flag" by the Children of the Confederacy. These lines have been officially approved and commended by Camp Beauregard, S. C. V., of New Orleans, by the Louisiana Division in convention at Shreveport in May, 1916, and by the United Confederate Veterans at the Birmingham Reunion; also by Miss Mildred Rutherford, Historian General U. D. C., by Gen. B. H. Young, ex-Commander in Chief U. D. C., and by Gen. Marcus Wright, of Confederate fame.

THE BONNIE BLUE FLAG.

"We are a band of children
Who represent to-day
The men who fought for Southern rights
In uniforms of gray.
For four long years, through shot and shell,
They strove for liberty
With Stonewall Jackson, Beauregard,
And glorious Robert Lee.

Chorus.

Hurrah, hurrah! For Southern rights hurrah!
Hurrah for the Bonnie Blue Flag
That bears a single star!

We're proud to know that for all time
History with glowing pen
Shall tell the grand, heroic deeds
Of our brave Southern men.
Though loyal to the Stripes and Stars
That float on high to-day,
Our hearts enshrine the Stars and Bars
Borne by the boys in gray."

THE MEMORIAL WINDOW.

GREENWOOD, MISS.

To the Daughters of the Confederacy and Sons of Confederate Veterans: As chairman of the U. D. C. committee, I made a call through the CONFEDERATE VETERAN some months ago in behalf of a memorial window to be placed in the Memorial Building now under construction in Washington, D. C., to the women of the North and of the South during the War between the States.

The building will soon be ready for the windows—one to the women of the North, one to the women of the South,

and a central window to the women of the reunited country (this window is to typify the work done by our mothers during the war and will be known as the Red Cross window, and we have not yet so much as let the contract. I am, therefore, asking you to make your contributions as soon as possible. I am sure you all desire a part in this beautiful tribute of love to our mothers and will assist the committee in raising funds for the purpose. Your assistance in consummating this work is earnestly desired. We hope the windows will be ready to unveil at the time of the Confederate Reunion in Washington next spring.

Some of the Divisions have responded most generously, notably California and New York. North Carolina is also sending in her quota. Less than \$1,000 has been collected, and it will require \$5,000 to place the windows.

Hoping that you will give us your assistance, sincerely,

MRS. A. MCC. KIMBROUGH.

SHILOH MONUMENT FUND.

REPORT OF MRS. ROY W. MCKINNEY, TREASURER, FROM
APRIL 11 TO JULY 1, 1916.

Alabama: R. D. Jackson Chapter, \$1; Troy Chapter, \$5; Pelham Chapter, \$10; Stonewall Jackson Chapter, \$1; Stonewall Chapter, \$1; Charter Chapter, \$1; Dixie Chapter, \$2; John H. Forney Chapter, \$3.40; Forrest-Sanson Chapter, \$2; Franklin Chapter, \$1; Mildred Lee Chapter, \$5; Sidney Lanier Chapter, \$5; William Brightman Chapter, \$1; Dadeville Chapter, \$1; William L. Yancey Chapter, \$2; Tuskegee Chapter, \$1; R. E. Lee Chapter, \$2; Cradle of Confederacy Chapter, \$2; R. E. Rodes Chapter, \$3.50; Cherokee Confederates Chapter, \$2; Electra Semmes Colston Chapter, \$5; J. E. B. Stuart Chapter, \$1. Total, \$57.90.

Arkansas: D. C. Govan Chapter, Marianna, \$25; F. I. Batson Chapter, Clarksville, \$5; J. M. Keller Chapter, Little Rock, \$5; H. L. Grinstead Chapter, Camden, \$5; Margaret Rose Chapter, C. of C., Little Rock, \$5; Col. J. A. Dean Chapter, C. of C., Little Rock, \$5; Memorial Chapter, Little Rock, \$50; J. F. Fagin Chapter, Benton, \$5; Harris Flanagan Chapter, Arkadelphia, \$3.25; Nannie A. Dooley Chapter, DeQueen, \$9; J. R. H. Scott Chapter, Russellville, \$5; Charley Coffin Chapter, Walnut Ridge, \$5; Anna V. Folsom Chapter, Hope, \$2.50; Margaret Davis Hayes Chapter, DeWitt, \$12.31; Hot Springs Chapter, \$5; Prairie Grove Chapter, \$2.50; Elliott Fletcher Chapter, Blytheville, \$25; Mr. H. H. Hunter (personal), \$1. Total, \$175.56.

California: Jefferson Davis Chapter, No. 540, \$25; John H. Reagan Chapter, \$3; John G. Brooks Chapter, \$6; A. S. Johnston Chapter, San Francisco, \$209; Mildred Lee Chapter, \$2; Joseph Le Conte Chapter, Berkeley, \$51.50; Mrs. C. L. Trabert (for Joseph Le Conte Chapter), \$5; Mrs. W. B. Pressley (for Joseph Le Conte Chapter), \$1; Mrs. J. C. Thompson (for Sterling Price Chapter), \$5; Mrs. Barrett (for Mildred Lee Chapter), \$5; Gen. John B. Gordon Chapter, \$2; Los Angeles Chapter, \$10; Mrs. C. E. Ritchie (for A. S. Johnston Chapter), San Francisco, \$5; Wade Hampton Chapter, Los Angeles, \$10; Gen. Joseph Wheeler Chapter, \$5. Total, \$344.50.

Colorado: Margaret Davis Hayes Chapter, Denver, \$5; N. B. Forrest Chapter, Pueblo, \$3; R. E. Lee Chapter, Grand Junction, \$1; Robert E. Lee Chapter, Denver, \$2. Total, \$11.

Florida: R. E. Lee Chapter, Dade City, \$1; Theodore Brevard Chapter, Inverness, \$1; John H. Morgan Chapter, Green Cove Springs, \$1; Annie P. Sebring Chapter, Jacksonville, \$5; Anna Dummett Chapter, St. Augustine, \$10; Winnie

Davis Chapter, C. of C., Jacksonville, \$5; W. T. Weeks Chapter, Starke, \$2; Southern Cross Chapter, Miami, \$5; W. H. Milton Chapter, Marianna, \$2; Mrs. C. B. Rogers (personal), Jacksonville, \$1; Fannie Gary Chapter, C. of C., Ocala, \$1; Dickinson Chapter, Ocala, \$5; Mrs. Warriner (personal), Jacksonville, \$1; Annie Carter Lee Chapter, C. of C., Tampa, \$2; interest, 39 cents. Total, \$42.39.

Georgia: Sylvania Chapter, \$5; Hartwell Chapter, \$1; Boynton Chapter, Griffin, \$2; Agnes Lee Chapter, Decatur, \$2; Chapter A, Augusta, \$10; Charlotte Carson Chapter, Tifton, \$1.50; J. B. Gordon Chapter, Louisville, \$5; Walter A. Clark Chapter, Hephzibah, \$1; R. E. Lee Chapter, Douglas, \$2.50; Kennesaw Chapter, Marietta, \$1; Fort Tyler Chapter, West Point, \$2; Coweta Chapter, Senora, \$10; Atlanta Chapter, \$25; Ogelthorpe Chapter, Lexington, \$3; Ben Hill Chapter, Fitzgerald, 50 cents; Jefferson Chapter, \$1; Last Cabinet Chapter, Washington, \$5; Camp 159, U. C. V. (for Atlanta Chapter), \$25; C. A. Evans Chapter, Brunswick, \$2; Laura Rutherford Chapter, Athens, \$10; Lily R. Turner Chapter, C. of C., Barnesville, \$1; Liberty Chapter, Hinesville, \$2. Total, \$117.50.

Illinois: Raphael Semmes Chapter, Chicago, \$10; Alton Chapter, \$1. Total, \$11.

Kentucky: Cripps Wickliffe Chapter, Bardstown, Shiloh Day collection, \$1.77; Christian County Chapter, Hopkinsville, \$5; Paducah Chapter, \$50; Veterans and Friends of Mayfield Chapter, \$9; Private Robert Tyler Chapter, Hickman, \$10. Total, \$75.77.

Mississippi: Tylertown School, \$4; Mars Hill School, 50 cents; Gillsburg School, 25 cents; East Fork School, 43 cents; Centerville School, \$2.14; St. Alphonsus Academy (second donation), McComb, 25 cents; McComb Chapter members (third donation), \$1.25; Corinth Chapter, \$17; pupils of Hinton School, \$1; Mildred M. Humphries Chapter, \$5; Mr. Joe Malone (personal), Kendrick, \$2; Bolivar Troop Chapter, Cleveland, \$5; W. A. Montgomery Chapter, Edwards, \$5; C. E. Hooker Chapter, Hazelhurst, \$7; J. Z. George Chapter, Greenwood, \$10; Private Taylor Rucks Chapter, Greenville, \$5; La Salle Chapter, D. A. R., through Corinth Chapter, U. D. C., \$30; Dr. C. Kendrick (personal), \$25; Clinton College Rifles Chapter, \$5; New Albany Chapter, \$5; McComb Chapter, \$25; F. A. Montgomery Chapter, \$5; Lyda C. Moore Chapter, Lula, \$5. Total, \$165.82.

Missouri: Emmett McDonald Chapter, Sedalia, \$5; Winnie Davis Chapter, Jefferson City, \$10; Independence Chapter, \$10; George E. Pickett Chapter, Kansas City, \$5; J. S. Marmaduke Chapter, Columbia, \$5; Missouri Division, U. D. C., \$25. Total, \$60.

New York: Proceeds of Shiloh entertainment from Mrs. Read, \$90.

New Mexico: Joseph Wheeler Chapter, Roswell, \$10.

Oklahoma: Yhos Will Chapter, Sapulpa, \$5; Antlers Chapter, \$2; Choctaw Chapter, McAlester, \$1. Total, \$8.

South Carolina: Williamsburg Chapter, Kinstree, \$10; S. D. Lee Chapter, Clinton, \$5; Maxey Gregg Chapter, Florence, \$5; Florence Thornhill Chapter, Fort Mill, \$5; John Bratton Chapter, Winnsboro, \$10; Marion Chapter, \$5; Winthrop College Chapter, Rock Hill, \$5; Batesburg Chapter, \$3; Spartan Chapter, Spartanburg, \$4; Charleston Chapter, \$15; Graham Chapter, Denmark, \$3; Andrew Jackson Chapter, Clover, \$2; Calvin Crozier Chapter, Newberry, \$25; Secessionville Chapter, James Island, \$5; Moses Wood Chapter, Gaffney, \$3; William Wallace Chapter, Union, \$5; Ridge Springs Chapter, \$2.50; Fairfax Chapter, \$3; Magnolia Auxiliary, C. of C.,

Fairfax, \$1; Paul McMichael Chapter, Orangeburg, \$5; William Lester Chapter, Prosperity, \$5; Harts Battery Chapter, Williston, \$2; William Gooding Chapter, Brunston, \$2; Mrs. H. H. Weyman, Sr., Aiken, \$5; Mrs. Clark Waring, Columbia, \$5; Mrs. Otey Read, St. Georges, \$1; Shiloh post cards sold by Mrs. Wright, \$1.60; Alaban family records sold by Mrs. Wright, 20 cents. Total, \$143.50.

Tennessee: Fifth Tennessee Regiment Chapter, Paris, \$29.95; J. C. Vaughan Chapter, Sweetwater, \$10; Neely Chapter, Bolivar, \$5; Jefferson Davis Chapter, Cleveland, \$15; M. C. Goodlett Chapter, Clarksville, \$9.50; veteran for Fifth Tennessee Regiment Chapter, Paris, \$1; Johnson City Chapter, \$15; Lebanon Chapter, \$10; Joseph Wheeler Chapter, Stanton, \$3; John Lauderdale Chapter, Dyersburg, \$21.85; Knoxville Chapter, \$10; Nashville Chapter, No. 1, \$10; William Bate Chapter, Nashville, \$10; M. C. McCory Chapter, Jackson, \$32.37; A. S. Johnston Chapter, Harriman, \$1; Fifth Tennessee Regiment Chapter, Paris, \$19.50; Mary Latham Chapter, Memphis, \$20; Kirby Smith Chapter, Sewanee, \$10; Mrs. W. B. Dobbins, Columbia, \$5; cash contributions Tennessee Division convention, \$33.25; cash collected by Mrs. White from Sons of Confederate Veterans at Birmingham Reunion, \$78.20; Ab Dinwiddie Chapter, McKenzie, \$2; A. P. Stewart Chapter (for Lee picture), \$2.50; Winnie Davis Chapter, Columbia, \$10; Agnes L. Whiteside Chapter, Shelbyville, \$10. Total, \$374.12.

Texas: Gonzales Chapter, \$5; Marshall Chapter, \$10; Bell County Chapter, Belton, \$2.50; Mary West Chapter, Waco, \$10; Sammie G. Neill Chapter, Port Arthur, \$2.50; Capt. E. S. Rugeley Chapter, Bay City, \$5; J. E. B. Stuart Chapter, Wharton, \$2.50. Total, \$37.50.

Virginia: Agnes Lee Chapter, Franklin, \$1; Turner Ashby Chapter, Harrisonburg, \$3; Josephine Blair (personal), Richmond, \$1; Mr. Livingston (personal), East Radford, \$1; Mrs. Caulbourne (personal), Roanoke, \$1; Virginia Division, \$50; Albemarle Chapter, Charlottesville, \$5; Elliott G. Fishburn Chapter, Waynesboro, \$1; Seventeenth Virginia Regiment Chapter, Alexandria, \$5; Suffolk Chapter, \$1; Old Dominion Chapter, Lynchburg, \$2.50; Dr. Harvey Black Chapter, Blacksburg, \$3.55; Fluvanna Chapter, Palmyra, \$2; Wythe Grey Chapter, Wytheville, \$5; Alleghany Chapter, Covington, \$1; Fincastle Chapter, \$5; Danville Chapter, \$5; Winnie Davis Chapter, Buena Vista, \$5; Stonewall Chapter, Portsmouth, \$10; Mrs. A. A. Campbell (personal), Wytheville, \$5; Mrs. J. F. F. Cassell (for Staunton Juniors), \$50; Mrs. W. V. Slaughter, Bristol, \$1.70; Waynesboro Juniors, \$3.75; Turner Ashby Chapter, Harrisonburg, \$1; Williamsburg Chapter, \$1; Gen. Dabney Maury Chapter, Philadelphia, \$3.22. Total, \$173.72.

General Organization, U. D. C. (San Francisco pledge), \$500.

Interest, \$398.21.

Disbursements: F. C. Hibbard, payments on monument, \$14,500; Mrs. A. B. White, refund on trip to Chicago, Birmingham, and Shiloh Park, \$64.40; Mrs. J. G. Henderson, refund on trip to Chicago, \$35; Virginia Division, refund on purchase price of cards, \$10.

Total disbursements since last report, \$14,609.40.

Total collections since last report, \$2,796.49.

Total in hands of Treasurer at last report, \$21,184.38.

Total in hands of Treasurer at last report and collections, \$23,980.87.

Less disbursements, \$14,609.40.

Total in hands of Treasurer to date, \$9,371.47.

Historian General's Page

BY MISS MILDRED LEWIS RUTHERFORD, ATHENS, GA.

The Historian General has been asked to select subjects for Georgia's essay contest for 1916-17. It would be well for all States to select the same subjects as far as practicable, so that helpful material may be furnished by the Historian General month by month through the pages of the VETERAN.

U. D. C. MEDAL CONTEST.

Jefferson Davis and Abraham Lincoln.—Their services to the United States government and the principles for which each stood in 1861.

CHILDREN OF THE CONFEDERACY CONTEST.

The Confederate Navy and the Men Who Made It Great.—The rules governing the contest will be the same as those of 1915-16.

U. D. C. PROGRAM FOR SEPTEMBER, 1916.

SUMNER-BROOKS CONTROVERSY.

(Answers to be found in "Historical Sins of Omission and Commission," pages 14 and 15.)

RITUAL.

1. What led to the difficulty between Senator Charles Sumner, of Massachusetts, and Representative Preston Brooks, of South Carolina?

2. Was the attack justifiable?

3. What was the report as given by the Washington Star the morning after the attack?

4. What reason was given for misrepresenting the affair?

5. Who defended Mr. Brooks when they wished to expel him from Congress?

6. Why were two of his friends also asked to be expelled?

7. Give some of the stories of misrepresentations that have come down in history and literature.

(a) Smyth's "American Literature."

(b) Encyclopedia Britannica.

(c) Dr. Lyman Abbott's version.

8. What has been said by Northern and Southern men to refute these?

(a) Lewis Cass, of Massachusetts.

(b) George Lunt, of Massachusetts.

(c) Rhodes and Dargan, historians.

(d) Richardson's "American Literature."

(e) Professor at Harvard.

9. Was Congressman Brooks expelled?

C. OF C. PROGRAM FOR SEPTEMBER, 1916.

THE ROMANCES OF HISTORY.

(Answers in "Historical Sins of Omission and Commission," page 13.)

RITUAL.

1. Who are the Colonial Dames? What work do they undertake?

2. Where is Frederica? What spot is marked there by them?

3. Who are the Daughters of the Revolution? What spot did they mark at Coleraine?

4. Why is so much more made of the Boston Tea Party than of the Charleston Tea Party? Should it be?

5. Who was Peggy Stewart? What became of the vessel named for her?

6. Why was Georgia's Governor buried in effigy? Can any one tell his name?

7. Tell the story of the Edenton Tea Party.

8. What two vessels were not allowed to land because they had "some obnoxious stamps on board"?

9. Where do we find the bravest deeds of heroism?

Reading: "Ballad of Emma Sanson."

RAPHAEL SEMMES.

Raphael Semmes was born in Charles County, Md., in 1809 and died at Mobile, Ala., in 1877. He was the author of "Service Afloat and Ashore during the Mexican War," "The Campaign of General Scott in the Valley of Mexico," "The Cruise of the Alabama and Sumter," and "Memoirs of Service Afloat during the War between the States." He was only seventeen years of age when he was appointed by John Quincy Adams midshipman in the United States navy. Realizing that it was necessary to prepare himself more fully for this position, he began a course of study to this end. This act was indicative of Semmes's character through life. He was never willing to undertake any responsibility until he had prepared himself as best he could for it. It was not until he was twenty-three that he entered into active service at sea, but so well qualified was he for his position that in a very short time he was promoted to lieutenant. When the war with Mexico was declared, he was found ready for service and at the siege of Vera Cruz commanded the naval batteries on shore.

As soon as his adopted State, Alabama, seceded in 1860 he reported at once to President Davis for service. He was sent North in order to procure skilled mechanics and to make contracts for light artillery, powder, and other munitions of war. Apparently he had no trouble in attending to these commissions and succeeded without disguise in shipping thousands of pounds of powder and large quantities of percussion caps for use in Confederate warfare. When he reached Montgomery, he was notified that he had been made commander in chief of the Confederate navy.

The Alabama was built for him under English contract, and he sailed to the Azores to take command of her. He made this vessel a terror to Federal commerce and destroyed millions of dollars in merchandise. The two most noted engagements with other vessels was with the Hatteras in 1863, which he sank in thirteen minutes, and with the Kearsarge off the coast of France, which sank the Alabama. The vessel had been made almost ironproof by chains, and Semmes, not knowing this, ventured too far. As his vessel was sinking he threw his sword overboard, jumped with his men into the sea, and was saved by an English yacht. He was taken to London, where many honors were shown him and a sword presented to him to replace the one thrown overboard. The British government was held responsible for fitting out a vessel for the use of the Confederacy, and after the War between the States had ended the United States government made a claim, known as the "Alabama Claim," which had to be settled by arbitration in 1872. The South always felt that England was friendly to her.

Admiral Semmes returned to the South by way of Havana and was sent to guard the approaches to Richmond. He surrendered with the army at Greensboro, N. C., in 1865, but was arrested and imprisoned as a traitor for escaping from the sinking Alabama. He was finally released and went to

(Continued on page 380.)

Confederated Southern Memorial Association

MRS. W. J. BEHAN.....President
New Orleans, La.

MRS. JOHN E. MAXWELL.....Treasurer
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VIRGINIA—Front Royal.....Mrs. S. M. Davis-Roy

Next Convention to be held in Birmingham, Ala.

MEMORIAL HOUR.

[Address by Rev. A. S. Johnston, of Birmingham, at the memorial service on May 17, 1916, during the Confederate Reunion.]

Ladies of the Memorial Associations, Daughters of the Confederacy, and Veterans: We are in sacred precincts to-day. The heart of the Old South is back in the cradle of the Confederacy, and the mother love is running high. The long vista of days has only mellowed this land of memories, and the afterglow is not one less whit golden or glorious under the sledge-hammer strokes of impartial time.

It is an hour of heroic memories. We are going to live for a while, if you please, in the days "when knighthood was in flower," when sacrifices and patriotism were the chief heritage of the sons of men, and when valor and glory vied with each other as they rushed through the gates of immortal bravery.

It is a story that stirs the blood of every true son of the South. It has a splash of the romantic in it. It is the record of brave men and braver women. The telling of it is but the chronicle of heroism and suffering that has no equal in the world's history. It is but a memory now, but—

"Sing it to those who will lend an ear
To the story this legend shall tell
Of liberty born of patriot's dream,
Of a storm-cradled nation that fell"—

it is forever embalmed in the heart throbs of the Southern people.

There is a memorial hush in the land to-day; the South is weeping for and remembering her heroic dead. Her meditation must be unhindered as she makes wreaths of immortelles for all those who died in the red flare of battle under the stainless banner of the Stars and Bars. We are going to think of the days of war and the golden days just before the war. What a land! What peace and prosperity! What a glorious civilization! What men! What wonderful women! The South was trying to make her own life. She has made mistakes, but is doing her best to correct them and live them down. With all her blemishes, the Old South stands superb. Well, the shadows of war are hanging over her borders now, and seriousness and determination go over her countenance; she sets her home in order to resist the invader. How they rush into the ranks! Her choicest, her best are in the front. Nothing is kept out; everything goes in. No sacrifice is too great but she willingly makes it.

Patriotism must pay her price; so as she writes her name higher and higher on the scroll of fame, valor leans over the battlements of glory and lifts the "hero in gray" to a more exalted place in the realms of military achievement than has ever been occupied before or since, and the muses of immortality hold a conclave over how they could do so much

with so little. What splendid regiments! What Christian conduct in the pursuit of war! No nation ever rose so fair or fell so free from crime.

As wonderful as was her record in the field, the South had another army about which we hear too little. It was an army that had no bugle notes to make it brave, no fanfare of trumpets and drums to call it to action, no general orders to call by name those who willingly yielded every sacrifice that was called for—those, if you please, who fought through poverty, sorrow, and discouragement with more fortitude than did the men in the ranks. As I lift from a casket of precious memories deeds bathed in the heart's blood of a nation's love, I refer to the immortal wives, sweethearts, sisters, and mothers of the Confederacy, the beginners of this splendid work, the veteran Memorial women of the South. They are the ones that, amidst perils too many to mention, "kept the home fires burning bright" and furnished the courage for the front.

Almost before the echoes of the cavalry bugles of Forrest, Stuart, Morgan, Joe Wheeler, and Fitz Lee had ceased echoing among the hills and vales of the Southland, before the fields that had run red with the lifeblood of her sons in the spring of 1865 had begun to golden with the harvest of the fall, these women had begun this memorial work. Very tenderly they go to the places where, "under the sod and the dew, waiting the judgment day," the bones of the Confederate soldier lie neglected; they gather this sacred dust and take it, with tears and prayers and the fragrant memory of the fact that these men died willingly on the battle field with the sweet assurance that at home they would not be forgotten, to a place where for all time to come the world may know and understand that "love makes memory eternal."

Out of that penury of the South, split and riven as she was by the war, as she rose with pain and heartaches from the ashes of adversity, these Memorial women broke their crust of sorrow and at once began to erect monuments and to write in granite and bronze the true history of the War between the States. They have labored in season and out of season. They went on when this work was derided and abused and misunderstood until to-day success has gloriously crowned their efforts, and the world is beginning to understand that "truth will out" and the South was right as she fought for her constitutional liberties. And these Memorial women still "guard with solemn round the bivouac of the dead."

"There through the coming ages,

When their sword is rust

And their deeds in classic pages,

Mindful of her trust,

Shall these women, bending lowly,

Still a ceaseless vigil holy

Keep above his dust."

SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS

ORGANIZED IN JULY, 1896, AT RICHMOND, VA.

OFFICERS.

Commander in Chief, Ernest G. Baldwin, Roanoke, Va.
Adjutant in Chief, N. B. Forrest, Biloxi, Miss.

THE REUNION IN 1917.

The Reunion of the United Confederate Veterans and Sons of Confederate Veterans to be held in Washington in 1917 has been given impetus by the organization of a central committee representative of the Southern and Confederate Associations in Washington. The purpose of the Central Committee is to serve as a clearing house for the Southern bodies and to coöperate aggressively with the citizens' committee that will have in charge the preparations for the encampment.

The following organizations are included in this Central Committee: The United Confederate Veterans, the Sons of Confederate Veterans, the United Daughters of the Confederacy, the Southern Society of Washington, the Southern Commercial Congress, and the Southern Relief Society.

Dr. Clarence J. Owens, Managing Director of the Southern Commercial Congress, was elected Chairman of the Central Committee. Mr. F. R. Fravel, a member of the Executive Council of the Sons of Veterans, was elected Secretary. In addition to these officers, the Central Committee is made up as follows: Capt. Fred Beall, David C. Grayson, James T. Petty, Dr. Samuel E. Lewis, Mrs. Frank G. Odenheimer, Mrs. Maude Howell Smith, Miss Alice Theabold, W. E. Brockman, George T. Rawlins. The *ex officio* members of the committee are Senator Duncan U. Fletcher, Capt. C. C. Calhoun, and Miss Nannie Randolph Heth.

THE PREPAREDNESS PARADE.

The Sons of Confederate Veterans and other sons of the South gave splendid evidence of their allegiance to "Old Glory" through their participation in the preparedness parade held in Washington, D. C., June 14. It was but an expression of the same fealty shown by the sons of the South in their brilliant participation in the Spanish-American War. The Sons of Confederate Veterans, in convention at Birmingham, Ala., a few weeks ago, passed resolutions approving the preparedness program and offering their services to the United States.

The sons of the South contingent, several hundred strong, was headed by Clarence A. Owens, Past Commander in Chief; W. Everett Brockman, Commander of the Washington Camp, S. C. V., acting as Adjutant in Chief. The unit was led by the Sons of Confederate Veterans' Band of Fredericksburg, Va., followed by a squad carrying a large United States flag. Then followed the Commander in Chief of the Sons of Confederate Veterans, Ernest G. Baldwin, of Roanoke, Va., and his staff.

Prominent among the Sons marching with the Commander in Chief were H. Owen Lake, Commander in Chief of the Army and Navy Union; Capt. G. C. Calhoun, President of the Southern Society of Washington; Claude N. Bennett, Past President of the Southern Society; Past Division Commanders of the District of Columbia J. R. Price, Thomas Raleigh Raines, P. J. Altizer, Wallace Streater, J. E. Pennebaker, and Abner Ferguson. Many United States Senators

and Representatives from the South marched with this unit, and Sons of Confederate Veteran Camps from near-by points in Virginia and Maryland participated. Notable among these were the Camps located at Leesburg and Fredericksburg.

Gen. Albert Estopinal, member of Congress from Louisiana, has nine sons, six of whom participated in the parade. Three grandsons of the Confederacy marched with this contingent—Clarence, Hamilton, and Alfred Owens, sons of Past Commander in Chief Clarence J. Owens. Alfred Owens, nine years of age, in Confederate gray uniform, marched as the mascot of the Sons section.

HEADQUARTERS UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS,
NEW ORLEANS, LA., June 20, 1916.

GENERAL ORDERS NO. 4.

The General commanding desires to direct attention to the following action taken by the convention held in the city of Birmingham, Ala., May 16-18, 1916—to wit:

"Your committee has considered the uniting of the United Confederate Veterans' organization with the Sons of Confederate Veterans and most cordially indorses the idea that the organizations be consolidated and that the Sons of Confederate Veterans' Association be made a part and parcel of the United Confederate Veterans' Association; and to that end the committee recommends that the Commander appoint a member of the Confederate Veterans' Association of each Division to have in charge and report at the next meeting of this convention a full plan of such consolidation; and the committee also hopes that the Sons of Confederate Veterans will approve of the same."

This action of the convention is one of the most far-reaching in its consequences of any ever adopted by this Association. The feebleness of the members of the United Confederate Veterans, their inability to discharge properly the duties required of officers, call for some remedy, and the infusion of new blood from those who are soon to take the places of the men who took part in the great conflict of the sixties cannot but result in immense good; and the intimate relations which will result from the absorption of the Sons will be to their permanent advantage.

The subject demands the closest investigation and the most careful study, and the General commanding hopes that the subjoined committee, to which the whole matter is referred, will be able to evolve a feasible plan which will inure to the benefit of all.

COMMITTEE.

Adj. L. L. Carswell, Sr., Chairman, Savannah, Ga.; Adj. D. R. Flenniken, Columbia, S. C.; Lieut. Gen. J. S. Carr, Durham, N. C.; Lieut. Col. J. N. Stubbs, Woods Cross Roads, Va.; Maj. Gen. A. C. Trippe, Baltimore, Md.; Col. James Z. McChesney, Charleston, W. Va.; Lieut. Col. Alden McLellan, New Orleans, La.; Adj. F. L. Dickinson, Chattanooga, Tenn.; Brig. Gen. F. E. Dey, Milton, Fla.; Adj. A. W. Moseley, Huntsville, Ala.; Adj. A. J. Conklin, Vicksburg, Miss.; Lieut. Col. C. H. Lee, Jr., Falmouth, Ky.; Brig. Gen. H. G. Askew, Austin, Tex.; Brig. Gen. Thomas D. Bard, Chelsea, Okla.; Maj. Gen. T. C. Love, Springfield, Mo.; Maj. Gen. V. Y. Cook, Batesville, Ark.; Brig. Gen. Hugh G. Gwyn, San Diego, Cal.

By command of

GEORGE P. HARRISON,
General Commanding;
WILLIAM E. MICKLE,
Adjutant General and Chief of Staff.

GENERAL HEADQUARTERS SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS, MEMPHIS, TENN., June 1, 1916.

SPECIAL ORDERS No. 1.

1. The 1917 Reunion of the United Confederate Veterans and the Sons of Confederate Veterans will be held in the city of Washington, D. C. In view of the significance of the acceptance on the part of our fathers of the invitation to hold this Reunion at the Federal capital, it is incumbent upon the Sons of Confederate Veterans to take immediate and aggressive steps to make the occasion a historical and an epoch-making event.

2. In order more fully carry to forward effective plans to secure the result so ardently desired, it is hereby ordered that an active executive office be organized and made immediately ready for service and that the First Assistant Adjutant in Chief and Chief of Staff be designated to take command of the general headquarters office in Washington.

3. Comrade Clarence Julian Owens, Past Commander in Chief, a member of the Washington Camp, No. 305, who for more than a decade has held various grades of rank in the Confederation, is hereby appointed First Assistant Adjutant in Chief and Chief of Staff and is ordered to take immediate command of the Washington general headquarters office.

4. It shall be the duty of the First Assistant Adjutant in Chief and Chief of Staff to have immediate executive control of the affairs of the Confederation relating to the 1917 Reunion of the Sons of Confederate Veterans, and he is hereby designated as the representative of the Confederation

in affiliation with the Confederate Veterans and all other persons or agencies that have to do with ways, means, and plans for the 1917 Reunion. He shall be in active service, with power to represent the Confederation on all questions relating to the preparation for, and the holding of, the twenty-second Reunion of the Confederation from the point of view of the host city.

By order of

ERNEST G. BALDWIN.

Commander in Chief

Official:

N. B. FORREST.

Adjutant in Chief and Chief of Staff.

GENERAL HEADQUARTERS SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS, MEMPHIS, TENN., June 1, 1916.

GENERAL ORDERS No. 2

1. Sons of Confederate Veterans, the history of the struggle of 1861-65 will bear the closest scrutiny into its deepest depths without disclosing a single blot upon its pages, each only adds luster to a fame that has no equal. We, the Sons of Confederate Veterans, have a sacred duty to perform in having only a true history of our heroes taught in the schools of our country; besides, it should be both a privilege and a pleasure to perpetuate these acts in memorial of stone and to see as far as possible that not a single one of our grand old warriors shall ever want for the necessities of life. Therefore, realizing the great responsibility which has been placed upon me as your Commander in Chief, and knowing that



PAST COMMANDERS IN CHIEF, S. C. V., AT BIRMINGHAM REUNION.

From left to right: Richard B. Haughton, St. Louis, Mo.; Dr. Thomas M. Owen, Montgomery, Ala.; Dr. Clarence J. Owens, Washington, D. C.; Jesse P. Norfleet, Memphis, Tenn.; Seymour Stewart, St. Louis, Mo.; W. N. Brandon, Little Rock, Ark.; present Commander in Chief Ernest G. Baldwin, Roanoke, Va.

without your sincere coöperation my administration as your executive head will prove a failure, I do hereby appoint the following comrades as members of my staff, having confidence in their patriotism and loyalty to duty and fidelity to the trust that has been placed in their hands.

2. The following appointments are made to rank from June 1, 1916:

Inspector in Chief, Gen. W. C. Gorgas, Washington, D. C.
Quartermaster in Chief, Samuel W. Hairston, Roanoke, Va.
Commissary in Chief, Creed Caldwell, Pine Bluff, Ark.
Judge Advocate in Chief, B. P. Harrison, Gulfport, Miss.
Surgeon in Chief, Dr. A. M. Brailsford, Mullins, S. C.
Chaplain in Chief, Rev. J. G. Glass, Ocala, Fla.
Historian in Chief, Dr. T. M. Owen, Montgomery, Ala.

Assistant Adjutants in Chief: Clarence J. Owens, Washington, D. C.; J. A. Rountree, Birmingham, Ala.; Thomas M. Owen, Jr., Montgomery, Ala.; R. S. Hudson, Russellville, Ark.; James Hunter Roper, Seward, Alaska; J. I. Buckner, Denver, Colo.; M. B. Patterson, Los Angeles, Cal.; John W. Blow, Jacksonville, Fla.; J. H. Palmer, Macon, Ga.; Logan N. Rock, Louisville, Ky.; J. W. McWilliams, Monroe, La.; Stephen R. Brown, St. Louis, Mo.; Samuel Riggs, Rockville, Md.; C. B. Vance, Jr., Batesville, Miss.; Clarence Leon, Wilmington, N. C.; W. C. Farmer, Tulsa, Okla.; Bo Sweeney, Seattle, Wash.; R. M. Mixson, Williston, S. C.; W. Shep Shelton, Chattanooga, Tenn.; R. S. Sample, El Paso, Tex.; Laurence S. Davis, Roanoke, Va.; H. J. Etheridge, Norfolk, Va.; John S. Garber, Elkins, W. Va.; E. P. Bujac, Carlsbad, N. Mex.

Assistant Inspectors in Chief: I. T. Weill, Birmingham, Ala.; W. T. Murphree, Gadsden, Ala.; Horace Sloan, Jonesboro, Ark.; J. Snead Watkins, Los Angeles, Cal.; Channing M. Smith, Denver, Colo.; Charles H. Keel, Washington, D. C.; R. J. McPherson, Gainesville, Fla.; H. J. Hine, Rome, Ga.; Lamont Yates, Mayfield, Ky.; C. J. Chopatin, New Orleans, La.; V. H. Bond, Hornesville, Mo.; George W. Hurd, Williamsport, Md.; W. S. Davis, Jr., Waynesboro, Miss.; Fairfax K. Dillon, East Lake, N. C.; T. H. Powers, Tulsa, Okla.; H. J. Park, Seattle, Wash.; L. C. Speares, Townsville, S. C.; J. L. Ball, Pulaski, Tenn.; J. B. Waskorn, Dallas, Tex.; F. F. Causey, Hampton, Va.; James W. Hatcher, Roanoke, Va.; R. L. Ott, Richmond, Va.; G. A. Matthews, Bluefield, W. Va.; R. F. Love, Lovington, N. Mex.

Assistant Quartermasters in Chief: T. P. Patterson, Birmingham, Ala.; W. E. Quin, Fort Payne, Ala.; Thomas C. Trimble, Lonoke, Ark.; Allen T. Archer, Los Angeles, Cal.; H. L. Andrews, Denver, Colo.; Wallace Streater, Washington, D. C.; K. O. Reynolds, Palatka, Fla.; W. H. Wikle, Cartersville, Ga.; John Rudy, Owensboro, Ky.; Henry Briggs, Monroe, La.; J. C. Lamkin, Marshall, Mo.; George T. Crawley, Rockville, Md.; J. M. Vardaman, Jackson, Miss.; M. DeLancy Haywood, Raleigh, N. C.; Dennis B. Keys, Pryor, Okla.; W. P. Bailey, Meyers Mill, S. C.; Frank Rice, Chattanooga, Tenn.; W. C. Carpenter, Bay City, Tex.; W. A. Perdue, Petersburg, Va.; William Botts, Richmond, Va.; J. C. Wise, Haymarket, Va.; C. C. Clingenfield, Huntington, W. Va.; C. A. Davis, Lovington, N. Mex.

Assistant Commissaries in Chief: Thomas Dozier, Birmingham, Ala.; J. A. Oden, Birmingham, Ala.; T. H. Maxwell, Tuscaloosa, Ala.; R. W. Polk, Little Rock, Ark.; A. J. Doud, Denver, Colo.; Cary A. Coffman, Los Angeles, Cal.; George T. Rawlins, Washington, D. C.; H. J. Baker, Jr., Fernandina, Fla.; Charles P. Rowland, Savannah, Ga.; R. W. McCrory, Lewisburg, Tenn.; I. W. Beard, Tyler, Tex.; B. F. Richard,

Strasburg, Va.; Robert J. McBride, Louisville, Ky.; Allen Sholers, Monroe, La.; Joseph Pitts, Kennett, Mo.; Alex G. Carlisle, Rockville, Md.; R. L. Metts, Louisville, Miss.; Graham H. Andrews, Raleigh, N. C.; Edward Galt, Ardmore, Okla.; John P. Cooper, Mullins, S. C.; Mercer Hartman, Roanoke, Va.; Charles Sneade, Goshen, Va.; E. R. Garland, Huntington, W. Va.

Assistant Judge Advocates in Chief: W. B. Bankhead, Jasper, Ala.; W. M. Hundley, Greenbrier, Ala.; W. B. Everet, Birmingham, Ala.; Charles Baldwin, Jonesboro, Ark.; H. W. Lowrie, Denver, Colo.; Claude N. Bennett, Washington, D. C.; C. J. Ferrell, Ben Haden, Fla.; H. L. Jackson, Adele, Ga.; William Deatherage, Carrollton, Ky.; J. R. Wells, New Orleans, La.; Cornelius H. Fauntleroy, St. Louis, Mo.; Lawrence Chiswell, Rockville, Md.; R. H. Purnell, Winona, Miss.; M. T. Mayers, Whiteville, N. C.; Emmett N. Ellis, Sallisaw, Okla.; John T. Caskey, Lancaster, S. C.; M. R. Hudson, Dyer, Tenn.; S. H. Lane, Jacksonville, Tex.; Walter Fauntleroy, Altavista, Va.; N. H. Hairston, Roanoke, Va.; O. W. Huddleston, Clifton Forge, Va.; A. E. Miller, Hinton, W. Va.

Assistant Surgeons in Chief: Dr. J. J. Riverbark, Samson, Ala.; Dr. James G. Pettus, Belle Mina, Ala.; Dr. Leonard R. Ellis, Hot Springs, Ark.; Dr. J. K. Williams, Los Angeles, Cal.; Dr. George P. Lingenfelter, Denver, Colo.; Dr. C. P. Clark, Washington, D. C.; Dr. H. E. Palmer, Tallahassee, Fla.; Dr. J. H. Morgan, Molena, Ga.; Dr. John H. Adcock, Carrollton, Ky.; Dr. J. M. White, Gueydan, La.; Dr. R. D. Alexander, St. Louis, Mo.; Dr. W. T. Bolton, Biloxi, Miss.; Dr. T. H. Keller, Hagerstown, Md.; Dr. W. C. Galloway, Wilmington, N. C.; Dr. A. W. Herron, Vinita, Okla.; Dr. H. M. Duvall, Cheraw, S. C.; Dr. N. F. Raines, Memphis, Tenn.; Dr. J. F. Combs, Gonzales, Tex.; Dr. C. P. Jones, Newport News, Va.; Dr. E. U. Potter, Roanoke, Va.; Dr. L. G. Richards, Roanoke, Va.; Dr. J. E. Offner, Fairmont, W. Va.; Dr. C. M. Brown, Mount Hope, W. Va.

Assistant Chaplains in Chief: Rev. C. W. Ashcraft, Florence, Ala.; Rev. R. D. Hill, Charleston, Ark.; Rev. E. A. Burton, Denver, Colo.; Rev. A. R. Bird, Washington, D. C.; Rev. J. W. Young, Tampa, Fla.; Rev. J. S. L. Sappington, Maysville, Ga.; Rev. J. S. Martin, Lafayette, La.; Rev. A. J. Demit, Carrollton, Ky.; Rev. H. L. Prewitt, Kennett, Mo.; Rev. T. J. Reed, Natchez, Miss.; Rev. J. A. Brown, Whiteville, N. C.; Rev. J. P. Parks, Tahlequah, Okla.; Rev. O. T. Hinton, Easley, S. C.; Rev. R. J. Carden, Dunlap, Tenn.; Rev. W. H. McConnell, Childress, Tex.; Rev. J. W. C. Johnson, Roanoke, Va.; Rev. J. Cleveland Hall, Danville, Va.; Rev. E. S. McTier, Union, W. Va.

3. The following committee assignments are hereby made, said committees to make their reports at the next annual Reunion at Washington, D. C., in 1917:

Monument Committee: R. B. Haughton, Chairman, Mt. Vernon, Mo.; Oscar S. Roden, Cullman, Ala.; W. H. Montgomery, Birmingham, Ala.; T. Nathan Nall, Sheridan, Ark.; W. Jefferson Davis, San Diego, Cal.; J. A. Gallaher, Denver, Colo.; E. W. R. Ewing, Washington, D. C.; D. E. McDonald, Wellborn, Fla.; C. C. Cleghorn, Summerville, Ga.; Dulin Moss, Frankfort, Ky.; S. B. Kennedy, Lake Providence, La.; A. L. Pollard, St. Louis, Mo.; Fred M. Rice, Rockville, Md.; Wall Doxey, Holly Springs, Miss.; C. F. Cromer, Winston-Salem, N. C.; W. C. Lewis, Poteau, Okla.; R. E. Babb, Laurens, S. C.; S. B. Boyd, Dunlap, Tenn.; W. B. McAdams, Dallas, Tex.; A. Willis Robertson, Buena Vista, Va.; J. C. Davenport, Roanoke, Va.; M. G. Willis, Jr., Fredericksburg, Va.; R. D. Gibson, Charlestown, W. Va.

Finance Committee: Edgar Scurry, Chairman, Wichita Falls, Tex.; T. H. Barrett, Gulfport, Miss.; William S. Clayton, Wilmington, N. C.; Robert Snow, Birmingham, Ala.; David Holt, Mobile, Ala.; W. G. Hutton, Little Rock, Ark.; F. R. Fravel, Washington, D. C.; T. W. Jones, Milton, Fla.; Otto M. Cohn, Milledgeville, Ga.; Robert E. Watkins, Owensboro, Ky.; Joseph Renwick, Monroe, La.; Lon Sanders, St. Louis, Mo.; J. E. Johnson, McAlester, Okla.; G. W. Manville, Blackville, S. C.; George B. Bowling, Memphis, Tenn.; S. P. Figgat, Roanoke, Va.; Lee L. Wilson, Huntington, W. Va.; L. E. Lookabill, Roanoke, Va.; Carter McGregor, Wichita Falls, Tex.; M. E. Stickley, Roanoke, Va.

Relief Committee: A. W. Parke, Chairman, Little Rock, Ark.; D. L. Aldredge, Blountsville, Ala.; L. T. Davis, Hanceville, Ala.; W. W. Blessing, Quitman, Ark.; A. B. Ellis, Los Angeles, Cal.; Clem W. Collins, Denver, Colo.; Marx E. Kahn, Washington, D. C.; M. D. Clower, Trenton, Fla.; Frank J. Payne, Americus, Ga.; G. H. Millikin, Louisville, Ky.; A. S. Gossett, Lake Charles, La.; R. A. Doyle, East Prairie, Mo.; Joseph Davenport, Port Gibson, Miss.; Alex G. Carlisle, Rockville, Md.; T. G. Hyman, Newbern, N. C.; H. G. Turner, Checotah, Okla.; Weller Rothrock, Aiken, S. C.; J. P. Rees, Pulaski, Tenn.; W. B. Green, Gonzales, Tex.; W. O. Trenor, Roanoke, Va.; E. W. Speed, Roanoke, Va.; W. D. Nichols, Norfolk, Va.; A. S. Johnson, Union, W. Va.

Historical Committee: M. E. Dunaway, Chairman, Little Rock, Ark.; B. K. McMorris, Birmingham, Ala.; J. E. Gray, Athens, Ala.; T. M. Lyon, Lockesburg, Ark.; Dr. J. W. Morgan, Denver, Colo.; H. C. Head, Santa Ana, Cal.; J. R. Price, Washington, D. C.; C. L. Lutz, St. Petersburg, Fla.; John Cleghorn, Summerville, Ga.; Samuel G. Tate, Louisville, Ky.; J. A. Brewer, Danville, Va.; E. L. Keyser, Roanoke, Va.; J. T. Ellis, West Monroe, La.; H. C. Francisco, Marshall, Mo.; Robert P. Linfield, Biloxi, Miss.; Richard K. Hays, Rockville, Md.; James F. Woolvin, Wilmington, N. C.; W. V. Pryor, Sapulpa, Okla.; W. P. Nicholson, Anderson, S. C.; L. E. Mathis, Jackson, Tenn.; W. J. Giles, Beaumont, Tex.; Samuel L. Adams, South Boston, Va.; R. Kent Spiller, Roanoke, Va.; Edwin Caperton, Union, W. Va.

Resolutions Committee: Tate Brady, Chairman, Tulsa, Okla.; C. E. Lindsey, Birmingham, Ala.; E. C. Betts, Huntsville, Ala.; R. L. Muse, Walnut Ridge, Ark.; W. E. Brockman, Washington, D. C.; S. W. Carman, Quincy, Fla.; J. E. Patton, Lafayette, Ga.; J. W. Blackburn, Jr., Frankfort, Ky.; C. B. Moreland, Gueydon, La.; Lee Meriwether, St. Louis, Mo.; John Allen Sykes, Aberdeen, Miss.; M. H. Caldwell, Concord, N. C.; Wash Grayson, Eufaula, Okla.; W. S. McLure, Union, S. C.; W. F. Roberts, Nashville, Tenn.; H. D. Wood, Fort Worth, Tex.; J. A. Painter, Radford, Va.; L. Clyde Cooksey, Roanoke, Va.; A. D. Smith, Jr., Fayetteville, W. Va.; Rufus C. Jackson, Silver City, N. Mex.; G. B. McCorkle, Newport News, Va.; John Wingfield, Portsmouth, Va.

4. The duty of perpetuating the record of the Confederate soldier and sailor has devolved upon our organization, and every loyal Son should be willing to do his share in this patriotic work. Your Commander in Chief is profoundly grateful for the honor conferred upon him, and he assures you that if you will cooperate with him you will never have cause to regret your action.

By order of

ERNEST G. BALDWIN.

Comander in Chief.

Official:

N. B. FORREST, *Adjutant in Chief and Chief of Staff.*

MEMORIAL DAY AT ARLINGTON.

REPORTED BY F. R. FRAVEL, BALLSTON, VA.

The Confederate Associations of Washington, D. C., never fail to hold appropriate exercises in the observance of Memorial Day, when the graves of the Confederate dead in Arlington National Cemetery are strewn with flowers. The Veterans, Sons of Veterans, Daughters of the Confederacy, and the Southern Relief Society join together to make this occasion notable.

Washington Camp, No. 305, Sons of Confederate Veterans, of Washington, is not less active in its usual work because the next general Reunion of veterans is to be in Washington City. Its customary participation in the Confederate memorial services, held on Sunday, June 4, was the unveiling of a floral design at the base of the Arlington Confederate monument. This was unveiled by Miss Pansy Wilson, sponsor, and Miss Marguerite Terrett, assistant sponsor, assisted by Mrs. George B. Ashley, matron of honor, and Mrs. Maude Howell Smith, matron representing the Daughters of the Confederacy. A cross was formed of young ladies dressed in white with red sashes. While this was being done the United States Marine Band rendered "Lead, Kindly Light." The ladies participating marched by twos, led by the sponsor, and the people assembled joined in strewing flowers on the Confederate graves and the monument to the unknown dead.

This closed the program for the day, a part of which was an eloquent address by Hon. James K. Vardaman, Senator from Mississippi. President Wilson was in attendance and took part in the exercises.



UNVEILING THE FLORAL DESIGN AT BASE OF ARLINGTON CONFEDERATE MONUMENT.

"O'er those who lost and those who won
Death holds no parley which was right—
Jehovah judges Arlington"

RAPHAEL SEMMES.

(Continued from page 374.)

Mobile, Ala., to practice law, where he was made judge of the Probate Court. While a lawyer he undertook to edit a paper and later accepted a position to teach in the Louisiana Military Institute. His literary work really began in his teaching days.

JOHN M'INTOSH KELL.

John McIntosh Kell was born in McIntosh County, Ga., and his childhood was spent on the plantation "Laurel Grove." It was a delight for the young boy to visit his great-uncle, Hon. Thomas Spalding, whose family owned a large part of the island of Sapelo, off the coast of Georgia, and doubtless it was there he learned to love the water. He went to school at Darien and then to the Academy in Savannah, and when only sixteen years of age he entered a counting house in Savannah, thinking to become a merchant. As he was on his way home for the winter holidays, he was invited by Captain Ramsey to visit him aboard the United States vessel Consort, anchored near the coast. Young Kell also visited him afterwards, frequently with his sisters and their friends, by invitation of the officer, whose life entranced him, and he resolved to join the navy. Though preferring otherwise, his mother wisely yielded when she saw the bent of her boy's mind, and she requested the Representative from Darien to secure him an appointment as midshipman in the United States navy, and through Hon. Thomas Butler King the appointment was secured.

John McIntosh Kell joined the Falmouth under command of a relative, Capt. James McKay McIntosh, and his first trip was to Pensacola, Fla. In the War between the States he was closely associated with Admiral Raphael Semmes on the cruises of the Sumter and the Alabama, and in his book, "Recollections of a Naval Life," he gives many interesting facts in regard to the sinking of the Alabama. His story of this is embodied in "Battles and Leaders of the Civil War," issued by the Century Publishing Company. It was on the Sumter that the first Confederate flag was unfurled on the ocean. After the sinking of the Alabama, Captain Kell returned to the South and was given command of the ironclad Richmond, on the James River.

He was a man highly honored and greatly beloved by all who knew him. His last days were spent in Griffin, Ga., surrounded by a loving wife and devoted and happy children and grandchildren. He died in 1900.

ARLINGTON CONFEDERATE MONUMENT ASSOCIATION.

TREASURER'S REPORT FOR PERIOD ENDING JUNE 30, 1916.

Receipts.

Balance on hand at audit by public accountant	\$ 189 27
General Society U. D. C.....	500 00
Seals Committee U. D. C.....	271 75
Mrs. C. W. Boles, Director for Arkansas A. C. M. A.:	
Charley Coffin Chapter, No. 1435, U. D. C.\$	5 00
Memorial Chapter, No. 48, U. D. C.....	10 00— 15 00
Mrs. J. A. Lovell, Director for Colorado A. C. M. A.:	
N. B. Forrest Chapter, No. 1501, U. D. C.	2 50

Joe Wheeler Chapter, No. 1537, U. D. C., Long Beach, Cal.....	\$ 5 00
Southern Cross Chapter, No. 804, U. D. C., Washington, D. C.....	10 00
Wade Hampton Chapter, No. 1478, U. D. C., Oviedo, Fla.....	5 00
Capt. Gus Dedman Chapter, No. 522, U. D. C., Lawrenceburg, Ky.....	1 00
Mrs. J. B. Gantt, Director for Missouri, A. C. M. A.:	
Missouri Division, U. D. C.....	\$ 25 00
Missouri Chapters, U. D. C.....	17 10— 42 10
Joe Wheeler Chapter, No. 996, U. D. C., Roswell, N. Mex.....	10 00
Mrs. Charles B. Goldsborough, Director for New York, A. C. M. A.:	
Mary Mildred Sullivan Chapter, No. 1386, U. D. C.....	45 00
James Henry Parker Chapter, U. D. C...	5 00
Mrs. L. R. Schuyler.....	5 00
Mrs. John W. Quay.....	10 00— 65 00
Albert Sidney Johnston Chapter, U. D. C., Cincinnati, Ohio, through and by Mrs. P. V. Shoe.....	17 00
Choctaw Chapter, No. 614, U. D. C., McAlester, Okla.....	1 00
Mrs. Turner Ashby Blythe, Director for Pennsylvania, A. C. M. A.:	
Philadelphia Chapter, U. D. C.....	5 00
Gen. Edward Pickett Chapter, No. 1316, U. D. C., Kansas City, Mo.....	5 00
Mrs. Thomas W. Keitt, Director for South Carolina, A. C. M. A.:	
Various sources, Chapters in South Carolina	94 50
Mrs. J. B. Dibrell, Director for South Carolina, A. C. M. A.:	
Sale of seals.....	10 00
S. E. Rugeley Chapter, No. 452, U. D. C.	5 00— 15 00
Magee-Brigham Chapter, No. 1098, U. D. C., Jonah, Tex.	1 00
Carrie Hamon Chapter, No. 935, U. D. C., Oakwood, Tex.	1 00
Seventeenth Virginia Regiment Chapter, No. 41, U. D. C., Alexandria, Va.....	10 00
Mrs. B. T. Davis, Director for West Virginia, A. C. M. A.:	
Lawson Botts Chapter, No. 261, U. D. C.,	5 00
Mrs. Scott Dewey, Sewanee, Tenn.....	5 00
Mrs. John R. Eggleston, Sewanee, Tenn....	1 00
Mrs. Mollie R. Macgill Rosenberg, Galveston, Tex.	10 00
Total to be accounted for.....	\$1.287 12

Expenditures.

Expenses of audit (\$12.50), printing report of auditor, circular letter, and postage on same (\$46.34).....	\$ 58 84
Sir Moses Ezekiel.....	700 00
Balance on hand July 1, 1916.....	528 28—\$1.287 12
WALLACE STREATER, Treasurer A. C. M. A.	

(Since July 1, 1916, an additional payment of \$500 has been made to the sculptor.)

SOME NOTED SOUTHERN SCHOOLS.

The VETERAN takes pleasure in commending these schools of the South and asks that its patrons everywhere will consider their special advantages for the education of our Southern girls in all that tends to the development of the highest womanhood.

THE NEW BUFORD COLLEGE

For twenty-five years Buford College has had the patronage of many prominent Confederate veterans and their friends. During many years Mrs. E. G. Buford, President of the college and wife of a noble veteran of the South, has given a U. D. C. scholarship to descendants of veterans, and these girls have made splendid records. During the past few months she has had associated with her many prominent and influential citizens of Nashville. The outgrowth of this association has been the removal of the college to the spacious campus between Twenty-First and Twenty-Second Avenues, known as the old Sam Murphy Place, where two magnificent new buildings have been erected and will be thoroughly equipped and furnished elegantly throughout. The excellent faculty of former years has been enlarged, so that Buford College now ranks as one of the most thorough and select schools of the United States. It has been the aim of the college not to have a large but a select school, where the individual student will have every possible care and attention. Confederate veterans and their friends will make no mistake in placing their daughters with Mrs. Buford, a cultured Christian educator with an established reputation in making noble women.

WARD-BELMONT A LEADER.

Conspicuous among the Southern schools is Ward-Belmont College, of Nashville, Tenn., which is a consolidation of the old Ward Seminary and Belmont College. Uniting the great popularity of these two institutions, it has easily taken rank with the leading colleges of America. The magnificent buildings (eleven in all), representing a capital of a quarter of a million, are located on a campus of thirty-two acres, beautified by the skill of an expert landscape gardener. A splendid new dormitory building will be ready by fall to accommodate girls who have previously been cared for in cottages. This increases the dormitory capacity to five hundred and fifty. The day patronage is about four hundred. Numbers of students are turned away every year. The enrollment this year numbers sixty-five more than at this time last year. The patronage of this college is thoroughly cosmopolitan, sixty per cent from the Southern States and forty from the North. Among the attractions this session will be the splendid colonial arcades connecting the buildings, and a golf course will be added to the numerous athletic features.

Perhaps the greatest acquisition to the college this year will be the addition of a Y. W. C. A. Secretary, who will have entire charge of the religious work. This Secretary, Miss Barbara Hege, has had national Y. W. C. A. training and is a great enthusiast in the work. This will increase the number of officers and faculty to seventy-five and give the college a standard second to none.

BEAUTIFUL ST. CECILIA.

The city of Nashville holds as one of its most cherished possessions beautiful St. Cecilia, a Dominican convent and academy, where white-robed daughters of St. Dominic direct the education of young girls of the Southland fortunate in being thus closely associated with these truly cultured and

capable women. It was in the summer of 1860 that St. Cecilia was founded. Four Sisters formed the nucleus of a community which now numbers more than a hundred members. Its location combines the advantages of city and country life. Its buildings are stately and substantial, and its grounds of one hundred and fifty acres stretch away in a landscape of matchless beauty.

St. Cecilia has passed through many a trying ordeal. She saw an invading army encamped almost upon her grounds and heard martial music mingle with the tones of her matin and vesper bells. The Sisters went out upon the battle field to care for the wounded and dying soldiers. At last "the conquered banner" was sadly folded and, like all institutions of the South, St. Cecilia suffered, but as the South raised her drooping head after war's devastation, the school began to realize its early promise. The years following have seen spacious buildings erected and equipped with all modern improvements. Now in the present day of success St. Cecilia keeps her motto of progress in view. Her primary and grammar grades are directed so as to form a solid basis for higher work; her laboratories for physics and chemistry are very complete, and all that pertains to domestic science is a marvel of perfection. The academic course is very comprehensive, and many college studies have been introduced; the art department is daily growing in importance, and sculpture will hold a prominent place in this department next session; while the high standard of St. Cecilia in all departments of music is well known and appreciated by the music-loving people of Nashville.

THE SOUTH'S NEW COLLEGE FOR WOMEN

The Elizabeth Mather College for Women, in Atlanta, Ga., is unique in many ways. No other school in the South studies the individual talents of the students. The usual effort is to classify upon a basis of skill and age and deal with the group as a unit. No other college claims to train the individual talents after they are found. Also, no other college offers so wide a variety of courses. There is no school for journalism in the South; there is no kindergarten training school outside of Louisville; there is no school of interior decoration and commercial art. All of these departments are much needed in the South.

The Elizabeth Mather College has associated with it many women from the best and oldest families in the South. The President, Miss Loveridge, is a psychologist from the University of Chicago. For two years she has been the dean of the college at Montgomery. She is known to the South as a lecturer, having delivered many lectures in various towns before the federated clubs. As President of the Elizabeth Mather College she can use her talents for the benefit of a still larger group of people.

JOHN BROWN'S RAID.—Of course a transaction so flagitious, with its attendant circumstances, affording such an unmistakable proof of the spirit by which no small portion of the Northern population was actuated, could not but produce the profoundest impression upon the people of the South. Here was open and armed "aggression"; whether clearly understood and encouraged beforehand, certainly exulted in afterwards, by persons of a very different standing from that of the chief actor in this flooding incursion into a peaceful State—George

Lunt, of Massachusetts.

Deafness

From All Causes, Head Noises and Other Ear Troubles Easily and Permanently Relieved!



Thousands who were formerly deaf, now hear distinctly every sound—even whispers do not escape them. Their life of loneliness has ended and all is now joy and sunshine. The impaired or lacking portions of their ear drums have been reinforced by simple little devices, scientifically constructed for that special purpose.

Wilson Common-Sense Ear Drums often called "Little Wireless Phones for the Ears" are restoring perfect hearing in every condition of deafness or defective hearing from causes such as Catarrhal Deafness, Relaxed or Sunken Drums, Thickened Drums, Roaring and Hissing Sounds, Perforated, Wholly or Partially Destroyed Drums, Discharge from Ears, etc. No matter what the case or how long standing it is, testimonials received show marvelous results. Common-Sense Drums strengthen the nerves of the ears and concentrate the sound waves on one point of the natural drums, thus successfully restoring perfect hearing where medical skill even fails to help. They are made of a soft, sensitized material, comfortable and safe to wear. They are easily adjusted by the wearer and out of sight when worn.

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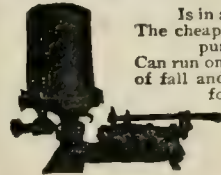


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J. E. Ellenburg, of Carnegie, Okla., is anxious to hear from surviving members of his old company, which was Company A. Roswell's Battalion of Cavalry, G. R. King, Captain.

The VETERAN wishes to locate some copies of General Taylor's "Destruction and Reconstruction," and asks that patrons who have copies to sell will kindly let us hear as to condition and price.

Mrs. E. K. Turner, Birmingham, Ala. (R. R. No. 7, Box 70), is anxious for information as to how General Sherman procured meat for his army during his occupancy of Savannah in December, 1864, and January, 1865. This information is desired for the purpose of proving a claim against the United States government, and any information on this subject will be appreciated.

Mrs. S. W. Brasfield, Alamo, Tenn., seeks the war record of her husband, Solomon William Brasfield, that she may prove her claim for a pension. He volunteered at Helena, Ark., in 1864, at the age of fifteen, and served under General Price. There was some connection with Gen. Jeff M. Thompson, but she does not know that definitely. He became a physician after the war and was a member of the Crockett County Bivouac, at Alamo, Tenn.

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Interested friends would like to hear from any one who knows the war record of Leonard H. Inge, who enlisted at Demopolis, Ala., and served with the Jeff Davis Legion. He was captain of a company of cavalry. Address Miss Zoritha Houston, 1305 Twenty-Second Avenue, Meridian, Miss.



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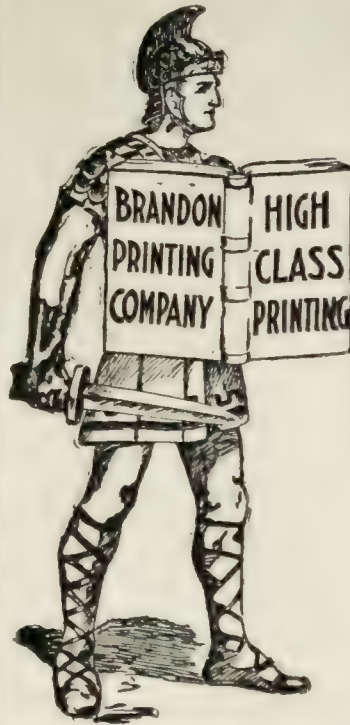
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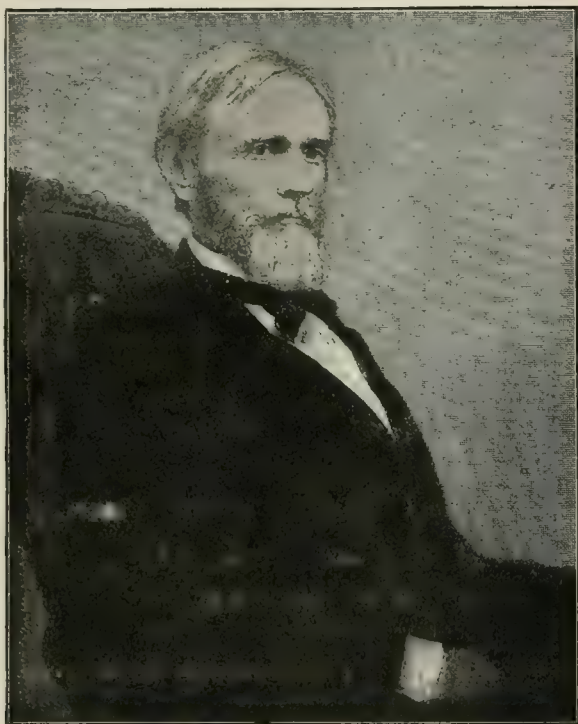
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CINCINNATI

T. B. Gilbert, of Benton, Ark., is anxious to secure his father's record as a Confederate soldier, so he may become a member of the Sons of Veterans. William Henry Gilbert was about sixteen

years of age when he became a member of the 21st Georgia Regiment and surrendered at Appomattox. He served under Captain Bakewell and was for a while in Early's command.

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THE CONFEDERATE VETERAN
NASHVILLE, TENN.

Confederate Veteran.

VOL. XXIV.

SEPTEMBER, 1916

NO. 9

The South

THE SOUTH is a land that has known sorrows; it is a land that has broken the ashen crust and moistened it with her tears; a land scarred and riven by the plowshare of war and billowed with the graves of her dead; but a land of legend, a land of song, a land of hallowed and heroic memories.

To that land every drop of my blood, every fiber of my being, every pulsation of my heart is consecrated forever. I was born of her womb, I was nourished at her breast, and, when my last hour shall come, I pray God that I may be pillowed upon her bosom and rocked to sleep within her tender and encircling arms.

—Edward W. Carmack, of Tennessee.

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LEADING ARTICLES IN THIS NUMBER.

	PAGE
The Heroes That Might Have Been (poem). By Calvin Stoddard Crowder..	387
The Shiloh Monument.....	387
"Truth Crushed to Earth." By Mrs. Stephen D. Knox.....	388
Troops Enlisted in 1861 for the War. By John C. Stiles.....	389
What the South Is Doing for Her Veterans. By Capt. P. M. de Leon.....	390
The Cotton Tax of the Sixties.....	391
Running the Blockade. By Gen. B. H. Young.....	392
Camp Life in the Sixties. By Mrs. L. G. Mitchell.....	394
A Florida Story of War Times. By Mrs. F. M. Cooley.....	397
First to Reënlist for the War. By Judge L. B. McFarland.....	399
The Black Shadow of the Sixties. By Finley P. Curtis, Jr.....	401
A Boy in the Camp of Lee. By A. J. Emerson.....	405
When I Was Wounded. By John Cox.....	407
When General Green Was Killed. By Capt. E. B. Millett.....	408
The Martyrs of the South (poem). By A. B. Meek.....	409
If a Soldier Meet a Soldier (poem). By Gen. M. Jeff Thompson.....	409
Casualties of the 11th Mississippi Regiment at Gettysburg. By Baxter McFarland	410
Mrs. V. Y. Cook—An Appreciation.....	424
A Tribute. By Mrs. L. W. S. Butler.....	425
Departments: The Last Roll.....	412
U. D. C.....	420
C. S. M. A.....	423
S. C. V.....	426

A LITTLE PATRIOTISM.

A very pretty incident occurred the other night at one of the theaters in Washington, when President Wilson was a guest, accompanied by Mrs. Wilson, her mother, sister, and brother. One of the performers was a telepathist, who, in connection with another, gives "manifestations of the power of thought with connecting minds in sympathetic relationship."

The man entered the White House box in the usual course of his rounds of the audience, and the President made him a whispered request. His assistant was at the piano, on the stage, blindfolded, and instantly the telepathist turned to the pianist and called out: "Play my selection, please." Like a flash the blindfolded pianist followed with the chords of "The Star-Spangled Banner." The President arose, and the audience sprang to its feet; and when the anthem was ended, the demonstrations broke forth in vociferous and enthusiastic cheers. The President had whispered to the telepathist: "Cause the pianist to play 'The Star-Spangled Banner.'"

It was really mighty refreshing to have "The Star-Spangled Banner" so unanimously and heartily applauded. It usually goes without attention in the District of Columbia, but you can gamble almost anything that the playing of "Dixie" will bring cheering any old time.—*National Tribune.*

Mrs. Fannie Wright, of Grenada, Miss., wishes information as to the time of her husband's enlistment as well as date of discharge. Thomas Hill Wright enlisted in Company G at Carrollton, Carroll County, Miss., at the beginning of the war and served in Ballentine's Regiment (under Lieutenant Colonel Maxwell, Major Ford, Capt. W. S. Eskridge, First Lieut. Dick Riddick), Armstrong's Brigade, Jackson's Division. Surviving comrades are asked to respond.

W. F. Hamilton, Adjutant Camp Liddell, U. D. C., at Carrollton, Miss., asks especially for information of the services of W. C. Long, who enlisted in a company organized of men from North Alabama, about Gadsden, and commanded by a Captain Long and Lieutenant Sims, under General Clanton, and did scouting service from the Tennessee River to Rome, Ga. Comrade Long has lived in Mississippi forty-five years and is trying to prove his claim to a pension.

Confederate Veteran.

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VOL. XXIV.

NASHVILLE, TENN., SEPTEMBER, 1910.

No. 9.

J. A. CUNNINGHAM,
EDITOR.

THE HEROES THAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

BY CALVIN STODDARD CROWDER.

Jackson and Johnston and Lee,
They're written with chisel and pen;
But my heart ever bleeds for the unnamed deeds
Of the first battle's "missing men."

Davis and Stephens and Semmes,
Morgan, and all the rest;
I sing those who gave their lives to the grave
And died ere they gave their best.

McCulloch and Stuart and Polk,
Crowned with glory and victory;
There's no one to tell of the many who fell
In darkest obscurity.

Longstreet and Gordon and Smith
The pages of history proclaim;
But many went down ere they earned renown
And left but a nameless name.

Catesby and Pelham and Bragg,
They were heroes and lordly men;
Yet always I sigh for the first to die
And the heroes that might have been.

THE ENGAGEMENT AT DYER CHURCH.—Tom N. Shearer, of Atlanta, Ga., asks that some one who took part in the battle at Dyer Church, near Atlanta, July 28, 1864, give a history of it. He says: "For the numbers engaged and the odds we had to fight, I consider it one of the bloodiest battles we had near Atlanta. As I was a private in ranks, I could not see the terrible slaughter except right in our midst. My company had been consolidated with three others, with our captain, A. J. Evans, from Okolona, Miss., commanding. He was shot through and through, and of his original company only seven went through the fight without a scratch. Captain Evans recovered from his wound and rejoined the command at Pollard, Ala. So little has been written of this fight that I would be glad to see a full account of it. Our first captain was T. H. Shackelford, also of Okolona."

THE SHILOH MONUMENT.

The unveiling of the Shiloh monument promises to be the big event of Confederate interest during this fall. The successful accomplishment of this undertaking scores another triumph for the Daughters of the Confederacy, who have worked under many difficulties in completing the \$50,000 fund needed for this monument. Only a few thousand dollars more are needed, and the interest that has been manifested by the increased contributions during the past few months indicates that all the money needed will be in hand when the monument is ready for unveiling.

The Shiloh monument will be magnificent in every detail. The several groups of figures were modeled from fine physical specimens of humanity. The central group represents Night and Death snatching the laurel wreath from the Confederacy, and just below this group is the profile head of Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston. The sculptor made a bust of General Johnston in order to secure an accurate profile view, and this bust is being contested for by different Chapters, it having been offered by Mrs. Alexander B. White, Director General of the Shiloh Monument Fund, as a prize to the Chapter raising the largest contribution toward the monument. The Albert Sidney Johnston Chapter of San Francisco is now in the lead, having reported \$208; the Fifth Tennessee Regiment Chapter, of Paris, Tenn., follows with \$150 to its credit; while the Corinth (Miss.) Chapter and several others are busy contestants. All money sent in by friends for any of the contesting Chapters will so be credited.

Some of the personal donations to the fund are very liberal. Dr. E. W. Grove, of St. Louis, formerly of Paris, Tenn., whose father and two uncles were in the battle of Shiloh, contributed \$500; Mrs. Terry, of Texas, \$100; the Commercial Appeal, of Memphis, \$100, and this paper will also take subscriptions; Senator John Sharp Williams, of Mississippi, whose father was said to have been the first officer killed in that battle, sent \$50; Mrs. O. C. Barton, of Paris, Tenn., \$50; Mrs. John M. Taylor, of Lexington, Tenn., \$25; J. W. Johnson, of Panther Burn, Miss., \$50.

Two bronze reliefs of General Johnston are also offered as prizes, one to go to the State that sends in the most money by October; the other will go to the State sending in the most money according to membership.

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Founder.

Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

All who approve the principles of this publication and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to cooperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

"TRUTH CRUSHED TO EARTH."

BY MRS. STEPHEN D. KNOX, LITTLE ROCK, ARK.

I had read Mr. Watterson's version of the Hampton Roads conference, copied in one of our local papers some time ago, and am gratified to find the "Truth of the Hampton Roads Conference" in the June number of the *VETERAN* and for the steps taken at the Reunion in Birmingham. While time in its power of adjustment rights all wrongs, we cannot feel that we have been loyal or just if we let an untruth go by unnoticed, though we well know that "truth crushed to earth will rise again." Mr. Watterson has been the tool in the hands of justice to unearth these truths, and they shine out all the brighter because the sordid earth of untruth has been washed away, as has been done in many cases. Another fifty years, perhaps more or less, will place all the wreaths of honor where they justly belong, and the world will know that the same motive that forced secession is the same that has prompted the war in Europe. In His own good time and in His own good way justice is meted out. Nothing is hidden from His all-seeing eyes and His just hand. He was before and at Fort Sumter, Gettysburg, and Appomattox. "God chasteneth whom he loveth." As a reward for this love we have the field of his vineyard, Africa and its people, for ours in which to labor; we have paid its price in blood.

The hero worship of Mr. Lincoln will in time pass, and the world will know that he was flesh and blood, with hopes and ambitions, passions and faults, just as the rest of us weak mortals, though a wonderful and unusual man. Truth and honor do not need defense.

We of the South fought for principle, and they of the North because of jealousy. Had Harriet Beecher Stowe, Mr. Lincoln, and the abolitionists of the North been prompted by a true, pure motive of "all people being equal," they would have made it possible to abolish slavery without a Fort Sumter, an Appomattox, or a Reconstruction period.

If the United States government could pay \$400,000,000 for the freedom of the slaves on February 3, 1865, at the Hampton Roads conference, after the heavy cost of millions of dollars and the appalling loss of life and injured, what could it not have paid before the secession of South Carolina! Many of the abolitionists of the South, as well as those of the North, had freed their slaves and stood the criticism of those who did not believe as they did, and yet those same abolitionists took up their arms in defense of the right of secession. I know whereof I speak. My husband's father and mine both trod the road of battle, sons of Southern abolitionists who did not believe in slavery because their Christian consciences would not permit it. I say again that the freedom of the slaves could have been bought, just their slavery was bought, with money instead of with blood.

Could we cleanse our minds and hearts of all animosity and live the principle of true Christianity taught us by our leader, Robert E. Lee, the greatest leader that the world has ever known, how soon would truth shine out as the "Star of the East" did to the wise men!

IN CHRISTIAN CHARITY.

Maj. William M. Pegram, of Baltimore, a member of the Historical Committee, U. C. V., writes the *VETERAN*:

"On reading the most interesting contribution to your June issue on 'Jefferson Davis: Gentleman, Patriot, and Christian,' by Rev. James H. McNeilly, D.D., and then recurring to the strictures upon this great man by Hon. Henry Watterson, of the *Courier-Journal*, I beg leave to contribute an incident which took place at Fortress Monroe while Mr. Davis was held there a prisoner, which more particularly portrays the grandeur, sincerity, and humility of this Christian hero than anything that could be imagined.

"Rev. Dr. Minnegerode, then rector of St. Paul's Church at Richmond, Va., of which Mr. Davis was a member, told the story of a visit made by him to the august prisoner at the fortress. He needed no voucher. They had a very pleasant conversation on general topics within the hearing of General Miles, who was standing near. Mr. Davis then expressed the desire to receive the holy communion at the hands of the Doctor. He said: 'Mr. Davis, you know it is one of the requirements of our Church that one receiving the holy office must have his heart purged of all ill will and be in love and charity with the world; otherwise it would be received unworthily. Do you think you could receive it under such circumstances?' Mr. Davis was thoughtful for a few moments and then said: 'Leave me now, Doctor, and return a couple of hours later.'

"On the Doctor's return Mr. Davis said: 'Doctor, I have looked into and examined my heart and can truly say that I have no ill will against any one and can thus receive the sacrament.' It was administered then and there, while the man was standing by who had placed shackles on the limbs of this servant of God.

"Whoever can raise a finger of disdain or scurrility against this heroic Christian is unworthy the name of man, and 'honorable' prefixed to his name is a hollow mockery."

"BENNETT YOUNG—1864."

The picture here given should have appeared with General Young's thrilling story of running the blockade at Wilmington, N. C., in 1864 (page 392), as it shows him at the time of



this bold venture with the daring captain of the blockade runner. While the hope of gain was the inspiration for many such exploits, there was also the love of country which nerved the brain and will in many of the daring adventures with the enemy's blockading fleet and which added a keenness to the vision which saw a way of escape. Had submersibles been in existence then, the problem of sustaining the armies of the Confederacy would have been of easy solution.

Experiments in that direction by the Confederates doubtless aroused the world to the possibilities in under-sea craft.

A SON'S TRIBUTE.

The article beginning in the August VETERAN and concluded in this number (page 401) under the title of "The Black Shadow of the Sixties" deserves special commendation not only for its beauty of style and vigor of expression, but because it is the product of filial love and pride. From his father's diary as a Confederate soldier, reinforced by that father's memory of those eventful happenings, Mr. Curtis has evolved a story most complete and of vivid interest. As evidence that it has been appreciated, the following is taken from a letter of Henry Victor Maxwell, of Bristol, Va.:

"From the Summit of Marye's Hill," as portrayed by Finley J. Curtis, Jr., in 'The Black Shadow of the Sixties,' appeals to me as one of the most dramatic passages in present-day literature, as vivid, as impressive as the story of Balaklava, and worthy of the memorable battle of Fredericksburg. The story impresses with its vivid beauty of truth. We feel that we hear the swish of the sword and the voice of the whistling shells as 'a vast panel of Burnside's blue-clad human wall sank swiftly, stricken to earth.' The story is worthy of the subject and the VETERAN, and I shall look forward eagerly to the next number."

The example of this son of a Confederate could be worthily followed by others who may have at hand such material, which should be put on record before it is too late. Every son should see that his father's record as a Confederate soldier is properly written up and filed with other historical records.

The elder Curtis is a grandson of Annie Boone, who was a niece of the great pioneer, Daniel Boone, of Kentucky.

ORPHAN BRIGADE REUNION.

Survivors of the famous Orphan Brigade of Kentucky will gather at Hopkinsville, Ky., on September 27, 28 for their 1916 reunion. Hon. W. T. Ellis will be the chief speaker, and Gen. W. R. Haldeman, Life Commander of the Brigade, will preside at the various sessions.

The invitation to meet in Hopkinsville was extended by Mrs. P. E. West, President of the Christian County Daughters of the Confederacy. This reunion will be the thirty-fourth that has been held.

Col. E. Polk Johnson, of Louisville, a member of this famous Kentucky brigade, has received an appointment as Colonel on the staff of Gen. George P. Harrison, Commander in Chief U. C. V., an honor highly appreciated. Colonel Johnson has a record in the matter of commissions as Colonel, having held one each from Governors Buckner and Bradley and one each as Lieutenant Colonel on the staffs of Maj. Gens. W. B. Haldeman and W. J. Stone. However, Colonel Johnson is prouder of the fact that when he surrendered at Washington, Ga., May 9, 1865, he commanded his company, though only a sergeant, a noncommissioned officer, being at that time but little more than twenty years old.

Lieut. Col. Elijah Basye, another member of the brigade, who was on the staff of General Haldeman when Commander of the Kentucky Division, U. C. V., has also received an appointment on the staff of General Harrison, with the rank of Colonel.

A LITTLE TYPOGRAPHICAL ERROR.—Robert Young writes from Eatonton, Ga.: "My article in the August VETERAN on the 'Magnanimity of a Federal Picket' was well set and printed except for the error in making my 'ordnance sergeant' an 'orderly sergeant.' It will be new information that there were 'orderly sergeants of brigades.'"

TROOPS ENLISTED IN 1861 FOR THE WAR.

BY JOHN C. STILES, BRUNSWICK, GA.

In the May number of the VETERAN there is an article headed "Alabama Troops First to Reënlist for the War," which was true enough of the Army of Northern Virginia; but the writer should have also noted the fact that in 1861 one hundred and eighty-two companies of Alabama troops enlisted for the entire war. While not endeavoring to take any credit from those gallant souls who decided at the start to see the show through, I can but think that those who, after three years' service, knowing exactly what they were up against, took the oath again for the balance of the war deserve more commendation than those men who were facing an unknown problem. It might, however, be said that if they had not taken this action they would have been forced back into the ranks by conscription; but, at any rate, both Generals Lee and Johnston thought it of sufficient value to issue a congratulatory order on the subject and thus recognized its worth to the Confederacy.

On December 13, 1861, a statement of the troops enlisted for the war read thus: Georgia, 270 companies; Alabama, 182; Louisiana, 145; North Carolina, 120; Mississippi, 90; Texas, 80; South Carolina, 68; Tennessee, 40; Virginia, 34; Arkansas, 32; Kentucky, 30; Maryland, 10; Florida, 6. Total, 1,107 companies.

In the June VETERAN there is a statement showing that Georgia surrendered more men at Appomattox, and the above shows that she furnished one and a half times more troops who enlisted for the war in 1861 than any other State, which proves that our great commonwealth certainly did a man's part in the stirring days of our sixties; but I have another statement before me which shows that in 1863 there were over 42,000 able-bodied men left in the State and another which shows that in February, 1865, there were 8,229 exemptions among State officers alone. I presume that the bulk of the 1863 shirkers were forced into the ranks before the finish; but I cannot understand what became of the exempts of 1865, for, with a broad acquaintance over the entire State, I have yet to meet a man physically able to fight who did not go, or, at any rate, they don't brag about it.

I am of the opinion that if every man able to do so had gone from Georgia and had fought as gallantly as those who went, we alone could have come mighty near whipping the Yankees. At any rate, we certainly could not have done any worse than the entire Confederacy did.

THE FIGHTING AT SHARPSBURG.—E. L. Wilkins writes from Manning, S. C.: "Referring to page 314 of the July VETERAN, G. B. Philpot, of Millburn, N. J., says of Sharpsburg: 'All-day fighting, night and darkness ended it. General Lee crossed the river for want of ammunition.' If he means that General Lee did not offer fight on the next day, he is mistaken. The Sharpsburg battle was desperately fought September 17, 1862; battle was offered on the next day, and we crossed the river that night. General Lee was short of cannon ammunition, but the boys had their forty rounds and forty extra, eighty rounds in all. I was a member of General Jenkins's brigade and was wounded in the fight, but very slightly; lay in line of battle all the next day on the same line we closed on. General McClellan did not want any more. It is true that General Lee was short of men, but offered battle. I was with General Lee from Seven Pines to the close of the war. General Lee was never driven from a battle field."

WHAT THE SOUTH IS DOING FOR HER VETERANS.

BY CAPT. P. M. DE LEON, WASHINGTON, D. C.

The table hereto appended is compiled from reports received by Senator Fletcher, General Estopinal, and myself from the Pension Commissioners and other officials of the various States and is unquestionably accurate, or as nearly so as possible. It proves beyond question the fallacy that there are only 40,000 to 50,000 Confederate veterans living. The table shows 69,531 drawing pensions and 2,354 in Homes (71,885 veterans), besides 61,605 widows—total, 133,490. The number of veterans and widows not pensioned is doubtless as great, which would go to show a total of 250,000 to 275,000 men and women of the war still living.

The average age of the veteran is estimated at 74.4 years, so the present generation will not be burdened with them very long or required to pay the \$3, \$4, and \$5 per month they are now grudgingly giving them. In my opinion, the treatment of the veterans by some of the States has been inexcusable and will continue to be so until the Daughters of the Confederacy unite in demanding that their few remaining days be made comfortable. Men, even many of the veterans in easy circumstances, are indifferent; but women (God bless them!) have tender, sympathetic hearts, and it is to be hoped that they will force some of our selfish legislatures to give our aged comrades proper relief. As they are dying at the rate of about 14 per cent per annum, it will be for but a few years.

If words could be coined into gold, the old veterans would be rich; but blatant oratory does not give bread or relieve suffering. Five of the States, I am happy to say, pay their veterans \$10 per month, which all of them should do, by appropriation out of the general fund. Special taxes are too uncertain and variable. Some of the States allow husbands and wives to enter Homes. In my opinion, all the States should pay a minimum pension of \$15 per month, allow husbands, wives, and widows to enter their State Homes, and open their

Homes to all veterans and widows, whether in the State a day, a year, or fifty years. The end is too near to continue restrictions which debar worthy men and women from assistance. And it is a cruelty to separate a veteran from his faithful helpmate of many years.

Tennessee, Kentucky, Florida, Oklahoma, and Missouri all pay \$10 per month and, Tennessee excepted, permit husbands and wives to enter their Homes, which all the States should do. But other States are criminally indifferent. Next to the five States named comes Louisiana, paying \$8 per month; but the other States fall behind until we come to Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, and Mississippi, which pay very small pensions. All of them should do more and give inmates of Homes a small monthly allowance for pocket money, as they draw no pensions when they enter State Homes. There is more excuse for Virginia, burdened as she is with an enormous debt and having been the storm center of the war, and less for South Carolina, which, as the table shows, foots the list, having spent less than \$4,000,000 on her veterans since the war, against nearly \$19,000,000 appropriated by Georgia and \$7,000,000 by little Florida.

If the legislatures plead poverty by their States, as some of them do, then let such States issue either fifty-year bonds or fifty-year notes, renewable before expiration by limitation, and let posterity help to pay the debt due the men and women of the sixties. The South pays about \$40,000,000 this year to support Union veterans; but being an indirect tax, the burden is felt only in the high cost of living. She also pays \$8,500,000 to support her own veterans, raised by direct taxation, which is burdensome in some States.

The legislatures of all the cotton States should demand the return of the cotton tax, which was pure spoliation. Congress should allow the States to bring suit against the government to test its constitutionality. In all probability a suit will result favorably to the South and the money be repaid to the States, which, after paying proven claims (which will be, perhaps, not

PENSIONS PAID BY THE STATES OF THE SOUTH, NUMBER OF INMATES IN HOMES, AND OTHER DATA COMPILED FROM REPORTS OF STATE OFFICIALS.

STATES.	Inmates of Homes during 1915.	Appropriations for Homes during 1910.	Pensions Paid, 1916.	Annual Pensions to Veterans and Widows.	Veterans on Pension Roll.	Widows on Pension Roll.	Expended for Pensions and Homes to Jan. 1, 1916.
Virginia (A).....	289	\$ 60,000	\$ 572,000	\$ 33	8,122	4,793	\$ 7,277,000
North Carolina (A).....	150	35,000	500,000	32	8,708	6,326	6,500,000
South Carolina.....	71	17,000	282,000	36	3,670	4,868	3,907,000
Georgia.....	115	36,000	975,000	60	10,000	7,695	18,725,000
Florida.....	28	5,040	775,000	120	2,486	2,649	7,289,000
Alabama (B).....	98	14,700	950,000	64	7,436	7,436	11,668,000
Mississippi.....	230	50,000	475,000	40	4,519	4,670	5,979,000
Louisiana (B).....	125	25,000	550,000	96	3,185	2,728	4,117,000
Texas (C).....	352	91,830	1,350,000	67	7,379	10,241	7,650,000
Arkansas.....	136	48,000	650,000	62	5,274	5,275	6,150,000
Kentucky.....	208	42,000	348,000	120	1,744	1,208	1,333,000
Tennessee.....	98	25,000	940,000	120	4,552	3,360	8,440,000
Oklahoma.....	98	17,500	20,000	120	644	356	830,000
Missouri (D).....	281	55,850	100,000	120	11,811	1,105,000
Maryland.....	75	15,000	Maryland pays no pensions.				
West Virginia provides no Home and	pays no	pensions.				
Total.....	2,354	\$512,920	\$8,487,000	69,530	61,605	\$90,970,000

(A) Virginia, North Carolina, and Texas have separate small Homes for women. Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Arkansas, Oklahoma, and Missouri admit wives with husbands into Homes. South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Kentucky, Tennessee, and Maryland do not admit wives or widows.
 (B) Pension varies; provided by special tax. Men and women on pension roll said to be about equal; no separate list kept.
 (C) Pension varies; special tax. Six hundred and ninety-seven negro servants of veterans are pensioned.
 (D) Missouri does not pension widows.

over \$18,000,000), will have left perhaps \$50,000,000 to use in caring for the veteran and the widow.

FACTS ABOUT THE COTTON TAX.

An erroneous impression prevails that the Supreme Court of the United States declared the Cotton Tax levied in the sixties unconstitutional. This is a mistake. The court did, however, declare in another case, brought after it acted on the cotton tax case, involving the same question, that a *tax on production was unconstitutional*.

The facts are as follows: During the war the United States imposed a tax on cotton and collected between \$3,000,000 and \$4,000,000; after the war, up to 1868, it collected between \$64,000,000 and \$65,000,000, wrung from the impoverished people of the South, who in those days found it difficult, in many cases, to provide bread and meat for their families. Of water they had an abundance, as well as courage and fortitude, which, thank God! they still possess. In 1867 a Mr. Farrington, of Memphis, Tenn., refused to pay the tax and brought suit in the Circuit Court of Tennessee, at Memphis, to test the right of the United States to exact the tax. The case was tried before the Circuit Court of the United States, sitting at Memphis, which decided the tax to be constitutional. An appeal was taken to the United States Supreme Court. The plaintiff was represented by very able counsel, among others Ex-United States Judge Campbell, of the Supreme Court, and Philip Phillips, of Alabama, once a member of Congress from Mobile, one of the most eminent lawyers of his time, and a number of other legal luminaries. The United States also had able counsel. The case ran through several years and was argued and reargued, but in 1871 the forensic battle ended. The Court then divided, four of the Justices affirming and four denying the constitutionality of the tax. This had the effect of affirming the decision of the Circuit Court of Memphis and in effect declared the tax to be constitutional. This was during the mad days of Reconstruction, when the South was under the despot's heel, who was endeavoring to Africanize her, disfranchising her bravest and best, and trying to republicanize her by giving political power to the negroes.

This ended the matter, and the Supreme Court of the United States up till to-day has never directly reversed its decision on the cotton tax question, although in a case tried subsequently it did decide a tax on production to be unconstitutional. Very many of our leading men believe that if these States were allowed by Congress to sue the government, the Supreme Court, by a large majority, would decide the tax to be unconstitutional.

A bill offered by Senator Chilton, of West Virginia, allowing the States to sue the United States, is now before the Senate. If, as it is to be hoped, it becomes a law, any cotton State can bring suit against the United States to recover the amount of taxes paid by her citizens on cotton, and it is believed she will win hands down. The effect would be that each cotton State would recover *en bloc* the various amounts paid by her citizens.

The dreadful days of Reconstruction are passed, and reason has returned to the North, which as a whole is heartily ashamed of the history made at that period. Should the States be repaid the amount extorted from their citizens, they would, after paying proved claims, have perhaps \$50,000,000 left to apply to the care of the aged men and women of the South who have made her immortal and illustrated Americanism, causing men of all sections now to admire and reverence her splendid record under our immortal leaders.

THE COTTON TAX OF THE SIXTIES.

To those not thoroughly posted on this matter the following information relative to the cotton tax collected by the United States government from 1863 to 1868 will be of interest. This relates solely to the tax on cotton, not to the amount secured on cotton taken or collected by officers or agents of the United States under provisions of the "captured or abandoned property act of March 12, 1863." Under Section 162 of the Judicial Code, approved March 3, 1911, jurisdiction was conferred on the Court of Claims "to hear and determine the claims of those whose property was taken subsequent to June 1, 1863."

The tax on cotton was levied under the seventy-fifth section of the act of July 1, 1862, entitled "An Act to Provide Internal Revenue to Support the Government and to Pay Interest on the Public Debt"; and by the act of February 3, 1863, all cotton grown in the United States after the year 1867 was exempted. At first the tax was half a cent per pound, but was increased to two cents, then to three cents, and later reduced to two and a half cents.

No separate or distinct account known or described as the "Cotton Tax Fund" was ever kept on the books of the Treasury Department. The moneys derived from the tax on cotton were deposited as receipts from internal revenue and applied to the various expenses of the government.

Congress has never enacted any law providing for the return of this cotton tax, but bills have been introduced from time to time proposing to refund it in accordance with various plans. At least fifteen bills of the kind have been introduced at the present session.

AMOUNT COLLECTED

The following is the amount of internal revenue tax on raw cotton collected in each State during the fiscal years 1863 to 1868, inclusive:

Alabama (1866-68).....	\$10,388,072 10
Arkansas (1866-68).....	2,555,638 43
California (1866-67).....	430 04
Connecticut (1863, 1864, 1867).....	193 64
Florida (1866-68).....	918,044 08
Georgia (1866-68).....	11,897,094 98
Illinois (1863-68).....	379,144 42
Indiana (1863-68).....	92,727 22
Iowa (1864).....	27
Kansas (1865-67).....	286 15
Kentucky (1863-68).....	553,327 45
Louisiana (1863-68).....	10,098,501 00
Maryland (1863-68).....	51,349 52
Massachusetts (1863-68).....	66,679 30
Mississippi (1866-68).....	8,742,995 93
Missouri (1863-68).....	592,098 36
New Jersey (1864, 1867).....	3,656 42
New York (1863-68).....	867,942 68
North Carolina (1866-68).....	1,959,704 87
Ohio (1863-68).....	447,127 12
Pennsylvania (1863-68).....	78,535 06
Rhode Island (1863-65).....	2,424 73
South Carolina (1866-68).....	4,172,420 16
Tennessee (1864-68).....	7,873,460 71
Texas (1866-68).....	5,502,401 24
Utah (1863-68).....	1,375 34
Virginia (1864-68).....	825,856 87

Grand total.....\$68,072,388 99

RUNNING THE BLOCKADE.

BY GEN. BENNETT H. YOUNG, LOUISVILLE, KY.

On the 26th of July, 1863, while riding with Gen. John H. Morgan on the Ohio raid, I was made a prisoner of war. The long march of one thousand miles from Burksville, Ky., to Salineville, Ohio, running through twenty-six days, had been a tremendous strain on the physical endurance of General Morgan's troops. When captured I was first carried to the Ohio penitentiary and left there a short while, then sent to Camp Chase and thence to Camp Douglas, Chicago, Ill., whence I escaped in January, 1864.

As the days grew darker for the life of the Confederacy, my desire to return was intensified by the misfortunes of my people. The short and easy way to return to the South would have been through Kentucky; but at that time General Burbridge, in command there, with cruel and relentless barbarity was putting to death on the slightest pretense many Confederate prisoners who were taken in that State, and my family suggested that, while I had a right to risk my own life, I had no right to risk their fortunes and their lives by using them as the vehicle for supplying my wants and piloting me through the State of Kentucky into the Confederate lines.

The Federal sentinel whom I had bribed by paying a hundred dollars to allow me to climb the fence at Camp Douglas had also been induced by the money of other Kentucky boys to grant them the same privilege. Cash was plentiful with Morgan's men. They had postal communication with outside friends, and this accommodating "bluecoat" had driven a thriving business in trading with those restive raiders. It was said about the prison at that time that he had made about eight thousand dollars while engaged in this brokerage escape business. As the evidence of his trade began to accumulate, and as he really had enough to take care of him, certainly during the war, he wisely concluded to emigrate to Canada, where he could meet the Kentucky gentlemen whom he had obliged by permitting them to scale the walls of Camp Douglas.

The Confederate commissioners had been informed that there were a thousand escaped Confederates in Canada. This was greatly exaggerated. I was designated and commissioned to gather up such soldiers as were willing to return to the South and continue fighting. "Powder food" at that time was extremely scarce in the Confederacy, and a thousand strong, lusty cavalymen were deemed by the Confederate government a most promising source of help in the depleted ranks of the Southern army. Traveling from place to place where these Confederates were residing in numerous colonies, I was disappointed to find only twenty who were willing to return. The Confederate government provided the money for the transportation of all who were ready to go, and I was directed to take the men to Halifax, Nova Scotia, and from there take passage by British vessels to the Bermuda Islands, and then to reënter the Confederacy at Wilmington, N. C., or Charleston, S. C., through the numerous blockade runners that were carrying supplies through these two ports of the Confederacy.

The St. Lawrence River was closed during the winter months, and there was no railroad then from Montreal to Halifax; so I went on the first boat that passed down the St. Lawrence after the ice floes had passed out. There was a bimonthly line between Halifax and the Bermudas, and with my twenty-one men I reached St. George's, Bermuda, and had the pleasure of meeting John Newland Maffitt, who com-

manded the privateer Florida. He was good enough to offer me a commission in the navy and desired me to go with him on his privateer, which was then lying in the harbor at St. George's, with several Federal cruisers outside waiting for his departure. One dark night he went out and started anew his career of destruction of Federal ships.

At that time St. George's was the gate that was used for the blockade line into Wilmington, and while I was there twenty-one boats were waiting for the dark of the moon. These trips could be made only about ten days each month. It was impossible to enter the harbor which led up the Cape Fear River to Wilmington except in the darkest of the night, and this, as is well known, always preceded the breaking of day. At the proper season of the month St. George's harbor and town were scenes of extremest activity. Enfield rifles and powder, bacon, clothing, and war materials of all kinds were hurried aboard these vessels. The risk was very great, but a safe trip of a blockade runner with a cargo of cotton outbound was worth two or three times the cost of a vessel.

Six or eight of these vessels were to leave on Sunday night. Among the gentlemen who had gone back South under my command were James S. Schooling, of Lebanon, Ky., John D. Allison, of Henderson, and J. R. Morton, afterwards Circuit Judge of the Lexington District. The war had not obliterated the scruples of a strict Presbyterian training concerning the sacredness of the Sabbath, although my experiences with Morgan had rudely shattered some of its ideas, so I decided not to go out Sunday night. Eight of the vessels were going to leave Sunday night, eight or ten more Monday night. I had paid \$150 for passage to Wilmington for the soldiers on these blockade runners. They were pure and simple money-makers. They did not gush at all over the Confederacy and its soldiers, and they demanded \$250 for each passenger. They were manned largely by British officers and sailors. Very few Confederates were engaged in these expeditions. Employees received fabulous wages; ordinary seamen were paid a hundred dollars a month.

The Thistle was a spry little boat, and Schooling and Allison decided to go out Sunday night on this vessel. I suggested that they had better wait until Monday night, but they insisted that "the better the day, the better the deed," and so I shipped them on the Thistle. There was a little vessel called the Florie that struck my eye. She was long and slender and rakish-looking and painted white, as were all these vessels, and had paddle wheels almost as big as a Mississippi River steamer. That month the first twin screw steamer came out. She afterwards made several successful trips and earned fabulous sums for her owners. Her officers were almost altogether men who had resigned from the British navy. She could make over twenty knots an hour, and her officers felt that she could walk away from any blockader in the fleet.

The commander of the Florie was a young Charlestonian, not more than twenty-two years of age. Skilled in his business, nery to a degree which bordered on recklessness, he had been given command of the Florie, which was making her first trip. That he was "dead game," none who looked into his eye would dare deny, and he struck me as a man who would encounter all the emergencies of the adventures we were apt to meet on a hazardous voyage. He knew the North Carolina coast like a boy knows his A B C's; and whatever might betide, I felt sure he would meet the calls of the hour. He wanted us to go on his ship and said if we had no funds we could go "deadhead." I told him I had Confederate gold to pay our way.

I shipped on the Florie with four of my comrades, and we left on schedule time Monday night. All went well until the fourth day out, when we were off the mouth of the Cape Fear River about one hundred and fifty miles. The distance from the entrance to Bermuda was something like nine hundred and fifty miles. We had expected that night to make the port. Standing out a hundred and fifty miles would enable us to run in so as to pass the cordon of blockaders at about two or three o'clock in the morning.

While steaming slowly and leisurely along, our attention was called to two great columns of smoke ascending about twenty miles north. One ship was directly in line of the other, and from the amount of smoke that was escaping it was evident that each was speeding her best. They came closer and closer, and we could discover with the aid of glasses that the Thistle, which had only one smokestack, was being pursued by a Federal blockader. Closer and closer the pursuer came, and about five o'clock in the afternoon it became evident that the blockader would overtake the little vessel, which, with maddening speed and effort, was seeking to escape until the darkness of the night, when it might lose itself in the wide-ness of the ocean. The Florie turned south and ran out of her course a hundred miles to get rid of the blockader. When we last saw her, she was so close to the Thistle that it was apparent that escape was impossible.

Upon the capture of the Thistle all the crew and passengers were lined up and required to swear that they were citizens of Great Britain. Schooling and Allison both had naturalization papers of British citizenship, which they had borrowed from sympathizing friends. They were not undisposed to lie in this matter up to the point of swearing. At that both hesitated and said they would not perjure themselves; that they were Confederate prisoners who were returning to their country. They were taken to Fort Warren, at Boston Harbor, and kept until sometime after the war. Both of them became prominent citizens. Schooling was prosecuting attorney of the Lebanon judicial district and Allison a leading merchant in Western Kentucky.

Floating, steaming slowly, and still circling so as to get the right position off the entrance to Cape Fear River, on the following day about five o'clock the Florie began to turn toward the port of entry. It was yet a long run to the forts that defended the port of Wilmington, so vital to the Confederate cause. Every eye was scanning the horizon, and every heart, however brave, beat a little quicker as we drew near the real scene of danger. Ten hours would tell the story—blown up, destroyed, captured, or safe in the Confederacy. These were the issues we were now facing, and they were surely problems that required both courage and steady nerve. The lights were all put out, everything was done to muffle the sounds, and the ship was put to its best. Reckonings were carefully taken and then retaken. She was running something like twenty-two miles an hour. On the prow of this lookout a couple of men were placed to make observations as to the presence of a blockader. It was awfully dark, with no sound except the paddles as they stirred and pounded the waves. All sailors and passengers were ordered not to speak above a whisper, and all was quiet except the ripple that came from the prow of the craft as it plowed its way through the current of the ocean and the strokes of the paddles which were beating the water as the craft glided with all haste on its bosom of blue.

It turned out afterwards that we had miscalculated just a few minutes. The blockaders obscured their portholes, painted

their sides black, and, with every light put out, it was difficult to see them on the horizon while we were thus racing along and hoping that we would not be discovered. In an instant, without warning, the portholes of a blockader were suddenly opened, such searchlights as they had were used to locate the presence of the blockade runner, and through his trumpet the captain of the blockader loudly demanded its surrender. The captain of the Florie had not been trained in early life to any degree of piety, and through his trumpet he answered back: "Go to hell, damn you; go to hell!" In an instant the blockader turned loose, and the Florie veered from her direction, so she was not more than four or five hundred feet from the ship, the form of which was now plainly to be seen. Then we began the race for life. The first shot either scared off or knocked off the watchman in the crow's nest, and all the crew except the pilot made a wild dash to get below deck. As we carried many tons of powder in the hold, they did not seem to realize that that was the worst place they could go. The captain felt that he must have somebody in the crow's nest, and he asked me if I would go up. There ran through my mind the idea that I was nothing but a land-lubber, and the crow's nest was not the best place for a man who had not been to sea before; but the instinct of a soldier and the pride of a Kentuckian came to the rescue, and I clambered up to the crow's nest as if I really wanted to go. This, however, was not true. It seemed to me that every ship in the world was that night off the mouth of the Cape Fear River. Shot after shot was fired; and as from the crow's nest I caught views of the blockaders on the right and blockaders on the left, it appeared to me years in which we were making that fierce flight and brave fight for life, without very much hope of getting safely away. All the blockaders opened their portholes and strung themselves along the line through which the Florie was preparing to enter the harbor and which was not very wide. They knew well enough the road the fleeing and fleeing ship and its beleaguered crew must travel. I had learned the amount of powder that was aboard the Florie, and it was not a very comfortable thought that if a shot or shell should hit just right about the engine or powder the world would never find even a button off the clothing of the men who were aboard the Florie.

The minutes lengthened, the game became more exciting, the gray dawn of morning was just creeping up the eastern horizon, and as we looked with limited vision along the path we must go we still saw blockade runners with, it seemed to us, no fear of the Confederate guns which commanded the mouth of the Cape Fear River and stood waiting to defend and protect the little Florie if she could only get within their sympathetic range.

Once discovered, there was no use of hiding. The only chance of escape was to drive through the cordon where a possible opening appeared and take chances of a shot or shell sinking the little craft. The furnace was fired with bacon; every piece of iron and wood in the vessel trembled with the mighty strain that was placed upon it. The great paddles were driven to their utmost tension, and they seemed to lift the vessel off the face of the water, and still in the face of all this down went the word to the engineer: "Fire up! Fire up!" And he was told to "Drive harder! Drive her like hell!"

I was not so reckless as the captain. He was getting a thousand dollars a month and a percentage of the cargo that he took out, and up on the crow's nest I began to think maybe it was not such a great thing, after all, to fight for the

Confederacy, and certainly a man had better take his chances through West Virginia or Tennessee or down into the Confederacy by land; and more than once I regretted that I did not take my chances with Burbridge and walk through, if needs be, from Canada to the borders of the Confederacy.

The game grew hotter and hotter and the efforts of the blockaders to catch the little vessel stronger and stronger, but up in my perch with shaded eye I sang out the dangers that were ahead down to the captain on the bridge. I called out without a tremor in my voice: "Blockader on the right! Blockader on the left!" It looked to me that the fate of the landlubber was hard, but I was in for the whole game and resolved that, whatever came, I would do the best a landlubber knew how. The change was long, the pursuit fierce, the efforts to destroy relentless, but through it all a generous Providence brought the little craft. True, she had been struck several times, but she escaped a stroke at the vital spot. Battered, hammered a little, she had run through the fierce storm of shot and shell. She had successfully accomplished her purpose. Just as the daylight gave clear vision of the surroundings the little vessel landed at the dock under Fort Fisher, and, looking up, we saw the garrison who had been watching with eager interest the fight and flight, and above it all was the Stars and Bars, to me then a signal of safety, an object of love. We clambered out of the little vessel onto the pier, and I walked up into the fort and kissed the folds of the red-and-white flag. The officers congratulated us on our bold and fearless conduct; but the little captain, as handsome as an Adonis, with as brave a heart as ever beat in the breast of mortal man, while receiving the congratulations of the Confederates did not seem to think that he had done anything out of the ordinary.

Looking back across the line of the harbor, we saw another blockade runner, the Will-o'-the-Wisp. She too was running the gauntlet, and she was passing through an ordeal worse than ours, because she was a few minutes behind us. Finding escape impossible, the bold captain beached the little vessel and was fortunate enough to do so under the protection of the guns of Fort Fisher. Torn by shot and shell, she lay on the beach. She had made the port, but it was after a trial as if by fire. The things she had were precious to the Confederacy, and lighters and boats crowded around the craft to relieve her of her load of shot, shell, clothing, and provisions, and in a short while she was floated safely into the harbor.

The Florie soon passed the twenty-five miles between Fort Fisher and Wilmington, and by nine o'clock we were at the dock at Wilmington. I was extremely anxious to return thanks to the beneficent Providence that had brought us safely through the excitement, danger, exposure, and experiences of the night. I hastened to the First Presbyterian Church of Wilmington to join in its prayers and praise and to give thanks to God, who had taken care of us most wonderfully in the difficulties and dangers of the wierd and soul-trying scenes of the night before.

Ordered out of the Confederacy on reaching Richmond, I had the good fortune to strike the Florie on her return trip, just a month later. She carried a thousand bales of cotton. These were packed around her smokestack, and every available space was filled with the precious fiber. We went out on our return trip without even seeing a blockader and landed safely at St. George's, Bermuda, with \$750,000 worth of Confederate cotton. The Florie made several other trips, and in 1867, while living abroad and visiting Glasgow, Scotland, at the pier I saw the Florie. She did not look quite as smart

and as trim as she did in 1864. I went aboard her, but there was to be found no trace of anybody who made the perilous journey with me into Wilmington. I could but feel a deep attachment for the little boat which had had such marvelous experiences in her career.

CAMP LIFE IN THE SIXTIES.*

BY MRS. L. G. MITCHELL, ST. LOUIS, MO.

There were two mail carriers for the Missouri and Kentucky Confederate troops officially appointed, Capt. Absalom Carlisle Grimes and Mr. Robert Loudon. The latter did more of spying, however, than of mail-carrying, though he did make two trips into Vicksburg, Miss., with mail when that city was under siege, and on several occasions carried mail for the troops.

Captain Grimes made thirteen trips through the Union lines in his hazardous undertaking of mail-carrying. This was the only means of communication of the troops with their loved ones at home. He was captured six times and succeeded in escaping five times, being pardoned the sixth time by a telegram from President Lincoln after brutal treatment in the Missouri penitentiary by Warden Miller, who had no authority whatever over him, as he was a military prisoner. The following incidents are extracts from his diary:

"Our men captured a man spying in our camp. He was tried and sentenced to be shot at once. I did not care to witness the scene, so I remained in camp to wash one of the two red flannel shirts that I owned. It is unnecessary to remark that the shirt needed washing. I took our camp kettle, which was used for any and all purposes—laundry, cooking, heating water, etc.—filled it with water, placed the flannel shirt therein, placed a rock on the shirt to keep it under water so no part of it could get over the edge of the kettle while boiling and be burned by the blaze, then I built a fire under the kettle. I then concluded to take a walk in the direction the men had taken the spy. When about a mile out of camp, I sat on top of a rail fence, with the butt of my gun resting on a lower rail. The rail upon which I was sitting broke in two, and the hammer of the gun struck a rail below. The gun was discharged, and the ball tore a hole in the wide brim of my hat. That event removed all thought of interest in the fate of the spy, and I returned to camp to look after the welfare of my red flannel shirt. I found Frank Pitts, Frank and Charley Holtzclaw, and one or two other comrades standing about the fire and the boiling kettle. Presently one of them took a stick, stuck it into the kettle, and, greatly to my astonishment, resurrected a large ham. I yelled out: 'What did you fellows do with my shirt?' 'What shirt?' came from two of them. I quickly informed that foraging squad that my only change of linen was in that camp kettle in the process of renovation. They jerked the kettle from the fire and emptied the contents on the ground. I can truthfully state that there was the reddest ham ever exhibited to the gaze of any human being and that the shirt was the greasiest piece of wearing apparel known to mankind.

"After half an hour's consultation and elaborate cussing, it was decided that the flavor of the ham and the mode of coloring would not be appreciated if it was replaced in the kettle and fully prepared for consumption, so it was carried away and ditched. But with the shirt I was loath to part, so I took a lot of ashes and boiled it the rest of the day and night.

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changing the water and ashes several times. That shirt never fully recovered from its contact with the ham, the result being that it was easily donned or removed on account of the lubricating qualities furnished by the stolen ill-fated ham. This was well, because it was several sizes smaller after its strenuous laundering. I often heard from my pals concerning the loss of that ham.

"While in this camp we had the first biscuit we had had since leaving Lexington, Mo. Do I remember those biscuit? I could not possibly forget them. They were 'whole-wheat biscuit' to the limit; only the straw and root were missing. The mixture was regulated with water alone, and the biscuit were about the size and shape of a baseball and just about as tender. They were baked fairly well done on the outside. One could eat the outer layer and rebake the balance for the next meal, and so on until the biscuit succumbed to wear. When we returned after eating one of those Dixie biscuit, we had to be sure how we wanted to lie all night, for most as

surely it was an impossibility to turn over, as the biscuit was heavy enough to keep the consumer in position.

"One of our company (Company K, 1st Missouri Cavalry) named Hawkins was taken very ill, and we obtained permission to care for him in a small farmhouse near the camp. After a week he died. We made a rough coffin of some pine boards and wrapped the corpse in a sheet in such a way that only his face was exposed. Five of the soldiers, myself included, stayed at the house that night to sit up with the corpse. Among the watchers was Dave Young, a sort of butt of all jokes in camp, and a man named Henderson, who bore a strong resemblance to the corpse. Henderson had long black whiskers and black hair and was constantly smoking a cob pipe, as Hawkins had done. After we had watched until about one o'clock in the morning, Young tilted his chair back against the fireplace and went to sleep. We concluded it would be a splendid opportunity to shake off our drowsiness and to have some fun, so we took the corpse out of the coffin and laid it upon a bench in the hall. We then set the coffin on one end right by the door that led into the hall, the only door in the room. There were two windows on the front side of the room, one near the door and one near the fireplace, close to where Young was asleep in the chair. We took the winding sheet off the corpse and wrapped it around Henderson, leaving only his face exposed, as the corpse's had been. He then stood in the coffin, and we placed a cob pipe in his mouth, which he smoked with long whiffs. All of our party went outside, leaving Young sound asleep in his chair, tilted back against the fireplace. When we were outside, we made a noise to arouse Young and watched him through the window, unseen by him. He awakened and saw the corpse immediately in front of him, between him and the door. He jumped up, rubbed his eyes first with one hand and then the other, standing with his mouth wide open and looking at what he supposed was the corpse standing up in the coffin (it stood on end), with the winding sheet covering all but his face, and smoking a pipe. He glanced hastily about the room and said in an awed voice: 'Boys, are you all gone?' Henderson in a drawling voice said: 'Yes, Dave, they have all gone and left you, but I will stay with you.' Young said in a loud, excited tone, 'I will be d— if you stay with me,' and out the window he went. The window was about half open. He broke out part of the glass and took the rest and the sash with him as he fell full length on the ground, about six feet below. He sprang to his feet and started for camp, touching only in high places. We yelled at him, but he never heard us; and when he reached camp, he fainted from fright and exhaustion. We returned to the house, rearranged our corpse, and were no longer drowsy.

"After arriving in St. Louis from Priceville, all the grapevine emissaries were kept busy, as I brought a large mail. The government authorities had discovered that a regular mail service between the Rebels of Missouri and the Rebel army in the South was being manipulated without proper authority from the United States government, and they were leaving no stone unturned to demolish the system. Bob Louden was also on the go, but his work consisted chiefly of carrying official dispatches. However, he handled considerable mail, and the amusement of burning steamboats was also accredited to him; he was, therefore, much in demand by the Federals.

"I left St. Louis this trip on July 12 via Indianapolis, where I was to meet Bob for a day or two of rest to our troubled consciences and unlawful pastimes, but that rest scheme did



MAIDS OF HONOR AT BIRMINGHAM REUNION.

Miss Gladys Blackwell, Kansas City, Mo.; Miss Myrene Houchin, St. Louis, Mo.

not pan out by a big majority. I arrived in Indianapolis on July 13. I had boxed up all my mail in St. Louis and expressed it to Louisville to a drug house, the charges prepaid. Bob arrived that same evening from Chicago. The England was the name of the hotel at which we stopped. It was close to a big market house square. It was not a hotel at which scented napkins and finger bowls, with a piece of lemon in them, were used instead of soap and water to wash your hands, for which they charged three or four dollars every twenty-four hours or less. We shared one room and certainly enjoyed being together and feeling perfectly secure from contributing our society to satisfy the "Feds" in their desire to cage us up and thereby curtail our roving propensities to an extent that would suit their ideas of loyalty to the Union.

"We attended the theater the first night and gawked about town next day reading signs. In our rambles we went upstairs into the hall over the market house, and there we found a large room that would seat five or six hundred people. After supper we noticed that this hall was brilliantly lighted. On inquiry as to this extravagance in gas, our landlord informed us that there had been a draft made in the State for several thousand men to go into the Union army, and there were many men drafted whose patriotism was insufficient to induce them to go to the front in deference to the old flag of the Union and thereby relinquish their taste for hot rolls, sirloin steak, and fine pastry, and instead adopt a taste for sowbelly, hard-tack, and black coffee. That sacrifice was not so objectionable as was the prospect of getting their much-treasured carcasses punctured in trying to stop Rebel bullets while in battle, which would likely take place while they were upholding the old flag. Upon receiving this information we hiked out over to the hall to post up on the improved plan to replenish the Union army by buying substitutes.

"Before going upstairs into the hall, Bob went into a little dive and negotiated for a drink of whisky. Two spoonfuls of that market house whisky would induce a rabbit to spit in a bulldog's face. Now, after that invigorating dose was located, Bob was well qualified for any emergency that might present itself, whether it concerned us in any way or not.

"The hall was soon filled with men, and upon the platform were seated about twenty-five. A man who was apparently master of ceremonies informed the audience that the men on the platform had all been drafted to serve in the United States army and were there to buy substitutes and that they would make bids, as at an auction, for men to take their places as soldiers. When the bid was high enough to induce any one to accept the position, he was to signify the same by holding up his hand and going forward to the desk on the platform, give his name and address, and he would then be given a card instructing him to call at the address thereon at ten o'clock next day; the deal would then be closed and the amount of the bid paid to the substitute in United States greenbacks.

"We sat there much interested while the game went on. Several bids, from six hundred and fifty to eight hundred dollars, were made and accepted. Directly some patriot bid eight hundred dollars, and may I never see the back of my neck again if that transmogrified cuss Bob didn't jump up and sing out: 'I'll take that!' I clamped onto his coattail and tried to pull him back to his seat; but he was too strong for me, and up he went and was put through the routine, as above stated. There was a government reward posted for both Grimes and Loudon, 'One thousand dollars, dead or alive.' When he returned to his seat, I said: 'What in the world do you mean by making such a break as that?' He

answered: 'My pocketbook is getting mighty close together, and I am needing a little loan from the government very badly. Now, old pard, I want you to stand by me and catch on.' He said this in such an earnest and pleading manner that I could not refuse, so I gave him my hand and said, 'Bob, I am with you to the finish,' which instantly put an elaborate smile all over his big, smooth face.

"Presently a fellow who considered absence of body better than presence of mind and paramount to the sum of eight hundred and seventy-five dollars bid that amount, and I 'bit,' went up to the platform, and gave the name of James Ferguson, Zanesville, Ohio, and I received a card requesting me to call at ten o'clock next day at Charles Moore's office on some street that I do not remember.

"Next morning Bob and I were on hand at the appointed time, and we found there all the other substitutes. We gave our names, or rather the names we had selected. Bob was Henry Myers, and I was James Ferguson. We were paid the \$800 and \$875 respectively, gave receipts for same, and our donors were given a clearing receipt from the draft, after which they did not care a continental what became of us, of the money, or of the Union. All the substitutes were then turned over to a lieutenant and a squad of soldiers, who marched us out about four miles to Camp Morton, a stockade covering about twenty acres, with a small creek running through it. We reached there about four in the afternoon and were as empty as a nail keg with both heads out. They gave us a good dinner, and the standing of the Union army was considerably advanced in our estimation.

"We were informed that we would have to remain in camp there for several days to drill and to get our uniforms. Now, as Bob and I were both averse to drilling and had money enough to buy ourselves new suits, we would not unnecessarily put the government to the expense of buying us uniforms, especially as we were not accustomed to wearing those of the regulation color (blue) and preferred to have gray clothing. The substitutes were not put under guard like prisoners, but had the freedom of the stockade just as the regular soldiers. There were about ten men to each large tent.

"About ten o'clock that night Bob was snoring to the best of his ability (which was no mean quantity) when I quietly kept elbowing him in the ribs until he finally abandoned his musical engagement long enough to say: 'What are you punching me for?' I whispered in his ear: 'Get up, you galoot, and let us vacate this ranch; I didn't come here to spend the summer.' And out into the darkness and rain we sneaked down through a ravine and out under the stockade back to our hotel. Bob got one or two drinks on the way (I never drank), and when we arrived at the hotel the night clerk admitted us. He said: 'Where the devil and Tom Walker have you fellows been in this rain, mud, and wind?' We told him we had been out on a bum with some young city fellows and that they had been pickled us in good shape, whereupon the clerk laughed heartily and remarked that it was one of their favorite pastimes.

"We retired and about ten o'clock next morning had breakfast served in our room, got lunch about four, and after dark we took a local freight train out of Indianapolis. We went about thirty miles on this freight and then got on a regular passenger train for Louisville, Ky., where we were well disguised, and remained two days. We stopped at the Galt House and had a gay time in Louisville on our substitute money. Bob went to St. Louis, and I went to Memphis and then to Tupelo, Miss.

"When I reached Memphis, Capt. Dan Able told me that Mrs. Thomas L. Snead and her daughter were at his house waiting for me to take them through the lines to Colonel Snead, who was chief of staff for General Price. I got my buggy and mule, and we left Memphis via the north road in order to avoid suspicion, as I had the Missouri mail that had been expressed from St. Louis to Louisville (as noted), and I also had the Kentucky mail. We drove out over this road eight miles through the country and got through the lines all right. Having a lady and little girl with me often made it difficult to obtain accommodations, as the country through which we traveled was pretty well devastated by both armies.

"About July 24 we arrived at Tupelo, Miss., at General Price's headquarters. The pleasure I experienced in uniting this overjoyed pair (Colonel and Mrs. Snead) more than paid me for the trouble, anxiety, and responsibility I had undergone. Had Mrs. Snead and her daughter been captured, no telling what calamity would have befallen them or me. I slept but little while taking them through the lines of the army. Colonel Snead was not expecting them, and when they met they immediately clinched in a half-Nelson hold, and it was several minutes before a 'breakaway' could be effected. But who would not? They had not seen each other since bidding farewell in St. Louis in May, 1861, more than a year before. General Little soon made his appearance and happy greetings resulted. They were former friends and neighbors. I told General Little how I had visited his wife and little girl the day I left St. Louis and how I had gained his wife's consent to bring the little girl to see him, but General Morrison, a retired army officer, his wife's father, refused at the last moment to permit the child to go, of what a sore disappointment it was to Mrs. Little, to the little girl, and to me. The tears rolled down the General's face as he said: 'O how I wish you had brought her.' He was killed soon after."

A FLORIDA STORY OF WAR TIMES.

BY FLORENCE MURPHY COOLEY, JACKSONVILLE, FLA.

"The legislature of Florida met in regular session on the 26th of November, 1860. Gov. M. S. Perry on the same day addressed a message to the two Houses, declaring his opinion that the election of Lincoln and Hamlin, viewed in connection with the circumstances that led to it, made the only hope of the Southern States for domestic peace and safety, future respectability, and prosperity dependent upon their immediate secession from the Union. A bill was at once introduced to provide for calling a convention of the people of the State of Florida to be held on the 3d of January, 1861. The bill passed both Houses unanimously. On the 10th of January the Ordinance of Secession passed—sixty-two yeas and seven nays. South Carolina had seceded on the 20th of December, 1860; but it was a very bold step for Florida, weak in population and resources, to be among the first to pass an Ordinance of Secession with such great unanimity." (Fairbanks's "History of Florida.")

My mother says:

"I was then living on Adams Street, just west of Pine (now Main) Street. Dr. J. D. Mitchell, a family friend, came and told me I must leave at once if I desired to hold communication with my husband, as the Federal troops would be in the city by four o'clock. My husband, Dr. Miles Jones Murphy, could not come to me, although in the city, as he was in the battalion of Confederate troops under Col. C. F. Hopkins,

about four hundred men, then under orders in Jacksonville. He was first lieutenant of Company A, 1st Florida Regiment, afterwards the 10th Florida). Dr. Mitchell offered to help me and packed one trunk while I packed another. I asked him please to put in my red morocco Bible that lay on the table, but he put in a red copy of Milton's 'Paradise Lost,' and that was the only book saved of my small select library. All my household treasures, the dearly loved of a young housekeeper, were left to the fate of war. With me were Miss Belle Buddington (later Mrs. Redmond) and my little son. The train was delayed, and we sat through the night in a vacant house waiting for our loved ones, while almost over our heads the Judson House, Jacksonville's large hotel, was in flames. We went out from time to time to look at the roof of our refuge, and near morning my husband and others arrived to take us to a place of safety. We journeyed by rail to Tallahassee; then my husband took us to St. Mark's and left us in the care of the family of Captain Anderson, formerly of Bartow. With the Andersons we made our way to Quincy, where we took a stagecoach for Albany, Ga. Some of the children were ill on the way, among them my little son, and this was my first experience away from his father and the medicine closet that every physician kept, for there were no drug stores in those days.

"Just before entering Albany the coaches were stalled in mud and water, the water coming into the coaches. One of them, a closed coach, carried the women and children screamed, and we thought it would be upset and the passengers drowned, but an overseer in a near-by field came to the rescue. The negro men that he brought took the ladies and children to dry land, wading to their waists in water, for the streams and lakes, or ponds, were up and over the roads in many places. At last we reached the hotel in Albany. The great kindness of the Andersons has been a lifelong remembrance to me. A few years ago the two sisters of Captain Anderson called at my home in Jacksonville and we talked over those trying days. Captain Anderson had told them in his last days that if ever they went to Florida to look up the wife of Lieutenant Murphy. Only deep trials can cement such friendships.

"At Albany we took a train to Jonesville, Ga., to the plantation of my dear mother-in-law, whose home was ours as long as we desired to remain. However, after ten months, all seeming quiet in Florida, my husband advised a return to Jacksonville, where he could see us at least part of the time, for the 1st Florida was with General Finnegan and was retained in Florida for defense, the Federal government having conceived the plan of capturing the State for its long seacoast, also to get possession of the salt works along the coast. This salt was of great value to the Confederacy; salt and quinine being contraband, the Federal government knowing the danger to the South of the prohibition of these articles. Also, Fairbanks says, 'Gen. Rufus Saxton had become possessed of the idea that a great deal could be done by securing the negroes in Florida and arming them and proposed to reoccupy Jacksonville and make it an asylum for negroes of Florida and elsewhere and to enlist five thousand negroes for labor duty and five thousand for military service.' Even in those early days the salubrious climate of Florida had attracted many permanent residents from Northern States, and the idea at Washington was that there would be only a show of resistance and capitulation, giving the Federals a strong foothold on Southern soil. But those who conceived this idea had not counted on the effect of climate and man's inherent sense of

justice, for most of the Northern settlers were in the Confederate service, and the invasion of Florida was a serious disaster.

"All of this, however, was not known to the homesick family, and back we came to Jacksonville. My household goods had long since been 'adopted' from the deserted home, so I took a furnished house. I had just moved in when an expedition of negro troops under Colonel Higginson was reported as about to take possession of the city. General Finnegan closely surrounded the town, Colonel Hopkins's command and Company A being in the troop. My husband sent me word to get out of Jacksonville at once and that Mrs. Miles Price would take me to her country place. The gunboats were coming up the river, an occasional boom of cannon terrifying the citizens, and I could wait no longer. Taking my little son by the hand, I started out, joined other pedestrians, and was soon at the edge of the then small town at the house of 'butcher Jones.' As I entered I found a party of young men making and baking biscuits. They called to me: 'Come, Mrs. Murphy, and help us make biscuits.' I at once entered into the plan, and, with guns booming in the distance, we made and baked biscuits until the barrel of flour had been used. The stove was hot, and the pans were rushed in and taken out, for no one knew where the next food would come from. As we finished Judge McClain drove up and called for me. I had left messages *en route*, and he took me and my little son to the Miles Price plantation. Fifteen minutes after we left the Jones house a skirmish took place there with a small party of Federals.

"The Prices were at that time very wealthy people. Their splendid horses were taken from the stables by the Federals, and about a year later Mrs. Price, her sister, Miss Brodnax, and the Price baby were murdered near the old city cemetery by negro troops. For years after the war children gazed with awe at the pine tree at the side of the road before the bridge is crossed on Liberty Street, as the little baby had been taken by the heels and its head dashed against the tree.

"My husband came to me at last, and we drove to White House, thence to Dr. Smoke's plantation, in Columbia County, where we were left. After some time I was beset to take a school, as I had the honor of being a seminary graduate, quite a notable thing at that time. I had graduated at Walnut Hill Seminary, near Lexington, Latin and mathematics being my specialties. A Bullock and a Breckinridge were the masters at Walnut Hill. Most of the schools had been kept by men, but the war had taken all the men. I was so nearly distraught at the breaking up of my home and over the uncertainty of war that I was glad to have something to keep me busy. I was also postmistress at Providence, in Columbia County. This meant no compensation, just the sad, sad duty of saying to the footsore wives and mothers who walked miles and miles for a chance letter, 'Nothing to-day,' or the pleasure of seeing joy lighten their faces if I could say, 'Yes, here is a letter.'

"The patrons of the school sent to me products from their gardens as compensation; and as I was a refugee, having only a garden made by labor hired from near-by plantations, I found the fowls, eggs, meat, etc., very acceptable. One wealthy woman, whose children were so woefully ignorant that I hesitated to accept them, signed a contract to pay me in gold if I would take the two girls and give them extra time and care. She realized their necessity, but repudiated the

debt when the surrender came, claiming that all debts were wiped out.

"'Peter the Prophet,' as he was called, the son of old 'Mom Clarissa,' of the Hendricks Plantation in Clay County, had some years before foretold all that would befall in the war. This 'second sight,' as it was called, in some of the older negroes was very amazing, and so far science has offered no explanation. The little negroes in the country used to sit on the rail fences and chant:

"'O Mr. Gunboat, O Mr. Gunboat, O Mr. Gunboat,
Come an' take me, come an' take me tuh de Yankees.'

And then the refrain would begin all over again.

"To those who have never thought that Florida was in the war this little story and the fact that Florida enlisted more men than she had registered voters, so many boys enlisting, will give enlightening information. The battle of Olustee, the many skirmishes on the Gulf Coast and at Palatka, Gainesville, and in West Florida show that Florida did valiant service even before General Finnegan was ordered to Virginia for the fighting around Richmond. No better work was done in the war than the beating back of the large force that endeavored to get a foothold in Florida and that from time to time shelled and destroyed the salt works on the Florida Coast.

"The fearful days following the close of the war, the absolute hunting for food in a territory laid waste and devastated, the terror for my husband, as Washington had not decided what to do with the commissioned officers—all would make another story even more serious than this. We are very proud of the following records, the unanimous vote of the legislature on secession, and the subsequent election of my husband to the legislature while on the field of battle:

"TALLAHASSEE, March 23, 1908.

"*Mrs. Maria C. Murphy:* I find in the proceedings of the legislature of 1860 that your husband was a member of the legislature and that on the 29th of November, under "orders of the day," in the House of Representatives Senate bill, a bill to be entitled "an act to provide for the convention of the people of the State of Florida—which was the secession convention—was passed by the following vote: Yeas, Mr. Speaker, Messrs. Bellamy, Bird, Bissell, Blount, Broxson, Canova, Campbell, Carter, Clyatt, Coffee, Collins, Cole, Dansby, Haddock, Hawes, Holland (of Franklin), Holland (of Hernando), Howell, Holoman, Lee, Love, Mays, McCormick, McKinnon, Means, Mickler, Mizell, Murphy, Newbern, Oliver, Parker, Pooser, Price, Richardson, Robinson, Russell, Scott, Stewart, Vansant, Vogt, Wells, Williams, Wilkinson, Yates, Yon—45; nays, none.

"Very respectfully,

H. CLAY CRAWFORD,
Secretary of State.'

"ADJUTANT GENERAL'S OFFICE, WAR DEPARTMENT,
WASHINGTON, February 18, 1908.

"*Mrs. Maria C. Murphy:* The records show that Miles J. Murphy, first lieutenant of Company A, 10th Florida Infantry, was mustered in of date September 28, 1861. * * * The records also show that this officer was elected to the legislature from the County of Clay, State of Florida. The certificate of the clerk of the court testifying to this election is dated November 9, 1864.

F. C. AINSWORTH, Adjutant General.'

FIRST TO RE-ENLIST FOR THE WAR.

BY JUDGE L. B. M'FARLAND, MEMPHIS, TENN.

The CONFEDERATE VETERAN is doing great service. It not only gives pleasure to the Veterans themselves and the Sons and their families, brightening many a home, but it is also the repository of valuable historic material that is being and will be woven into permanent history, correcting error, establishing truth, perpetuating individual worth and national honor as exemplified by the South. This we regard as the VETERAN's broad field of labor and noble work. Its active spirit is and has been its love of the South, and this is the vital soul that perpetuates its existence. We feel that there is a corresponding duty upon every participant in the stirring days of '61 and '65 to contribute each his wealth or mite of facts, aiding in the establishment of the truths of history. If the rivulets run not to the river and the river to the ocean, then woe to the world!

This prelude, together with the sense of duty to my comrades of my old regiment, is my apology for asking leave to print the following:

The question of which regiment of the Army of Tennessee was the first to reenlist for the war has been much discussed. One general order was issued by General Johnston, and a number of articles have heretofore appeared in the VETERAN on this subject; but so far no mention has been made in the VETERAN of the regiment and brigade to which I belonged or its claim to the honor of being the first to actually reenlist.

On the 1st of March, 1864, Hon. Ben H. Hill made a speech giving credit to Bates's Brigade as being the first to reenlist. On January 1, 1864, Gen. Joseph F. Johnston promulgated the following order:

"I have received official notice that Strahl's Brigade, Army of Tennessee, has followed the example of Vaughn's and reenlisted for the war and that this movement was started by the 154th Tennessee Regiment, of the latter brigade, which has the honor of inaugurating this plan." ("Official Records," CONFEDERATE VETERAN, July, 1916, page 291.)

There appears in the VETERAN of April, 1902, on page 171, an article on this subject from Col. William D. Pickett, a noble, gallant officer, still living, attached at the time to the staff of General Hardee, to whose corps General Cheatham's division, in which the movement is agreed to have started, is assigned. He says: "My distinct recollection is that this movement was started in Vaughn's Tennessee Brigade, of Cheatham's Division, Hardee's Corps. If it started by regiments, it commenced in the consolidated 154th Tennessee and the 4th Tennessee."

Now, the purpose of this article is not to question the correctness of the facts as stated in General Johnston's order nor the recollection of Colonel Pickett, as quoted above, that the movement was started by the 154th Tennessee Regiment, Vaughn's Brigade, and its example was followed by Strahl's Brigade. But the purpose of this article is to claim for the 6th and 9th Tennessee Infantry, Cheatham's Division, the credit of being the first to actually reenlist. Colonel Pickett further adds in this article: "There should be no difficulty at getting at the facts of this matter, as there must be many officers and soldiers of Cheatham's Division still living who are cognizant of the facts." He also adds: "This matter should be thoroughly ventilated, now that it is up, which is my excuse for going so much into detail. Certainly no event in her history confers higher honor under all the circumstances upon Tennessee and Tennessee troops. There should

be erected in the Capitol grounds at Nashville a monument dedicated to Tennessee valor, and inscribed on it should be a copy of the first resolution passed for reenlistment and below it the names of the Tennessee commands that adopted it in regular order."

Colonel Pickett in the same article suggests as a means of best determining this question the evidence of officers and soldiers of General Cheatham's division cognizant of the facts and by reference to the newspapers of that period, mentioning the Appeal. I concur in this suggestion of Colonel Pickett's and add that universal experience accepts contemporary statements as the best evidence for the establishment of truth.

To bring the evidence I now submit within these suggestions and under these recognized rules of evidence, I state that I was an officer in the 9th Tennessee Infantry, was made sergeant major of my regiment at Shiloh, and was subsequently made lieutenant of the company and acted as aid on General Maney's staff with our brigade during the period of reenlistment. Sometimes I wrote articles about current army happenings under my then Pyromic non de phone "Comrade," and the article I quote below was published at the time in the Appeal, a copy of which was cut out and carried in my knapsack during the remainder of the war. I have it now in my scrapbook, and the following is copied therefrom:

A CORRECTION.

DALTON, GA., March 22, 1864

"*Editors Appeal:* In your report to-day of the speech of the Hon. B. H. Hill delivered at LaGrange, Ga., on the 1st of March the following passage occurs: 'Noble Tennessee, foremost among the brave—Bates's Brigade.' Now, while I appreciate the compliment paid to Tennessee and her sons, while I welcome it as indicative of the feeling of kindness which Georgians exercise toward our homeless wanderers, and while I do not wish to appear as criticizing any part of the noble Senator's speech or his information upon this subject of reenlistment, still I do wish to see an erroneous opinion, now widespread, corrected—that is, that Bates's Brigade was the foremost of Tennesseans to reenlist.

"The facts of the case are these, as will be shown by reference to the back numbers of the Appeal: Bates's Brigade was not the first to reenlist. The 154th Tennessee, of Vaughn's Brigade, claims that distinguished honor and with considerable justice too, as this was the first to receive the thanks of our Congress for so doing. Yet even they were not the first to reenlist. That honor is claimed by the 6th and 9th Tennessee Regiments of Maney's Brigade. It is true that a week anterior to the actual reenlistment of the 6th and 9th the 154th unanimously passed resolutions declaring their willingness to serve through the war, yet they did not so obligate themselves in a manner to be considered binding. This the 6th and 9th did by marching almost *en masse* to the colonel's quarters, unattended by a single officer, and demanding to be mustered in for the war, which was done.

"This act of patriotism so timely begun by the 154th and so happily executed by the 6th and 9th Tennessee aroused at once that spirit of generous rivalry which has ever characterized the brigades of Cheatham's Division, and they hastened to declare by regiments their determination of eternal resistance. * * * These are facts substantiated by the resolutions passed by the different regiments and published in the Appeal at the time."

This article by me appears now in the files of the Appeal, which I have examined under date of March 25, 1864.

Again, Prof. H. C. Irby, now living at Jackson, Tenn., and for years prominent in the faculty of West Tennessee University, was captain of Company D, 6th and 9th Tennessee Regiment consolidated. He was dangerously wounded at Perryville in the charge of his regiment on the battery at Jackson, which we took and the guns of which did noble service under Captain Turner until the end of the war. In a sketch prepared by him of the 9th Tennessee Infantry for "Lindsley's Military Annals," published in 1886, will be found, page 278, the following: "During the time we were in winter quarters at Dalton an event occurred which justly gives to Tennessee a new right to be called the 'Volunteer State.' The time for which most of the troops had been enlisted would soon expire. The question was much discussed, 'What shall be done to prevent a depletion of the army?' The 'Gordian knot' was cut by an action of the consolidated 6th and 9th Regiments, led by Company A, of the 6th. Every man volunteered to reenlist. This example was at once followed by other regiments, until the whole army was 'in for the war.'"

Fortunately, Col. George C. Porter, then colonel of the regiment, and Maj. J. A. Wilder, then major, and both at Dalton, Ga., both gallant officers and well known, are still alive, and to them I have submitted the foregoing, and they both concur fully in the facts as given. Colonel Porter, in addition, calls my attention to the fact that subsequent to Colonel Pickett's article in the VETERAN, quoted above, in a sketch of General Hardee, now in the Tennessee Historical Association, he (Colonel Pickett) credits Company A, 6th Tennessee, with starting this movement and files as an appendix to this sketch a statement from E. M. Seymour, orderly sergeant of this company, well known to me as one of the bravest soldiers and best of men, giving the facts as to actual reenlistment substantially as set out in the foregoing.

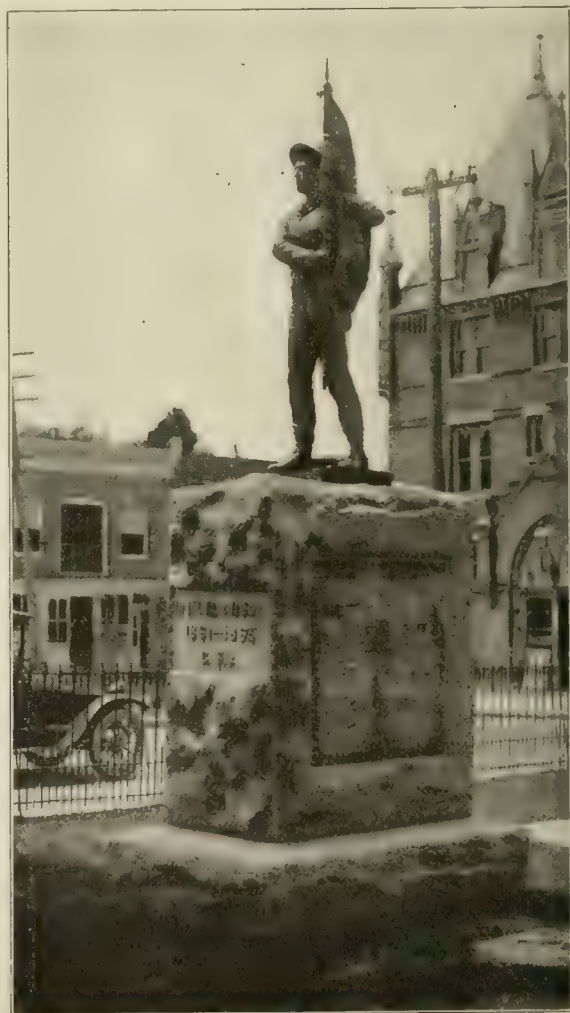
In order to verify the correctness of my statement above, and adopting the suggestion of Colonel Pickett, I have examined the files of the Appeal from December, 1893, to April, 1894, and find the following: "In the Appeal of January 18, 1864, appears an article from Col. M. Magevney, colonel of the 154th Tennessee, sending resolutions passed by his regiment on the 14th of January, saying: 'We are prepared to concur in any legislation that Congress may devise for the better organization of the army. * * * And that we tender our services to the country as long as its exigencies need them.'"

In the issue of January 20, 1864, appear resolutions as passed on the 15th of January by Strahl's Brigade, to the same effect as those of the 154th Regiment, "tendering our services." This issue also shows that the 13th Tennessee passed similar resolutions on the same date. In the issue of January 28 appears an article from a correspondent, signed "Old Aven," which says: "While at Dalton on the 22d of January I visited the 6th and 9th Tennessee Regiment, and while there the regiment marched to the colonel's headquarters and notified this officer that they were ready to enlist. . . . While other regiments, in common with this, have expressed an intention in the form of resolutions of tendering their services to the government until peace shall have been declared, the meed of praise is justly due to this regiment for being the first to renew again upon the altar of their country their determination to be free." This writer, name unknown, further described in detail the actual ceremony of reenlistment. It was Sunday evening. The companies came in succession and there in the moonlight bared and bowed their heads and were sworn by the colonel to serve

until peace was attained, thus making the solemn scene of this holy day a religious ceremony.

The writer further says the first company that was sworn in was Company A, Capt. R. C. Williamson, and the second Company D, Capt. J. B. Locke. Company A was composed, as consolidated, of two companies from the 6th Tennessee, and Company D was composed of Company A, of which I was an officer, and Company D of the 9th Tennessee. In this issue of the 27th of January an editorial notices this reenlistment of the 6th and 9th Tennessee "without resolutions" and says: "These regiments were the first brigade under Brigadier General (now Major General) Cheatham and have shared whatever glory that may attach to his in the above career. They are composed of West Tennesseans exclusively and are commanded by Col. George C. Porter, than whom a more gallant and efficient officer is rarely found."

I submit the foregoing evidence of living participants and uncontradicted contemporary statements to be conclusive of what regiment of the Western Army was "the first to reenlist."



CONFEDERATE MONUMENT AT EASTON, MD.

Erected to the memory of the soldiers of Talbot County through the special efforts of a committee composed of Joseph B. Seth, Col. Oswald Tilghman, John H. K. Shannahan, William E. Lowe, L. G. Dawson, and Henry Hollyday, Treasurer. The statue is of marble and bronze and represents the indomitable courage of youth as suggested by Longfellow's poem, "Excelsior."

THE BLACK SHADOW OF THE SIXTIES.

BY FINLEY P. CURTIS, JR., BUTLER, TENN.

(Continued from August number.)

At dawn of Sunday, May 3, the battle recommenced in earnest. The Federal army had intrenched itself during the night in and around Chancellorsville; and, to our great delight, Confederate artillery had arrived upon the waiting scene. It was a tense moment—nerves and muscles taut, hearts pounding wildly, guns loaded, yet no thought of death or fear—waiting impatiently for orders.

We moved forward. Our small command dropped for a moment behind a little hill; then, at the order "Charge!" we leaped to our feet and with a loud yell rushed toward the Federal trenches. Memory paints with these words and thoughts a perfect, a vivid, ineradicable picture of the terrible battle of Chancellorsville. That charge is seared upon my brain—our thin scattered line rushing heedlessly into the jaws of death; the sharp, ceaseless staccato bark of a thousand rifles intermingled with the deep reverberating boom of cannon; the sibilant hiss of hail-dense flying lead; the terrible shrieks of bursting shells loosed from smoke-belching hells; the soul-nauseating impact of lead on flesh; the last dying farewell cries; the silent fall of men and horses; then the wild shout of victory as the dauntless decimated ranks leaped over into the trenches and routed the enemy—all rise vividly before me. I leaned for support against the captured breastworks, mental activity suspended, dizzy with exertion, gasping for breath, saturated with perspiration, black from biting cartridges, and stained with powder smoke, looking blankly around me. A molten hail of lead hissed like pronged serpents' fangs about my ears, sang and hissed like maddened demons, rent the air, perforated the earthen mound, and filled the dead bodies everywhere strewn. I marveled that I stood on hostile ground alive in the midst of a death hurricane so withering, seeing, as in a dream, hundreds of collapsing forms. A spent ounce ball caught the concave palm of my upraised loading hand, faintly stinging. For a moment I held it thus, thinking nothing, then purposelessly threw it down. Again and again I wished I had kept it. It is strange that I caught a bullet in my hand, but true. Suddenly, almost imperceptibly, a bullet (or was it only a twig?) brushed my neck; another pierced my shoulder; another, severing my coat sleeve, seared my arm. They had found me at last, those hissing reptile tongues, and sought to devour me. My knapsack slipped silently to the ground. The Testament at my side followed simultaneously. But no pain tortured me. Where was my conscious mind? I could not think. Even the crimson stream of blood spouting painlessly from my neck as from the severed jugular of a hog—even that did neither frighten nor interest me. I grew sleepy; but I must not sleep! All my will could not resist its soothing influence, and I sank gently down on my face. Night fell. I knew no more.

I was awakened—ages afterwards—by the near rattle of musketry. Slowly I opened my eyes. Our own men came charging and firing at the fleeing enemy. I attempted to rise, but some heavy something forbade me. Mechanically I unbuttoned my shirt; and an eight- or ten-pound mass of congealed blood—my blood—as large as a gallon bucket, rolled out upon the ground. I staggered weakly to my feet and leaned heavily on the breastworks for support. Dead covered the earth; and wounded, with eyes closed as in death, rested against trees. It was a horrible sight. Finally, having regained some of my strength, I began my tottering walk to

the rear. I spoke to several of my stricken comrades, but the finger of death had ceased their speech. Weak and exhausted from the exertion, I reached the field hospital at last, and the ball was extracted from my shoulder. I cherish the bullet as a memento of memorable Chancellorsville.

I was removed to Chimborazo Hospital, in Richmond, where for a month I lay among hideous scenes of sick, wounded, and dying soldiers. Father came to take me home, but not until I was safe from relapse would the physicians allow me to depart. They feared that the exposed neck vein would inflame and burst. However, the wound healed rapidly, and I reached home at harvest time. But I was by no means safe; for out in the field under the hot sun my neck began to sting and burn. It grew hot, and on the next day the wound inflamed and reopened. The doctors pronounced me once more a victim of typhoid fever and warned me to keep my bed until the crisis had passed.

However, as usual, ministered unto by my family and the kind old doctor, I recovered quickly. Twice now had I been in the clutches of this disease; but each time I had happily come forth free from any baleful mark of its ravages, free from its fearful aftermath.

Leaving home, reluctantly of course, near the 18th of September, I found my regiment encamped on the banks of the Rappahannock, fewer in number now. With sad heart I felt the keenly conscious absence of my lifelong friends whom the fatal Chancellorsville had claimed for death. One hundred and twenty brave sons of North Carolina—Company B, of the 1st North Carolina Regiment—charged fearlessly, amid a storm of leaden hail, those Federal trenches at Chancellorsville on Sunday morning, May 3; and only thirteen, alive but wounded, exhausted, powder-stained, smoke-blackened, returned. I was one of the thirteen! Is it strange, then, that I felt the wide absent panel?

After a rest of two weeks we were off to Brandy Station on a long campaign. One day in November, while marching rapidly along the familiar old pike near Bristow Station, five or six hidden picket rifles rang out a warning. "Halt!" was the loud, clear command. "Front face! Load!" We obeyed like a perfect machine. Our musket butts roared like musical thunder on the compact pike. Colonel Brown shouted with his uttering tongue, "A-a-a-a—pst—pst—pst—a-a-a—forward, Company A!" he sputtered at last. Company A stood like statues. Not a move did they make. Colonel Brown wheeled in speechless fury upon his own company (B, to which I belonged) and again delivered his "A-a-a-a—damn—a-a-a—damn—pst—pst—pst—a-a-a—forward, Company B!" an intelligible command. Without hesitation or murmur or fear, we parted from the line and followed our leader, my brother Larkin.

The pickets were in the woods, hidden behind trees, and as we advanced toward them the man at my side fell wounded. Thrice, coolly, deliberately, I fired, as if shooting at a lifeless target, at the exposed blue-clad arm of a hidden picket. At the third shot he fell from his shelter, and as we pursued them hotly through the woods I noticed a "particular" tree thrice bruised at the exact spot where a "particular" arm had fallen. Suddenly, as we cleared the enemy a cross a two hundred yard stretch of broom sedge field, a whole line of battle, rising apparently from nowhere, fired a volley directly at us. Not a man they touched! The storm of lead swept screaming and shrieking above our heads; whereupon we retreated with the greatest speed and fell behind the fence we had crossed, waiting for the main body to join us.

The entire line now moved forward; and as we leaped upon the fence Linville Wilburn, who was ever by my side, a fine young soldier, held up his hand to me and said calmly: "Good-by; I am killed." A Minie ball had pierced his neck; and he died as only a brave man can, nobly, not murmuring. Sadly I left him, my friend; but his tragic death dwelt in my mind throughout the battle.

When half across the field the enemy again rose and delivered another volley of lead, and again it swept harmlessly overhead. Surely they were blind or else unused to rifles. The tube flew out of my gun and gashed my finger. I cast it from me and drew another from under a dead Yankee, but I found it filled almost to the muzzle with unfired charges. He had loaded and reloaded rapidly, but had not fired a shot. And there unconsciously I stood, a target for a thousand rifles, unarmed in a whistling leaden hail. It is strange that the soldier does not fear death. Night ended the conflict with a great victory for us and very few of our men killed. We captured a number of prisoners, guns, cooking utensils, ammunition, etc.. But since all victories are dearly bought, this was for me, at least, for it cost the life of my friend Linville Wilburn.

My lacerated trigger finger forbade the use of a rifle, and until near the close of the war I belonged to a band. I was not, however, by assuming another duty, relieved from service or removed from the peril of battle, for war offers no partial safety.

In January, 1864, we went into winter quarters near the Rappahannock River. Still true to religious instinct, we erected a chapel and enjoyed regular devotional exercises by our faithful chaplain, Rev. W. R. Gaultney. Duty to God must ever be first and dominant. Though it was an uncommonly severe winter, cold and tempestuous, which seemingly would forbid all military activity, yet constant guard was required along the river. My time when not on duty was given to my cornet and to the pursuit of "domestic science," cooking rations.

Mild spring brought general military activity. Armies were gathering and intrenching themselves around Spottsylvania Courthouse, following the iron finger of predetermining Mars. About the 5th of May we marched toward Spottsylvania over the historic battle ground of Chancellorsville, whose scenes and memories—horror and death, the roar of hostile cannons and dying cries, the tornadic storm of hissing bullets and crimson pools of spilled blood, the spot of my nearly fatal catastrophe—all reappearing most vividly, age will not erase. Skirmishing with and repulsing the enemy constantly, we reached the Courthouse on the 9th. Would war vaunt himself in the very presence of law and order? Grant, leaving his recent eighteen thousand slain and Lee his nine thousand, both were here intrenched to end the sequel to the bloody carnage of the Wilderness, whose horrors are indescribable. Would the conclusion be as tragic as the introduction?

On the evening of the 10th the Federals charged our breastworks and, despite our firm resistance, penetrated the line and captured a part of my division, Ewell's Corps, then under the command of Johnston. In turn, being strengthened by timely arrival of reinforcements, we drove them back with great slaughter. We were thus doubly fortified; and their repeated assaults availed them naught—naught but death. On the 12th the climactic battle raged fiercely far into the night at the famous "Bloody Angle"—the terrible repetition of heroic Federal assault and the bloody repulse by ceaseless

Confederate fire; strategy thwarted by more strategical strategy; daring matched by daring; and thus the slaughter continued. Lee's iron troops had not yielded an inch and did not yield, though under a continual withering fire until the 20th. And finally, on the night of May 20th, Grant left his nineteen thousand dead and moved toward Richmond. Was the sequel more tragic than the introductory?

Brother Larkin and my friend Fate Hemphill fell in this awful massacre. Before the great burial, R. A. Spainhour and I went over the lines; and, as if on crossties, we could have walked for miles on dead, mangled bodies. It was a scene to sicken the blackest soul. Only the soldier in arms could know of its terrible reality, and he with only a hint of horror. Huge oak trees swayed and tottered under the ceaseless hurricane of hostile Minie balls. The hand of Death was everywhere! Mingled with the hosts of dead I found and marked the grave of my brother, who had been wrapped in his blanket and shallowly interred. And here, over the untimely grave of him who was dearer to me than life, here amid the scenes of death and suffering, I saw and felt the real hideousness of war, for it had irretrievably robbed me of my brother.

Then came June, with extreme heat and dryness, with deep, loose road dust. I was detailed to help cook rations and carry water to the soldiers in line of battle. Little fighting occurred at the front. On the 18th we journeyed in the direction of Charlottesville. The intense heat and choking dust were almost unendurable, and hundreds of soldiers fell by the wayside sun-struck. On our march through the city the kind ladies gave us plenty of soap and tobacco. To me soap was a precious and much-needed article. Arriving at North Gonder's Station, we boarded the train for Lynchburg to intercept Hunter's cavalry, which had been committing unlawful depredations throughout the surrounding country. Hunter had robbed every house, besprinkled the earth with disgorged feather bed cases, ravaged every bee stand, stole herds of sheep and cattle, leaving dead carcasses and devastation behind. We pursued hotly to avenge his outrageous rapine, capturing many of his soldiers and several pieces of artillery, burned about thirty wagons, and chased him relentlessly across the Cumberland Mountains into Kahnay Valley.

After the pursuit of Hunter, in returning through Lexington, whose citizens graciously welcomed us, we visited the grave of the beloved Stonewall Jackson. Again, ere we reached Staunton, hundreds of soldiers succumbed to the burning heat and flying dust. The cruelty of June equaled the suffering of December.

For two long, weary months Lee's worn, half-naked, half-starved army had held by sheer necessity both Richmond and Petersburg against the overpowering number of Grant. But, knowing that the vast Federal forces would soon overwhelm him, he sent General Early with ten thousand men to menace Washington, to lure Grant from Richmond. Accordingly, on the 1st of July, Early with his army of ten thousand men (of whom I was one), leaving Lynchburg, moved over mountains, down valleys, and through Staunton, driving several thousand of the enemy into their defenses and fighting fiercely around Harper's Ferry. We waded the Potomac River and on the 9th defeated a Federal army at Monocacy Bridge, killing and capturing a large number. Repulsing the enemy near Frederick City, we left Maryland and camped on the 11th within a mile of the fortified capital. Our sudden appearance at the citadel of the North occasioned widespread terror. Flags were furled, the militia was called forth, and

there were cries for safety and whispered rumors of defeat. All caused the greatest excitement. Our army was exaggerated to number from twenty thousand to thirty thousand men. Anxiously we awaited orders to storm the capital, but such orders did not come. General Early, seeing that we were too weak and few in number to attempt such an impossible feat, began, to the great delight of the North, the weary tramp back to Virginia. We had obeyed orders, effected the ruse, and aroused the entire nation. I fell sick on the return and was compelled to ride in an ambulance. During the march to Winchester we skirmished constantly with the enemy, always routing them. Thus ended the hot, dry month of July, a month of unrest.

The advent of August brought light showers, settling the dust and cooling the air. On the 4th we marched through Williamsport to Boonesboro, where we enjoyed a refreshing rain; thence to Bunker Hill, where we camped for a few days and received some greatly needed clothing; and on through Winchester to Strasburg, followed closely by Federal cavalry, with which we skirmished constantly. Here we built fortifications and formed a line of battle. The Federal cavalry assaulted our position, but were repulsed. Whence on the 23d, still skirmishing, we removed to Bunker Hill and Smithfield, and thence to Winchester.

Being still sick, I was sent to the hospital at Staunton, examined, and ordered to Charlottesville. I was destitute of money and could not eat of the luscious pies and cakes everywhere on sale—again the irony of war! I was then transported to the hospital at Lynchburg, a rendezvous filled with sick, convalescent, and dying. Though many were allowed to visit their homes, I did not receive permission to leave until the 2d of August, and then for only forty days. *En route* for Wilkesboro I stopped for a short time in Richmond to see my brother Judson, who, having been disabled by a ball at Malvern Hill, was now steward in Camp Winder Hospital. Thence I traveled to Salisbury by train, where I stopped for treatment, and arrived at home on the 26th, gladly but unexpectedly, since at that time a furlough was rarely procured.

While at home I recovered from my illness so rapidly that on the last of November I was able to help father grind his cane and make molasses. The home guard was unusually active during this month pursuing "bushwhackers" and expelling obnoxious bands of marauders from the country. This was highly necessary to the safety of unprotected homes, since vandalism, rapine, and outrage followed swiftly in the wake of departing soldiers. I accompanied the guard three or four times on their hunts for marauders, but they eluded us. Full too fleetly did my allotted time at home speed by, and it was with deep regret that on the 1st of December I again returned to war. I had tasted sufficiently of war, and now I longed for peace. Alas! would I live to quaff the draught?

I found the army in winter quarters near Richmond. And this memorable winter of 1864-65, venting its wrath in icy blasts and howling blizzards, spilling deep snow and congealing the atmosphere—ah! it will be forever memorable to those hungry and almost naked Confederates whose anæmic blood it sought to freeze in their very veins, whose enervated bodies it lashed with furious gales! It was a reign of helpless misery—thirty-five thousand emaciated, chilled, and worn Confederates defending thirty-seven miles of widely scattered trenches against one hundred and twenty thousand well-fed, well-clothed Federals. Food, water, and fuel were almost unavailable. Ceaseless vigilance, constant assault and sally diminished our number; but we bore it all with soldiers' grace.

Near the close of February, 1865, I accompanied my father to Spottsylvania Courthouse to exhume the remains of brother Larkin and remove them to his native soil. But father was so sick that we were unable to proceed farther than Dr. Bowler's house, and with him we passed the night. I have never seen a more kindly and sincerely sympathetic old gentleman than Dr. Bowler, treating freely, as he did, my father's illness and spontaneously offering us his service, for which I shall always gratefully remember him.

On the next day the good old Doctor took the coffin from the station to the grave; and when we had placed brother Larkin therein, he revealed further kindness by transporting it thence to the depot. I tried to persuade father to remain until recovery in the Doctor's care; but persuasion was useless, and, with much reluctance, we departed for Richmond, where, though he was still sick and scarcely able to travel, I bade him farewell. Arriving home, he succumbed to brain fever, which confined him to bed until after the great war.

It was at Dr. Bowler's house, near Guinea Station, that I saw the famous tree felled by the constant storm of bullets at the terrific battle of Spottsylvania, of the fall of which B. W. Crouch, of Denny, S. C., wrote in the *VETERAN* for September, 1896, Volume IV. The tree was about eight feet long; sixteen or eighteen inches in diameter, and occupied a corner of the room. It would be interesting to trace its history.

Lee's small army was constantly diminishing, while Grant's was gradually increasing. Suspense and suffering were intensified. Obviously the long tension must relax, for sheer Southern will could not endure overpowering numbers. We lay in the cold trenches around Petersburg, repulsing, firing, ever vigilant, waiting, each combatant, to move. The monotony of day was suddenly interrupted by the frequent spasmodic staccato bark of rifles, and any exposed form of life disappeared with a groan behind the breastworks. A hat raised on a ramrod was instantly perforated with bullets. No man could stand and live. Night brought no sleep. The frightfully grand pyrotechnical exhibition of death dimmed moon and stars. Sky and earth roared with the mighty explosion of shells which, descending, dug yawning pits in the ground. There was no safety under that falling death, and he who survived will never forget.

On the 2d of April the long tension snapped. General Lee saw that to remain longer in the two cities, Richmond and Petersburg, would be a mad impossibility, and so on the same day he evacuated his position. But our departure created great terror and left deep marks of revenge. The citizens fled, fear-stricken, elsewhere for safety; the widely disordered city was plundered; bridges, private homes, and immense warehouses were burned; horror and misery were predominant. The "Yankees" should find destroyed cities for bivouacs!

Though in April, the day was cold, and our half-clad bodies suffered from the down-pouring, chilly, rain-mingled sleet. Icicles four or five inches long hung around my hat brim. All day, very slowly, dogged persistently by the enemy, we marched northward through the frigid rain. Night fell; and, hungry and weak from the loss of sleep, we almost froze to death ere we could build fires. Federal picket camp fires burned brightly in view, but no attack was attempted. We felt the proximity of hopeless defeat. Day and night, without rest, we continued our seemingly fruitless march, weakening, growing disheartened. On the 6th we formed a line of battle near Amelia Courthouse and made a last brave stand. But it was useless. Slowly, surely we were forced back, over-

powered by a superior number. The preying hawk was about to descend upon the helpless quarry. On the wearisome retreat I served in the rear guard; and, being constantly engaged in repulsing Federal cavalry, we were left three or four hundred yards behind the chief body of the army. I was the extreme right-hand man of, and separated from, the rear guard; and as I passed through a little ravine a squad of Federals, dashing between us, surrounded me. Resistance was useless. I threw down my gun and sat upon it, surrendering resignedly. But one of the cowardly dastards, base and devoid of humanitarian principle, halted within ten feet of me, raised his rifle to his shoulder, and drew steady bead on my forehead. I thought nothing. Consciousness had lapsed into apathetic blankness; or was I, perhaps, in that breathless instant reliving my entire existence and incognizant of its unified reproduction? Fascinated, without the slightest sensation of fear, without the tremor of an eyelid, I looked into the deadly gleaming barrel, awaiting death. But death came not. The hammer fell on a useless cap. Whipping out his shining sword, an officer strode angrily to my would-be murderer and exclaimed wrathfully: "D— you! If you ever do that cowardly trick again, I'll cut your d—d head 'smack' smooth off!"

Almost asleep on foot and nearly exhausted, I was hustled back the way we came and sent to Point Lookout a prisoner. Point Lookout Prison was a large triangular body of low-land formed by the junction of the Chesapeake Bay and Potomac River and was inclosed by a high, broad plank wall. An armed negro guard paced to and fro around the top, guarding the prisoners within. A large gate opened out on the bay, and the prisoners were permitted to go out upon the beach. But they were never relieved from the ceaseless vigilance of the armed guard. Many times have I wandered along the shore seeking small wave-cast fragments of wood refuse to warm my cold, and not infrequently unpalatable, rations. The large carceral inclosure was roughly surveyed like a small town, in the center of which stood an uncouth wooden structure misappropriately called the dining hall. Parallel streets ran southeast and northwest, northeast and southwest, along which, being slightly elevated in the middle and depressed on the external edges as drains, a line of tents served as the captives' shelter. We were thus protected somewhat from the darkness of the low-lying land by having our tents so erected. However, the prison wall was loosely constructed; and on one occasion a heavy neap tide from the bay covered the entire prison grounds for a space of twenty-four hours, so thoroughly saturating the earth with the evil-odorous salt sea water that our tents, blankets, and clothing became soaked with it from mere absorption. As a result of being thus exposed, many of the prisoners succumbed. The sea-level location was unsanitary.

Point Lookout Prison was not furnished with a modern steam laundry, hence we were graciously allowed to cleanse our prison apparel in the copious bay. One day while I was washing my shirt, or, more correctly, scrubbing and bruising my wrists in an awkward effort to wash it, a man, then to me a stranger, who stood silently near watching with just contempt my unaccustomed performance of the "washerwoman's" duty, finally, seeing that my effort was a pitiful failure, said, not unkindly: "Give me that shirt and let me wash it." His kind action was prompted, too, by the sight of my bruised wrists. After the rapid and scientific performance, I would have sworn that he had once been intimately acquainted with the humble washtub and that he still retained his skill. I

have since learned from his own mouth that my philanthropic Samaritan of the seaside was none other than Mr. Jack Farthing, of Watauga County, N. C., a fine, big-hearted man. Strange combination—philanthropist and washerwoman!

Our food consisted of transparent bean soup and salty codfish, which was so scarce and unsustainable as to demand the utmost economy. Moreover, its distribution was disproportionate; for, since the prisoners were arranged in single file to receive the customary small cup of bean soup, A, the man at the front, obtained a quantity of diaphanous-colored water, while Z, the man at the end, obtained a cup of rich beans. The rich portion of the food was at the bottom of the steward's bucket, and many times I have seen the shining tin bottom of my tin cup through the thin soup.

Much stealing occurred during this scarcity of provisions. Being small, my cot was necessarily near the edge of the tent; and I was wont to suspend my haversack, which contained all my economized rations, on the pole within easy reach. One night as I lay on my cot almost on the verge of sleep I was aroused by a slight noise overhead, the noise of cloth being stealthily severed. I looked above. A hand was slowly entering the cut tent cloth groping blindly for my haversack, intending to rob. Knife in hand, I arose quickly to my feet. I would separate the preying hand from the marauding arm. But warned by something, perhaps at the sound from me, the hand was withdrawn precisely at the psychological moment. And well for its owner, for I should have surely ended its unlawful career.

All the prisoners were captured promiscuously, some at one time, some at another. I was captured on the 6th of April, two days before the surrender, and had been imprisoned for the space of nearly two months after the close of the war. But my release sometime in June, and also the deferred release of others at sooner and later dates, was due partly to the alphabetical order of freeing—that is, since the prisoner Abbott, being alphabetically first, was first released, it followed logically that the next prisoner, Brown, being alphabetically second, was also next released, and thus on to the last prisoner, Zaler—and partly to the formulation of certain regulations governing exchange, release, and transportation of soldiers.

But now the great war was finished. The South had at last yielded from sheer necessity—bloodshed, cannon roar, horror, and death—for five voracious years usurpers of the throne of national peace. At last they had ceased; and peace was again enthroned upon a war-ravaged, blood-drunken soil. And now I was free—all were free, free to return, alas! whither? to whom? to what?—but free, nevertheless, from the unutterable curse of war and from the awful scene of spilled lifeblood! Was it, is it not, sufficient?

Thus ended the great war, a catastrophe which caused the entire nation to tremble, to suffer, to bleed, and finally to rise unto the highest. My wounds—all wounds and deaths—were links in the great chain. Perhaps, after all, it was only a culminating human act in the divine plan. If so, well. Who knows? And the present titanic, colossal, blood- and life-sucking European conflict—is it an act human or divine? Who knows? *Est perfectum!*

ULTIMA DICTA.

The weight of seventy-five years has slightly bowed his form. Age has whitened his hair and accelerated decrepitude, but Time has not yet crushed the indwelling spirit of indomitable youth nor borne inactivity nor dimmed his eye nor

tarnished his memory. Care, with her host of ills, has furrowed his brow, has palsied his hand; but she has not yet smothered life and light and joy nor extinguished the flame of hope. Despite the burden of onerous years and the ravages of relentless Time, he is still one of the "tried and true," one of the faithful veterans of the stupendous War between the States, a living representative of the contested flag.

A BOY IN THE CAMP OF LEE.

BY A. J. EMERSON, DENVER, COLO.

In the camp of the 21st Virginia Regiment we find one of the heroes we are looking for, just a plain fighter, William Warden Patteson. In 1862 he was a mere boy, too young to join the army. His home was in Culpeper County, Va. He began his career as a soldier by a retreat, a thing that was condemned by General Pope's celebrated war maxims. Yet Patteson was right. He will tell his own story.

HE SEEKS TO AVOID POPE.

"In the year 1860 our family was living near Culpeper Courthouse, Va. In the summer of 1862 the first Yankees came into the county, the army of the boasting Pope. An uncle, the Rev. William J. Warden, had just gotten to our house from Wardensville, Hardy County. We heard through our scouts that the army was advancing rapidly. This uncle and I left on horesback the day they came. He had brought some important information for General Jackson in regard to the movements of the enemy in the western part of the State. He and the General were great friends. We stayed in Orange County for several weeks. One morning we rode to Orange Courthouse and then west about two miles to Mr. Rabon Newman's. We could see that a heavy storm was brewing. At this house were two Confederate soldiers by the name of Crigler. One of the brothers was just from prison (or the hospital) and was trying to reach home. About 11 A.M. the storm came on—a tremendous one, a waterspout—and while it was raining hard two companies of soldiers appeared on the opposite side of a small stream near the house. We could not tell whether they were Confederates or Federals, as they had on their raincoats. The stream was out of its banks, and they hesitated about crossing. One of the Criglers said: 'I do not like the looks of those men. Let's go, brother.' They ran to the stable, mounted their horses, and rode away.

"Crigler was right; they were Yankees. Several regiments of Pope's men had arrived that morning at Orange Courthouse and, after a hard fight in the town, had driven back the two companies that were there. Finding no other troops to oppose them, they went on a plundering expedition while it was raining hard. The two companies across the creek were Pope's men. When they saw the Criglers ride away they pushed across the stream, rode to the stable, and took our horses, with all of Mr. Newman's. A troop of them came to the house. We could not see their uniforms, as it was still raining hard and the raincoats hid them. They approached the gate. One of them called to a negro girl on the portico: 'O sis, are there any Rebel soldiers in the house?' When we heard him say 'sis' we knew who they were, and out of the house we went by the back way, through the garden and through a patch of corn back of the garden.

"They saw us just as we were trying to climb over the fence near a cherry tree and fired several shots at us, some

striking the tree. It was a run then for a mile and a half through muddy cornfields and woods, the men shooting at us whenever they got sight of us, until we gave them the slip and got over on another road near a large creek that was high. Near where we came to this creek was an old blacksmith shop with the roof fallen in and both doors off. Some straw, with a lot of rubbish, was packed in part of it. We had just gotten in and climbed up behind the straw when, looking through the cracks, we saw the Yankees coming. They passed us and tried to cross the creek; but not knowing the ford, they came back by the old shop, and three of them rode in at one door and out at the other without suspecting our presence. We could appreciate the feelings of King Charles II. of England when, hidden in the famous oak, he saw his enemies passing underneath in pursuit of him. I guess he sat very, very still. We did. The sixteen Yankees went out of sight up the hill.

"I came down while my uncle watched and, getting behind the shop in some weeds, went to the creek and tried to cross. It was too deep. But a Good Samaritan lived on the other side and had seen it all. This was Mr. Richard Houseworth. Although a funeral service over the body of a young child was going on, he sent a negro boy with two horses to carry us over the creek. We crossed safely; but the Yankees had seen us, and here they came. A body of timber was near. We dismounted and, telling the negro boy to get away as fast as he could, we disappeared in the brush. We had not gone more than a mile before we ran into another squad of the enemy at the beautiful home of President Madison, Montpelier. As we ran across the lawn they shot at us again, but missed. We ran until out of their sight, ascended a high hill, from which we came to the house of a Mr. Bernard, where we stayed all night. We saw no more of the enemy. They took about thirty horses, a large number of cattle, and some of the younger negroes with them. While they were at Mr. Houseworth's, where they came just before the funeral procession was starting out of the yard, they took all the horses from those that were there, except the one that was drawing the hearse, and they also took several of the citizens with them.

"My first campaign was, as you see, one of retreat. When I left home on horseback I thought it would be easy to keep out of the way of Pope's army. I knew nothing of the multitude of flying squadrons that go to and fro in front of a great army like that and had no idea of being hunted and chased and shot at and dismounted, as I had been. A campaign of retreat did not suit me any more than it suited General Pope. I resolved to quit retreating and try fighting.

"We had heard that Gen. Stonewall Jackson was at Gordonsville, having come from the heavy fighting around Richmond with twenty thousand men to get in the pathway of General Pope. To Gordonsville we went and found General Jackson there. While in Gordonsville this famous General had his headquarters at Mrs. Philip Barbour's, a friend of his and one of the best Southern and Christian women in Virginia. There I had the pleasure of being introduced to him. We told him of our late escape from the Yankees. I also told him my father's place had been ruined by Pope's army, just as many others there; and if he was going to have a fight, I wanted to go in and help drive the Yankees from our State. Although I was too young yet to join the army, I could shoot as well as any of his old soldiers. So he gave me an order for a gun and fifty rounds of ammunition. I soon found the 21st Virginia Infantry Regiment, and in Company E there were a number of relations and schoolmates.

HE GOES TO MEET GENERAL POPE.

"The 21st Virginia Regiment, in which I found a place, was in General Winder's Brigade. On the 9th of August, 1862, the brigade, leaving camp near the Rapidan River, moved toward Culpeper Courthouse, and at one o'clock we were within seven miles of that place. Our brigade was on the left, the main army on the Culpeper Road. At 2 P.M. the first shot was fired by one of our batteries, and then a number of batteries opened on both sides. For more than two hours the shells and solid shot cut the trees down all around us. Our beloved commander, General Winder, was struck by a piece of shell while placing a battery and lived only a short while. About 5 P.M. the artillery ceased firing, and the infantry was advancing. I remember saying to my cousin, lying down beside me: 'I am awfully glad those shells have stopped coming. I don't mind these little things, these Minnie balls.' He said: 'You are mistaken. The real danger is now coming.' This I found to be true, then for the first time, and many times afterwards.

"Pope had forty-five thousand men, and he threw ten thousand of his best troops on our extreme left. Just before the crash came General Jackson had seen this move of the enemy and knew we would be greatly outnumbered at that part of his line. He rode down with our Colonel (Cunningham) and said to us: 'Men, you must hold this line.' We said: 'We will hold it as long as any of us are alive.' We held it, but when the fight was over many loved ones who wore the gray in our regiment were asleep.

"After we had driven the enemy back, our advance sharpshooters were ordered to the front. Augustine Patteson, a cousin, a fine sharpshooter, was one of the men ordered forward. I told him I wanted to go with him. 'Come on,' he said. As we were advancing and going down to a small stream, we were some distance ahead of the main lines. Ahead of us some twenty of the enemy were hiding behind some stacks of straw. I had just given Augustine a piece of bread, and he was in the act of putting it to his mouth, when a ball fired by one of these men passed between his hand and his mouth, burning his lips. He coolly said: 'Drop down. They have got our range.' We dropped quickly and then crawled to within one hundred yards of them. He got two. I got one and broke another's shoulder. Several of them ran away, but eleven threw down their arms and surrendered. We made them come to us and sit down back of us on the ground.

"At this time another of our sharpshooters came up and called our attention to a Union officer a little way off, coming toward us. He called out: 'What troops are these?' Augustine Patteson said: 'Do not say a word, but advance on him quickly; and if he attempts to get away, fire on him. We will capture him. I think he is a general.' He surrendered, and we found that he was Brigadier General Prince, the only Union general captured at that fight.

"This battle is known as the battle of Cedar Run, fought August 9, 1862. It was a hard fight, the struggle lasting from two o'clock until night. Just about sundown their cavalry tried to break through our lines on the extreme left. Our lines were very close to the woods in which was the cavalry. Men were ordered to put double charges in their guns. I had shot my gun so often (and wiped it out but once) that when I had rammed down one Minnie ball and nine buckshot I thought I would put in some more. I put in nine more buckshot and some paper. In ramming down the extra charge the ramrod stuck fast. I could not move it up or down. Augustine said: 'If you fire your gun in that condition, it will burst.

Turn it up and drive the ramrod down on that rock.' I did so, but as the enemy were about to charge I had to leave the ramrod in. Thinking the gun might kick me over, I knelt down, so I wouldn't have far to fall. It was well I did.

"When the enemy came out of the woods, moving straight toward us, I said to my cousin: 'Watch that Yankee on the dark sorrel horse.' Well, when she went off, I fell one way and the gun another, the horse had no rider, and a gap was cut through their lines. That ramrod, the eighteen buckshot, and the Minnie ball did the work. My captain said: 'See here, young man, where did you get that piece of artillery?' I replied that it was a gift from General Jackson. 'Well, now,' said he meditatively, 'General Jackson should have had it mounted on wheels, so it wouldn't kick you over.'

"That night the boys began to 'josh' me about my gun. The captain's joke at my expense had gone the rounds. 'Hello, Patteson!' they said. 'We hear you have joined the artillery. What battery?'

" 'Stonewall Jackson's Battery.'

" 'They say your gun can kick. Is that so?' they asked.

" 'Kick or no kick,' I replied, 'the Stonewall Jackson Battery got closer to the enemy than some other folks.'

" 'Good for Patteson!' they cried, slapping me on the back.

"We had about four hundred and twenty-five men in the 21st Virginia Regiment when we went into the fight, and nearly fifty per cent were killed or wounded. The regiment had lost nearly as many a few weeks before around Richmond. Fourteen of the twenty-eight men in the company I was with were killed or wounded at Cedar Run.

"I did not see my uncle for several days. He had been staying with some artillerymen whom he knew and holding prayer meetings. When the battle opened, he took a gun and did good service. He was the better prepared for effective work in the line of battle because he had once been to a military school. The men said: 'Parson, we see that you can fight as well as preach.'

"Jackson's army fell back across the Rapidan, and in a week Pope retreated. We went home. How different everything looked! In what I had once thought the most beautiful part of Virginia, now desolation and ruin were on every hand. During this campaign my father's house had been headquarters for General Hatch, of the Union army. He was violently opposed to General Pope's system of living off of the country. He drove out of our house a number of his men who were cursing and fighting over some jewelry and silverware and other valuables, calling them thieves and beating them over the heads with his sword. He told my father that he disapproved of such vandalism, but it was all owing to Pope's orders. My father told him that no Southern general would dare curse his men and beat them over the heads like that, for they were men of a different stamp.

"Our army tried to intercept Pope's retreat, and fought him at Groveton and Manassas. The company I was with at Cedar Run had been reinforced and again suffered greatly. Among the killed was my cousin, Augustine Patteson. A brother of his fell on the heights of Gettysburg."

SECESSION SENTIMENT IN 1814.—Whenever it shall appear that these causes are radical and permanent, a separation by equitable arrangement will be preferable to an alliance by constraint among nominal friends, but real enemies, inflamed by mutual hatred and jealousies and inviting by intestine division contempt and aggressions from abroad.—*Journal of the Hartford Convention.*

WHEN I WAS WOUNDED.

BY JOHN COXE, GROVELAND, CAL.

In my article in the *VETERAN* for August, 1914, I mentioned being wounded at Charlestown, W. Va., where the insurrectionist, John Brown, was tried and hanged, and that afterwards I was nursed by good people in Winchester, Va. A few days after I left Winchester with our division to go back to Richmond the battle of Winchester took place, and Early fell back up the Valley. This was in September, 1864, and when Early fell back the Federals entered and occupied Winchester.

In going toward Harper's Ferry we passed through the pretty little village of Charlestown at an early hour on the 26th of August, 1864. It was a lovely country, and I thought that if old John Brown ever had a conscience it must have jolted him when he surreptitiously entered that beautiful and healthful land, where even the negro slaves lived like white people and were just as happy. We halted a short distance beyond town and formed line on the edge of a wood on the right of the Harper's Ferry Pike. There was rising wooded ground in front, and the Federals were over the hill not far away. Pickets were posted in the woods on the hill in front, and I was one of them, my post being on our extreme left in trees near the pike. We couldn't see much of the Federal line in the woods over the hill, but their extreme right post was behind fence rails in an open field near the pike and a little to the left of my post.

I carried the same fine Enfield rifle I had carried since March, 1863, was a good marksman, and rather enjoyed the excitement of picket-fighting and sharpshooting. On this occasion I fired at every sign or visible indication of the presence of a Federal soldier, usually resting my gun against one of the large trees. But the four or five Federals behind the rail pile kept well under cover till about the middle of the afternoon, when two of them went out into the open field nearer to the pike. I always thought they imagined I had left my post and gone back over the hill, but I was watching them from behind a tree. Guessing at the distance, I quickly adjusted the sight of my gun to what I considered the right range and then, resting the gun against a tree, I carefully aimed at the stomach of one of the men and fired. He reeled and went down on one side as if one of his legs had given way. His comrade quickly raised him to his feet again and hurriedly assisted him back behind the rails. From that time on till between 5 and 6 P.M., when I was relieved, I did not see another Federal.

I was very tired and hungry when I got down to ranks, and while I was boiling some green corn and hard-tack in a frying pan it was suddenly announced that the enemy was advancing against us from over the hill. The regiment, like a machine, jumped into battle array, and I never knew what became of my supper. Our readiness was none too soon. Our pickets scampered down into ranks with the cracking rifles of the enemy just behind them. We were behind a weak improvisation of rails. The Federals were in heavy line of battle and thought to run right over us, rushing up to within a few yards of our line and delivering their fire. Our artillery opened from the rear, the shells passing low down over us, and for a little time the din of battle was deafening. Randolph Bacon, of my company, but then color bearer of the regiment, was shot through the heart and fell dead, but still held on to the flag. I shall never forget the expression of his noble eyes as he fell. The next moment I was shot. For a few seconds the shock completely paralyzed me. At

first I thought a piece of shell had hit me in the throat; but it was a rifle ball that entered my throat and, passing to the left of the wind pipe, by which it was slightly deflected, went on clear through me and passed out between the back of my neck and left shoulder. And, as if not satisfied with all that, the ball kept on and ripped through the corner of my knapsack, leaving a jagged hole in the oilcloth. Blood rushed out from both holes, and my clothes were saturated with it. Then an officer shouted, "Get to the rear!" and I started. But I didn't get back more than fifty yards, just out of the woods into a field of pretty timothy and red clover, when I fell, being too weak to stand any longer. Meanwhile the blood continued to flow, but I felt good and supposed I would pass away shortly.

The fight in front continued only a few minutes after I fell, during which a few Federal bullets cut through the tall timothy near me. My knapsack, being still strapped to me, served as a sort of rest for my head and shoulders. It was getting late, and after the Federals were driven back I heard voices near me and tried to call, but found I couldn't speak above a whisper. Neither could I be seen except at very close range, so well was I screened by the tall hay. At one time I saw the head of Private Jake Miller, of my company, and tried my best to attract his attention, but in vain. Then I heard the sound of horses' feet, and a moment later a party of mounted officers rode right up to me and stopped. It was Major Goggins, of the division staff, and others. The Major looked down into my face with a sympathetic expression and said: "Are you badly hurt, young man?" I couldn't speak, but nodded my head in reply. He then turned and said something to an orderly, who galloped away. Then saying, "I'll have you looked after promptly," the party rode slowly away. The orderly returned soon with two men bearing a stretcher, and as they tenderly put me on it the expression of their faces indicated that they thought I was "done for."

It was dark when I was laid down on the green grass floor of the field hospital tent in the edge of town. Others badly wounded were there already. Our regimental surgeon was working hard, but I saw no other surgeon. Still more wounded were brought in until the tent was full. When the surgeon hastily examined me, I was so weak I could hardly move a muscle. He seemed surprised to see so much blood and me still alive. As he turned away to another I heard him say to an attendant: "No, the hemorrhage has ceased." I received no more attention that night, nor was it possible, with the help at hand, to give much attention to any one person. Sometime during the night a great thunderstorm struck us. There was much thunder, wind, and rain, the latter coming down in torrents and flooding our tent. Then the tent blew down on us, and we came near being drowned or smothered till the storm passed and the tent was reerected. About 2 A.M. I heard the rumble of vehicles outside, and soon after I, with another young fellow of my regiment, but not of my company, was carried out and placed in an ambulance, and the driver was told to go to Winchester. The pike was level and smooth, and there was not much jolting. After daylight I found that my companion was wounded in the upper left arm. It seemed to be a flesh wound, but the ball was still in him. To my whispers he told me that he was suffering great pain and was not inclined to talk much. Then I whispered and said: "You'll be all right in a short time, but look at me." He laughed faintly, but said nothing more. Two days afterwards the poor youth died from lockjaw.

Arriving at Winchester about 2 p.m., we were carried into a church building then being used as a hospital. My clothes were dry and so stiff that they had to be cut from me. Clean mattresses were on the floor, and kind ladies of the city assisted in looking after the many wounded, who, for the most part, were from the battle fields of Early's campaign to Washington. The next day my relatives had me removed to a private home. Dr. Shine, our brigade surgeon, looked after my medical needs, and in every other way I had the best attention, to all of which I believe I owe my life.

AN INCIDENTAL TRAGEDY OF THE WAR.

Next door to the home of the kind people who nursed me lived a family named Forsyth, the husband, wife, and two daughters, one of the latter being fully grown and the other a schoolgirl of about twelve years. From the day I went to their neighbor's home till the day I left, one or both of these sisters called daily to see how I was getting on, and quite often the elder sister, Miss Mary Jane Forsyth, would bring me some delicacies from her own table. She was a very lovable girl, and I thought much of her even after I left Winchester; but I never heard anything more of the family till after the war, when in the winter of 1865 at a hotel in Georgia I met two gentlemen from Winchester. They were true Southerners,



MISS MARY FORSYTH.

and during our talk I told them some of my war experiences in and about Winchester and inquired of the Forsyth family there. Both seemed surprised that I had never heard of the awful tragedy which happened only a few days after I left Winchester. It seems that soon after the Federals under Sheridan entered Winchester a private soldier killed Miss Mary Forsyth by shooting her through the heart right in her own home. The tragedy created a great sensation in Winchester; and while the Federal authorities pretended to investigate the matter, no conclusion satisfactory to the outraged family and people of the city was ever reached.

I wrote immediately to the Forsyth family in Winchester for fuller particulars. My letter was promptly answered by the younger sister, and this substantially is her brief story: Soon after the Federals entered the city several of their soldiers went to the Forsyth place, entered the grounds, and began to chase and take the poultry. The mother and elder girl, Mary, were watching them through a window of the dining room when one of the soldiers fired his rifle, and the ball crashed through the window, struck Miss Forsyth squarely in the heart, and she dropped dead at her mother's feet. When the outrage became known in the city, the indignation

was tremendous, and an investigation was demanded. This was granted by the Federal military authorities, though in a perfunctory way. The soldier claimed that the shooting was purely accidental; that while he was chasing a chicken it flew up in the air, and he shot at it just as it was in line with the dining room window through which Miss Forsyth was watching them steal her father's poultry. But the family and friends and the good people of Winchester firmly believed that it was a deliberate murder for which the perpetrator never received any punishment. Even if the soldier's plea was true, it certainly proved that he was criminally careless and cared nothing at all for the life of the innocent girl. Yet his cruel and cowardly act was in keeping with the announced policy of his commander, the conscienceless and vindictive Sheridan, which was to rob, plunder, and destroy without the slightest reference to the rights and necessities of noncombatants and helpless women and children. To-day we talk about and condemn the preventable cruelties of the present European war; but if all the preventable cruelties and outrages of our own War between the States could be written up, there would be sufficient to fill many large volumes.

WHEN GENERAL GREEN WAS KILLED.

BY CAPT. E. B. MILLETT, KANOPOLIS, KANS.

After the lapse of so many years, it is difficult for the actors in the great drama of the War between the States to give facts exactly, and it frequently happens that some of our good comrades get events mixed and, from frequent repetition, honestly regard themselves as the heroes of gallant actions performed by others. Far be it from me to censure any old veteran, bowed with years and suffering from lapse of memory, who shall take such credit. In spirit and bravery nearly all the old veterans are forgotten heroes.

In the *VETERAN* for January, 1915, page 32, P. H. Goodloe refers to the death of Gen. Tom Green at Blair's Landing in the spring of 1862, of which he says: "As we opened fire General Green and staff galloped up on the bank in front of the boat, and a shell exploded over his head, killing him instantly. Being an aid-de-camp on General Parsons's staff, I dismounted and helped to place General Green's body across his horse."

He is correct in this: General Green's death occurred at Blair's Landing. He had about ten thousand soldiers under him, including the 32d Texas Cavalry. I was Captain of Company B in that regiment. General Green was making observations when the enemy opened a terrific fire from the boats on Red River, killing him and many of his soldiers. The army was compelled to retreat, leaving our dead lying on the ground. After a short retreat, General Parsons said, in my presence, that the body of General Green should not be allowed to remain in the hands of the enemy, and he ordered me to go and get the body. I asked him to send some one to point out the body, as I did not see him fall. General Parsons said that Lieutenant Nixon (I think it was) knew where General Green fell and would go with me to point out the body. Accompanied by John Elam, Alonzo Millett, J. R. Parks (now of La Vergne, Tenn.), and Ollie James, all of my company, two others whose names I do not now recall, and Lieutenant Nixon, I proceeded to the spot. General Green had been killed by a shell which tore away a portion of his skull above the right eye. He was a man over six feet in height and weighed about two hundred and forty pounds.

At the time of our quest the Federals had formed within some sixty yards of General Green's body; but as we were unarmed and showed no hostile intention, they evidently regarded us as on a peaceful mission and made no attempt to fire upon or to interfere with us. General Green's body was carried by the seven men with me until we met Lieutenant Sherwood, when we placed the body on his horse and took it to headquarters, where it was turned over to General Parsons.

As the body of General Green was lifted up there fell from his pocket a blood-stained order, which I picked up and kept in my possession for thirty-five years, and then sent it to my brother, Alonzo Millett, at San Antonio, Tex., and asked him to give it to the U. C. V. Camp or to some other Confederate organization there so that it might be preserved.

THE MARTYRS OF THE SOUTH.

BY A. B. MEEK, OF ALABAMA.

O weep not for the gallant hearts
Who fell in battle's day;
They well performed their hero parts
And passed from earth away.
They lie asleep on honor's bed,
Young freedom's martyred band;
For all that's dear to man they bled,
For God and native land.

Weep not for Jackson, who laid down
His life in fullest fame,
Who always wore the victor's crown,
Now wears a deathless name.
O what a loss that day was ours
When that great light grew dim!
We weep among our darkened bowers,
But do not weep for him.

For Sidney Johnston, whose high worth
Was freedom's polar star,
Who, like Elijah, passed from earth
In battle's fiery car,
Shed not a tear; he is not dead,
But up from Shiloh gone
Where wreaths ambrosial deck his head
Beside great Washington.

Weep not for Garnett, his young brow
Among the earliest paled;
Though death compelled his form to bow,
His spirit never quailed.
Among Virginia's mountain heights,
With Garland by his side
And Starke, they fought for Southern rights
And for their country died.

O for McCulloch do not weep,
The Marion of the West,
Nor for Bartow nor Bee, but keep
Their memories in the breast.
They realized man's noblest fate
In victory's lap to lie;
We all must die or soon or late,
How blest like him to die!

Fair Mississippi's stalwart chief,
Brave Barksdale, too has gone,

And Zollicoffer's life too brief,
Moulton and Green passed on.
Kentucky's Hanson slumbers low,
With Helm and Branch as well.
Pour not for them the stream of woe;
With heroes now they dwell.

For Alabama's own loved dead,
Though humbler be their names,
Why should the selfish tear be shed?
For they are God's and fame's.
Rest Irby, Webb, Jones, Hobbs, and Hale;
Rest Jewett, Somers, Moore,
Inge, Garrott, Lomax, Pelham, Baine
On death's wide, peaceful shore.

What stars crowd out upon the sky
Of history as I write!
Would I could number them on high,
The planets of our night.
They live immortal, and for them
We need not shed a tear:
Each wears a golden diadem
In a heroic sphere.

But we must weep, aye, deeply mourn
For our own selves bereft;
The priesthood from our altars torn.
Our homes in darkness left.
The widowed and the orphan band
On fate's rude waters tossed.
Weep for the anguish-stricken land
That such great souls has lost.

IF A SOLDIER MEET A SOLDIER.

BY GEN. M. JEFF THOMPSON
A. C. C. OF THE 24th REG'T.

If a soldier meet a soldier 'mid the battle's din
And a soldier kills the soldier, surely 'tis no sin;
But if a soldier meet a soldier when the fight is o'er,
He gives his han' and shares his can, like gallant men of yore.

If a soldier meet a soldier—I pray you now take note—
And to that soldier says, "Mr. Soldier, come out of that 'ere coat,"
Now this soldier to that soldier really means no ill,
For "Uncle Sam" or "Cousin Sal" has to foot the bill.

But if a soldier's not a soldier, though he wear the coat,
Then some soldier of that soldier should promptly cut his throat;
For a soldier's not a soldier if his brand's of fire
And homesteads, hearthstones, family altars only feel his ire.

The kind of soldiers loved by soldiers carry brands of steel,
And the strong blows of a soldier soldiers dare to feel;
But a soldier damns the soldier who, shunning a fair fight,
Makes widows lone and orphans poor only know his might.

There are some soldiers, Christian soldiers, who seem to love
the strife,
And these soldiers of other soldiers gladly take their life.
But all good soldiers, patriot soldiers, pray the strife to cease;
Each humbly asks, "Great God, of thee our liberty and peace."

FORT DELAWARE, April, 1861.

CASUALTIES OF THE ELEVENTH MISSISSIPPI REGIMENT AT GETTYSBURG.

BY BAXTER M'FARLAND, ABERDEEN, MISS.

Soldiers of the 11th Mississippi Regiment have known for over fifty years that the official reports (contained only in medical returns) of its losses in the battle of Gettysburg on July 3, 1863, are quite inaccurate and very incomplete. As given, there were thirty-two killed and one hundred and seventy wounded. The purpose of this article is to record more fully and in detail the casualties sustained by the companies of the regiment in that world-famous battle, not to enter upon any controversy as to what commands did the best and the most fighting.

When the 11th Mississippi left home in April, 1861, I was a member of Company H of that regiment and was with it as orderly sergeant and lieutenant until about the 1st of June, 1863, when I was promoted and transferred to the Army of Tennessee; therefore I was not with the 11th Regiment at Gettysburg, but I knew its members, many of whom were college mates, and have kept more or less in touch with most of the survivors since the war closed. Company losses have often been talked over with survivors of the companies, the fate of individuals discussed, not only with survivors, but with members of their families. Survivors of each company, except A and B, have carefully and fully gone over their company losses man by man, have exhaustively examined every source of information and scanned every scrap of evidence bearing upon its losses in that battle, and have furnished me with the results of their inquiries. I have corresponded with many survivors of the companies, have had access to company lists, rolls, histories, memoranda, and much data, have thoroughly searched every source of information, carefully weighing it all, and am quite sure that the casualties herein are practically correct. If anything, they are under, rather than over, the real losses.

The 11th Mississippi Regiment was in Davis's Brigade, Heth's Division, A. P. Hill's corps, but was left at Cashtown to guard the division wagon trains and did not rejoin the brigade until the night of the 2d of July. The losses here given were, therefore, all sustained in the battle of July 3. The charge on Cemetery Ridge was made by Pickett's and Heth's Division, aligned in front with supports. Pickett's Division, consisting of three brigades, was formed with Kemper's and Garnett's Brigades in front and Armstead's in support, with Wilcox's and Perry's Brigades moving on his right rear. Heth's Division, Brigadier General Pettigrew commanding, on Pickett's left, was formed in the following order: Archer's Brigade, Col. B. D. Fry commanding on the right and Brockenbrough's Brigade on the left of the division; Pettigrew's Brigade, Col. Marshall commanding, in the right center and Davis's Brigade in the left center. Heth's Division was supported by Scales's and Lane's Brigades, Maj. Gen. Isaac R. Trimble commanding, on their right rear. Davis's Brigade was formed in the following order: The 55th North Carolina on the right and the 11th Mississippi on the left of the brigade, with the 2d and 42d Mississippi Regiments in the center.

The line of advance was not parallel with the enemy's line, which receded to its rear, forming an angle, so that Davis's Brigade, especially the 11th Mississippi on its left, had farther to march to reach the enemy's works in its front than the troops upon its right; but, moving rapidly under a murderous converging fire, that brigade reached the stone wall about the

same time Heth's brigades, upon its right, arrived there, many in the regiments, including the 11th Mississippi, mounting, some passing over the wall. "Billy" O'Brien, the brave color bearer of the 11th, was killed near the stone fence, and the colors were picked up and planted upon the wall by Lieut. Joseph G. Marable, of Company H, and both were captured.

The left brigade of Heth's Division was checked, it is stated, not far from the Emmitsburg Road and retired; whereupon the enemy on the front and left of that brigade, together with some regiments thrown forward on Davis's now exposed left, immediately turned its entire artillery and musket fire upon the decimated, but still advancing, ranks of that brigade, especially destructive to its left regiment, the 11th Mississippi, in addition to the fire coming from its front and right.

Col. F. M. Green and Maj. R. O. Reynolds, the only field officers present, were wounded. All the captains save one and nearly all the lieutenants and noncommissioned officers present were killed, wounded, or captured, and it became a soldiers' battle. After a short and bloody struggle over the stone wall, the devoted remnant, realizing the utter hopelessness of the unequal conflict, fell back to the position occupied before the charge began, where the few officers remaining were necessarily engaged in collecting and restoring the scattered ranks and the surgeons in caring for and sending away the wounded. Most of these escaped to the rear, preparatory to an anticipated advance of the enemy, until the night of the 4th, when General Lee's army began its retrograde movement out of Pennsylvania; and for many weary days there was no time or opportunity to ascertain and classify the losses. The hasty company lists forwarded to become the basis of the routine casualty returns of the medical department were, under the circumstances and conditions surrounding the 11th and other regiments of the brigade, admittedly inaccurate and incomplete, but under the great stress of the situation were allowed to stand, imperfect as they were.

Captain Magruder was killed upon the wall near the barn, and Capt. Thomas C. Holliday was severely wounded. Both were of General Davis's staff.

Company C went into the battle with an aggregate of twenty-nine. Number killed, 9; wounded, 12 (including Capt. George W. Shannon, First Lieut. William Peel, captured and died in prison, Second Lieut. George M. Lusher, captured, and Third Lieut. George F. Cole); captured unwounded, 4; total, 25; escaped unwounded, 4.

Company D: Aggregate in battle, 55; killed, 15; wounded, 26; captured unwounded, 5; total, 46; escaped unwounded, 9.

Company E: Aggregate in battle, 39; killed, 15; wounded, 21; captured unwounded, 2; total, 38; escaped unwounded, 1. Captain Halbert and Lieutenants Mimms and Goolsby were killed, and Lieut. W. H. Belton was severely wounded.

Company F: Aggregate in battle, 34; killed, 9; wounded, 17; captured unwounded, 4; total, 30; escaped unwounded, 4. Capt. Thomas J. Stokes was wounded close to the wall and captured. Lieutenant Featherston was killed, and Lieuts. Charlie Brooks and Woods were captured.

Company G, skirmishers: Aggregate in battle, 24; killed, 4; wounded, 8; captured unwounded, 10; total, 22; escaped unwounded, 2. Captain Nelms was wounded, and Lieutenant Osborne was killed, the only officers in the battle.

Company H: Aggregate in battle, 37; killed, 12; wounded, 16; captured unwounded, 5; total, 33; escaped unwounded, 4. Capt. J. H. Moore and Lieut. T. W. Hill were killed, and

Lieut. R. A. McDowell was captured inside the works, all the officers present. Private (later Lieut.) Joseph G. Marable, after planting the regimental flag upon the wall, was captured.

Company I: Aggregate in battle, 45; killed, 13; wounded, 26; captured unwounded, 3; total, 42; escaped unwounded, 3. Capt. Baker Word was wounded, Lieut. W. P. Snowden was wounded near the wall and captured, and Lieut. William H. Clopton was wounded.

Company K: Aggregate in battle, 39; killed, 9; wounded, 20; captured unwounded, 3; total, 32; escaped unwounded, 7. Capt. George W. Bird was killed while cheering his men over the wall, and Lieuts. John T. Stanford and A. G. Drake were wounded.

Company A (University Grays) and Company B (Columbia Invincibles), the former the right and the latter the left company of the regiment, have furnished the least data; but from the information obtained it appears that the two companies had an aggregate in battle of fifty and that of these there were sixteen killed; wounded, 22; captured unwounded, 6; total, 44; escaped unwounded, 6; Lieut. William A. Raines, of Company A, was killed, and Lieut. A. J. Baker was wounded within ten feet of the wall and twenty feet to the left of the Bryan barn and was captured, leaving Lieut. John V. Moore, the only other commissioned officer of that company present, in command. This company was made up of students at the University of Mississippi at Oxford, who came from all parts of the State, some from other States, and it has been difficult to get into communication with the very few survivors. It is thought that one or more officers of Company B are included in the casualties of that company.

The ten companies had in battle an aggregate of 352; killed, 102; wounded, 168; captured unwounded, 42; total casualties, 312; escaped unwounded, 40.

The mortally wounded are included with the killed. Some supposed at the time to be missing and since ascertained to have been killed or mortally wounded are likewise included with the killed; others supposed to be missing and since ascertained to have been wounded and captured are included with the wounded. Commissioned officers, whether named or not, are included in the casualties under the proper head.

All these casualties, except two killed and perhaps a few wounded during the cannonading that preceded the charge, were sustained in less than two hours, amounting to about eighty-nine per cent of the company aggregate actually present upon the battle field.

As the ranks of the charging lines rapidly thinned under the enemy's fire, they closed upon Pickett, the division of direction (Pickett closed to his left, Pettigrew to the right), as the line shortened to preserve the relative alignment as to the indicated point of attack, the copse of wood near the salient. This, especially after the left brigade of Heth's Division retired, enabled the enemy greatly to increase the flanking fire, right and left, as the attacking column neared their lines until it became appallingly destructive, and comparatively few passed through it unscathed to the stone wall; but it is a fact well known to those who almost miraculously did so that these survivors of Heth's three right brigades did reach and some passed over that stone wall. This fact is as well attested as any event of the war; but the evidence, so far at least as the 11th Mississippi is concerned, is not all set forth in official reports, although General Davis's report does show that his brigade "rushed to the wall."

From statements of participants, as well as official reports,

it appears that the smoke from gun fire enveloped the field and obscured the movements of the troops, and this doubtless led to misapprehensions otherwise inexplicable. In many reports the officers stated they did not see troops to "right" or "left," as the case may have been, when the evidence of these participants later conclusively proves that at least the survivors on the "right" or "left," in some cases at all events, were there. Lines became so thinned and shortened as they neared the wall as to be almost undiscernible through the enveloping smoke.

General Davis wrote the report of the part taken by the brigade in the Gettysburg campaign, July 1 to 3, but did not give the losses. As stated, the 11th was left at Cashtown, Pa., to guard the wagon trains of Heth's Division and did not rejoin the brigade until the night of the 2d and did not, therefore, participate in the engagement of the 1st or 2d of July.

General Davis also wrote the report of the part taken by Heth's Division in the Gettysburg campaign, July 1 to 3, but did not give the losses. These reports are dated more than a month after the campaign, and it would seem that the casualties had not even then been fully ascertained. So far as known to the writer, there are no official reports showing the losses of the 11th Mississippi or of Davis's Brigade other than the medical returns previously referred to, and, as has been shown, these are wholly inadequate, although doubtless as full as were obtainable under the circumstances at the time. The immediate need for army medical returns evidently did not admit of delay until accurate returns were possible. This inaccuracy probably characterized those returns in most of the commands.

Some of the commands, however, rectified this in official brigade or regimental reports of the campaign, in which the casualties shown were invariably much greater than those found in the medical returns and of course are accepted as the real casualties of those commands instead of the medical returns, the inaccuracy of which they conclusively prove.

The absence of the usual official statements of casualties and the overwhelming evidence of the inaccuracy of the medical returns has impelled a resort to other evidence—that of participants, verbal and written, as stated, which is original testimony of the highest nature—to give the 11th Mississippi what it is justly entitled to and richly deserves, a correct statement of its casualties in a great battle to hand down to posterity along with those passed down by other gallant participants, albeit in a different form.

There is apparently a variance in statements as to whether or not all of Heth's Division, under Pettigrew, marched on the front line with Pickett or some of it was in support; but from a careful examination of the statements it seems certain that all the division advanced upon the front line. The bend upon the left, noticeable at the start, was caused by a bend to the west in the ridge behind which the division was formed for protection before the charge, and under instructions "to spread their steps to rectify" the division soon gained alignment with Pickett.

ABOLITION OF SLAVERY STARTED IN THE SOUTH.—The States of Virginia, Kentucky, and Tennessee were engaged in practical movements for the gradual emancipation of their slaves. This movement continued until it was arrested by the aggressions of the abolitionists—George Lunt, of Massachusetts.

T. J. Randolph proposed in the Virginia Assembly a plan for the emancipation and colonization of the negroes, 1832.—*Dixie Book of Days*.

THE LAST ROLL

COL. W. C. RICHARDS.

In the Dark Ages bodily vigor, united with physical courage, evidenced by personal bravery, was the essential qualification of a hero. Such were the heroes of the remote past. But in modern times the true hero wears no feathered hat or caballero cloak, but is clad in the education and culture of the age in which he lives and of the courage that mounteth with occasion. In this latter order of heroes is to be classed the late Col. William C. Richards, who departed this life in Columbus, Miss., on Thursday morning, July 6, 1916.

Colonel Richards was born in Shelby County, Ala., August 31, 1828. His father, David C. Richards, moved with his family to this city when William was but a lad and continued his residence here until his death. In youth and early manhood William Richards was rather delicate, but outdoor life and abstemious habits prepared him for the more active life of four years of war which during its progress made the tall but lithe young soldier strong and rugged. Indeed, at the close of the war his frame had become well knit and vigorous and reinforced by a constitution virtually perfect. He was studious and stood well in his classes both in primary and collegiate courses, and in the pursuit of learning he early took up the profession of school-teaching, which he followed until a short time prior to the War between the States.

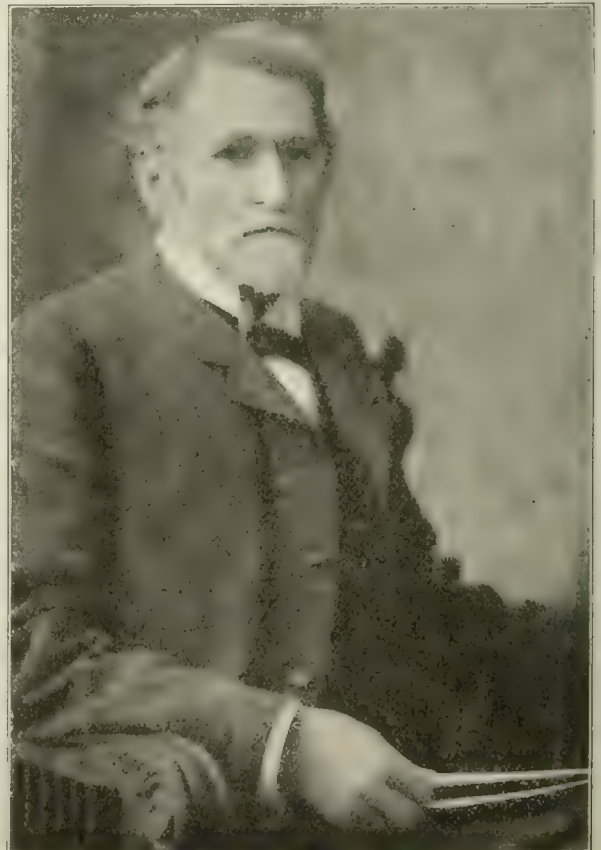
At the first call of President Davis for fifteen hundred troops from each of the then Confederate States, except Florida, which latter, owing to its comparatively small population, was asked to furnish only one thousand troops, William Richards promptly tendered his services and became a private in Capt. William B. Wade's company, the "Lowndes Southrons," it being one of two companies then being raised here under that call, the other company, bearing the name of "Southern Avengers," being raised and to be commanded by Capt. George H. Lipscomb. On the organization in this city of these companies W. C. Richards was elected second lieutenant, but was later promoted to first lieutenant of the Southern Avengers. A week later, on the 27th of March, 1861, both companies left Columbus under orders for mobilization camps at Mobile, Ala., and a few days later marched under orders with the other eighteen companies from Blakely, Ala., to Pensacola, Fla., to become a part of the army assembling there under the command of Gen. Braxton Bragg.

During the eight months' soldiering at Pensacola no opportunity was presented the individual soldier to display heroism. The first opportunity offered W. C. Richards was on July 1, 1862, when a volunteer aid-de-camp on the staff of Brig. Gen. James R. Chalmers, then temporarily commanding the cavalry of General Beauregard's army in its retreat from Corinth to Tupelo, Miss. Chalmers had a small skirmish on the Blackland Road near Booneville with a brigade of Federal cavalry under command of Col. (later Gen.) Phil Sheridan, and in that skirmish Lieutenant Richards was the only member of Chalmers' troops who was wounded; none were killed. He was dangerously wounded by a pistol ball passing through his chest.

Napoleon, in defining history, said it was "fable agreed

upon." Apply that definition to Sheridan's report of that insignificant skirmish, appearing on pages 19 and 20 of Serial No. 24, "War of the Rebellion," which report made him a brigadier general, and we realize how much fiction there is in recorded incidents of the War between the States. To the contrary of statement in said report—namely, that Chalmers "left a large number of his dead and wounded officers and men on the field. * * * Among the wounded that fell into our hands are two lieutenants who will die"—I repeat that the wounding of Lieutenant Richards was the only casualty in Chalmers's Cavalry. Were it not too much of a digression, I would record here how I, Colonel Richards, and others here, who knew the facts to be contrary to what is stated by Colonel Sheridan, on the appearance of the volume of the "War Records" containing his report, besought General Chalmers to write for the press a true report of that skirmish, and how Chalmers, then a Republican nominee for Congress, ignored our request, presumably for the reason that he feared it would inflame the prejudices of the Republican party and impair his chances for election.

Sufficiently recovered from his wound, and having been designated by General Chalmers for appointment as major to command the recently organized battalion of sharpshooters for his brigade, Major Richards reported at Tupelo for duty just prior to General Bragg's transference by rail of his army to the vicinity of Chattanooga, preparatory to making his Kentucky campaign. In this latter campaign and while the sharpshooters in the early morn of September 15, 1862, had developed and were driving in the Federal pickets in front of the uncalled-for and disastrous battle field of Mum-



COL. W. C. RICHARDS.

fordville, Ky., Major Richards was again dangerously wounded and was left behind with the other wounded of the brigade that could not be transported on Chalmers's retreat to Cave City, thus becoming a prisoner in the hands of the enemy. Subsequently exchanged, he reported for duty with his command and thenceforward to the close of the war did valiant service with his battalion through all the engagements of the Western Army until April 10, 1865 (the army being at Smithfield, N. C.), when the regiments of Sharp's Brigade were consolidated under the name of the 9th Mississippi, and Major Richards was promoted to command it with the rank of colonel. Sixteen days thereafter, receiving his parole on the surrender of General Johnston's army, Colonel Richards returned to his home and soon thereafter engaged in planting in Noxubee County, Miss. Later he resumed his residence in Columbus, where he soon became a factor in its financial and other business enterprises.

His scholarly attainments, united with a mastery of matters in which he became concerned, were comprehensive and served him well. Altogether systematic, prudent, methodical, efficient, and devoid of all elements of the plunger and even of the spirit of speculation in business, Colonel Richards accumulated a handsome competency and became a safe counselor to those seeking his advice. In every position of trust or responsibility, respectively as mayor of Columbus, President of the Board of Supervisors of Lowndes County, a director and President of the First State Bank of Columbus, member of the Mississippi Constitutional Convention of 1890, director in sundry financial corporations, senior vestryman of St. Paul's Episcopal Church of this city, he proved himself exceptionally efficient.

On February 1, 1870, he was united in marriage to Miss Sarah Francis Evans, the accomplished daughter of Mr. Richard Evans, a distinguished chancery lawyer of this city. She, with one daughter and three sons, survives him.

This historical tribute to a lifelong friend is written by one who from his youth knew Colonel Richards intimately and who from the commencement of the War between the States to his death was closely associated with him as intimate friend and neighbor. Hence what is written in this tribute is from personal knowledge and truthfully, without adornment or the least exaggeration, represents the character of his deceased friend.

[E. T. Skyes, late Adjutant General and Chief of Staff of the Army of Tennessee Department, U. C. V.]

M. R. HAYLEY.

Mark Rogers Hayley, one of the most prominent and widely known citizens of Lauderdale County, Ala., died in Nashville, Tenn. The body was taken to Florence and interred in the city cemetery.

Mr. Hayley was in his seventy-first year. He had never married. He was a business man of unusual ability and was one of the wealthiest citizens of Lauderdale County. He is survived by a sister and a brother—Mrs. A. J. Gilbert, of Lauderdale County, and Dr. L. B. Hayley, of Murfreesboro, Tenn. He was a native of Colbert County, but for many years had lived in Lauderdale. He served four years in the Confederate army, having left LaGrange College, where he was a student, to join the Confederate forces, enlisting in the 35th Alabama Infantry. He was a schoolmate of Gen. Joseph Thompson, of Tuscumbia, both enlisting at the same time and being messmates throughout the war.

JOHN H. McFERRIN.

John H. McFerrin was born near Somerville, Tenn., April 9, 1839, and died at his home, in Colliersville, Tenn., April 18, 1916, aged seventy-seven years. He was the son of Rev. W. M. and Mrs. Louisa McFerrin. He graduated from Wesleyan College, Florence, Ala., in 1861 and immediately enlisted in the Manson Greys, which company was attached to the 13th Tennessee Regiment of Infantry. He was contin-



JOHN H. McFERRIN.

uously in service in camp and in field for four years, with the exception of a short absence from a wound and sickness. After the war he settled in Marshall County, Miss. On January 31, 1866, he was married to Miss Tommie Jessie Matthews, of Hickory Wythe, Tenn. Two children survive, John B. McFerrin and Mrs. Armstead Dodson, both prominent in the social and religious life of the community. In 1873 Comrade McFerrin moved to Colliers-

ville and entered the mercantile business, and with the motto "Honest Weight and Good Measure" he soon built up a lucrative business, from which he was forced to retire a few years ago on account of failing health.

His gentle and generous nature, frank and confiding manner, and inflexible integrity commanded the admiration of all with whom he came in contact. No man of the community was more tenderly revered by friends, and no man ever evinced more loyal devotion in return. He was a loyal and faithful member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, from boyhood. His uprightness in his daily life was never questioned, and the character of unspotted honor and Christian charity falls as a rich heritage to his descendants. As a Christian he was without guile, as a friend without doubt, and in all the walks of life he was a light that never lost its brightness. The world is better for his having lived, and the grave has now no victory in his death, for the sweet fragrance of his memory will outlive the sting of death.

He was among the first subscribers of the *VETERAN*, a faithful worker in its interest, and read and discussed its contents with marked interest to the last. His golden wedding anniversary was celebrated a few months before his death, at which time this picture was taken as part of a group.

DEATHS AT GAINESVILLE, TENN.

Adjutant Gannaway reports the following losses in membership of Gainesville Camp, No. 12, U. C. V.:

W. W. Howeth, 5th Texas Cavalry.
W. R. Strong, McCord's Texas Cavalry.
E. B. Gaston, 6th South Carolina Cavalry.
A. C. Thomas, 37th Mississippi Infantry.
B. F. Carpenter, 6th Texas Cavalry.
A. J. Reed, 37th North Carolina Infantry.
T. W. Wiley, 18th Alabama Infantry.
S. R. Anderson, quartermaster 36th Tennessee.

JOHN H. K. SHANNAHAN.

An honorable and useful life closed with the death of John H. K. Shannahan, Confederate veteran and prominent citizen of Talbot County, Md., on May 20, 1916. Mr. Shannahan was a son of the late Samuel E. and Rebecca Dawson Shannahan. At the outbreak of the War between the States he went South and became a member of the Chesapeake Light Artillery, C. S. A., and fought until the close, taking part in practically all of the battles of the Army of Northern Virginia. At the close of the war he returned home and began his business career. He constructed and put in operation the first ice plant on the eastern shore of Maryland; later he organized a corporation, of which he was president, for the sinking of artesian wells, which organization is still in existence and has conducted a most successful business throughout Maryland—not only successful in making money, but in securing satisfactory supplies of water. His ability along this line made him a prominent engineer for consultation.

During his service in the Army John Shannahan was untiring, courageous, and attentive to his duties and won the admiration of all of his associates. In his business affairs he showed the same energy, skill, and good judgment. About ten years ago he retired from business and made his home on his landed estates on the Miles River, in Talbot County, where he lived a quiet life surrounded by his neighbors, who were truly devoted to him. His death came after an attack of heart trouble.

His wife died some years ago, and he left surviving him two sons, Samuel E. Shannahan, editor and manager of the Easton Star Democrat, and John H. K. Shannahan, Jr., assistant to the President of the Maryland Steel Company at Sparrows Point, Md.

JOHN J. BROMLEY.

John J. Bromley, son of John and Edith Hurst Bromley, was born October 31, 1838, and died at his home, at Flatwoods, Tenn., February 21, 1916, aged seventy-seven years. He enlisted in the Confederate army in March, 1863, serving until the close of the war and surrendering with his command at Charlotte, N. C., on May 3, 1865. He belonged to Company F, 9th Battalion of Tennessee Cavalry. His brother, W. L. Bromley, was his captain; J. A. Atkins, major. He traveled over most of the Southern States during the war, was considered one of the bravest of his command, and when Major Atkins wanted men to go where there was danger John Bromley was selected as one to go. After the surrender he, like the rest who battled for the Southern cause, helped to make the South what it is to-day. By his industry and perseverance he accumulated quite a competency, which he divided among his surviving children, five sons and two daughters, all living at Flatwoods.

Comrade Bromley was a member of the Methodist Church, and next to his Church was his devotion to the cause for which he so valiantly fought. It was an appreciated pleasure to meet and partake of his hospitality last summer. It was his delight to recite his experiences in following the flag of the Confederacy, and these reminiscences he had put in written form that they might be preserved as sacred treasures. I shall never forget his kindness and that of his dear family while in their midst.

God hallow him and the memory of every true Confederate soldier! The younger sons and daughters of our beloved Southland should hold their names sacred. Peace to their dust!

REDDICK C. CARNELL.

JOHN W. LEEPER.

Another name is added to the last roll, another old Confederate has answered the call to come up higher. John W. Leeper was born in Sevier County, Ark., January 5, 1844, and died at his home, in Lockesburg, Ark., June 5, 1916, leaving an aged wife, three sons, and three daughters.



JOHN W. LEEPER.

Mr. Leeper entered the Civil War as a private in Company G, 2d Arkansas Mounted Riflemen, in January, 1862, and surrendered to W. T. Sherman in April, 1865. He was taken prisoner in December, 1862, at Lexington, Ky., and was released at City Point, Va., April 1, 1863, after having endured untold suffering and privations.

As a citizen Mr. Leeper was always a devout Christian, one who never swerved from duty. As a soldier he was brave and true, loyal to the cause he espoused. He died as he had lived, with his face to the front, marching onward and upward.

CAPT. A. P. TERRILL.

Capt. A. P. Terrill, Christian gentleman and member of Marmaduke Camp, U. C. V., of Moberly, Mo., died on the 28th of October, 1915, aged seventy-eight years. At the beginning of the war he enlisted in the Confederate service, and at the organization of his company he was elected one of the lieutenants, soon thereafter being promoted to captain. During his service he received a severe wound, which incapacitated him from further active service. His life was an inspiration to all who knew him. He was a Christian of the highest type, a true comrade, and a brave soldier. Marmaduke Camp passed resolutions voicing the sympathy of its membership and the sense of loss in his passing. Committee: G. C. Green, J. B. Atkisson, G. N. Ratliff.

DR. N. M. GILDER.

On the 6th of March, 1916, Dr. N. M. Gilder died at his home, in Gatesville, Tex. He was one of the first to enlist when Texas called for troops to defend the Southern Confederacy, and he became a member of Company F, 1st Texas Regiment, organized by Colonel Wigfall near Richmond, Va. Then the 1st, 4th, and 5th Texas Regiments and Hampton's Legion were organized into the Texas Brigade, which so nobly defended our cause in the many bloody encounters of the Army of Northern Virginia. Dr. Gilder went through it all, serving his country from first to last. Those who knew him during those trying times testify that he was a true soldier of the South, always ready to do his duty.

[Jim Dickie, one of Hood's scouts.]

CAPT. A. M. CHICHESTER.

On April 11 Capt. A. M. Chichester died at his home, near Leesburg, Va., at the age of eighty-five years. He was the son of George Mason Chichester and Mary Bowie Chichester and was born in Leesburg on April 6, 1831. He was a civil engineer by profession, and during the War between the States he served with distinction as a staff officer of Jackson's with the rank of captain of engineers. He was one of the engineers who laid out the route of the Old Loudon and Hampshire Railroad, which is now a part of the line traversed by the Washington and Old Dominion Railway. Like all true sons of Virginia, when the call came to arms, recognizing his State's need, he went to the front and served gallantly during the war.

In his marriage with Mary Beverley the names of two of the most distinguished families of Virginia were linked together. Settling on the beautiful estate of Ivon soon after his marriage, his life for many years had been actively spent in the management of his estate. His was always a familiar face on the streets of Leesburg, and he was known and respected by all. Gentlemanly and courteous in his bearing, a never-changing friend, he was a Christian gentleman of the old Virginia type. He was a devout member of the St. James Episcopal Church for many years and chairman of the Confederate Pension Board of Loudoun County.

He had only one brother, the late Washington Bowie Chichester. Three sons and three daughters survive him.

MAJ. T. J. PULLIAM.

The following report on the death of Maj. T. J. Pulliam was made by a special committee of Camp Sterling Price, Confederate Veterans, Dallas, Tex.:

"On Friday, June 23, 1916, as the sun was descending behind the western horizon and the shades of night, like a canopy, were slowly settling down over the earth, the spirit of Maj. T. J. Pulliam took its flight into the blessed beyond.

"Thomas Jefferson Pulliam was born in Houston, Chickasaw County, Miss., March 23, 1838. On February 16, 1869, he was married to Miss Ellen E. Calbraith, a daughter of one of the most widely known and highly respected families of that portion of the State. To this union there were born five sons and one daughter, all of whom are residents of this city and all of whom, save one (Walter), were at the bedside when death came.

"Comrade Pulliam came to Texas with his family in 1894. They came to Dallas in 1898 and have resided here continuously ever since. Having accepted Christ as his personal Saviour in early manhood, he united with the Presbyterian Church in Mississippi, and at the time of his death was a member of the Colonial Hill Presbyterian congregation, where he was held in high esteem and where he will be greatly missed.

"Comrade Pulliam, like thousands of the noblest young men of the South, hesitated not when the call came to arms, but enlisted in the Chickasaw Guards, the first company that went from that part of the State, afterwards known as Company C, 31st Mississippi Infantry. Col. J. A. Orr, now living at Columbus, Miss., who is probably the only living Confederate Congressman, was colonel of the regiment.

"Nothing testifies more strongly, not only to his popularity with his men, but to his coolness and bravery on the battle field, than the fact that he rose rapidly from the rank of sec-

ond lieutenant, with which he entered the service, to that of major of his regiment. Although he participated in the battles of Baker's Creek, Resaca, Atlanta, Franklin, Nashville, and others of less importance, Comrade Pulliam was never wounded or taken prisoner.

"At the terrible battle of Franklin, Colonel Stephens, who was in command of his regiment, being severely wounded almost at the very first onslaught, the command of the Regiment fell upon the then young Major. So admirably did he handle his men, and so cool and courageous was his conduct, that Brigadier General Featherstone, in his report to General Hood, stated that in all the confusion and disorder incident to the battle Major Pulliam maintained the best order and discipline of any regiment in the engagement.

"On the retreat from Nashville General Walthall, division commander, being ordered to select the very best regiments of the army to cover the retreat, the 31st Mississippi Regiment was among those selected.

"Though more than a half century has passed since the War between the States terminated, 'when the storm-cradled nation fell,' he never tired or was lacking in interest in everything pertaining to the welfare of the Confederate soldier, one of his greatest delights being the attendance at the annual Reunions whenever his strength would admit.

"Now, therefore, be it resolved by Sterling Price Camp, No. 31, U. C. V., that in the death of Comrade Pulliam this Camp loses one of its most active and energetic members, the Church to which he belonged an invaluable member, and his family a husband and father whose place can never be filled. Resolved further, That this memorial be spread upon the minutes of our Camp, a copy be sent to the family, and that the daily papers of the city be requested to publish."

[L. Hall, L. H. Craddock, R. K. Willis, Committee.]

CARSON REED ORR.

Carson Reed Orr died at his home, at Aspen Hill, Tenn., on March 18, 1916, after an illness of only three days. He was buried at Pulaski, Tenn., by the Masons, of which fraternity he had long been a member. At the time of his death he was in his seventy-seventh year, having been born July 20, 1839, at Cornersville, Tenn. He enlisted in the Confederate service as a member of Company H, 3d Tennessee Regiment, commanded by Col. C. H. Walker, in 1861 and served throughout the war.

He was married on August 14, 1867, near Athens, Tenn., to Miss Mary Beverly McWilliams. Of the five children born to them, three survive with their mother.

As a soldier his record stands as does his private life—honorable, brave, and always ready for duty. While in camp at Dalton, Ga., he professed religion, and the passage of Scripture read at his funeral is a significant evidence of his Christian life, his walk before his God and his fellow man, and no tribute more beautiful and true could be paid to his life and memory: "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright; for the end of that man is peace." As a matter of course, many a good man has lived, and likewise many a good man has died; but to the writer it is impossible to see how a better man than he could have ever lived. As a husband he was conscientious, true, and kind; as a father he was noble. No midnight hour was ever too dark or too cold for him to rise to a call of duty that would add comfort to his family or a kindness to his neighbor or his fellow man.

MISS ELIZA M. BULLOCK.

With sorrowful hearts we record the death of Miss Eliza M. Bullock, one of the most loyal and efficient members of the Barham County Chapter, at Eufaula. She had previously lived in Montgomery and was a member of the Dixie Chapter there. Her father, Col. Edward Bullock, was prominent in all political and social affairs of that day. An eloquent speaker, he met and welcomed Jefferson Davis when he went to Montgomery to be inaugurated as President of the Confederacy. He was among the first to volunteer and served with the Eufaula Rifles until appointed Colonel of the 18th Alabama Regiment, C. S. A. He took command of the regiment, but died shortly afterwards. His name is enrolled with those of the brave men who first left Barbour County for the front.

Miss Bullock was born in Eufaula and there spent the happy days of childhood and youth. She was educated at Union Female College, under the administration of Professor and Mrs. McIntosh. In those girlhood days she was winsome and sweet and, as the years rolled on, developed into a strong and beautiful woman. A devoted member of the Episcopal Church, she was conscientious, self-sacrificing, charitable, loyal, and true—a woman worthy the name of friend. Several years after the death of her father she joined the ranks of the noble, earnest, intelligent workers of the world and worked always for the education and uplift of humanity, for the good and happiness of others, and she has left an impress for good upon the minds and hearts of hundreds of Alabama women. When her health failed, her heart turned homeward, and she spent the last year of her life teaching in Alabama Brenau, a part of which was the old Union Female College. Broken in health, but never in spirit, she fulfilled her duties there until her work was done.

Loved ones, with tearful eyes and aching hearts, laid the mortal body in a casket, covered it with beautiful, fragrant flowers, and left her at rest in Fairview, beside those she loved best. The immortal spirit God's invisible angels quickly caught and tenderly bore across the dark river to the beautiful beyond.

MRS. R. Q. EDMONDSON,

Barbour County Chapter, U. D. C.

L. C. NEWMAN.

L. C. Newman, of Stanton, Tenn., was born near Sumter, S. C., May 17, 1841, and died in Atlanta, Ga., June 10, 1916. He was a brave Confederate soldier, having volunteered at the outbreak of the war and served in Company A, 10th South Carolina Regiment, which was assigned to the engineering corps on the coast of South Carolina. The second year of the war his command was transferred to the Army of Tennessee, and he took part in the battles of Murfreesboro, Corinth, Chickamauga, Lookout Mountain, Dalton, Resaca, Kennesaw Mountain, and Atlanta. Comrade Newman was with General Hood in all that arduous campaign back to Tennessee, engaging in many skirmishes, as well as the bloody battles of Franklin and Nashville and in the retreat from Tennessee. His command was again placed under Gen. J. E. Johnston at Bentonville, N. C., and was surrendered at Greensboro, N. C.

He then returned to his old home in South Carolina, but soon afterwards went to West Tennessee and engaged in business in the southern part of Haywood County. He was married to Miss Sue Rives, of Fayette County, in October, 1873, and then located at Stanton, Tenn., engaging in the general merchandise business, also conducting a hotel. After the death of Mrs. Newman, in 1906, he remained on his farm

for several years and later was with his daughter in Stanton. For several years he was a member of the county court of Haywood County, always careful of the interests of his county. He was also a deacon and trustee of the Presbyterian Church at Stanton. He attended the Birmingham Reunion, a gathering he always enjoyed, and then visited relatives in Alabama and South Carolina. On his way home he was taken violently ill and died in Atlanta. He was buried at Stanton beside his beloved wife.

Comrade Newman is survived by a son and two daughters, two brothers and two sisters.

G. N. ALBRIGHT.

JERRY S. CROOK.

Jerry S. Crook went to Texas just prior to the battle of San Jacinto and grew to manhood in Lamar County. Springing from sturdy, liberty-loving pioneer stock, the fibers of his splendid nature were strengthened and enlarged by association with a people who had wrested an empire from the hands of tyrants. Circumstance and the environments of a wild and romantic country went into the building of this man and comrade. He had those qualities of heart and soul which all men admire and which it is given few men to possess. Loving peace, the amiable qualities of his nature ever in the ascendant and strengthened by the Christian religion, he was at the same time a soldier who took no thought of fear. When the alarm of war was sounded, Comrade Crook enlisted in the 9th Texas Infantry, whose colonel was the distinguished Sam Bell Maxey, and was elected first lieutenant of Company A. Always earnest and whole of purpose, no finer comrade or braver soldier ever went to war. When the flag he had followed went down, Comrade Crook, ever ready to respond to the right, went back into the ranks of peace and began to help in the rebuilding of his war-torn and devastated country. Just as in "days of danger, nights of waking," he had been in his duty prompt at every call, civil discord and wrong found in him a foeman, and at all times his voice and energies were for his people's betterment.

A soldier and citizen of the highest type, with the conscientiousness of every duty well performed, old in years, rich in the love of family, friends, and ancient comrades, he has passed from among us.

[From memorial resolutions by A. S. Johnston Camp, Paris, Tex. Committee: J. M. Long, L. W. Ross, P. M. Spears.]

DEATHS IN CAMP AT CARROLLTON, MISS.

W. T. Hamilton, Adjutant Camp Liddell, No. 561, U. C. V., Carrollton, Miss., reports the following deaths of Carroll County veterans during the past year: R. M. Morgan and A. T. McEachern, Company A, 7th (Ballentine's) Regiment of Mississippi Cavalry; George C. Reeves, Company K, 11th Mississippi Infantry; S. Shute, George W. Farish, J. B. Jordan, Company A, 30th Mississippi Infantry; A. M. Kirby, Company B, 28th Mississippi Cavalry; John R. Hoge, 4th Alabama Cavalry.

COMRADES AT MIDDLETON, TENN.

R. F. Talley, of Middleton, Tenn., reports the death of two veterans of that community, which leaves only a few more there. W. M. Brown, who was a member of Company A, 14th Tennessee Regiment, under Forrest, had nearly reached his eightieth year. A. M. Duncan was the last of the Middleton Lines, of which he was lieutenant. He was a brave soldier, ever true to the cause, and the flag he loved was placed on his grave.

MARCUS D. L. PITTMAN.

[This sketch of Marcus D. L. Pittman, a private in Cobb's Legion of Cavalry, Hampton's Brigade, J. E. B. Stuart's cavalry corps, Army of Northern Virginia, is the tribute of his comrade in arms, his true friend through life, who served and suffered with him as private and also as lieutenant in Company C—Wiley C. Howard.]

Marcus Pittman was born September 25, 1835, in Madison County, Ga., and there resided all his life, with the exception

of nine years in Clarke County. He then returned to his paternal homestead, where he died January 24, 1916, in his eighty-first year. He was reared on a farm and was a farmer through life, though he acquired a fairly good education and taught school successfully for a number of years before and after the war. He also studied surveying and filled the office of county surveyor and clerk of the Superior Court for a term of several years in his native county. He was extensively and favorably known in Clarke, Jackson, Banks, Oglethorpe, and other counties adjacent to Madison. He was a man of sterling character and possessed a clear and discriminating mind, having for years acted as justice of the peace in his militia district, besides holding other positions of honor and trust, in all of which he acquitted himself as a man, being a useful and patriotic citizen throughout his long life. In December, 1867, he was married to Miss L. E. L. Yearby, who, with five children, survives him.

Comrade Pittman's military career is remarkable in the fact that, though capable of leadership, he sought no honors and remained a private in the ranks throughout the war, doing his duty well and faithfully always and under the most trying circumstances, enduring hardships with courage and cheerfulness. He enlisted in Capt. W. G. Delaney's company, which went out from Athens, Ga., as part of T. R. R. Cobb's legion of Georgia cavalry. After participating in many hard-fought battles, Comrade Pittman was severely wounded while acting as color bearer and was disabled for life. His horse was shot down, and he was wounded in the foot and ankle, while the flagstaff was shattered in the boot. Though the horse fell on him, he still clung to that old tattered flag, holding it aloft until it was seized by another comrade and borne on to victory, as so often before. This occurred between Culpeper Courthouse and Gordonsville, August 1, 1863, in one of the many desperate cavalry charges made by Cobb's Legion, commanded by Col. W. G. Delaney, Gen. P. M. B. Young, Col. G. J. Wright, and others, under command of Gen. Wade Hampton, who often said publicly and privately that Cobb's Legion was the best regiment he knew in the Confederate service. Years after the war President Davis while at Macon, Ga., saw this old battle-scarred flag and embraced it reverently, eulogizing the men



MARCUS D. L. PITTMAN.

who had borne it and made it famous with their lifeblood. Later his honored widow in Richmond, Va., stopped the parade long enough to tearfully salute and passionately embrace this famous war relic. This flag is now in the custody of Col. John Clark, of Augusta, Ga., who enlisted in the Richmond Huzzars and was with Gen. T. R. R. Cobb when he was killed at Fredericksburg. What higher honor could have crowned Comrade Pittman's life than to have so heroically borne this famous flag that day? We, his survivors, are proud of him and his noble deeds of daring. We shall cherish his memory as only comrades can until at last we too shall "pass over the river and rest under the shade of the trees"; and his devoted family, who honored him in life, will cherish his record both in war and in peace as a heritage far above worldly possessions. His name has been written high on the scroll of fame by his deeds and in his own blood and sufferings for the principles of justice, right, and human liberty.

W. G. JOHNSTON.

W. G. Johnston, who died in Houston, Tex., on April 1, 1916, was born March 9, 1840, in Johnson County, Mo. The family removed to Fannin County, Tex., in 1849, and he enlisted in the Confederate army in April, 1861, as a member of Company F, 11th Regiment, Texas Cavalry, under Brigadier General Wharton, later under Gen. Tom Harrison and Gen. Ben McCulloch. The battles and skirmishes in which he was engaged were Farmington, Miss.; Richmond, Covington, Big Hill, and Bardstown, Ky.; Murfreesboro, Shelbyville, Liberty, Elk River, Chickamauga, Missionary Ridge, siege of Knoxville, Mossy Creek Station, Morristown, Dandridge, Tunnel Hill, Tenn.; Rome, Resaca, Dalton, Rice Springs, New Hope Church, Pine Mountain, Kennesaw Mountain, Peachtree Creek, siege of Atlanta, in Georgia; and from Atlanta to the sea. He was wounded at Murfreesboro, Tenn., January 1, 1863, and was not able for duty for ninety days; was never transferred or captured; was paroled at Greensboro, N. C., when Gen. Joseph E. Johnston surrendered to General Sherman. He arrived at home, in Fannin County, Tex., July 3, 1865, and was married in January, 1868, to Miss Nancy E. Brady, and lived for years in Oklahoma City, Okla.

He was also in the battle of Columbia, S. C., and in numerous small engagements not mentioned in the above; was in the last battle fought by Gen. J. E. Johnston at Goldsboro, N. C., and, last of all, under Gen. Joe Wheeler at Salisbury, N. C., in the latter part of April, 1865.

J. C. BURCH.

During the War between the States J. C. Burch gallantly served his country in Company C, 10th Texas Cavalry, Parson's Brigade. He was born in Alabama November 11, 1833. He was married July 11, 1855. He was a faithful member of Plainview Camp, No. 1548, U. C. V. His death occurred at Larkin, Fla., January 1, 1910; and his remains were brought to Plainview, Tex., where he had formerly lived, for interment beside his wife, who died some years previous. He was a Christian gentleman, a member of the Methodist Church, and was highly respected by all who knew him. He had held positions of trust in Hale County, Tex. Five children survive him, two sons and three daughters.

[C. W. Tandy, Captain of Commandery; John G. Hamilton, Adjutant, Plainview Camp, No. 1548.]

CAPT. WILLIAM SMITH BAKER.

Capt. William S. Baker, who died at Sedalia, Mo., at the age of eighty-one years, was one of that city's most highly respected citizens and enjoyed the friendship and esteem of all who knew him. He was born at Princeton, Ky., August 12, 1834, the son of Andrew Baker, who removed to Missouri when the boy was six years of age and settled in St. Clair County. Later the family went to Benton County, but in 1854 William Baker returned to St. Clair County and was in business for some years at Osceola. In May, 1861, he enlisted in the Missouri Militia under General Price, serving under Capt. J. T. Crenshaw until the latter's resignation, and in September he was elected captain of his company following the battle of Lexington. At the close of his term of service he returned to Osceola and in February, 1862, joined the regular Confederate forces at Springfield and was assigned to the company of Captain Buss, in Waldo P. Johnston's battalion, being later appointed sergeant under Capt. John Ferguson, quartermaster. After the battle of Pea Ridge, he went to Van Buren, Ark., and later, with other troops, to Memphis, where the commands of McFarland and Johnson were united. Captain Baker was severely wounded in the battle of Corinth. After the war he went to Sedalia, Mo., and engaged in business, in which he prospered, and at the time of his retirement, some twenty-five years ago, he was one of the city's most substantial citizens. For many years he had been one of the directors of the Citizens' National Bank.

In 1870 Captain Baker was married to Miss Susan White, whose death occurred in 1897. A brother and sister survive him. The funeral services were conducted by the Masonic fraternity, and the interment was in Crown Hill Cemetery, at Sedalia.

CAPT. J. W. PROWELL.

J. W. Prowell, a pioneer resident of the vicinity of Eldorado Springs, Mo., having gone in 1851 to Cedar County from Kentucky, where he was born March 13, 1827, died at his home, near that town, on May 21, 1916.

Captain Prowell was one of those heroes who responded to the call of their country in 1846, and as aid-de-camp to General Scott he entered the city of Mexico at the head of the victorious American forces. He also bore a conspicuous part in the War between the States as captain of Company D, Walker's Regiment, of Rains's Division.

Captain Prowell was a commanding figure in Cedar County for the past fifty years, and there are few men within its borders who did more to reclaim it from a trackless wilderness and transform it into a region of cultivated farms and happy homes and to keep it abreast with the times in the advancing march of development and civilization. He was a man of energy and great force of character and was always active in giving his support to all measures and influences that he believed would promote the moral and social, as well as the material, welfare of the community in which he resided. Unassuming and ruggedly honest, he always sought as his highest duty to live up to those ideals of conduct that are esteemed the crowning virtues of good citizenship, and he has left behind him an example that will be a heritage of pride and an incitement to others to lead better and more useful lives. He was a true friend, a good neighbor, and in all the relations of life he stood loyally and steadfastly by his convictions of right and duty. He is survived by two sons and three daughters.

DR. HENRY SIENKNECHT.

On the 25th of May, 1916, at his home, at Oliver Springs, Tenn., Dr. Henry Sienknecht died at the age of seventy-eight years. He was born March 1, 1838, at Preetz, Holstein, Germany. At the age of ten years he came with his parents to the United States, locating at Wartburg, Tenn. His early education was in Morgan County schools. Later he studied

medicine, graduating from the Medical Department of the old University of Nashville and the Medical Department of the University of Philadelphia.

At the outbreak of the War between the States he was practicing medicine at Jamestown, Fentress County, Tenn. He volunteered and joined the first and only Confederate company made up in that county, which was known as Scott Bledsoe's independent company. When the 4th Tennessee Cavalry Regiment was formed, commanded



DR. HENRY SIENKNECHT.

by Baxter Smith and Paul Anderson, this company became Company I of the regiment. Dr. Sienknecht served during the entire war in this company and regiment and surrendered with his command on May 3, 1865, at Charlotte, N. C. There was no better or truer soldier in the entire army than Dr. Sienknecht and none more beloved by his comrades. The survivors of this company always attended the U. C. V. Reunions, as well as State and Camp reunions, and Dr. Sienknecht was always among them and added much to the enjoyment of these occasions. It was at a banquet given this company that Col. John N. Simpson, of Dallas, Tex., stated that all the honor and glory of old Company I was due to a very great extent to Dr. Sienknecht and another recently deceased comrade, Judge John W. Story, of Forrest City, Ark.

At the close of the war Dr. Sienknecht began the practice of his profession at or near Robertsville, Tenn. On October 18, 1868, he was married to Miss Barbara Tadlock, of Robertsville, who survives him with their six children, three boys and three girls, all of whom have done honor to their parents and the communities in which they live. About twenty-five years ago Dr. Sienknecht gave up his practice and moved to Oliver Springs, Tenn., and went into the general merchandise business, in which he was unusually successful. His ideas of business with his fellow man were always based on honesty and fair dealing. No one stood higher in the medical profession and in the business world than Dr. Sienknecht, and his heart and hand were always open to the poor and depressed. It is said of him that he never passed by a call for help from the needy.

ROBERT NEWTON RICHARDSON.

Robert Newton Richardson, son of Robert Graves and Eliza Ratcliff Richardson (who moved from Virginia to Tennessee in 1830), was born in Franklin, Tenn., August 5, 1840. After a long illness, borne with patience and Christian fortitude, he heard "the one clear call," and on March 30, 1915, he went home to the "Master of all good workmen" with a record of brave and faithful service in war and in peace. In May, 1861, "Newt," as he was familiarly called, joined the Williamson Grays, commanded by Capt. James P. Hanner, which afterwards became Company D of Maney's 1st Tennessee Regiment. As a soldier he was faithful and true, ever ready for duty. His first service was in the mountains of Virginia under Gen. R. E. Lee. He was also in the battle of Perryville, Ky. In the spring of 1862 his regiment came back to the Army of Tennessee just in time for the battle of Shiloh. From then on he shared the vicissitudes of the gallant army on the march, in camp, and in battle until he fell most seriously wounded at Missionary Ridge. Then came long suffering in hospitals, which he bore uncomplainingly. He served through the Georgia Campaign, Tennessee Campaign, then back to North Carolina, where he was one of six to stack arms out of a company originally composed of one hundred, many of whom had given their lives on the fields of battle.

Returning home, he went to work and made as true a citizen of a reunited country as he had made a soldier of the South. He was always affable and kind, ever had a warm handclasp and pleasant greeting for all, especially for his former comrades, and was generous and charitable. He was for years an officer in the McEwen Bivouac at Franklin. A consistent member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, he served as steward forty-six years and many years as trustee. On December 13, 1871, he was united in marriage to Miss Marianne Hightower Sims, who survives him. He was laid to rest in beautiful Mount Hope Cemetery.

GEORGE DILLARD

George Dillard passed away at his home, in Micanopy, Fla., July 11, 1916, at the ripe age of eighty-six years. He was born in Henry County, Va., May 11, 1830, and was educated at Botetourt College. He married Miss Fannie Virginia Penn in 1855, and to this union were born eleven children, ten girls and one boy, seven of whom survive him. The last fifteen years of his life were spent with his daughters at Micanopy, in easy traveling distance of the others, who frequently visited him. The devotion of father to children and children to father was never more pronounced than in this family. His wife died thirty-four years ago, and he remained ever true to her memory, devoting himself to the rearing of their children.

Mr. Dillard was a tobacco manufacturer in his native State until the call came to take up arms in defense of his loved Southland. He enlisted as a private in Company D, 10th Virginia Cavalry, was promoted to the rank of sergeant, and served his country bravely until honorably discharged at Apomattox Courthouse April 9, 1865.

In 1874 Mr. Dillard took his family to Florida and located at Gainesville. Five years later he removed to Micanopy and lived continuously in this vicinity, where he drew unto himself many strong friends who feel his demise with sorrowing hearts. Interment was made in the Micanopy Cemetery. The casket was draped with the flag of our reunited country, and after the grave had been completely covered with the many beautiful floral tributes the escort of veterans marched around

the grave and placed their flags to form the center line. At the head were two Confederate flags, the gift of Mrs. McCreary, the State President U. D. C. Mr. Dillard was not a member of any Church, but was a believer and a close student of the Bible. Surely a good man has been removed from us, and we shall miss him from his accustomed place.

MRS. J. J. JONES.

CAPT. R. P. HOWELL.

Capt. R. P. Howell, Confederate soldier and lifelong resident of Wayne County, N. C., died at Goldsboro on May 8, 1916. He was born January 18, 1840, near Goldsboro, and there he spent his boyhood and attended the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill from 1856 to 1859. When the War between the States broke out, he enlisted as a private in the Goldsboro Rifles and was sent with the company to garrison Fort Macon, at Beaufort Harbor, N. C. In the spring of 1862 the company (Company A, 27th North Carolina, under Col. John R. Cooke) was sent to Virginia to form a part of the force that the authorities were hurriedly assembling to oppose McClellan's advance up the Peninsula. These forces joined just after the battle of Seven Pines and were assigned to the 1st Reserve Corps under General Huger, but did not participate in the Seven Days' fighting.

In August, 1862, Col. Joel R. Griffin raised a cavalry regiment, the 62d Georgia, recruited from Georgia, North Carolina, and Virginia. The place of captain and assistant quartermaster was given to "Phil" Howell. The regiment was first in the command of Gen. Beverly H. Robertson and afterwards under Gen. Roger A. Pryor. Until the summer of 1864 this command operated independently, participating in the recapture of Plymouth. The regiment was then sent to Petersburg as a part of Deering's Brigade, W. H. F. Lee's division, Hampton's Corps. At his own request Captain Howell was transferred to the forage bureau in the spring of 1865 and assigned to North Carolina, where he was when Lee surrendered.

In the fall of 1865 Captain Howell went to Mississippi and tried farming. In 1866 he married Gabriella K. Douglass, a daughter of Rev. J. E. Douglass, the ceremony taking place at Marshall Institute. In 1868 he went back to Goldsboro and there engaged in farming and banking. His wife died in 1914, and two years later, at the age of seventy-six years, he followed her and was laid to rest on Memorial Day, the day so sacred to him, with its precious memories. He left a family of eight sons and daughters, two being officers in the United States army.

SAMUEL C. SUTPHEN.

Samuel C. Sutphen was born October 25, 1842, in Maury County, Tenn., and moved to Nacogdoches, Tex., in June, 1850. He married Annie Oxshur on January 18, 1871, in Nacogdoches County, Tex. To this union were born twelve children, six of whom survive him. He enlisted in the Confederate army in 1861 and served throughout the war, first as a member of Company G, 8th Texas Infantry, commanded by Col. Overton Young. He was afterwards transferred to Company H, 4th Texas Cavalry, commanded by Colonel Hardeman. He was a true soldier, never known to violate a single moral law, and after his return home at the close of the war he became a member of the Methodist Church and lived an exemplary Christian life to the end, which came on the 23d day of June, 1916.

United Daughters of the Confederacy

MRS. CORDELIA POWELL ODENHEIMER, *President General*
Washington, D. C.

MRS. J. H. STEWART, Los Angeles, Cal.....*First Vice President General*
MRS. L. M. BASHINSKY, Troy, Ala.....*Second Vice President General*
MRS. LULU A. LOVELL, Denver, Colo.....*Third Vice President General*
MRS. F. M. WILLIAMS, Newton, N. C.....*Recording Secretary General*
MRS. W. F. BAKER, Savannah, Ga.....*Corresponding Secretary General*

MRS. C. B. TATE, Pulaski, Va.....*Treasurer General*
MRS. ORLANDO HALLIBURTON, Little Rock, Ark.....*Registrar General*
MISS MILDRED RUTHERFORD, Athens, Ga.....*Historian General*
MRS. JOHN W. TENCH, Gainesville, Fla.....*Custodian Cross of Honor*
MRS. W. K. BEARD, Philadelphia, Pa.....*Custodian Flags and Pennants*

"Love Makes Memory Eternal"

FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.

Dear Daughters: This is a day of intense, widespread activity of woman. She is conspicuous in every walk of life, in every country of the globe. In a large sense is she doing the world's work. The organizations through which she effects much of this work are many in number, large in membership and potent in achievement.

The United Daughters of the Confederacy is one of these prominent organizations of women of which its members may well be proud, and it is with the view of arousing each individual composing it to a proper sense of her duty toward it that I am penning these lines. We should have at least one thousand active members—members who have paid their dues and who are enthusiastic over our work and aims—and we should keep before us living issues, lofty humanitarian issues, in addition to the work in which we have hitherto engaged.

Within two months we will gather in annual convention in Dallas, Tex., and the interim should be employed in arousing interest and increasing membership. Every Daughter should at least pay her Chapter and Division dues, and endeavor both to add a new member and to arouse the interest of some member who has lagged. All purely personal feelings should be set aside and every thought and effort concentrated upon the welfare and upbuilding of the general organization.

The sessions of the coming convention will be confined strictly to business and, as far as practicable, a verbatim report of the proceedings furnished in the annual minutes. Therefore I urge delegates to come prepared as to what they wish to say and what they wish to accomplish, so that the time of the convention and the space of the minutes may be economized. I appeal for full attendance at all sessions, for in that way only can we obtain results and find time for the social features that the very hospitable Daughters of Dallas are planning for us.

Practically all of the organizations to which I have alluded publish periodicals bearing on their work at yearly subscriptions up to three dollars and with deficits in some cases of several thousand dollars to be paid out of their general treasuries. In the CONFEDERATE VETERAN we have an organ at the minimum cost of one dollar a year, to which is attached no further obligation, and it should be supported by every one who can possibly afford the small subscription price.

I have most encouraging news for you regarding the magnificent monument we have been working for to be placed on the Shiloh battle field. Our Director General, Mrs. Alexander B. White, writes me that she expects the unveiling will be in October and that four thousand dollars more will pay for it in full. Directors, send in your funds to Mrs. Roy W. McKinney, Treasurer Shiloh Monument Fund, Paducah, Ky., by October 1; and, Daughters, strain every effort to make your donations such that the sums sent by the Directors will pay every cent due.

Daughters, on July 4, 1914, the Arlington Confederate monument was unveiled and presented by us to the United States government in memory of our Confederate dead. I am going to ask you to read pages 41-44 of the Savannah minutes. When you realize that the amount due is a debt of honor, I know I shall not have to make another appeal. At the close of our work at Dallas a new year begins. We should commence that year with Arlington wiped off our slate. The price of a soda water from each one of you will do it.

Bear in mind that the *per capita* tax was due March 1 and that no taxes will be received later than thirty days before the assembling of the General Convention (Article IX., Section 2). Remember, the elements are often responsible for delays in mail, so provide against calamities by not waiting until the last moment. Division Presidents, let it be your pride that not a Chapter in your Division is reported delinquent. Impress upon your Chapters the importance of properly attending to their credential blanks. (By-law 1, Section 3.)

In Dallas to greet us will be Mrs. J. C. Muse, who as Mrs. Katie Cabell Currie was our Second Vice President General in 1894 and President General in 1897 and 1898; Mrs. Cornelia Branch Stone, President General in 1907 and 1908; Mrs. Mollie R. Macgill Rosenberg, First Vice President General in 1901 and 1902; and Mrs. Mary E. Bryan, Second Vice President General in 1909 and 1910. These Texas women endeared themselves to us all, and we should show them by our actions the deep appreciation we have of their early guidance of our society.

Faithfully yours, CORDELIA POWELL ODENHEIMER,
President General.

THE KENTUCKY DIVISION.

BY MRS. LINDSAY PENDLETON CLELAND, WINCHESTER.

The twentieth annual convention of the Kentucky Division, U. D. C., will be held in Lexington on September 20 and 21. The business meetings will be held in the ballroom of the Phoenix Hotel, and that hotel will be headquarters for the delegates. The Lexington Chapter will be hostess for the convention. As that city is in the heart of the blue-grass section, many delegates and visitors are expected.

Mrs. Polk Prince, of Guthrie, President of the Division, will preside.

Miss Mildred Rutherford, of Athens, Ga., Historian General U. D. C., will be present for this meeting and will speak on Historical Evening.

There will be an informal reception on Tuesday evening, the 19th, when the hostess Chapter will receive all visitors in the parlors of the hotel. Many social functions have been arranged, but will not conflict with business meetings.

SHILOH MONUMENT FUND.

REPORT OF MRS. ROY W. MCKINNEY, TREASURER, FROM
JULY 1 TO AUGUST 1, 1916.

Arkansas: Mildred Lee Chapter, Fayetteville, \$5; Varina J. Davis Chapter, Fort Smith, \$5. Total, \$10.

California: Joseph Leconte Chapter, \$4.50; Sterling Price Chapter, \$10. Total, \$14.50.

Florida: Martha Reid Chapter, Jacksonville, \$10.

Georgia: Sidney Lanier Chapter, Macon, \$10.

Illinois: Stonewall Chapter, Chicago, \$25.

Mississippi: Mr. W. W. Johnson (personal, presented through Mrs. Alexander B. White), Panther Burn, \$50.

Missouri: Wade Hampton Chapter, \$2; Mrs. Charles P. Hough (personal), Jefferson City, \$10. Total, \$12.

North Carolina: Check from Director, \$94.60.

South Carolina: Wade Hampton Chapter, Columbia, \$10; John D. Kennedy Chapter, Camden, \$10; Fish Dam Chapter, Carlisle, \$2.50; S. D. Barrow Chapter, Rock Hill, \$5.55; M. C. Butler Chapter, Columbia, \$5; Lancaster Chapter, \$10; Calvin Crozier Chapter, Newberry, \$25; O. M. Dantzler Chapter, St. Matthews, \$5; Fairfax Chapter, \$2.25; Dick Anderson Chapter, Sumter, \$20; Pickens Chapter, \$2; Francis Marion Chapter, Bamberg, \$5; Drayton Rutherford Chapter, Newberry, \$10; John Hames Chapter, Jonesville, \$5; Ann White Chapter, Rock Hill, \$6.35; Cheraw Chapter, \$4; Edgefield Chapter, \$10; St. Matthews Chapter, \$5; Abbeville Chapter, \$5; St. George Chapter, \$2; South Carolina Division, U. D. C., \$25; Joseph Devant, mascot of M. C. Butler Chapter, \$1; Alexander McQueen Chapter, C. of C., Sumter, \$1; Clemson College Chapter, C. of C., \$2.50; N. B. Forrest Chapter, C. of C., Marion, \$1.50; J. E. B. Stuart Chapter, C. of C., Marion, \$2.50; Mary Ann Jackson Chapter, C. of C., Lancaster, \$3. Total, \$186.15.

Tennessee: Miss Lucy Williams (personal), Memphis, \$5; Miss Frances Williams (personal), Memphis, \$5. Total, \$10.

Texas: Col. R. B. Levy Chapter, Longview, \$5.

Virginia: Williamsburg Chapter, \$5; Mr. I. L. Christian (personal), Richmond, \$5; Amelia Chapter, \$5; Ann Eliza Johns Chapter, Danville, \$3; Bethel Chapter, Newport News, \$10; Culpeper Chapter, \$3; Fredericksburg Chapter, \$15; Greenville Chapter, Emporia, \$5.75; Hope-Maury Chapter, Norfolk, \$5; Kirkwood Otey Chapter, Lynchburg, \$5; Radford Chapter, \$10; William R. Terry Chapter, Bedford City, \$2; Ye Olde Arlington Chapter, Eastville, \$10; William Watts Auxiliary, Roanoke, \$10; Bristol Chapter, \$5; Old Dominion Chapter, Lynchburg, \$16.37; Blackstone Chapter, \$5. Total, \$120.12.

Total collections since last report, \$547.37.

Total in hands of Treasurer at last report, \$9,619.48.

Total in hands of Treasurer to date, \$10,166.85.

ARLINGTON MONUMENT ASSOCIATION.

TREASURER'S REPORT FOR MONTH ENDING JULY 31, 1916.

Receipts.

Mrs. Clementine W. Boles, Director for Arkansas, A. C. M. A.:

James F. Fagan Chapter, No. 1209, U. D. C. \$ 2 00

W. C. Cabell Chapter, No. 248, U. D. C. 1 00

Varina J. Davis Chapter, No. 252, U. D. C. 5 00—\$ 8 00

Shawnee Chapter, No. 1443, U. D. C., Shawnee, Okla. 1 00

Fairfax Chapter, No. 1250, U. D. C., Fairfax, S. C. \$ 1 50
Mrs. Thomas W. Keitt, Director for South Carolina, A. C. M. A.:

Wade Hampton Chapter, No. 29, U. D. C. \$10 00

Mary Anna Jackson Chapter, C. of C. 5 00

St. Matthews Chapter, No. 958, U. D. C. 5 00

Edgefield Chapter, No. 1018, U. D. C. 5 00

Lancaster Chapter, No. 462, U. D. C. 5 00

Marlboro Chapter, No. 288, U. D. C. 5 00

F. M. Bamberg Chapter, No. 71, U. D. C. 5 00

Pickens Chapter, No. 656, U. D. C. 5 00

J. B. Kershaw Chapter, No. 216, U. D. C. 5 00

Edward Croft Chapter, No. 144, U. D. C. 5 00

William Easley Chapter, No. 1350, U. D. C. 5 00

Dixie Chapter, No. 395, U. D. C. 5 00

Arthur Manigault Chapter, No. 63, U. D. C. 1 70

John Hamer Chapter, No. 493, U. D. C. 2 00

Chester Chapter, No. 234, U. D. C. 3 00

Clemson College Chapter, C. of C. 2 50

Abbeville Chapter, No. 62, U. D. C. 2 00

St. George Chapter, No. 1035, U. D. C. 2 00

South Carolina Division, U. D. C. 25 00

Mrs. Charles B. Cox 25 00

Mrs. Caroline Sinkler 5 00

Miss Julia Sinkler 5 00— 138 20

Interest credited on deposits 2 48

Total for month of July, 1916 \$151 18

Balance on hand July 1, 1916 528 28

Total to be accounted for \$679 46

Expenditures.

Sir Moses Ezekiel, on account \$500 00

Balance on hand August 1, 1916 179 46

Total accounted for \$679 46

WALLACE SIREATER, Treasurer.

THE NORTH CAROLINA DIVISION.

BY MRS. MARY BENNETT LITTLE, PRESIDENT, WADESBORO

The North Carolina Division is hard at work and hopes by convention time to show a finished memorial to Gen. Stonewall Jackson, which takes the shape of a granite arch across the National Highway that runs through the grounds of the Stonewall Jackson Training School, our State Reformatory for white boys at Concord, N. C. This arch furnishes a bridge over the twelve-foot roadway and will be a unique and splendid monument.

Mrs. Philip Holt, State Leader for the Children of the Confederacy, makes offer of a banner at Dallas. (See the President General's letter in the August CONFEDERATE VETERAN.)

On June 22 the President of the North Carolina Division attended the presentation to Statuary Hall of the statue of North Carolina's War Governor. Her stay in Washington was made more memorable by the companionship of the President General, whose fine sense, good heart, tact, and faithful work are rapidly helping our organization to grow in the knowledge and esteem of the public. A visit with her to the office of the women's branch of the Army and Navy League showed the truly remarkable work going on for our soldiers our Red Cross League having been so generous to the rest of the world that supplies for home use are short. Mrs. Oden-

heimer took a course of instruction in one of the women's training camps, and she confided to me that her "long suit" was cooking.

At the last State convention the President inaugurated a Division scrapbook which has since grown to triplets. Miss Jessica Smith is the enthusiastic custodian of these books, which will some day be beyond price. One volume is filled with original letters written by the greatest of our generals and men of the sixties and were a personal gift to Miss Smith from the widow of Col. Wharton J. Green, of Fayetteville.

My love to the Daughters, and I am looking forward to seeing you in Dallas.

Historian General's Page

BY MISS MILDRED LEWIS RUTHERFORD, ATHENS, GA.

Orders are coming daily for "Sketches of Jefferson Davis and Abraham Lincoln," but no funds have been found available as yet to have the pamphlet printed. It is hoped, however, that it can be done and placed in the hands of the children who are to write essays in school about these two men in September. Notice is given that if the pamphlet is ever printed these orders will be filled. Many Chapters and individuals have ordered speeches to be sent at once, but have forgotten to inclose postage. It is not right to let this expense fall upon the U. D. C. or upon the Historian General.

There still remain on hand some copies of the following:

"The South in the Building of the Nation." Extra edition. Washington, 1912. Ten cents.

"Thirteen Periods of United States History." Extra edition. New Orleans, 1913. Ten cents.

"Wrongs of History Righted." First edition. Savannah, 1914. One cent.

"Historical Sins of Omission." Extra edition. San Francisco, 1915. Ten cents.

"What the South May Claim." Special edition. Ten cents.

"Memorial Edition of Banner." Edition by Memorial Association. Ten cents.

"Programs of U. D. C. and C. of C." One cent.

"Open Letter for 1916." One cent.

The Historian General asks that stamps accompany all orders.

SPECIAL REQUEST.—Many manuscripts are being sent to the Historian General to complete the volumes referred to on page 35 of "What the South May Claim," but not on authorized size of paper and much of it not typewritten (see size of paper, page 30 of "What the South May Claim"), so that it will not fit binder and thus makes the completion of certain volumes impossible. The Historian General will greatly appreciate attention to these matters, so that when her term of office expires all will be found ready for the new incumbent.

STONE MOUNTAIN MEMORIAL.

So many inquiries came to Miss Rutherford regarding the figures to be placed on the Stone Mountain monument that as Historian General of the U. D. C. she wrote to Mr. Borglum for the desired information. In reply he said:

"My Dear Miss Rutherford: I thank you for your letter. I am very glad you have asked the questions. They have been asked a number of times, but not really officially.

"First, let me say this: I have no understanding but that this is to be a great Confederate memorial. It is a memorial

to the Confederacy and to no one else. It would be improper and inconsistent and out of place to put upon that memorial a statue or portrait of Lincoln. Jefferson Davis will be in the main group with Lee and Jackson. That was one of the first decisions, as nearly as I remember regarding the arrangement, and has been repeated again and again in the committee. I think that covers your two questions.

"I have stated two or three times publicly that the whole world and all America were interested in and honored the Confederate heroes and that the North delighted in speaking of their valor as the valor of Americans. That is possibly what has given currency to the phrase. But this is to be a Confederate memorial purely and simply, and I am thinking of nothing else, and I have heard no one else suggest anything else.

"Sincerely yours,

GUTZON BORGUM."

U. D. C. PROGRAM FOR OCTOBER, 1916.

SOUTHERN TEXTBOOKS.

(Answers to be found in "Historical Sins of Omission and Commission," pages 29-38.)

Ritual.

1. Why should we stress the use of textbooks true to the South?
2. What per cent of the books now in use are unjust to the South?
3. What did Dr. Curry say in regard to history as now written?
4. How was Horace Greeley's "American Conflict" unjust to the South?
5. How has the South suffered through misrepresentation abroad?
6. How did the students of a Southern college act when an unjust textbook was not changed?
7. What is the object of the Historical Committee of the U. D. C.?
8. Have any books been written at the North by Northern men that are just to the South?
9. Give some instances of injustice that have caused the Veterans and Daughters to take active measures to right.
10. Where is the danger from the book trust?
11. What injustice has been done to Southern literature?
12. Name some books that should be in every Southern library.

C. OF C. PROGRAM FOR OCTOBER, 1916.

MANASSAS AND GETTYSBURG.

Ritual.

1. Where was the first battle of the Confederacy fought? Who won?
 2. Where was the first defeat?
 3. What kept General Lee from going on to Washington?
 4. When did General Lee say he had lost his right arm?
 5. Who was it that told General Lee to go to the rear, or they would not fight?
 6. In what battle was the charge made by Pickett's men?
 7. Read Pickett's "Charge at Gettysburg."
- Reading: "The Jacket of Gray."
 Reading: "Tell the Boys the War Is Over."
 Reading: "The Land Where We Were Dreaming."
 Reading: "Lee to the Rear."

Confederated Southern Memorial Association

MRS. W. J. BEHAN.....*President*
New Orleans, La.

MRS. JOHN E. MAXWELL.....*Treasurer*
Seale, Ala.

MISS DAISY M. L. HODGSON.....*Recording Secretary*
7909 Sycamore Street, New Orleans, La.

MISS MARY A. HALL.....*Historian*
1105 1/2 Duane Street, Augusta, Ga.

MRS. J. ENDERS ROBINSON.....*Corresponding Secretary*
113 Third Street South, Richmond, Va.

MRS. VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE.....*Poet Laureate*
1045 Union Avenue, Memphis, Tenn.



Next Convention to be held in Birmingham, Ala.

VICE PRESIDENTS

ALABAMA—Montgomery.....Mrs. J. C. Lee
ARKANSAS—Fayetteville.....Mrs. J. Garside Welch
FLORIDA—Pensacola.....Mrs. Horace L. Simpson
GEORGIA—Atlanta.....Mrs. A. McD. Wilson
LOUISIANA—New Orleans.....Mrs. James Dinkins
MISSISSIPPI—Vicksburg.....Mrs. E. C. Carroll
MISSOURI—St. Louis.....Mrs. G. K. Warner
NORTH CAROLINA—Raleigh.....Mrs. Robert H. Jones
SOUTH CAROLINA—Charleston.....Mrs. S. Cary Beckwith
TENNESSEE—Memphis.....Mrs. Charles W. Frazer
VIRGINIA—Front Royal.....Mrs. S. M. Davis-Roy

THE CONFEDERATE MUSEUM.

BY MRS. JOHN MASON, RECORDING SECRETARY CONFEDERATE MEMORIAL LITERARY SOCIETY, RICHMOND, VA.

It is almost trite to say that the South's richest heritage is its history of the valor of her Confederate soldiers, with their undying devotion to the land of their birth. Usually outnumbered, half starved for three years, often barefooted and scantily clad, they met the foe with undiminished courage. It is, therefore, not surprising that we have read in the February VETERAN a long list of memorial monuments and markers erected at different places where the soil was dyed with the blood of our heroes. Arlington monument, that wonderfully artistic work of a Southern sculptor, ranks with the world's great memorials. Shiloh monument fund is steadily nearing completion, and we read in the April VETERAN of yet another Confederate Monument Association just formed for Stone Mountain. It is a wonderful conception, a colossal undertaking, but worthy of the cause.

Now, while all the great and good plans are being successfully carried out we have another sacred duty which adds luster to these memorials, and that is in keeping the true history of the Confederacy, with the brave deeds of its soldiers, ever before the people. This history is carefully preserved in the Confederate Museum at Richmond, Va., the White House of the Confederacy. Its walls are covered with portraits of our soldiers, its cases teem with relics and memorials of those four yards, and, best of all, its library contains invaluable data of that period which will guide the historian or any student in the right course. The South's standards are there emphasized, and the stranger who studies that data will see the justice of the cause and the heroic mold of our great leaders.

In starting this Museum Richmond loyally gave the building and grounds, by no means an insignificant gift, be it remembered. The fifteen rooms and hallways are the special care of fifteen regents representing the Southern States. Each State, therefore, has its own memorials, as well as its responsibilities, in raising an endowment fund for its room to assure the perpetuity of the Museum. It is determined by the society in charge, called the "Confederate Memorial Literary Society," that \$3,000 is required for each room as an endowment. Would any Southern State hesitate to raise individually, by legislative appropriation or otherwise, so moderate a sum for the perpetual preservation of the invaluable contents of the Confederate Museum. It seems incredible that each State would not hasten to secure this needed endowment for its own room, which holds so many memorials of its brave troops for the world to see. Within the past eighteen months eleven thousand visitors have been recorded.

With studied economy the Confederate Memorial Literary Society has held the Museum's expenses down to a minimum, but its steady growth, entailing much heavier expense, is making a greater income necessary; therefore the regents of the different States should now be given the aid required for an endowment.

Monuments will have a deeper significance to our children and children's children when at the Confederate Museum, which is fireproof, the data for the history true of the South is furnished. This Museum, then, is one of our best monuments to the soldier and sailor alike, the rank and file of our Confederate forces.

Look to it, comrades, Memorial women, Daughters, Sons, and the South at large, that after a score of years struggling to preserve our glorious history and to disseminate it to the world the Confederate Museum's perpetuity is to be assured in the near future.

LADIES' MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION OF NEW ORLEANS.

BY MRS. JOHN C. HARRISON, RECORDING SECRETARY.

On May 10, 1916, in New Orleans, La., was celebrated the fiftyth anniversary of the Ladies' Memorial Association. Fifty back in 1866 organizations to help the Confederate soldiers were formed all over the Southern States, and the membership of each has continued loyal to its trust; for as year followed year they remained true to the memory of the boys and men who wore the gray, whether lofty or lowly, and are still found faithful to the surviving heroes who stand before the world in the light of a glory never surpassed. Mrs. J. Enders Robinson paid a glowing tribute to these associations at the U. C. V. and C. S. M. A. conventions held in Richmond, Va., in May, 1915, when she asked: "Where would the women of the future find the truth and inspiration for their annual gatherings if it were not for these Memorial Associations? All must look back to 1866 for both truth and inspiration, finding there the beginning of a work such as the world has never known, finding there twenty Memorial Associations standing in the smoldering ashes of four years' ruin and desolation, showing the way along every line of benevolent, charitable, and memorial work that has been carried forward for the last fifty years."

The history of the Ladies' Memorial Association of Louisiana dates back to May 10, 1866, it having been formed under the name of the Ladies' Benevolent Association of Louisiana and was allowed to take its rightful name only when General Butler and his forces were withdrawn from the State, for

anything with "Confederate" attached was tabooed and considered traitorous. Down through the aisle of time, with its long record of honorable years of active service, it has passed the milestones of decade after decade and to-day stands in the sunburst splendor of fifty golden dawns. A program filled with numbers offered by professional artists was presented, and Col. Lewis Guion, a chivalrous Confederate veteran of the Army of Tennessee, whose family has for generations been illustrious in the history of the State, was appointed chairman. Prof. John W. Caldwell, of the Army of Northern Virginia, in a patriotic oration addressed the large audience gathered to pay homage to this sterling association, of which New Orleans is justly proud. The Confederate flag captured during the war and returned by the city of Boston through its mayor and presented to the organization by Hon. Martin Behrman, mayor of the city of New Orleans, who in turn gave it into the keeping of the Louisiana Historical Association; and henceforth its resting place will be in Confederate Memorial Hall, the spot hallowed by sacred memories. Thirty certificates of life membership were presented to those fulfilling all requirements. Several choruses were sung—"Dixie," "Bonnie Blue Flag," "Auld Lang Syne," and "America." Mrs. W. J. Behan was the recipient of many beautiful floral offerings, including a wreath of laurel, as evidence of the esteem and admiration of her coworkers whom she has led with honor for the past sixteen years. The gold pin of the Association, with a pansy stick pin attached—the flower emblem of the organization—was also a gift of love and appreciation. This golden day will always be a happy memory to one and all.

MRS. V. Y. COOK—AN APPRECIATION.

Mrs. Mildred Ophelia Cook, wife of Col. Virgil Y. Cook, born February 23, 1850, at Randolph, Tenn., on the Mississippi River, near where Fort Pillow now is, was the daughter of Capt. Enos Lamb, a Mississippi River steamboat master, and came to Jacksonport, Ark., on White River, with her parents in 1853, where on June 29, 1871, she was married to Colonel Cook. She died at their home, in Batesville, Ark., July 6, 1916.

Her father was steamboating on White River when the War between the States came, when most of the steamboatmen entered the Confederate service; but Captain Lamb, being then an old man, did not enter the army. Later, when the Federals gained control of White River, Captain Lamb was eagerly and persistently sought by the Federals, with the enticing temptation of eight hundred dollars per month, which they finally raised to one thousand dollars, to pilot the leading steamer of their fleet in transporting troops and munitions.

This offer Captain Lamb declined, although his family stood greatly in need of the necessities of life, as also did all other families in the vicinity.

Finally the Federals became insistent and demanded his services on the river, when he removed to the country, hoping to evade them.

Later a Federal scouting party, led and commanded by the notorious Capt. William McCulloch, a man living in the vicinity, who had joined the Federals and was everywhere oppressing Southern sympathizers with a heavy hand and remorselessly, captured Captain Lamb at the latter's residence one night for the purpose of forcing him into their service on the river. Captain Lamb frankly told them that as an

alternative he would cheerfully go to prison, but that he would in no wise aid the enemies of his country.

Captain McCulloch for once and only once relented, so far as we have knowledge, and left Captain Lamb with his family, and he was never afterwards molested.



MRS. V. Y. COOK AT THE AGE OF FORTY-EIGHT.

They were both Masons, and both have since the war discussed the matter with the writer hereof.

Mrs. Cook was early imbued with an infallible loyalty to the South, and no woman of this beautiful Southland was more patriotic. She was an ardent U. D. C., but was prevented from an active participation in that association on account of deafness; but her whole heart always went forth in sympathy and love to the Confederate soldier and the principles for which he fought.

When the Spanish War came, in 1898, she graciously and patriotically sanctioned and encouraged Colonel Cook in entering the war at the head of the 2d Arkansas Infantry, a large percentage of which were sons, grandsons, brothers, and nephews of Confederate soldiers.

For many years she was a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and knew the companionship of her Saviour; and how we crave for each of us that when we are called hence we may have such a useful, pure record to leave behind us and such a hopeful, cloudless future before us!

The following Confederate veterans were honorary pallbearers at her burial: James P. Coffin, Theodore Maxfield, T. B. Padgett, T. W. Williams, E. L. Hogan, G. R. Martin, Judge S. A. Hail, Rev. F. M. Smith, Franklin Perrin, W. C. Williams, P. J. Young, Rev. Z. T. Griffin.

"Soft be the touch upon this tablet's snow,
Around whose verge the violets shall blow
And love keep vigil while the lilies blow."

A TRIBUTE.

BY MRS. LAURA W. S. BUTLER, ARKADELPHIA, ARK.

Too often we wait until noble lives are ended, until those we love and wish to honor cannot know how much they are appreciated, how well they have lived. Of such noble lives is that of Mrs. Elizabeth Scott Horton, who was born in Mooresville, Ala., in 1834, and is still living, at Holly Springs, Ark., not far from her old home, Fairview Plantation.

Being her sister, I was often in the home of Mrs. Horton during the first years of the war; and from April, 1864, until the close of the war my home was continually in her house. Here I saw her unselfish devotion to her beloved South. Her husband was a member of Capt. Rubin Reed's company (B), in a regiment of Arkansas volunteers under General Dickery, Trans-Mississippi Department, and he served through the war. Left at home with four small children and the negroes, with no neighbor in calling distance, this brave, patriotic woman, only twenty-six years old, managed the farm and the farm work, besides caring for every soldier that needed her care. Her negroes planted and cultivated as much land as when their master was at home, but cultivated enough cotton to make clothing for the family, the negroes, and the soldiers. Corn, wheat, potatoes, sorghum, turnips, and other vegetables were raised in abundance. Soon the blockade of our ports stopped all imports of cloth into the South; and Southern women kept wheels and looms busy day and night making cloth, both woolen and cotton. When any of Price's, Shelby's, or Marmaduke's men camped in her neighborhood, Mrs. Horton always kept her table ready-set; and no matter what hour, day or night, a hungry soldier came, he was taken to the dining room and a good meal set before him.



MRS. ELIZABETH SCOTT HORTON.

There was always a piece of cloth in the loom. I have reason to know, for my work was combing back the threads behind the loom. The warping bars were no sooner bare than another piece of cloth had to be warped. Besides cloth, gloves and socks were knit, to be ready when there was any call for them; and if a soldier came home on a furlough, all the mothers, wives, sisters, and sweethearts had something for him to take back to the loved ones at the front. All night long these women would sew and knit to make clothing, blankets, and even cloth caps for the soldiers. Around the fire at night in the long winter months Mrs. Horton would knit while she helped her two older children with their lessons or watched us as we molded bullets by the thousand to send to our men. Our only light was the pine fire or the tallow candle shining from the old candlestick on the mantel. The hum of the wheel and the clack, clack of the loom, and the swish, swish of the winding blades as we hanked the threads to warp for the loom, never ceased during the day and went far into the night. The negro woman who did the weaving was sent to her cabin early, and Mrs. Horton would take her place at the loom.

After Price's raid into Missouri, a regiment of Missourians camped near Fairview Plantation. During cold weather every bed that could be spared was occupied by the Confederate soldiers, and often pallets were made on the floor for the accommodation of the men. The dining table was always full of something good to eat for them. Among the Missourians thus cared for were Thad George, Morgan Dillingham, Tom Willis, Mr. Frazier, Mr. Morgan, Dr. Wallis, and Dr. Folden. Others who frequented Mrs. Horton's were Sam Campbell and Tom Whitman, both Confederate spies in Shelby's command. All of these soldiers would be glad to testify to this noble, patriotic woman's unselfish devotion to the cause of secession. One of these soldiers, Thad George, was a tall, ungainly youth of eighteen years. When he left the dining room, he backed out, which surprised us until we found that his pants were even more ragged in the rear than in front. Mrs. Horton had a piece of pink checked woolen lindsey in the loom to weave for her three girls a dress apiece. It was the only cloth available; and as the regiment might receive marching orders any minute, she cut the cloth out of the loom and, getting Mr. George's measure, cut and made him a pair of pants and a shirt, with Mrs. Hannah Abbott's help, ready for him to put on the next morning, but she had to sew all night. There were no sewing machines, and every stitch was made with the fingers. Mr. George seemed to appreciate his clothes as much as if they were of Confederate gray and tailor-made.

With Mrs. Horton in this great work for the Confederacy were her neighbors, Mrs. Tennie Dawdy, Mrs. William Dunn, Mrs. John Craig, Mrs. John Cain, Mrs. Sue Evans, and others. One soldier, Mr. Warren Rush, was suffering from granulated eyelids, and the surgeon of the regiment said that he could cure him if he had a place to stay and some one to nurse him during the six weeks he must be kept in a dark room. Mrs. Horton cared for him until he was able to go back to his command. All over the South just such women as these sacrificed comfort and even lives for the cause of the Confederacy.

Mrs. Horton lives with her daughter and is remarkably strong and active, helping about the housework and doing beautiful fancywork.

SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS

ORGANIZED IN JULY, 1896, AT RICHMOND, VA.

OFFICERS.

Commander in Chief, Ernest G. Baldwin, Roanoke, Va.
Adjutant in Chief, N. B. Forrest, Biloxi, Miss.

S. C. V.—"STRICTLY HISTORICAL AND BENEVOLENT."

BY LLOYD T. EVERETT, BALLSTON, VA.

We learn from history that the Constitution of the United States was framed and adopted to protect the minority from encroachment, usurpation, and oppression by the majority. (Among the authorities on this point, see James Madison and Robert Y. Hayne.) To make assurance doubly sure, the Southern statesmen long contended for a strict construction of the powers delegated to the majority by the Constitution.

It was against the unconstitutional encroachments of the majority that the Kentucky and the Virginia resolutions were drafted, respectively, by Jefferson and Madison; that South Carolina at the time of the nullification crisis in 1832-33 took her determined stand with Calhoun and Hayne; that the Southern States seceded in 1860-61. And just as the acts of the majority in defiance of constitutional limitations in matters of State caused the disruption of the Union between certain of the States, so during the same period did the majority in certain great Church organizations of the country, by going outside the proper bounds of their Church governmental functions and attempting to make negro slavery or the question of the central government's supreme authority a moral, religious, or "patriotic" issue, drive forth earnest Christian men and loyal patriots of the South and lead to schisms that exist to this day.

The constitution of the Sons of Confederate Veterans declares (Article 2, Section 2) that "the objects and purposes of this organization shall be strictly 'historical and benevolent.'" Now, "historical," according to Webster's Dictionary, signifies "of or pertaining to history, or the record of past events." And "benevolent," under the same high authority, is synonymous with "charitable." The twofold object of the existence of the Sons of Confederate Veterans, then, is to preserve the record of the Confederate past and to aid the Confederate needy, all as set forth at length in the succeeding sections of Article 2 of the Confederation's constitution.

In the Confederation are earnest, loyal Sons who, it may be, honestly believe it to be their patriotic duty as citizens and voters to advocate a departure from the settled policy of the United States by the adoption and maintenance of a huge navy and a large standing army; others among them may favor, say, strict child labor legislation by Congress (as a measure of true, fundamental moral and physical "preparedness") or national prohibition, the single tax, the initiative and referendum. Other Sons, equally earnest and loyal, believe, with Washington, Jefferson, and Mason of early days, with Kitchin, Bryan, and Vardaman of to-day, in a modest navy that will not tempt us to wars of aggression and conquest (a navy supplemented with good coast defenses), protected, as we are, by a natural wall of water three miles across. They also, with these honored leaders of the present and the past, are eternally opposed to a large standing army as dangerous to liberty and would rely upon a well-trained militia as the true defense of a free people. Or, again, other earnest

and loyal members of the S. C. V. may be honestly opposed to Federal child labor laws, to prohibition, to the initiative and referendum, etc.

These all have equal right to their respective views as citizens. But none of these questions has any proper place, one way or the other, in the S. C. V. as an organization. To seek to introduce them at Camp or Reunion is to encroach upon the individual rights of members just as much as if the organization should undertake to say what religion or Church it favored or whether its members should or should not belong to the Masons or other secret beneficiary society. Such action is but to violate the organization's "strictly" limited constitutional bounds of historical and benevolent endeavor and to throw to the winds the historic Southern doctrine of strict construction of constitutional provisions; it is but to follow the North's mad example of ruthless disregard of minority rights and to introduce needless friction and discord into the order and invite division or disruption.

Jingo, pacifist, and old-fashioned rational defense advocate, Protestant, Catholic, Jew and unbeliever, advocates and opponents of secret beneficiary societies, of prohibition, child labor legislation, or tax reform, etc.—all alike have right to membership in the Sons of Confederate Veterans, without having their beliefs and practices in these matters passed upon one way or the other by the organization. And if the majority rides roughshod over them, they then have the same right as had our Revolutionary and Confederate fathers—separation or withdrawal from the bond of bald usurpation and intolerable tyranny.

Before the Sons of Confederate Veterans go any farther in the way of taking corporate action on questions of current politics, sociology, public policy, or what not under the specious plea of "patriotism," had they not better refresh their memories on the history of majority usurpation and minority protest and thereupon and thenceforth hew strictly to the line of their constitutional powers?

PLANNING FOR THE REUNION IN WASHINGTON.

BY W. E. BROCKMAN, COMMANDANT WASHINGTON CAMP,
S. C. V.

"Veterans First" is the slogan that has been adopted by the committee in charge of the Reunion convention of the Veterans and Sons of Veterans to be held in Washington, D. C., in May or June, 1917. This Reunion is to be the grandest ever held in the history of our organization. The nation's capital stands with open arms to receive the men who wore the gray in 1861-65 and is eager to have them accept and enjoy its hospitality.

Early in the summer the civic bodies of Washington met together and elected Col. Robert N. Harper, of Kentucky, as Chairman of the General Civic Committee. This committee will provide the necessary funds to entertain the visitors and also assist the other committees in their work. Washington Camp, No. 305, Sons of Confederate Veterans, at a recent meeting unanimously elected Commandant W. Everett Brockman National Chairman of the Sons' Reunion Committee. The Veterans will elect their national chairman early in October, when they will hold a joint session with Washington Camp, and at that time they will discuss the plans for the biggest Reunion ever held. These three committees will work together to the end of making the affair a signal success.

Extensive plans are being formulated for the Reunion with two ideas foremost in the minds of each son of a Confed-

erate veteran—namely, veterans first and a veterans' parade. While the fair visitors from the South will be given every opportunity to enjoy each moment of their visit here, it is the plan of the committee to place the veterans in the front, where they stood during the long struggle, and to have them march from the east of the national Capitol down Pennsylvania Avenue to the White House, where they will be assured of the greatest ovation ever received by them. The nation's capital is for the most part flooded with the red blood of the South, whose hearts beat fast and quick at the sound of "Dixie" and whose salute is ever ready for the Stars and Bars, as well as the Stars and Stripes.

CAMPAIGN FOR INCREASED MEMBERSHIP.

A monster campaign is being launched to increase the membership of the Sons of Veterans' organization. George T. Rawlins, of the Washington Camp, has been appointed Chairman of the Membership Committee to that end. A circular letter is being forwarded to all eligible Sons in the District of Columbia, urging them to enroll with us and assist in increasing our membership to five hundred.

FRIENDS AND COMRADES.

W. M. Ives, of Lake City, Fla., writes of his boyhood friend and comrade of the sixties:

"In the August *VETERAN*, page 364, I see the features of my boyhood friend, Charles C. Hemming. Before the war Seth S. Barnes and I had agreed with Charles that as soon as we reached manhood and accumulated the cash we would go to Texas to kill buffaloes and Indians. Seth learned the jeweler's trade in Jacksonville, and in the spring of 1861 my father sent me to school, and Charles and I were classmates until July 3, 1861. His home was in Jacksonville, while Seth and I lived in Lake City. Charles enlisted in Company A, 3d Florida Regiment, I in Company C, 4th Florida, and Seth in J. J. Dickson's company, H, 2d Florida Cavalry. Seth was once wounded. Charles Hemming was captured at Missionary Ridge on November 25, 1863, was imprisoned, escaped to Canada, got passage on an English vessel in 1865, landed on the coast of Florida, procured a fine Confederate uniform, and joined us near Raleigh, N. C., on the night of April 10, 1865; and on April 11 at morning dress parade the adjutant, Frank Phillips, read: 'Orderly Sergeant C. C. Hemming, of Company A, 3d Florida, is promoted to sergeant major of the 1st Florida Consolidated Regiment.'

"We survived the war and were to keep our boyhood pledge. On April 6, 1867, a party was given at my father's in honor of the two friends, who left for Brenham, Tex., the next morning. Conditions prevented my going with them. There Seth died of fever on August 10 following—a noble young man. Charles went to Gainesville, Tex., and his life was a success.

SURGICAL OPERATION UNIQUELY PERFORMED.

BY R. C. SMITH, M.D., WHITE STONE, VA.

During the battles about Petersburg in the sixties the hospitals were kept very well filled with sick and wounded. Among many who were carried to the general hospital one afternoon was a young man wounded in the forehead. His frontal bone was fractured, and a triangular piece of bone protruded. On examination the surgeons, finding the patient calm and not showing evidence of much pain, concluded to

wait until the next morning to remove the piece of bone, considering it rather a critical operation, as there might be danger of rupturing the meninges and perforating the brain. Late in the night the young man was suddenly awakened by something scratching his face. He knocked at the intruder and saw a large rat running from his bed. Having a peculiar sensation about his forehead, he put up his hand to find what the trouble was and found that the rat had removed the piece of bone without an anæsthetic or other instrument than his teeth. My information of this came from the Petersburg Express, which had quite an article in it on the surgical operation performed by a rat. The paper did not give the name of the patient nor the command to which he belonged.

The first five years of my practice were in Camden County, N. C. In 1871 I was at the protracted meeting in Currituck County on one occasion and was introduced to a man who had a considerable depression in his forehead. Upon inquiry I learned that he was the self-same man upon whom the rat had performed a most successful operation. He said that he had a good recovery and went back to his command promptly. The rat evidently did not deem it prudent to delay such a critical operation. No doubt there are some persons still living who read the same article in the Express. I am sorry that I cannot recall the name of the man who had this unique experience.

ORGANIZATION OF THE CONFEDERATE GOVERNMENT.

So little is generally known regarding the organization of the government of the Confederate States that a brief reference thereto may prove interesting.

The Confederate Provisional Congress met at Montgomery, Alabama, February 4, 1861, South Carolina, Louisiana, Mississippi, Georgia, Alabama, and Florida being represented at the opening, the Texas delegates appearing later, and a provisional constitution was adopted on February 8, 1861.

On February 9, 1861, Jefferson Davis was elected Provisional President, and Alexander H. Stephens was elected Provisional Vice President.

On March 11, 1861, a permanent Constitution was adopted, and on July 20 the capital was moved to Richmond, Va.

On November 16, 1861, Davis and Stephens were elected President and Vice President for terms of six years, and on February 18, 1862, the Congress elected in November assembled. On February 22, 1862, Davis and Stephens were inaugurated.

The Confederate Cabinet consisted of six members: Secretary of State, Secretary of War, Secretary of the Treasury, Secretary of the Navy, Attorney-General, and Postmaster-General. The only Cabinet officer who served throughout the existence of the Confederacy was Stephen B. Mallory, of Florida, who headed the Navy Department from March, 1861, to March, 1865. There were three Secretaries of State: Robert Toombs, of Georgia; R. M. T. Turner, of Virginia; and Judah P. Benjamin, of Louisiana, the last-named also from November, 1861, to March, 1862, being Secretary of War, and from February to September, 1861, being Attorney-General. Other Secretaries of War were L. P. Walker, George W. Randolph, J. A. Seddon, and J. C. Breckinridge, who had been Vice President of the United States from 1857 to 1861. The Secretaries of the Treasury were G. C. Memminger and J. A. Trenholm. The Attorney-Generals who succeeded Mr. Benjamin were T. H. Watts and George Davis. The first Postmaster-General was H. J. Ellet, who served

but one month and was succeeded by J. H. Reagan, of Texas, who served from March, 1861, to 1865, and who was afterwards for many years a member of the House of Representatives of the United States and of the United States Senate. He also served for a short time, just before the close of the war, as Secretary of the Treasury.—*W. O. Hart, Louisiana Historical Association*

A "YOUNG" RECRUIT.

Dr. J. H. Shannon, of Saco, Me., writes of his effort to join the Canadian troops:

"I have been on a trip through Canada for some weeks. Great country up there; lots of soldiers strutting around with canes, not guns. Privates get \$33 per month and \$20 more if married. How is that for a private's pay? All the soldiers are getting married under this plan. As I was a soldier of the Civil War from First Bull Run and in the Peninsular Campaign under McClellan, commanded my company at Chancellorsville and Gettysburg and Lookout Mountain under Hooker and a battalion at Nashville, I am no 'chicken.' Still I feel fine and as young as at thirty-five. So for a joke I went into a recruiting station where men were received to form an American legion of five thousand. I found there a major, two or three lieutenants, and some clerks. I said to the major: 'Do you want a recruit?' He replied: 'Well, you look pretty good, but I guess you are a little strong on forty-five, eh?' 'O yes,' I said. I then did a trick I have of placing my hands on the arms of my chair while sitting, raising myself up, and holding myself out straight, saying: 'A person who can do that should make a pretty good soldier, eh?' 'That is so,' he said. Then they all tried it, but couldn't do the stunt. The major then said: 'If you'll swear that you are not over forty-five, by gad, we'll take you.' I then asked the major how old he was, and, finding that he was fifty and had been in the army ten years, I told him that I had been a soldier years before he was born. 'No,' said he; 'that can't be, by gad. Men come in here at fifty that look a d— sight older than you.' He then noticed my Loyal Legion button and said: 'By gad, I cave. Boys, this man was in the war in the States in 1861. D— good joke,' and closed the deal by taking me out to dinner.

"I played the organ in one of the Nashville churches after the war. Dr. Dorman was the leader of the choir; Weber played in the church opposite the Masonic Building. I have been in Nashville once since, but found that nearly all I knew had passed over the river."

CONFEDERATE RELICS.

Mrs. Eva F. Park, 1401 Summit Avenue, Little Rock, Ark., offers some valuable Confederate relics for sale:

C. S. A. belt buckle; bracelet made of seven Confederate buttons; two C. S. A. buttons from the battle field of Gettysburg, one infantry, one cavalry; a button from the vest of Irby Morgan, of Nashville, Tenn.; one button from the vest of Lieutenant Gentry, of the Confederate States navy; four buttons from the dress coat of Captain Rhett; stick pin made from a button from the overcoat of Sam Davis (this was bought from the son of Chaplain Young, to whom he gave the coat when he was executed as a spy); one Confederate pistol; Confederate bond signed by Mr. Tyler; a small Confederate flag that was hidden in a pillow when Ben Butler destroyed the flags in New Orleans; more than a thousand dollars of Confederate money.

BOOK REVIEW.

REMINISCENCES OF A REBEL. By Rev. Wayland Fuller Dunaway, D.D. Neale Publishing Company, New York.

Brief and bright is this story of the experiences of a captain and adjutant general of brigade in the Army of Northern Virginia. He was in all the battles of that glorious army until his capture, soon after the battle of Gettysburg, and then he spent twenty weary months in prison, much of the time on starvation fare. The reminiscences are full of interest and recall vividly the old fighting, marching, suffering, glorious days. The only fault I find is that the author, while believing in the right of secession and condemning the North for forcing on the war, yet thinks the South acted rashly and with hot-headed passion in withdrawing from the Union. But his theory did not hinder his giving the whole-hearted devotion of a brave man to our cause. Since the war the whilom soldier of the Confederacy has become a leader of the soldiers of the cross.

J. H. McNEILLY, D.D.

REVISITS OLD PRISON.—H. T. Miley writes from Summit Point, W. Va.: "My dear VETERAN—for it is dear to me in my declining years; it takes me back to the time when we suffered cold, hunger, and everything for the sake of our cause, for which none of us are ashamed, thank God—in August of last year I went down to Point Lookout, where I was in prison ten months. I was just curious to know what it looked like. I found that the old prison land had all been cut out by the Chesapeake Bay, and the whole thing was unrecognizable. I was pleased to find that all the dead (3,384) had been moved from the island to a plot of ground some two miles from where they were buried, away from the water. The grounds are beautifully sodded, and a handsome monument stands in the center of the lot, with bronze plates having all the names, companies, and regiments inscribed thereon, there to await the resurrection of the just. O, the suffering endured there no one can tell, guarded by negroes, who stopped at nothing to insult and torture us!"

ONE OF TERRY'S TEXAS RANGERS.—The grave of William F. Scallorn, of Fayette County, Tex., who died at Mooresville, in Marshall County, Tenn., in January, 1863, a year after the surrender of Fort Donelson, has been located in a graveyard near Mooresville. A record had been made of it by the late John R. Bryant, at whose home the Texas soldier died, and now a simple monument will be erected over him by Capt. J. K. P. Blackburn, of Lynnville, Tenn., who was also a member of the famous Texas command and had been trying for some time to locate the grave of his comrade. Captain Blackburn and A. M. Proctor, of Nashville, Tenn., are now the only surviving Tennessee members of Terry's Texas Rangers' Association.

A CORRECTION.—The author of the article on "Casualties of the 11th Mississippi Regiment at Gettysburg" (page 410) asks that in the report of Company I the killed be changed to 14 instead of 13 and the wounded to 25 instead of 26. This will affect the aggregate of killed and wounded, which should be: Killed, 103, instead of 102; and wounded, 167, instead of 168. This correction came too late for changes to be made in the article itself.

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John M. Sellars, R. R. 8, Box 109, Union City, Tenn., wants to learn the whereabouts of Henry Davis, of Company E, 1st Tennessee Cavalry, C. S. A. When last heard from he was in Nashville, Tenn.

Edward J. Tiernan, 115 Second Avenue, New York City, writes of having found a cross of honor bearing the name of Col. Sam J. Winn, 16th Georgia Cavalry, which he will take pleasure in sending to the owner upon application.

D. H. Chapman, 128 Crest Avenue, Point Richmond, Cal., makes inquiry for one M. C. Brockenbrough, of Company B, 1st Regiment of Louisiana Volunteer Infantry, Army of Northern Virginia. After the war he returned to Louisiana and practiced medicine.

Lew B. Brown, editor of the *Independent*, St. Petersburg, Fla., is trying to secure the record of his father, George L. Brown, who served with Company A, Chrisman's Battalion, 1st Arkansas Regiment. He enlisted either at Madison or Helena, Ark., was captured at Madison, and was in Gratiot Prison, St. Louis, Mo., in March, 1863. Any surviving comrades who can give further information will confer a favor by writing his son at the above address.

Mrs. Sarah G. Swaringan, General Delivery, Atlanta, Ga., wants to know if there are any soldiers living who belonged to Company K, 1st East Tennessee Regiment, under Captain Swaringan and Colonel Carter.

Capt. John J. Bradford, of Brandon, Miss., would like to correspond with all survivors of the 3d, 22d, 31st, 33d, and Alcorn's 1st Mississippi Battalion, all of Featherston's Brigade, Loring's Division. This is a matter of importance.

Mrs. Douglas Knox, 510 Rock Street, Little Rock, Ark., would like to know if there are any surviving members of the Sardis Mississippi Blues, 12th Mississippi Regiment, under Col. John Dickens, Brig. Gen. Joe Davis. She wants to know the battle in which the company participated.

Mrs. S. H. Barton, of Del Rio, Tex., wants to hear from some comrade of William Hall who can give testimony of his service. He enlisted from Louisa, Va., at the age of eighteen years. He was under Capt. Bill Hall. (There were thirty or forty others by the name of Hall in the same company.) He was wounded once at Palm Gap and once at Cumberland Gap. Mr. Hall wants to enter the Confederate Home.

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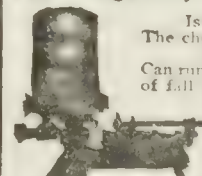
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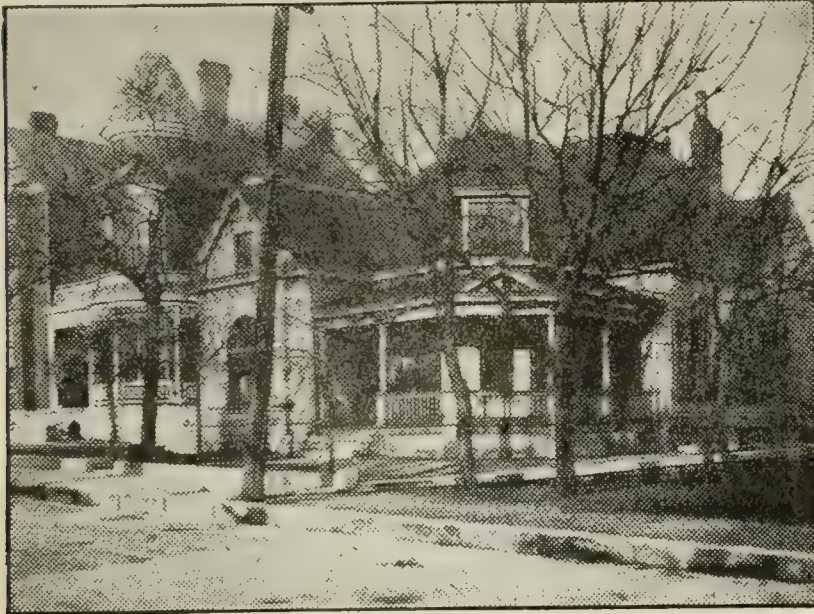
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Mrs. W. C. Turbeville, of Flatonia, Tex., desires proof of her husband's record. He was a member of the 20th Tennessee, enlisted from Nashville, and was paroled at Nashville in 1865.

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Mrs. E. L. Dickenson, of Hopkinsville, Ky., seeks information of her husband's service in the war. In 1862 Reuben Dabney Dickenson enlisted near Dyersburg, Tenn., in Company D, Hill's Cavalry Regiment. His company was sent to Camp Trenton and was called out just before the battle of Shiloh. He was appointed courier for General Beale until the retreat into Port Hudson; was

wagon master from then until the surrender. He was also in the commissary department in North Alabama.

Mrs. V. C. Parker, of Mena, Ark., desires to correspond with surviving comrades of her husband who can testify to his service as a Confederate soldier. John H. Parker enlisted in or near Nashville, Tenn., in 1861, it is thought.

G. W. Coleman, of Oglesby, Tex., was born in Alabama and went to Arkansas as a child. In the spring of 1861 he went back to Alabama and enlisted in Capt. T. A. Davis's company, known as the Autauga Rifles, 6th Alabama Regiment. Later on he was discharged on account of ill health, went back to Alabama, and then to Arkansas, reenlisting in an Arkansas company of the 5th Louisiana Regiment, and served until the surrender. He would like to hear from any of his comrades or relatives.

William H. White, of Stillwell, Okla., enlisted from Anderson, S. C., in the fall of 1864 in a company of State militia organized by James Long, captain, and was in the regiment commanded by Colonel Perriman, serving until the surrender. He had a brother in the same company and remembers a comrade by the name of Quail. This regiment was in several engagements in North Georgia, South Carolina, North Carolina, and Eastern Tennessee. He would like to hear from some comrade who remembers him.

While the manufacturers all over the country are complaining of a shortage in dyestuffs, the Northwest Indians go right straight on making their blankets containing all the hues of the rainbow, the fuss about war not interfering. The Indian just goes to the hills and digs out his vermilion, his ochres, his browns, and his blacks, and with combinations of these he makes his other colors and calmly goes on weaving his robes and blankets exactly as his ancestors for the last several thousand years have done. And the best of it is that his colors stick. —*National Tribune.*

NEWS OF FIFTY YEARS AGO.—When Mr. Davis and Postmaster-General Reagan were captured in Georgia last spring, there was found on the person of the latter \$60,000 of bills of exchange, drawn on the Rothschilds, of London, by Mr. Trenholm, Secretary of the Confederate Treasury. These, with others captured by the United States troops, were sent on by the Secretary of the United States Treasury for collection. They have all been returned with the indorsement, "No funds." It is known by several persons that there were ample funds in the hands of the Rothschilds when these bills were drawn, but by some means or other it seems they have been spirited away.—*Richmond (Va.) Dispatch, 1866.*

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Drum in Position

A GREAT AGGREGATION.

While standing in front of the composite painting in the corridor on the third floor of the State Library Building, which represents Gen. Robert E. Lee and other Confederate generals, a young man of the South was interrupted in his worship by a stranger with a decided Yankee twang in his voice.

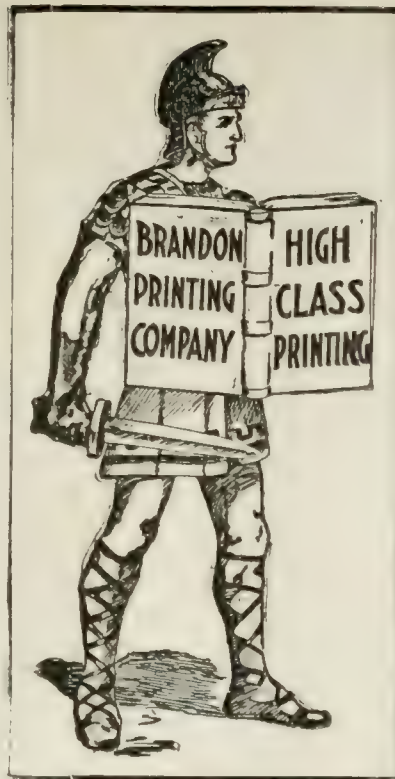
"What does that represent?" asked the man from the North.

"That's General Lee and the other Confederate generals," was the reply as the young man turned to see what manner of man it was who didn't know Lee, Jackson, Hill, and the rest when he saw them.

"Pretty intelligent-looking bunch of men," said he of the North.

"Well, I guess they are," said the Southerner. "They took one man and held back five for four years."

Not another word was uttered; neither considered one necessary. The Yankee walked off to look at the curios in the library, and the Southerner went to try to find out what had been the records of his grandfather and several uncles while serving in the Army of Northern Virginia.—*Richmond Times-Dispatch.*



Facts about PRINTING

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Mrs. Charles H. Miller, 2516 Broadway, Little Rock, Ark., wants to know the regiment to which her father, F. M. Ward, belonged. He served in an Arkansas regiment, and she thinks he was in Captain Bradley's company.

E. W. Cook, of Flaton, Tex., enlisted from Sardis, Miss., in Company E, 18th Mississippi Cavalry, under Colonel Chalmers, and was paroled in 1865. He is trying to secure a pension and would like to hear from some comrade who can testify to his record.

Mrs. J. B. Beale, of Hattiesburg, Miss., is trying to secure a pension and wants to communicate with some member of her husband's command who can testify to his service. J. B. Beale joined Company E, 8th Georgia Cavalry, in Augusta, Ga., and served until the surrender.

Miss Frances Meyers, 1019 West Fifth Street, Winston-Salem, N. C., wants to hear from some one who can give her information concerning the number of the regiment to which B. Meyers belonged. He enlisted in Richmond and was for one year in Colonel Caskies' cavalry.

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MARIETTA, GEORGIA

Confederate Veteran.

VOL. XXIV.

OCTOBER, 1916

NO. 10



THE CONFEDERATE MUSEUM AT RICHMOND, VA.

The home of President Davis after Richmond was made the capital of the Confederacy. (See article on pages 438, 439.)

ROUTE

Al. G. Field Greater Minstrels

OCTOBER

Wednesday, 11th.....Vicksburg, Miss.
 Thursday, 12th.....Natchez, Miss.
 Friday, 13th.....Jackson, Miss.
 Saturday, 14th.....Meridian, Miss.

Sunday, October 15th

Monday, 16th.....Selma, Ala.
 Tuesday, 17th.....Montgomery, Ala.
 Wednesday, 18th.....Montgomery, Ala.
 Thursday, 19th.....Columbus, Ga.
 Friday, 20th.....Macon, Ga.
 Saturday, 21st.....Savannah, Ga.

Sunday, October 22d

Monday, 23d.....Jacksonville, Fla.
 Tuesday, 24th.....Jacksonville, Fla.
 Wednesday, 25th.....Tallahassee, Fla.
 Thursday, 26th.....Pensacola, Fla.
 Friday, 27th.....Mobile, La.
 Saturday, 28th.....Mobile, La.

Sunday, October 29th

Monday, 30th, to Sunday, November 6th, New Orleans, La.

Sunday, November 6th**NOVEMBER**

Monday, 6th.....Lake Charles, La.
 Tuesday, 7th.....Beaumont, Tex.
 Wednesday, 8th.....Galveston, Tex.
 Thursday, 9th.....Houston, Tex.
 Friday, 10th.....Houston, Tex.
 Saturday, 11th.....San Antonio, Tex.

Sunday, November 12th

Monday, 13th.....Austin, Tex.
 Tuesday, 14th.....Waco, Tex.
 Wednesday, 15th.....Fort Worth, Tex.
 Thursday, 16th.....Dallas, Tex.
 Friday, 17th.....Dallas, Tex.
 Saturday, 18th.....Dallas, Tex.

Sunday, November 19th

Monday, 20th.....Shreveport, La.
 Tuesday, 21st.....Shreveport, La.
 Wednesday, 22d.....Monroe, La.
 Thursday, 23d.....Alexandria, La.
 Friday, 24th.....Marshall, La.
 Saturday, 25th.....Hot Springs, Ark.

Sunday, November 26th

Monday, 27th.....Hot Springs, Ark.
 Tuesday, 28th.....Little Rock, Ark.
 Wednesday, 29th.....Little Rock, Ark.
 Thursday, 30th.....Memphis, Tenn.

DECEMBER

Friday, 1st.....Memphis, Tenn.
 Saturday, 2d.....Memphis, Tenn.

Confederate Veteran.

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VOL. XXIV.

NASHVILLE, TENN., OCTOBER, 1916.

No. 10.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM,
FOUNDER.

"BRAVE WORDS, MY MASTERS!"

COMPILED BY JOHN C. STILES, BRUNSWICK, GA.

In April, 1861, President Lincoln, having determined upon war for the subjugation of the Southern States, and realizing that the regular forces of the United States could not cope with the situation, issued a call for seventy-five thousand men to "cause the laws to be duly executed." An apportionment was made by States; and as Virginia, North Carolina, Tennessee, Arkansas, Missouri, and Kentucky had not up to this time seceded from the Union, an allotment fell to each. The Governors of these States replied to the Chief Executive in the following unequivocal terms:

"Your dispatch received. In answer I say most emphatically that Kentucky will furnish no troops for the wicked purpose of subduing her sister Southern States. B. MAGOFFIN."

"Your dispatch received; and if genuine, which its extraordinary character leads me to doubt, I have to say in reply that I regard the levy of troops made by the administration for the purpose of subjugating the States of the South as in violation of the Constitution and a gross usurpation of power. I can be no party to this wicked violation of the laws of the country and to thus war upon the liberties of a free people. You can get no troops from North Carolina.

JOHN W. ELLIS."

"Your dispatch, informing me that Tennessee is called upon for two regiments of militia for immediate service, is received. Tennessee will not furnish a single man for the purpose of coercion, but fifty thousand, if necessary, for the defense of our rights and those of our Southern brethren.

ISHAM G. HARRIS."

"Your dispatch, making a call on Missouri for four regiments for immediate service, received. There can be, I apprehend, no doubt that the men are intended to form a part of the President's army to make war upon the people of the seceded States. Your requisition, in my judgment, is illegal, unconstitutional, and revolutionary in its object, inhuman and diabolical, and cannot be complied with. Not one man will the State of Missouri furnish to carry on such an unholy crusade.

C. F. JACKSON."

"I received your telegram, the genuineness of which I doubted. I have only to say that the militia of Virginia will not be furnished to the powers at Washington for any such use or purpose as they have in view. Your object is to subjugate the Southern States, and a requisition made upon me for such an object—an object, in my judgment, not within the purview of the Constitution or the act of 1795—will not be complied with. You have chosen to inaugurate civil war, and, having done so, we will meet it in a spirit as determined as the administration has exhibited toward the South.

JOHN LETCHER."

"In answer to your requisition for troops from Arkansas to subjugate the South, I have to say that none will be furnished. The demand is only adding insult to injury. The people of this commonwealth are freemen, not slaves, and will defend to the last extremity their honor, lives, and property against Northern mendacity and usurpation.

H. M. RECTOR."

"As long as the Union was faithful to her trust,
Like friends and like brethren, kind were we and just;
But now, when Northern treachery attempts our right to mar,
We hoist on high the bonnie blue flag that bears a single star."

GEN. RICHARD ANDERSON.

A sketch of the life of Lieut. Gen. Richard H. Anderson is now being prepared by Gen. C. Irvine Walker, of South Carolina. This work is being done at the request of the committees of Dick Anderson Camp, U. C. V., and Chapter, U. D. C., of Sumter, S. C. General Walker is most anxious to obtain any incidents of General Anderson's career, whether purely historic or such as evidenced the General's personal character on military skill. In the various commands, brigade, division, and corps, which General Anderson led were troops from Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Florida, and Louisiana. So there must be many veterans who can help to do justice to the modest, retiring General, who never sought self-glory. Any who can furnish such information will please communicate with General Walker at Summerville, S. C.

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Founder.

Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

All who approve the principles of this publication and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to cooperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

DEATH OF GEN. BASIL DUKE.

In the early morning of September 16 the "inevitable hour" came to Gen. Basil Duke at the Presbyterian Hospital, in New York City, where he had gone for treatment. It was found necessary to amputate his foot because of infection from an old wound, but it was too late, and death followed a few days later. Thus passes another of the few remaining generals of the Confederacy. He was a gallant member of the famous Morgan's Cavalry, and he was recently reelected commander of the organization of its survivors known as "Morgan's Men" at its annual reunion at Georgetown, Ky. General Duke was a man of attractive personality and an interesting writer. A chapter from his "History of Morgan's Cavalry" appearing in this number gives a vivid description of the escape of General Morgan from the prison at Columbus, Ohio. A sketch and picture of General Duke will appear in the VETERAN for November.

THE CONSPIRACY WHICH BROUGHT ON WAR.

The article in this number on the "Sudden Change in Northern Sentiment as to Coercion in 1861," by Dr. James H. McNeilly, of Nashville, shows that there was evidently a deep-laid plan to force the South into making the first hostile demonstration in order to arouse that sentiment which would respond to the call for troops necessary to invade this section. It is well known that the general sentiment in the North was against making war on the seceding Southern States, but there was a powerful political element which really wanted war and could see the value of forcing the South into making an offensive move. Forcibly illustrating this spirit is the following quotation from a thoughtful writer of the South:

"On February 2, 1861, Hon. Stephen A. Douglas, in a letter published in the Memphis Appeal, wrote of the Republican leaders as follows: 'They are bold, determined men. They are striving to break up the Union under the pretense of serving it. They are struggling to overthrow the Constitution while professing undying attachment to it and a willingness to make any sacrifice to maintain it. They are trying to plunge the country into a cruel war as the surest means of destroying the Union upon the plea of enforcing the laws and protecting public property.' Shortly after Douglas wrote this letter Senator Zach Chandler, of Michigan, wrote a letter to Gov. Austin Blair which proves the guilty conspiracy of the men determined on war. Virginia had solicited a conference of States to see if some plan could not be devised and agreed on to prevent war and save the Union. Chandler wrote Governor Blair that he opposed the conference, and no Republican State should send a delegate. He implored Governor Blair to send stiff-necked delegates or none, as the whole thing was against his judgment. Chandler added to his letter these sinister words: 'Some of the manufacturing States think that a war would be awful; without a little blood-letting this Union will not be worth a curse.'"

THIS REUNITED COUNTRY.

BY BERKELEY MINOR, STAUNTON, VA.

In the VETERAN for June W. E. Doyle, of Teague, Tex., writes interestingly, though not wisely, about "The Reunited Country." I think he is mistaken when he says that "the North, in fact, has no love nor use for the South except in so far as we can be made hewers of wood and drawers of water for them." I have not lived in the North nor visited there much, yet the testimony of Southerners who have is almost unanimous that the North as a body would gladly resume the old relations of love and affection which led to the formation of the old Federal Union; but they fail to recognize the impossibility of this so long as they fail to acknowledge the great wrong done to the South by Lincoln and his party in 1861 and many following years.

To illustrate this impossibility: Two parties (N. and S. we may call them), old friends and partners in business, quarrel. It makes no difference which one is right (or mostly right) for the purpose of our illustration; each thinks himself right. S. wants to separate peaceably; N. says: "No; we went into this business to stay, and we must carry it through." They fight desperately. S. is badly beaten and forced to continue in the business with N. on the same old terms, with some more conditions made necessary (as N. thinks) by their changed relations. Now, under such circumstances is a restoration of the old relations of love and amity possible unless one or the other admits himself in the wrong and makes restitution as far as possible? Certainly not. A truce may exist, a sort of *modus vivendi* be maintained; but all true manhood must see that a real organic union is impossible. A proper self-respect, to say nothing of natural feeling, forbids it. And this writer believes that thinking men, honorable men, both North and South, agree in this view, and that no really reunited country is possible until one side or the other can say from his heart: "Brother, I was wrong; I thought I was right, but was mistaken. Pardon me; I'll do all I can in reparation."

Such a consummation, so devoutly to be wished, is, I fear, not likely to be attained; but its attainment is not hastened—rather hindered—by those who cry out so loudly and somewhat hysterically that it is already attained.

NEWS OF FIFTY YEARS AGO.—President Johnson yesterday vetoed the bill enlarging the powers of the Freedman's Bureau. The message he sent in would make three columns in this paper. It is a masterly exposition of the evils that would result from the passage of such a law. The President makes no efforts to compromise, does not say that if such and such features were stricken out of the bill it would be acceptable to him; but with the vigorous logic of a master mind he shows that the bill is a monster, and with the grip of a man of iron will he proceed to strangle it. The veto, while not entirely unexpected, created a profound sensation in Congress, and last night's dispatches say that Thad Stevens and Charles Sumner and their following are simply frothing at the mouth. They declare the bill will be passed over the President's veto, but the President's friends are equally as positive in their assertions that the radicals cannot muster the necessary two-thirds vote in the Senate.—*Richmond Times-Dispatch*.

FOR TREASURER GENERAL U. D. C.—The Kentucky Division, U. D. C., in convention at Lexington, unanimously indorsed Mrs. Nathaniel Wickliffe Muir, of Bardstown, for Treasurer General U. D. C., election at Dallas convention in November.

THE REUNION IN WASHINGTON.

Gen. George P. Harrison, Commander in Chief U. C. V., has sent out a general letter to the press of the South designed to correct some misapprehension as to the meeting of Confederate Veterans in 1917, in which he says:

"Regarding the approaching reunion of Confederate veterans at Washington, D. C., as an occasion of great importance not only to the South, but to our common country, and desiring that this the first meeting of our organization outside any of the Confederate States may be properly understood and appreciated, I would thank you to publish the following letter from Col. Hilary A. Herbert, which gives the facts. I heartily indorse the sentiments therein expressed and appeal to my comrades 'to continue to march in the lines marked out for us by the immortal Lee.'"

Colonel Herbert wrote as follows:

"Ever since Appomattox it has been apparent that in an irrevocable union the welfare of the South and the happiness of the whole country could be obtained only by the restoration of good feeling between the sections. To this end I have tried to do my part, both in and out of office, and I was delighted beyond measure when I saw the enthusiasm with which, after having accepted the invitation to Washington, our convention selected you as its President. Under your control I feel assured that the visit of the Confederates in 1917 to their national capital will be the climax of that good feeling between the North and South that has been brought about largely by such Confederates as Generals Gordon and Stephen D. Lee and the various reunions between the blue and gray that culminated in the great meeting at Gettysburg in 1913.

"At Birmingham one of our leaders, who has himself done his full share in this great work and who made a great speech in that Gettysburg reunion, expressed to me the fear that the outcome of the proposed visit might turn out to be an attempted reunion of all the blue and all the gray, in which case he feared some unhappy friction might result, as there are still irreconcilables both North and South. But, as you and I have always known, this movement has never had in view any such purpose. Col. Andrew Cowan, the originator of the movement, and all the Union soldiers who voted for his resolution understand it just as do you and I and the civic authorities of Washington, who are to be our hosts.

"Colonel Cowan was a gallant commander of artillery in Hancock's Corps of the Union army and particularly distinguished himself in the battle of Gettysburg. Since the war he has become commander of the Loyal Legion of the Union army and has been made an honorary member of the Orphan Brigade of Kentucky Confederate Veterans at Louisville, where he lives. During the grand parade of the G. A. R. in Washington last October Colonel Cowan moved at a camp fire of the Hancock Corps Association that the Confederate Veterans be invited by Washington to hold their 1917 Reunion in that city, the invitation to be carried by me. The resolution, put by Col. Myron H. Parker, of Washington City, President of the Association, was unanimously carried, and the invitation was subsequently extended, as you know, by the civic authorities of Washington and was accepted at Birmingham.

"Col. Robert N. Harper, of Washington, now acting for the city authorities, recently wrote me an enthusiastic letter on the subject, which I sent to Colonel Cowan, and in reply I have from Colonel Cowan a letter from which I take the liberty of quoting the following: 'Of course there are perfectly sincere persons, both at the South and the North, who are not and never will be reconciled. Yet we know that their

number grows smaller steadily, while soldiers like ourselves are using all the means in our power to perfect a reconciliation between the blue and the gray. By the way, it is curious how persistently the story is being told at the South that the Washington Reunion of the U. C. V. is a blue-and-gray affair. I have done my best to correct that error, but without much success. It ought to be published in every Southern newspaper that the U. C. V. have been invited to hold their 1917 Reunion at Washington by the Board of Trade, the Chamber of Commerce, the Commissioners of the District of Columbia, and the Retail Merchants' Association as fully and cordially as any such invitation was extended to the G. A. R.; also that the meeting will not be a blue-and-gray combination, but the U. C. V. coming to the capital of the country to meet a warm and generous entertainment. Colonel Parker wrote me after the invitations had been accepted that the U. C. V. would receive a warmer welcome than had ever been given the G. A. R., not because they were any better beloved, but rather because of the pride of all our people in the valor and sacrifices shown by the Confederate soldiers in striving to maintain the ideals of the Confederacy.'

"When it comes to be thoroughly understood that in our 1917 Reunion the U. C. V. are simply to be the guests of our national capital, which is now preparing to give us a warm welcome, all will go smoothly. On the one side, every loyal Confederate, no matter what he may have thought about accepting the invitation, will acquiesce in the decision of the majority; and all of our comrades will, of course, strictly observe the cardinal rule of the hospitality for which the South is famous, that on a visit neither guest nor host is to do or say anything offensive to the other. Thus Confederates will be marching in the lines marked out for them by General Lee in his farewell address to his army and by his whole subsequent life.

"On the other hand, nobody understands the rules of hospitality better than the city authorities at Washington. These authorities had not assumed the obligations of host when the U. D. C. held their 1912 convention at the national capital; yet all Washington, official and nonofficial, opened its heart and its doors to our Southern women and gave them a reception that won them completely. With the city authorities now our responsible hosts, taking counsel with and aided by leading residents, Confederates as well as broad-minded Union soldiers, with whom the invitation originated, the reception to the Confederate soldiers will undoubtedly eclipse that given to the Daughters."

MISSOURI PENSION ROLL D. Fraser Thompson, Commissioner of War Records and Pensions, Jefferson City, Mo., asks correction of an error as to Missouri's Confederate pensioners: "In the article on 'What the South Is Doing for Her Veterans,' by Capt. P. M. de Leon, and the statistical information contained therein, appearing in the *VETERAN* for September (page 300), I note a typographical error in the table which puts Missouri in the lead of all other States in the number of Confederate pensioners on roll. Missouri leads in most things; but her pension law is not yet four years old, and the number of pensioners enrolled to date is 1,811 instead of 11,811."

Leroy S. Boyd, of Washington, D. C., former Commissary General S. C. V., is interested in securing all information possible of the founders of the Ku-Klux Klan, and especially wants to know what schools or colleges were attended by the six charter members prior to organizing the Klan at Pulaski, Tenn. Address him at 15 Seventh Street, N. E., Washington.

IMPRESSIONS ON A FIRST VISIT TO THE WHITE
HOUSE OF THE CONFEDERACY IN AUGUST, 1916.

BY A. W. LITTLEFIELD, D.D., NEEDHAM, MASS.

The Confederate Museum at Richmond is a dignified building within easy reach of Capitol Square, and it is enshrouded in an atmosphere unique, that of glorified defeat and imperishable memory. As all know, President Davis dwelt there during the War between the States, leaving it upon the evacuation of Richmond. Patriotic love has converted the structure into a museum wherein have been gathered treasures precious to Confederate affections. Each Southern State has undertaken the filling and the care of a room. Pictures, maps, uniforms, banners, accouterments, delicate memorials (such as hair ornaments of leaders in the great and deathless cause of constitutional liberty) adorn these rooms, and permeating all is the "informing spirit" which alone can give purpose and significance to material forms. One might wish to term it "the spirit of the gray," but not the gloom of descending night, rather the flushing dawn. For, singularly, one is impressed with the sense of roseate light as one enters this gray treasure house dedicated to the memories of the past, which is so "secure," but the mighty principles of which can never lie permanently in any tomb that the ruthlessness of fanaticism may construct. "Not 'lost' that cause, but herald of the patriot dawn." So, if one be conscious of rose light tinting the gray, one recalls that red and white were, with the gray, the Confederate colors.

Such was the first impression received by a loyal Northern lover of the South upon the occasion of his first visit to the Museum early in August, 1916, more than fifty years after the tragedy and glory of Appomattox.

The second impression was that of the great loyalty and the heart-sacred fidelity of the Southern people, faithfulness to beloved memory, and loyalty to the cause of constitutional and representative human liberty. Such sentiments, however, do not admit of lengthy expression, particularly from an alien to, though ardent lover of, the South and her imperishable cause of constitutional liberty, of which the Confederate war was but an unfortunate and unsuccessful incident. All honor to the faithful love and loyalty of a devoted people! One may not receive such an impression and depart unblest.

Another impression received was that slavery was but an incidental cause of the great fraternal strife. In this retrospect of half a century one cannot believe that two mighty sections of one blood and language could have hurled themselves in deadly combat at each other over an issue like that of African slavery. For slavery was doomed both for humane and economic reasons, and, as well, the cosmic law that transforms childhood and dependence into the estate of maturity and self-reliance was acting powerfully to free the bondman. If slavery was an immediate irritant leading to the War between the States, it was so for the reason that one section attempted prematurely to hasten a process that human and economic and cosmic forces were fast consummating, and this prematureness that resulted in so much loss of life and treasure led to the crime of an invasion that had no warrant in right and law and to repel which the South and her leaders drew the sword. Randolph once declared: "We have a wolf [referring to slavery] by the ears; we fear to hold it, but dare not let it go." Certainly the deplorable experiences of Reconstruction gave ample justification to the fears and the judgment of the ante-bellum South.

No, the real cause of the war lay far deeper than slavery. As one hastened through this impressive repository of a cause

which arises in perennial resurrection (two hours only were available for the visit where two weeks would be insufficient) one most profoundly realized that the differences created by the issues of Imperialism and Republicanism, a controversy at least inherited from ancient Greece and Rome, were fundamentally the *casus belli* in 1861-65. So far as our nationality is concerned, these causes trace back to the Federalist and Democratic-Republican parties and the two great statesmen, Hamilton and Jefferson, who, respectively, inspired and led them. Hamilton, the so-called Federalist, was in every fiber of his being an Imperialist. His great passion was for order; his chief mistrust, the people. While he fought to free the colonies from Great Britain, he cared nothing for popular liberty. Order was essential, and it could be had only (so taught Hamilton) under law administered by authority. Self-government and local autonomy he considered delusions, and centralization, civic and economic, was in his political and social philosophy the natural and inevitable tendency; order, centralization, and strong government were the foundations, according to Hamilton, of human well-being. He became Secretary of the Treasury under the newly established national government. On the other hand, Jefferson, Secretary of State, was politically a Republican; socially, a Democrat. He knew the necessity for order, but he loved and advocated liberty; he trusted the people; he believed in self-direction and in local self-government; "the best government was that which governed the least;" decentralization, civic and economic, was his cherished policy; liberty and more liberty were the true goals of human ambition and human welfare, according to Jefferson. And, therefore, what more natural than that Washington's Secretaries of State and Treasury should be at swords' points with each other? In the light of these distinctions, what more inevitable than war, either of bullets or ballots, between the factions led by these two statesmen, the one imperialistic and centralizing, the other republican and decentralizing?

Here, then, and not in slavery *per se*, were the roots of the struggle at arms in 1861-65. One could but reflect upon these things as one stood amongst the Confederate memorials in Richmond. And, too, the irony of the situation was brought to mind when one reflected that the Southern people held in bondage four millions of blacks, while at the same time they drew the sword in defense of constitutional Federalism, Republican self-government, and Jeffersonian ideals of human liberty. Yet the explanation is very easy. The whites were an old and mature race; the blacks a young and immature race. Of necessity, therefore, the one must dominate the other, as much so as that parents must control the children in the family life. And as children must perform household tasks unrequited save for care, so must an immature race do the same on a larger scale. If Southern plantations were carried on by slave labor, so Northern farms were largely carried on by the unpaid labor of sons and daughters and minor relatives until they reached legal majority. And the Confederate war, waged to maintain the right to regulate the affairs of the immature, was as justifiable as it would have been for a Northern farmer to resist by force of arms any invasion of his family intended prematurely to free his sons and daughters before they all attained legal majority. The Southern people, guaranteed under the Constitution which they so willingly helped to form the right of regulation of their own local affairs, refused to tolerate invasion of either territory or legal rights. Hence the war then of bullets, now and for years to come of ballots.

And the remaining impression as one stood in that Museum and recalled Confederate memorials everywhere in the South, even the Confederate monument in the Arlington Cemetery, was to send mind and thought across the seas to that continent and the adjacent continents whereon is being waged an international war to determine which principle of human government shall prevail among men—Imperialism or Republicanism. And one may well imagine that the shades of Washington and Frederick the Great, of Jefferson and Hamilton, of Davis and Lincoln, and of Lee and Grant hover above those battle fields, solicitous as to the result. As one gazed at the gray and red and white symbolism in the former White House of the Confederacy one began to realize how close is the relation between the war of 1861-65 and the war of 1914. Furthermore, how much the rise of European Imperialism soon after the suppression of the Republican uprising of 1848 had to do with the failure of the Confederacy in 1865. Most significant reflection, is it not?

For, supposing the Confederacy had won, the power of the American people to resist foreign incursions would have been greatly weakened. Already Napoleon III. had an army of occupation in Mexico; Germany had gotten ready to fight her short and successful war of 1866 and was soon (1870) to assault France successfully. In half a decade and a little more after Appomattox William of Prussia was made Emperor William I. in the great hall of Versailles, and German Imperialism was firmly established; the solid foundations for the assault of Imperialism (civic and economic) upon Republicanism were laid. Can one, then, fail to see that not only was fate against the South as to African slavery, but also against the political and economic ideals of Southern statesmen, from Jefferson and Calhoun down? Preëminently so, it would seem. Just so long as imperialistic authority and centralization lurk in the bush, so long will it be impossible for Republican self-government to stalk in the open. The human sentiments of the world at large were against the South's maintenance of African slavery, and the imperialistic designs of Europe were against the South's aspirations and struggle for independence. In a word, the war of 1861-65 was fought too late to maintain slavery, too early to defend secession; this last the inalienable right of all peoples, if the preamble of the Declaration of Independence has any truth or significance whatever. In the large world sense the Confederate war was but one of the struggles to determine the status between Imperialism and Republicanism, while the present war is the latest of those struggles of liberty against authority. Therefore in 1861-65 the cosmic forces were arrayed against the South. The time was not yet ripe to substantiate the ideals of the Declaration of Independence, the Federal Constitution, and the principles of local autonomy. Nevertheless, the Southern cause is not lost, but sleepeth until the morning light of liberty shall awaken it. Her battle was well fought in 1861-65; undoubtedly she prevented the complete overstepping of the line that divides Republican Federalism from imperial centralization. And her monuments and holy treasures will bear perennial testimony to this historic fact. Furthermore, the South's contention in the Confederate war will shortly become the great world question, seeing that time has arrived in human history when nations must either wage wars of extermination upon each other or form some sort of federation, just as Kant a century and a quarter ago stated. Shall it be world imperialism or world federation? Undoubtedly the South by her defense of her

principles and her territory contributed immeasurably to the coming solution of that mighty issue in human affairs.

May she ever remain true to herself and perpetuate to coming generations her ideals so splendidly commemorated in her memorials, her monuments, and her museums! They are not meaningless, for her cause was just and will rise some day into incomparable light and power.

Such were some of the impressions received by a first visit to the Confederate Museum in Richmond. If one patriotic soul was thus impressed, many another must have been in years past and will be in time to come. May the company increase until all over this broad land—indeed, over all "this goodly frame the earth"—patriot hearts shall throb to the thought and lips acclaim that Republican liberty is better for mankind than Imperial authority and that the Declaration of Independence and human commonwealths established under it are far superior in furthering human warfare than any artificial patent of nobility, however ancient, or any kingdom or empire, however splendid and outwardly efficient!

The red and the white and the gray were the symbols of an eternal spirit. May they ever be cherished not only in the Southland, but east and west and the far northern land!

The South of to-day—may her sons and daughters and children and children's children cherish and perpetuate the true ideals of the Old South!

RATIFYING THE CONSTITUTION.

The thirteen original States became part of the government upon their adopting the Constitution of the United States. The order of ratification was as follows: Delaware, December 7, 1787, unanimously; Pennsylvania, December 12, 46 to 23; New Jersey, December 18, unanimously; Georgia, January 2, 1788, unanimously; Connecticut, January 9, 128 to 40; Massachusetts, February 7, 187 to 168; Maryland, April 28, 63 to 12; South Carolina, May 23, 149 to 73; New Hampshire, June 21, 57 to 46; Virginia, June 26, 89 to 79; New York, July 26, 31 to 27 (on the final vote). North Carolina on August 2, by 184 to 84, refused to ratify without a bill of rights and amendments. In February, 1788, the Rhode Island Legislature refused to call a convention and referred the Constitution to the town meetings, where it was rejected in March by 2,708 votes to 332.

ORDER OF ADMISSION OF STATES.

The ratification by New Hampshire gave the Constitution life, and it was so announced. North Carolina finally ratified November 21, 1779, and Rhode Island May 29, 1790. The other States were admitted as follows: Vermont, March 4, 1791; Kentucky, June 1, 1792; Tennessee, June 1, 1796; Ohio, February 19, 1803; Louisiana, April 30, 1812; Indiana, December 11, 1816; Mississippi, December 10, 1817; Illinois, December 3, 1818; Alabama, December 14, 1819; Maine, March 15, 1820; Missouri, August 10, 1821; Arkansas, June 15, 1836; Michigan, January 26, 1837; Florida, March 3, 1845; Texas, December 29, 1845; Iowa, December 28, 1846; Wisconsin, May 29, 1848; California, September 9, 1850; Minnesota, May 11, 1858; Oregon, February 14, 1859; Kansas, January 29, 1861; West Virginia, June 19, 1863; Nevada, October 31, 1864; Nebraska, March 1, 1867; Colorado, August 1, 1876; North Dakota, November 2, 1889; South Dakota, November 2, 1889; Montana, November 8, 1889; Washington, November 11, 1889; Idaho, July 3, 1890; Wyoming, July 11, 1890; Utah, January 4, 1896; Oklahoma, November 16, 1907; New Mexico, January 8, 1912; and Arizona, February 14, 1912.—*National Tribune*.

COL. JAMES D. TILLMAN.

The "old guard" of Tennessee colonels is fast passing away. Of the one hundred and fifty whose names appeared on the muster rolls of the Confederacy, but few now remain. In this number may be mentioned Col. Hume R. Feild, now of Union City, formerly of Pulaski; Col. E. E. Tansil, of Dresden; Col. John A. Fite, of Lebanon; and Col. George C. Porter, now of Nashville.

Col. James D. Tillman held a high rank among the officers of this grade in the Army of Tennessee. All the qualities that constitute the make-up of the ideal officer and soldier—dignity without hauteur, physical bearing, intelligence, courage, genius to command and willingness to obey, with paternal regard for those under him—he possessed in an eminent degree. Such was the estimate of those with whom he served and knew him best. Had there been any weak point in his character, it would have been discovered in our four years' struggle. Historians tell us that the testimony of contemporaries is always regarded as the strongest evidence. Under this test the life and character of James Tillman as a man, a soldier, a civilian, and a husband will bear the severest scrutiny. No greater encomium can adorn the record of any man. As a soldier, from the time of his enlistment as a private in 1861 to the date of his surrender under Jo Johnston in North Carolina as colonel in 1865, his escutcheon has no blemish, but shines forth resplendently. What higher tribute can be paid to him as a soldier than to say he was one of the four colonels assigned to command the four consolidated regiments formed from Cheatham's Division upon the reorganization of the Army of Tennessee in Carolina shortly before the battle of Bentonville, the last of the war east of the Mississippi?

These regiments constituted the now historic brigade commanded by Brig. Gen. Joseph B. Palmer, of Murfreesboro, which, together with the remnant of Gist's South Carolina Brigade, then commanded by Col. Hume Feild, were all that was left of that heroic body of men which gave so much glory and renown to Tennessee, from Belmont to Bentonville, in whose bloody path lay Shiloh, Perryville, Donelson, Murfreesboro, Chickamauga, the Georgia Campaign, Franklin, and Nashville, in which engagements Tennessee troops largely predominated. No division in either of the grand armies of the Confederacy has a better record than the body known as Cheatham's Division. To have been

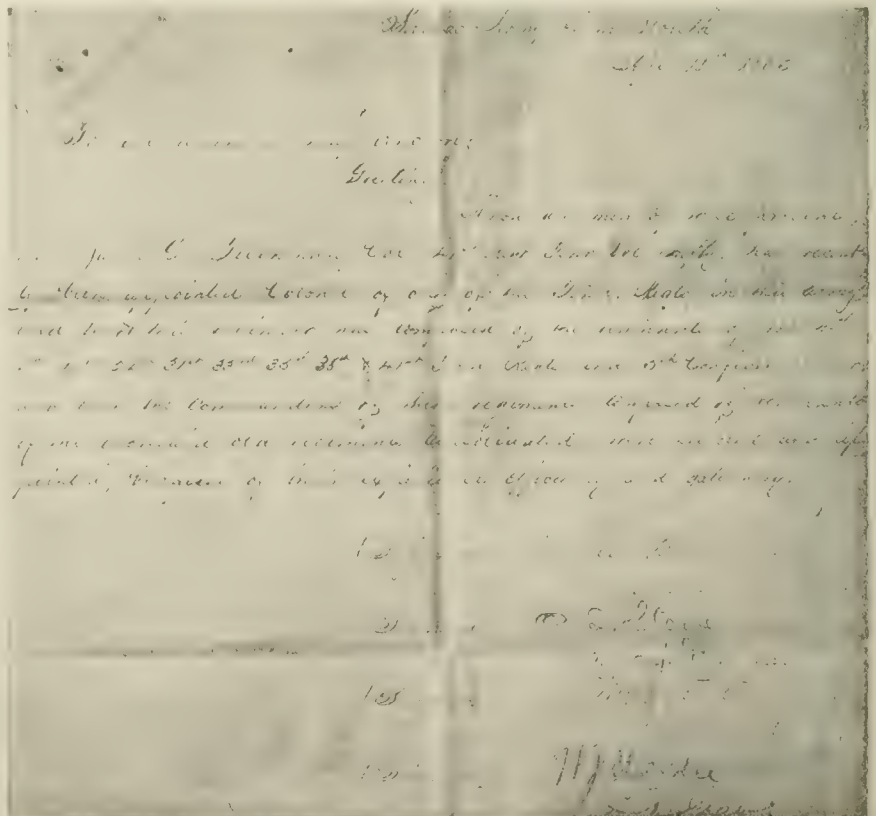
an active member of that command is honor enough for any man, officer or private.

James D. Tillman enlisted in one of the Bedford County companies included in the 41st Tennessee Regiment, organized at Camp Trousdale in Sumner County in November, 1861, of which Robert Farquharson was elected colonel; Tillman was elected lieutenant in his company. Soon after organization the regiment was sent to Bowling Green, Ky., to the army of Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston. After the fall of Fort Henry, on the Tennessee, this regiment, with others, was sent to Fort Donelson, on the Cumberland, and assigned to the brigade of Colonel Baldwin, of Buckner's Division. In this capacity it participated in the three days' continuous battle at that place through rain, sleet, and snow and was surrendered with the rest of the army to that of General Grant, after a most heroic and gallant resistance, on the 16th of February, 1862, which constituted the initial step in the decline and fall of the Confederacy.

This regiment remained in prison—the privates and non-commissioned officers being sent to Indianapolis, the line officers to Camp Chase, and the commissioned officers to Fort Warren—until September, 1863, when exchange was effected at Vicksburg. A regimental and company reorganization then followed, at which time Farquharson was reelected colonel; Lieut. James D. Tillman, lieutenant colonel; and T. G. Miller, major. After the fall of Vicksburg, on the 4th of July, 1863, this regiment, with others, was sent to the army of General Bragg, then at Chattanooga, and under the command of Lieutenant Colonel Tillman took part in the great battle of Chicka-



COL. JAMES D. TILLMAN.



Facsimile of the commission given to Colonel Tillman, at the time of the North Carolina reorganization, for gallant and meritorious conduct on many a field of battle. It was the last promotion of the Confederacy and in its silence speaks far more potently and eloquently than is possible for either tongue or pen.

mauga on the 19th and 20th of September, the colonel on account of age and disability having been placed on the retired list. Gen. Bushrod Johnson, in his official report of this battle, speaks in high terms of the conduct of the 41st Regiment and its commander. Brigadier General Gregg having been wounded early in the battle, the command of the brigade fell upon Colonel Sugg, who in his official report says: "Adjusting my line, the brigade again moved forward in gallant style under a heavy fire. Here Lieut. Col. James D. Tillman, commanding the 41st Tennessee, was wounded while gallantly leading his men."

Before the beginning of the Georgia campaign, in 1864, in the Army of Tennessee, then under the command of Gen. Jo Johnston, a readjustment of the Tennessee troops was had, and this regiment was transferred from the division of Gen. Bushrod Johnson and placed in Maney's Brigade of Cheatham's Division.

Cheatham's Division on the 30th of April, 1864, a short time before the forward movement of General Sherman began, consisted of Vaughn's Brigade, under Gen. A. J. Vaughn; Wright's Brigade, under Col. John C. Carter; Strahl's Brigade, under Gen. O. F. Strahl; and Maney's Brigade, under Col. George C. Porter. The division thus formed remained practically unchanged throughout the campaign, except an occasional change of brigade and division commanders, until the re-formation of the army under General Hood at Palmetto, Ga., preparatory to his advance movement into Tennessee in November, 1864.

Col. George C. Porter, in his "Regimental History of Tennessee Infantry Troops," has this to say of the 41st Tennessee and its commander near the close of its separate history: "The 41st entered gladly into this disastrous march into Tennessee, and no regiment did more gallant fighting or suffered more in the battle of Franklin. The few men and officers who survived bullets, picket duty, marches, and disease—if without hope, still had pride—returned to the south side of the Tennessee River, having been transferred with the rest of the army to North Carolina in April, 1865, and surrendered under Gen. Jo Johnston at Salisbury. Col. James D. Tillman was one of the four regimental commanders (Col. Anderson Searcy, Lieut. Col. O. A. Bradshaw, and Col. Horace Rice being the others) who commanded the four Tennessee regiments constituting all of the thirty-eight that marched forth to fight the battles of their country. Colonel Tillman is the only one of these brave and heroic colonels now living. All the rest have passed away, and let us hope that 'after life's fitful fever they sleep well.' Alas! he too has now crossed the river and, with his comrades gone before, rests beneath the shade.

"How sleep the brave who sink to rest
By all their country's wishes blest!"

James Davidson Tillman, the eldest son of Lewis and Catherine Davidson Tillman, of Bedford County, Tenn., was born in that county on the 25th of November, 1841. His father was for many years connected with the courts of his county, had served in the Seminole War, and was colonel of a militia regiment before the War between the States. James D. Tillman was a graduate from the University of Nashville and was a student in the Law Department of Cumberland University at the beginning of hostilities between the North and the South, in 1861. At the close of the war, in 1865, he returned to his home, in Shelbyville, Tenn., and, having perfected himself in his profession, entered actively into the

practice of law in his native town. On the 28th of February, 1866, he married Miss Fannie Bonner, the beautiful and accomplished daughter of Dr. William Bonner, an eminent physician and surgeon of Fayetteville, Tenn., where he subsequently resided and engaged in the practice of his profession with Mr. James B. Lamb, formerly of Memphis, Tenn., who had married the elder daughter of Dr. Bonner. After the death of Mr. Lamb, he formed a partnership with William B. Lamb, son of his former partner, who is now one of Tennessee's famous jurists and barristers.



PALE PICTURE OF COLONEL TILLMAN

Colonel Tillman served his State in both branches of the legislature and was at all times one of the prominent and leading members of these bodies. On the 28th of February, 1916, the golden wedding of this devoted couple was celebrated at their home, in Fayetteville, this motto. "Life's evening will take the character of the day that preceded it," being the appropriate sentiment of the occasion.

Shortly thereafter his health began to decline rapidly; and on Friday, the 16th of June last, at his home, in Fayetteville; he passed away. The obsequies were held the following Sunday at the First Presbyterian Church, of which for many years he had been a ruling elder, the ceremony being performed by the Rev. R. S. Brown, assisted by Elders T. C. Little and C. E. Woolridge. His body rests in Rose Hill, the beautiful city cemetery, there to await the morning of the resurrection.

His life was gentle, and the elements so mixed in him that the true type of Southern manhood was fully exemplified in his personality, the verification of which makes pertinent the inquiry: "Need anything more be said?"

The survivors of Colonel Tillman's family are his wife and brothers and one sister: Judge G. N. and Abram M. Tillman, of Nashville; Lewis Tillman, of Knoxville; Col. Samuel E. Tillman, of Princeton, N. J.; Commander E. H. Tillman, U. S. N., retired; and Mrs. William H. Brannan, of Fayetteville.

O, tears are not for those who leave this bleak world for the blest;

Not for the servants of the Lord who from their labors rest;

Not for the loved departed, in life's glad summer gone,

But for the broken-hearted who tread the world alone;

And not for thee who all the paths of righteousness hath trod

And now, when full of honored years, art gathered up to God.

—F. O. Ticknor.

NORTH CAROLINA'S WAR GOVERNOR IN
STATUARY HALL.

The Old North State has honored herself in placing a statue of her great war Governor, Zebulon B. Vance, in Statuary Hall at Washington as one of the two that each State is allowed to place in the National Hall of Fame. Zebulon Baird Vance served his State with singular devotion and ability as soldier, governor, and legislator, and he held a place in the hearts of his people of which he was justly proud and which he well deserved. Few men are gifted as was Senator Vance. An eloquent and brilliant orator, an able debater, a profound thinker, a man of great constructive ability, he stood high in the estimation of the country; but he was more loved and esteemed for his patriotism, his integrity and honesty, and his unswerving devotion to his people as a public official.

Thursday, June 22, was the day on which was formally presented to the United States this handsome bronze statue of North Carolina's best-loved son. It was unveiled by little Dorothy Espey Pillow, great-granddaughter of Senator Vance, in the presence of a distinguished gathering, largely of North Carolinians, among them being Secretary of the Navy Josephus Daniels and wife, Governor Craig, Mrs. Vance and son, Judge and Mrs. Hoke, J. H. Martin, Secretary of State, Mrs. J. Bryan Grimes, Mrs. R. E. Little, President of North Carolina Division, U. D. C., and Bishop and Mrs. Joseph Blount Cheshire, of Raleigh. Judge Hoke, of the State Supreme Court, presided over the exercises, and after the invocation by Bishop Cheshire he told of the work of the committee in the "task" which had been to each member "a grateful undertaking" in placing before the American people as their representative in what is broad-minded and patriotic, courageous, steadfast, and true, "an illustrious citizen, distinguished for civic and military virtues—a great leader of his people in war and in peace, great in intellect, great in character and achievement, great in the breadth and quality of sympathy. His people followed him with unfaltering trust for more than thirty of the most eventful years of their history and were not disappointed. * * * His hold upon the affections of the people of North Carolina endures and grows with the years."

Governor Craig presented the statue to the United States government, and it was received by Vice President Marshall, as the representative of the nation, who made a brief speech. Floral tributes were then placed about the base of the statue, and the party adjourned to the Senate, where Senators Overman, Lodge, and Smith paid tribute to their illustrious predecessor.

"While Vance was wonderful as a soldier, war Governor, and representative of his people in the Senate, it was perhaps as 'peace' Governor that he rendered the greatest service to the generations who were to follow those who fought to save the State from the grasping and dissolute hands of carpet-baggers and scalawags," said the News and Observer of Raleigh, N. C. It was in 1870 that he was elected to the United States Senate, yet because of "political disabilities" he was not permitted to take his seat. He was nominated for Governor in 1872; but, smarting under the rebuff received at Washington, he declined to accept. Again, in 1876, the nomination was tendered him; but he felt that his nomination would not strengthen his party, and not until considerable pressure was brought to bear did he accept. His campaign with Thomas Settle, as nominee of the Republican party, stirred the State as no other had ever done, and Vance received a

majority of more than fifteen thousand. His policies as Governor were for uplift and were ably carried out under his leadership and that of his able successor.

Governor Vance was again elected to the Senate in 1878 and remained a member of that body until his death, in 1894. He was soon recognized as one of its ablest members and was assigned to membership on its leading committees, and his great work made him the acknowledged leader of his party. As a member of the Finance Committee of 1890 he thoroughly familiarized himself with the details of the tariff bill and bore in a large measure the burden of that memorable discussion. No debate was dull in which he engaged; story, epigram, and apt illustration lighted up many a tedious discussion. It was universally recognized that he was "a statesman of the highest order and a political leader of commanding powers and influence."

The statue of Senator Vance is the work of Gutzon Borglum, a noted sculptor of to-day, and is said to be the finest piece of statuary in the hall. It is of heroic size and depicts him in the attitude of making a speech.

Dorothy Espey Pillow, the little girl who unveiled the statue, is the granddaughter of Senator Vance's son David. She and her little sister Phyllis are the only children descendants. Three of his sons are living: Maj. Zebulon B. Vance, of Charlotte, N. C.; Hon. Thomas M. Vance, of the State of Washington; and Charles N. Vance, of Asheville, N. C.

THE HONOR ROLL.

Upon the rolls of the Department of Confederate Records for the commonwealth of Virginia at Richmond appear the names of five Jackson brothers which form truly a roll of honor in their devoted service to the cause of the Confederacy. These names are here given as they appear upon the records of the department, certified to by Joseph V. Bidgood, Secretary:

John E. Jackson enlisted in September, 1861, as a private in Company C, 12th Virginia Infantry; was captured in the battle of Burgess Mill October 27, 1864, released, and again captured on the retreat of the Army of Northern Virginia in April, 1865.

William A. Jackson enlisted in April, 1861, as a private in Company C, 3d Virginia Infantry; engaged in the second battle of Manassas, August 30, 1862, in the battle of Crampton Gap, Md., released, and served until the end of the war.

Ashton A. Jackson enlisted in April, 1861, as a private in Company C, 3d Virginia Infantry; promoted to fourth corporal. He was killed on Dr. Gaines's farm June 27, 1862, on the morning of the battle of Gaines's Mill.

George T. Jackson enlisted August 29, 1862, as a private in Company C, 3d Virginia Infantry; engaged in the second battle of Manassas, August 30, 1862; wounded near Richmond, also wounded and captured at Gettysburg, Pa., July 3, 1863. He was killed near Petersburg in April, 1865.

Thomas B. Jackson enlisted as a private in Company C, 3d Virginia Infantry, in April, 1861; promoted to second lieutenant at Fredericksburg, Va., in December, 1862; wounded and captured at Gettysburg, Pa., July 3, 1863; released March 22, 1865, and received a thirty-day-parole furlough.

The last-named is now Adjutant of Pickett-Buchanan Camp, U. C. V., of Norfolk, Va.



STATUE OF ZEBULON B. VANCE, OF NORTH CAROLINA, IN THE CAPITOL AT WASHINGTON, D. C.
(By courtesy of the *News and Observer*, Raleigh, N. C.)

FOUR YEARS OF WAR IN BRIEF.

[From Macon Telegraph, 1912.]

Abraham Lincoln elected President of the United States in November, 1860.

South Carolina seceded December 20, 1860.

Mississippi seceded January 9, 1861.

Alabama and Florida seceded January 11, 1861.

Georgia seceded January 19, 1861.

Louisiana seceded January 26, 1861.

Texas seceded February 1, 1861.

The seceded States met in Congress at Montgomery, Ala., February 4, 1861.

National Peace Conference at Washington February 4, 1861.

THE CONFEDERACY.

The Constitution of the Confederate States adopted February 8, 1861.

Jefferson Davis elected President and A. H. Stephens Vice President February 8, 1861.

Jefferson Davis inaugurated President February 18, 1861.

Bombardment of Fort Sumter began April 12, 1861.

Surrender of Fort Sumter April 13, 1861.

Virginia seceded April 17, 1861.

Baltimore riot, April 18, 1861.

Lincoln's blockade proclamation, April 19, 1861.

Federal evacuation of Harper's Ferry, April 19, 1861.

Norfolk Navy Yard abandoned by the Federals April 20, 1861.

Virginia admitted to the Confederacy May 6, 1861.

Tennessee seceded May 6, 1861.

Arkansas admitted to the Confederacy May 18, 1861.

Seat of Confederate government removed from Montgomery to Richmond May 20, 1861.

North Carolina seceded May 21, 1861.

Federal occupation of Alexandria May 24, 1861.

BATTLES IN VIRGINIA IN 1861.

Big Bethel, June 10, 1861.

Gen. J. E. Johnston abandoned Harper's Ferry June 13, 1861.

Rich Mountain, July 11, 1861.

Manassas, July 21, 1861.

Carnifx Ferry, September 10, 1861.

Leesburg, October 20, 1861.

Dranesville, December 20, 1861.

BATTLES IN THE TRANS-MISSISSIPPI.

Booneville, Mo., June 20, 1861.

Carthage, Mo., July 5, 1861.

Oak Hill, August 10, 1861.

Capture of Lexington, Mo., September 20, 1861.

NAVAL AFFAIRS IN 1861.

Fight off Hatteras, August 28, 1861.

Off Port Royal, November 7, 1861.

Commodore Wilkins forcibly took Mason and Slidell from the English vessel Trent November 8, 1861.

BATTLES IN VIRGINIA AND MARYLAND IN 1863.

Johnston's retreat from Manassas and Centerville, March 8, 1862.

Battle of Kernstown, March 23, 1862.

Confederate conscript law, April 16, 1862.

Evacuation of Yorktown, May 4, 1862.

Battle of Williamsburg, May 5, 1862.

Battle of Front Royal, May 22, 1862.

Battle of Seven Pines, May 30, 1862.

Battle of Cross Keys, June 8, 1862.

Battle of Port Republic, June 8, 1862.

Battle of Mechanicsville, June 26, 1862.

Battle of Gaines's Mill, June 27, 1862.

Battle of Frazier's Farm, June 30, 1862.

Battle of Malvern Hill, July 1, 1862.

Battle of Savage Station, June 29, 1862.

Battle of Cedar Run, August 9, 1862.

Battle of Second Manassas, August 30, 1862.

Lee entered Maryland September 5, 1862.

Capture of Harper's Ferry, September 15, 1862.

Battle of Sharpsburg, September 17, 1862.

Battle of Fredericksburg, December 13, 1862.

BATTLES SOUTH AND WEST IN 1862.

Fishing Creek, Ky., January 19, 1862.

Surrender of Roanoke Island, N. C., February 8, 1862.

Surrender of Fort Donelson, Tenn., February 16, 1862.

Surrender of Newbern, N. C., March 14, 1862.

Surrender of Island No. 10, April 7, 1862.

Battle of Shiloh, April 6, 1862.

Fall of New Orleans, May 1, 1862.

Fall of Memphis, June 6, 1862.

Battle of Baton Rouge, August 5, 1862.

Battle of Richmond, Ky., August 29, 1862.

Battle of Corinth, October 3, 4, 1862.

Battle of Perryville, Ky., October 8, 1862.

Battle of Murfreesboro, Tenn., December 31, 1862.

BATTLES IN THE TRANS-MISSISSIPPI.

Battle of Elkhorn, March 7, 1862.

Battle of Prairie Grove, December 8, 1862.

NAVAL AFFAIRS IN 1862.

Fight at Hampton Roads, March 8, 1862.

Naval attack on Drury's Bluff, May 15, 1862.

BATTLES IN VIRGINIA AND PENNSYLVANIA IN 1863.

Battle of Chancellorsville, May 2, 3, 1863.

Battle of Winchester, early in June, 1863.

Battle of Gettysburg, Pa., July 1, 2, 3, 1863.

Battle of Bristol Station, October 14, 1863.

Fight at Germanna Ford, November 27, 1863.

BATTLES SOUTH AND WEST IN 1863.

Charleston, S. C., first attacked in April, 1863.

Battle of Baker's Creek, Miss., May 16, 1863.

Surrender of Vicksburg, July 4, 1863.

First assault on Fort Wagner, July 11, 1863.

Second assault on Fort Wagner, July 18, 1863.

Gillmore's bombardment of Fort Sumter, August 18, 1863.

Morris Island taken September 6, 1863.

Surrender of Cumberland Gap, September 9, 1863.

Battle of Chickamauga, September 19, 1863.

Battle of Missionary Ridge, November 25, 1863.

TRANS-MISSISSIPPI, 1863.

Battle of Helena, Ark., July 4, 1863.

BATTLES IN VIRGINIA, PENNSYLVANIA, AND MARYLAND, 1864.

Dahlgren's raid on Richmond, March 1, 1864.

Battles of the Wilderness, May 5, 6, 1864.

Battles of Spottsylvania Courthouse, May 8, 12, 1864.

General Stuart killed at Yellow Tavern May 10, 1864.

Battle of New Market, May 15, 1864.

Beauregard "bottled" Butler below Richmond, Ky., May 16, 1864.

Battle of Cold Harbor, June 3, 1864.

Capture of Staunton, June 5, 1864.

Butler's attack on Petersburg, June 9, 1864.
Hunter repulsed at Lynchburg June 16, 17, 1864.
The "mine" attempt on Petersburg, July 30, 1864.
Battle of Monocacy, Md., July, 1864.
Chambersburg, Pa., burned July 30, 1864.
Battle of Reams's Station, August 25, 1864.
Battle near Winchester, September 19, 1864.
Battle of Fisher's Hill, September 22, 1864.
Fall of Fort Harrison, September 29, 1864.

BATTLES SOUTH AND WEST IN 1864.

Battle of Ocean Pond, Fla., February 20, 1864.
Cavalry fight at Okolona, Miss., February 21, 1864.
First battle of Sherman's march, Resaca, June 14, 1864.
Battle of New Hope, June 28, 1864.
Battle of Atlanta, July 20, 22, 23, 1864.
Battle of Jonesboro, Tenn., September, 1864.
Fall of Atlanta, September 2, 1864.
Battle of Franklin, Tenn., November 30, 1864.
Battle of Nashville, Tenn., December 14, 15, 1864.
Atlanta burned November 15, 1864.
Savannah evacuated December 28, 1864.

TRANS-MISSISSIPPI.

Battle of Mansfield, La., April 8, 1864.
Battle of Pleasant Hill, April 9, 1864.
Battle of Big Blue River, Mo., October 23, 1864.

NAVAL AFFAIRS IN 1864.

Fight in Mobile Bay, August 5, 1864.
Privateer Alabama sunk June 19, 1864.
Privateer Florida captured October 6, 1864.

BATTLES IN VIRGINIA IN 1865.

Fortress Monroe conference, February 3, 1865.
Battle of Five Forks, April 1, 1865.
Grant assaults Lee's line April 2, 1865.
Evacuation of Richmond, etc., April 2, 1865.
Lee begins his retreat April 2, 1865.
Federal occupation of Richmond April 3, 1865.
Army of Northern Virginia surrendered by General Lee at Appomattox Courthouse April 9, 1865.

BATTLES SOUTH AND WEST IN 1865.

Capture of Fort Fisher, N. C., January 15, 1865.
Columbia destroyed by Sherman February 17, 1865.
Charleston evacuated February 17, 1865.
Battle of Bentonville, N. C., March 19, 1865.
Mobile captured April 12, 1865.
Sherman and Johnston agree to a truce April 13, 1865.

"KEEP THE RECORD STRAIGHT."

BY H. T. OWEN, RICHMOND, VA.

In the April VETERAN, page 148, Col. G. N. Saussy added seven names of Confederate generals to the list of those born in the Northern States, as furnished by John C. Stiles in the March number. To these I have added twelve more names, making altogether thirty-eight, without, however, any assurance that these complete the roll.

SOUTHERN GENERALS BORN IN THE NORTH.

Adjutant and Inspector General Samuel Cooper, Maj. Gens. Louis G. DeRussy, Frank Gardner, M. L. Smith, and Brig. Gens. D. M. Frost, Archibald Gracie, William Steele, and Walter H. Stevens were born in New York.

Lieut. Gen. Richard S. Ewell, Maj. Gens. Arnold Elzey and

Mansfield Lovell, and Brig. Gen. W. W. Mackall, District of Columbia.

Lieut. Gen. John C. Pemberton, Brig. Gens. Johnson M. Duncan, Josiah Gorgas, William McComb, R. P. MacLay, and William S. Walker, Pennsylvania.

Maj. Gen. S. G. French and Brig. Gen. J. A. DeLagnel, New Jersey.

Maj. Gen. Bushrod R. Johnson and Brig. Gens. D. H. Reynolds, Roswell S. Ripley, and O. F. Strahl, Ohio.

Maj. Gen. L. L. Lomax, Rhode Island.

Maj. Gen. Daniel Ruggles and Brig. Gens. A. G. Blanchard, Joseph Colton, Charles Dimmock, E. A. Perry, Albert Pike, and C. W. Sears, Massachusetts.

Brig. Gens. J. L. Alcorn, Illinois, D. Leadbetter, Maine, L. S. Ross, Iowa, F. A. Shoup, Indiana, and C. H. Stevens, Connecticut.

FOREIGN-BORN GENERALS IN THE CONFEDERATE ARMY.

Maj. Gen. Patrick R. Cleburne and Brig. Gens. James Hagan and Patrick T. Moore, Ireland; Maj. Gen. Count Charles J. Polignac, France; Brig. Gen. H. von Borcke, Germany; and Brig. Gen. Charles T. Henningson, England.

SOUTHERN-BORN GENERALS IN NORTHERN ARMY.

Alabama: Maj. Gen. David Bell Birney, Brig. Gen. A. J. Hamilton, and Brevet Maj. Gen. William Birney.

Florida: Brig. Gen. John B. McIntosh.

Georgia: Brig. Gens. William A. Adams, Joel A. Dervey, and Henry D. Wallen; Brevet Maj. Gen. M. C. Meigs; Brevet Brig. Gens. John M. Cuyler and George B. Dandy.

Kentucky: Maj. Gens. Robert Anderson, Francis P. Blair, Edward R. S. Canby, J. A. McClernand, O. McK. Mitchell, William Nelson, R. J. Oglesby, J. McC. Palmer, John Pope, Lovel H. Rousseau, Thomas J. Wood; Brig. Gens. A. J. Alexander, B. S. Alexander, J. W. Barringer, Robert C. Buchanan, John Buford, N. B. Buford, Stephen G. Burbridge, Chris Carson, Cassius M. Clay, Thomas T. Crittendon, John Edwards, Speed S. Fry, Theophilus Gerrard, Willis A. Gorman, Edward H. Hobson, William Hobson, W. S. Hillier, J. Holt, James S. Jackson, Richard W. Johnson, William J. Landram, B. F. Loan, Eli Long, Thomas Marshall, E. H. Murray, William M. Pinnick, William P. Sanders, James M. Shackelford, Green C. Smith, J. P. Taylor, C. M. Thurston, J. B. S. Todd, Durban Ward, W. C. Whitaker; Brevet Maj. Gens. Thomas L. Crittenden, J. T. Croxton, Kenner Gerard, James A. Williams; Brevet Brig. Gens. John C. McFerran and Louis D. Watkins.

Louisiana: Maj. Gen. Henry H. Sibley, Brig. Gen. Joseph R. West, and Brevet Maj. Gen. William S. Harney.

Maryland: Maj. Gens. William P. Benton, John M. Brannon, William H. Emory, William H. French, E. O. C. Ord, George Sykes, and E. O. C. Ward; Brig. Gens. Martin Burke, James Cooper, Osborne Cross, Andrew Dennison, William A. Hammond, Henry M. Judah, John R. Kenly, Jacob G. Laman, William Manadier, W. W. Orme, Charles M. Prevost, and James H. Stokes; Brevet Maj. Gen. James L. Donaldson; Brevet Brig. Gens. Henry C. Bankhead, George Bell, Robert C. Buchanan, Horatio G. Gibson, C. M. McKeever, Thomas A. McParlin, Elwell S. Otis, and R. H. K. White.

Missouri: Brig. Gens. Fred S. Dent, F. C. Fletcher, Gabriel R. Paul, and Thomas F. Wright; Brevet Maj. Gens. A. L. Chetlain and L. C. Easton; Brevet Brig. Gens. J. C. Phelps and William M. Wherry.

North Carolina: Brig. Gens. John B. Callis, Joseph R. Hawley, Andrew Johnson, and Solomon Meredith; Brevet Brig. Gen. William R. Benton.

South Carolina: Maj. Gen. John C. Fremont and Brevet Maj. Gen. Stephen A. Hurlbert.

Tennessee: Brig. Gens. John J. Abercrombie, Samuel C. Armstrong, James P. Brownlow, William B. Campbell, Samuel P. Carter, Joseph A. Cooper, Isham N. Haynie, Thomas J. Henderson, and James G. Spears; Brevet Maj. Gen. A. C. Gillem.

Texas: Brevet Brig. Gen. James A. Hall.

Virginia: Lieut. Gen. Winfield Scott, commander in chief; Maj. Gens. John Love, John New, John Newton, B. M. Prentiss, Jesse L. Reno, J. J. Reynolds, G. A. Smith, and George H. Thomas; Brig. Gens. Jacob Ammen, William H. Ball, J. T. Boyle, Edward C. Carrington, J. M. Crebbs, John W. Davidson, J. W. Denver, Isaac H. Duval, N. Goff, L. S. Graham, Thomas H. Harris, William Hays, John B. Henderson, Robert E. Johnson, James S. Martin, Thomas L. Price, George D. Ramsey, Alexander W. Reynolds, John D. Stevenson, David H. Strother, William R. Terrill, and John C. Tidball; Brevet Maj. Gens. Philip St. George Cooke, A. B. Dyer, Henry E. Menadier, Henry A. Morrow, and John P. Shanks; Brevet Brig. Gens. E. B. Alexander, B. W. Brice, W. Seawell, Charles H. Tompkins, William Ward, and Robert Williams.

Aggregate, 160.

FOREIGN-BORN GENERALS IN NORTHERN ARMY.

Canada: Maj. Gen. Jacob B. Cox.

England: Brig. Gens. John W. Fuller and T. J. Lester.

France: Brig. Gens. Gustave Paul Cluseret, Philip R. De Trobriand, Charles A. De Villiers, and Alfred N. Duffie; Brevet Brig. Gens. Felix Agnus, Benjamin L. E. Bonneville, and John J. Milham.

Germany: Maj. Gens. August V. Kuntz, Carl Schurz, and Franz Sigal; Brig. Gens. Louis Burgin, Louis Blenker, Henry Bohlen, Alexander Shimmelfenning, Baron A. W. T. Steinwehr, and Max Weber; Brevet Brig. Gens. J. J. Conrad and Lewis Johnson.

Ireland: Maj. Gen. Christopher Andrews; Brig. Gens. Richard Busteed, Patrick E. Conner, Michael Corcoran, Alexander Cummings, William Gamble, Samuel Graham, S. J. McGroarty, Robert Patterson, James Shields, Thomas Smyth, P. T. Sullivan, Thomas W. Sweeny, and Thomas L. Young; Brevet Maj. Gens. Richard H. Jackson and R. H. G. Minty; Brevet Brig. Gens. T. P. Andrews, Thomas F. Meagher, and Robert Nugent.

Prussia: Maj. Gen. Peter J. Osterhaus; Brig. Gens. Leopold Blunnessburg, Joseph Karge, John A. Koltz, Felix P. Salm, Frederick Salman, and Fred Solomon; Brevet Maj. Gen. August Willich.

Scotland: Brig. Gens. James L. Geddes, R. M. Hall, John M. McArthur, and Clinton D. McDongot; Brevet Maj. Gen. P. S. Michie.

Hungary: Maj. Gen. Julius Sathel; Brig. Gens. Alexander Sander Ashboth and Albin Schoeff.

Nova Scotia: Brig. Gens. John McNeil and M. R. Morgan.

Wales: Brig. Gens. Joshua T. Owen and W. H. Powell.

Spain and Cuba: Brig. Gens. Edward Ferrero and J. P. Garesche. Italy: Brig. Gen. F. E. Prime. Norway: Brig. Gen. Hans C. Heg. Sweden: Brig. Gen. Charles J. M. Stollbrand. Russia: Brig. Gen. John Basil Turchin. Switzerland: Brig. Gen. John Eugene Smith.

Aggregate, 67.

The number of officers of all grades reported in the United States navy in October, 1862, was 1,464, of whom 298 were born in the slave States. When Admiral Farragut's fleet cap-

tured Forts Jackson and St. Philip, six out of eighteen of his largest ships were commanded by Southern-born commanders. Capt. John A. Winslow, of the Kearsarge, which sank the Alabama, was a North Carolinian.

SUDDEN CHANGE IN NORTHERN SENTIMENT AS TO COERCION IN 1861.

BY JAMES H. McNEILLY, D.D., NASHVILLE, TENN.

To understand aright the nature of the War between the States in the years 1861-65 there must be a clear and definite understanding of the one supreme issue on which that war was fought. On the part of the North, it was to establish the paramount authority of the Federal government over that of the States and so to centralize its power as to make a nation rather than a republic. On the part of the South, it was a contest for the sovereignty of the States, guaranteed by the Constitution, and so to maintain a federated republic, into which the States had originally entered.

This involved the right of a State to be the ultimate judge as to the violation of her rights under the Constitution and of the mode and measure of the remedy. And so it asserted the right of a State to withdraw from the compact of union whenever she should deem her highest interests demanded. This right was especially insisted on and reserved by Virginia and New York and afterwards by North Carolina and Rhode Island in adopting the Constitution and was asserted, with the threat to exercise it, by New England in 1804, 1814, and 1845. When certain Southern States exercised this right in 1861 and formed the Confederate States, the Federal government waged war to coerce them to remain in the Union. Necessarily it was on the part of the United States a war of aggression and on the part of the Confederate States a war of defense.

Now, it was on this policy of coercion that in the Northern States the most sudden and remarkable change of sentiment occurred in the early spring of 1861. Mr. Davis in his history of the Confederate government speaks of it as a change or a suppression of sentiment, but does not try to explain it. Mr. Stephens in his book, "The War between the States," attributes the change to a speech of Senator Andrew Johnson in the Senate of the United States. I believe that the change, in so far as it was real, was brought about by President Lincoln and his Secretary of State, Mr. Seward, by deceiving the South as to their peaceful purposes until they were ready to force the firing on Fort Sumter; and then when they had made that bombardment necessary by their attempt, contrary to their promise, to reinforce the fort, they shouted that the flag had been fired upon, and so induced a majority of the Northern people to believe that the Confederate States had started a war against the Union.

NORTHERN OPPOSITION TO COERCION OF THE SOUTH.

There were three classes in the North who opposed the policy of coercing the Southern States:

1. There was the party of radical abolitionists, led by Horace Greeley, Wendell Phillips, and William Lloyd Garrison, who had declared the Constitution and the Union under it "a covenant with death and a league with hell." These, proclaiming the right of secession, welcomed it as a release from a union with slaveholders, a union which they hated.

2. There was a large majority of those who opposed Mr. Lincoln's election—a majority of nearly a million—a large

part of them in the Northern States. Of this body Mr. Buchanan was a representative. As President he announced that the Federal government had no right to coerce the seceding States, whatever might be thought as to the right of secession.

3. There was a considerable element of the party that elected Mr. Lincoln, including some of his cabinet, who opposed coercion as sure to bring on war, and they believed that a policy of concession would ultimately bring the Southern States back into the Union.

The Northern papers of the period show general opposition to the policy of coercion, and this opposition was voiced in great mass meetings in Northern cities, as in Boston and New York.

The problem is to account for the change of sentiment by which in so short a time the very ones who had denied the right of coercion and those who welcomed a dissolution of the Union became the most bitter and furious advocates of a war of extermination against the South as a nest of treason filled with "rebels" and "traitors." How was the "war spirit aroused?"

EFFORTS OF THE SOUTH FOR PEACE.

The election of Mr. Lincoln in 1860 was the triumph of a sectional party pledged to a denial of the equal rights of the Southern States in the territories which were largely gained by Southern valor and diplomacy. The same party also by its personal liberty bills had nullified the part of the Constitution guaranteeing the rights of Southern owners to their property escaping into a Northern State and had defied the judgment of the Supreme Court of the United States as to the rights of the States under the Constitution. Mr. Lincoln was elected by a vote of 1,806,352 out of 4,070,853, and his votes were almost entirely in the North; so that he was emphatically a sectional President, who had declared his conviction that the Union "could not permanently remain half slave and half free," as originally founded. What could the Southern States expect but that when he came into power as President he would strive to make his conviction a reality?

It was declared over and over through the South that the election of Mr. Lincoln would justify secession of the Southern States; and when his election became a fact, seven of the Southern States exercised their rights and withdrew from the Union. These seven States, entering into a new compact, formed the Confederate States of America, with its capital at Montgomery, Ala., adopting a Constitution differing from that of the United States only in more carefully guarding the sovereignty of the States. The Confederate government, with Mr. Jefferson Davis as its head, at once took steps for a peaceable adjustment of all questions arising from the separation and sent a commission of three of its most eminent citizens to Washington to negotiate friendly relations. The treatment of these commissioners will be told of in a following part of this article.

On the 20th of December, 1860, South Carolina had adopted the ordinance of secession, and on the 26th of December her three commissioners appeared in Washington to negotiate for the turning over of the forts which commanded Charleston Harbor to the State, which had granted them originally only for purposes of defense of the State. These commissioners were abruptly dismissed with a refusal by President Buchanan. Meanwhile strenuous efforts were made by Southern members in the United States Congress to bring about a peaceable settlement without a permanent dissolution of the Union. Mr. Crittenden, the venerable Senator from Kentucky, proposed certain amendments to the Constitution, which were

rejected by the party in power. Then an act was passed appointing a committee of thirteen members of Congress to consider and report some plan of settlement. This committee, appointed December 20, 1860, reported on December 31 their inability to agree because of the refusal of the members of the Republican party to make any concession that might stay the progress of secession by guaranteeing the rights of the South.

But the State of Virginia determined to make one more effort for peace and the ultimate preservation of the Union. On the 19th of January, 1861, her legislature invited all the States willing to adjust existing controversies to send commissioners to Washington to meet on February 4, to agree, if possible, on some suitable adjustment. Fourteen Northern States responded, some very reluctantly, and seven slaveholding States were represented, not including those which had seceded. After three weeks' deliberation, the majority of the conference agreed on a plan which it was hoped might be acceptable to all parties and put an end to further contention. The plan of the peace conference was treated with contemptuous indifference and defeated by the votes of the Republican members of Congress just a day or two before Mr. Lincoln's inauguration.

TREATMENT OF CONFEDERATE COMMISSIONERS.

On the 12th of March, 1861, eight days after Mr. Lincoln's inauguration, the Confederate commissioners addressed a note to Mr. Seward, Secretary of State, asking for an interview in order to have a conference for the purpose of adjusting all questions between the United States and the Confederate States government. To this request no answer was returned at the time. But to Supreme Justice Nelson, of New York, who had come to protest against coercion as unconstitutional, Mr. Seward intimated that to receive the commissioners officially would be taken as an acknowledgment of the independence of the Confederacy, which the Northern people would not stand. Then Supreme Justice Campbell, of Alabama, was asked by Justice Nelson to call with him on the Secretary, which they did, and the Secretary told them that the immediate recognition of the commissioners would not be sustained by sentiment at the North in connection with the withdrawal of troops from Fort Sumter, which had been determined on. When Judge Campbell proposed to write to President Davis the substance of the interview, Mr. Seward authorized him to say to Mr. Davis that before that letter should reach him the order for the evacuation of Fort Sumter would have been made. This was on March 15, 1861. Thenceforth the negotiations between the commissioners and Mr. Seward were through Judges Campbell and Nelson and turned on the evacuation of Fort Sumter as determining the question of coercion or peace, for all recognized that coercion meant war. Five days after the assurance of the Secretary that the fort should be evacuated there was evidence that it was being strengthened. Mr. Seward assured the commissioners, through Judge Campbell, that the delay in evacuation was accidental and did not involve the integrity of his assurance that the evacuation would take place.

On the 19th of March Mr. G. V. Fox, afterwards Assistant Secretary of the Navy, who had a plan for the relief of Fort Sumter, went, with Mr. Lincoln's consent, to Charleston, where, on his arrival on the 21st of March, he obtained permission from Governor Pickens to visit Fort Sumter "expressly on the pledge of pacific purposes." There he matured his plan for furnishing supplies and reinforcements to the garrison. He did not communicate his plan to Major Ander-

son, the commanding officer of the fort. He reported the result of his visit at Washington. His plan was approved by President Lincoln, and he was sent to New York to arrange for its execution. After a few days Colonel Lamon, another confidential agent, was sent by President Lincoln ostensibly to arrange for the removal of the garrison. On leaving he expressed hope to Governor Pickens of a speedy return for that purpose. He never returned.

On the 30th of March, after Colonel Lamon's departure, Governor Pickens wrote to the commissioners inquiring the meaning of the prolonged delay in fulfilling the promise of evacuation. This dispatch was taken by Judge Campbell to Mr. Seward, who answered on April 1, saying that "the government will not attempt to supply Fort Sumter without giving notice to Governor Pickens." Being asked by Judge Campbell if there had been a change as to the former communications, Mr. Seward answered, "None." Let it be borne in mind that all this occurred while Mr. Fox was making active, though secret, preparations for his relief expedition.

On the 7th of April, the commissioners becoming impatient, having heard of the projected relief expedition, Judge Campbell asked Mr. Seward whether the assurances so often given were well or ill founded. To this the Secretary returned answer in writing: "Faith as to Sumter fully kept. Wait and see." At that time the relief expedition had already sailed from New York for Charleston; for on the 8th of April Mr. Chew, an official of the State Department in Washington, delivered to Governor Pickens and to General Beauregard an official notification, without date or signature, that the attempt would be made to supply Fort Sumter. Mr. Chew said that this notification was from the President of the United States and was delivered to him (Chew) on April 6. The relief expedition, or squadron, consisted of eight vessels carrying twenty-six guns and fourteen hundred men, including troops sent to reinforce the garrison. It should have reached Charleston on the 9th, before General Beauregard could have prepared to receive it; but it was delayed by a tempest and was lying just outside of the harbor on the 12th of April when General Beauregard was bombarding Fort Sumter, which was surrendered after a gallant defense on the 13th of April, the garrison marching out with the honors of war.

The State of Virginia, while believing in the right of secession, did not wish to exercise it at that time. She believed that if the Federal government would abstain from all acts of aggression and evacuate the Southern forts she could hold the border States in the Union and ultimately bring the seceded States back into the Union. When the tension was greatest, she sent three commissioners to Washington to learn definitely the President's policy. The commissioners only reached Washington on April 12 and had the interview on the 13th, the day of the surrender of Fort Sumter. They urged forbearance and the giving up of the Southern forts. In answer Mr. Lincoln read a paper which, while ambiguous and evasive, professed peaceful intentions. He objected to such a course in that all goods would be imported through Southern ports and so dry up the sources of his revenue; but he expressly disclaimed all purpose of war. Mr. Seward and Attorney-General Bates gave also to the commissioners the same assurances of peace. The following day the commissioners returned to Richmond, and the very train on which they traveled bore Mr. Lincoln's proclamation calling for seventy-five thousand men to subdue the Confederate States, which were characterized as being in insurrection against the government of the United States.

Thus the War between the States was brought on by a deliberate system of deception, which in politics is called "diplomacy," in morals is called "duplicity," in business is called "plain lying," by two of the very ablest and craftiest politicians—they would say statesmen—in the party of centralization. With all the professions of peaceful intentions, it was the purpose of that party to wage a war of subjugation on the Southern States and to establish a strong centralized power at Washington to be administered in the interests of the commercial and manufacturing classes.

AIMS AND RESULTS.

That the real aim and purpose of the leaders of the party that elected Mr. Lincoln was coercion and war upon the South is evident from the fact that, while Mr. Seward was temporizing with the Southern commissioners, seven of the radical Northern Governors, called War Governors, came to Mr. Lincoln, "breathing out threatenings and slaughter," and demanded that he should use the forces of the United States to subdue the "rebellion," making no concessions to the "slave power." Mr. Seward himself in the beginning of April, 1861, had submitted to Mr. Lincoln certain suggestions as to his policy, among which was that the issue in the coming conflict should be union or disunion and that no concession should be made to the South.

The evident purpose of the President and his Secretary of State was to delay action by the South by fair promises and at the same time to appear as sympathizing with Northern antio coercion sentiment until they were ready to force the Confederates to bombard Fort Sumter. Then they could cry: "The flag has been fired on by the Rebels. Rally to the defense of the Union." At once, with the unreasoning fury of a mob, large masses of the Northern people took up the cry. "Save the Union," and charged that the South had begun war on the Union; while, in fact, the South was only defending herself against an attack which was on the way to be delivered. The leaders, who cared nothing for the flag, succeeded in inspiring in the North "a star-spangled state of mind," which persists to this day; so that as to the war, its history and purposes, they see everything by starlight rather than by the clear light of day. And Northern historians of the war have generally concealed or perverted the facts to the utter misrepresentation of the South, her acts and motives.

With no other purpose than to bring the facts as to the beginning of that terrible four years of war between the States to the attention of the present generation of the South, this article is written. During those four years I was a soldier of the Confederacy, and my only regret is that it did not succeed. But, bowing in humble submission to the will of God, the Confederate soldier accepts the new order of things—a nation rather than a republic—and in good faith to make the nation a blessing to all the people. One of the saddest results of centralization is the distinct arraying of two mighty classes against each other, and these classes are in conflict for the possession of the government. It is a burning question whether we shall be ruled by the plutocracy by bribery and corruption or by the proletariat with force and fraud.

The great duty before all good citizens, Confederates and Federals, is to strive to bring about harmonious coöperation of all classes for the common good, and this we can do while we still hold in sacred memory the motives and deeds of those who offered their lives and fortunes for the principles of constitutional liberty in a federated republic.

MORGAN'S ESCAPE FROM PRISON.*

[The story of General Morgan's daring exploit in escaping from the penitentiary at Columbus, Ohio, with six of his command, forms a most interesting chapter of that very entertaining book by Gen. Basil Duke on "Morgan's Cavalry." The recital of their capture and the indignities heaped upon them as prisoners is enlivened by humorous references which relieve the tension of sympathy. The larger part of the chapter is given in this article as a true account of that most unique and daring dash for liberty; for General Duke was one of Morgan's gallant followers, succeeding him in command, and he writes as one who shared that imprisonment and knew just how the escape was planned and executed.]

Although the consequences were so disastrous, although upon the greater part of those who followed Morgan in this raid was visited a long, cruel, wearisome imprisonment, there are few, I imagine, among them who ever regretted it. It was a sad infliction upon a soldier, especially upon one accustomed to the life the "Morgan men" had led, to eat his heart in the tedious, dreary prison existence while the fight which he should have shared was daily growing deadlier. But, in our turn, to have been invaders; to have carried the war north of the Ohio; to have taught the people who for long months had been pouring invading hosts into the South something of the agony and terror of invasion; to have made them fly in fear from their homes, although they returned to find those homes not laid in ashes; to have scared them with the sound of hostile bugles, although no signals were sounded for flames and destruction—these luxuries were cheap at almost any price. It would have been an inexpiable shame in all the Confederate army there had been found no body of men to carry the war, however briefly, across the Ohio, and Morgan by this raid saved us at least that disgrace. * * *

The prisoners taken at Buffington were carried to Cincinnati as rapidly as the low stage of water and the speed of the little boat upon which we were placed would permit. We were some three days in making the trip. Fortunately for us, the officers and men appointed to guard us were disposed to ameliorate our condition as much as possible. * * *

When we arrived at Cincinnati, we met with a grand ovation. The fact that none of the citizens had come out to meet us when we marched around the city had caused us to conceive a very erroneous impression regarding them. They pressed closely upon the guard of soldiers who were drawn up around us as we were marched through the streets to the city prison and attempted many demonstrations of their feeling toward us. There seemed to be little sympathy between the soldiers and the populace. The former muttered pretty strong expressions of disgust for the previous tameness and present boldness of the latter and once or twice when jostled plied their bayonets. The privates were immediately sent to Camps Morton and Douglas. The officers were kept at the city prison in Cincinnati for three days. During that time we were reinforced by a good many others taken in the two or three days which succeeded the Buffington fight. On the last day of our sojourn there we learned of General Morgan's capture. We had hoped and almost felt confident that he would escape.

We were removed from this prison and taken to Johnson's Island. At every station on the railroad from Cincinnati to

Sandusky large and enthusiastic crowds assembled to greet us. The enthusiasm, however, was scarcely of a nature to excite agreeable emotions in our bosoms. There seemed to be "universal suffrage" for our instant and collective execution, and its propriety was promulgated with much heat and emphasis. A change seemed to have come over the people of Ohio in the past two weeks. In our progress through the State before our capture the people left their homes apparently from a modest disinclination to see us. But now they crowded to stare at us.

When we reached Sandusky, we were transferred to a small steam tug and put across the arm of the lake which separates Johnson's Island from the mainland. We were marched as soon as landed to the adjutant's office, and after roll call and a preliminary scrutiny to ascertain if we had money or weapons upon our persons we were introduced into the prison inclosure. It was the custom in those days in the various prisons for the older inmates to collect about the gates of the "bull pen" when "fresh fish," as every lot of prisoners just arrived were termed, were brought in and inspect them. We consequently met a large crowd of unfortunate Rebels when we entered, in which were not a few acquaintances and some of our own immediate comrades. * * *

The Gettysburg prisoners had arrived only a few days before, and from them we heard the first intelligible account of the great battle. Not a whit were the courage and fire of these gallant representatives of the army of heroes abated. They seemed to have perfect faith in the invincibility of their comrades, and they looked for the millennium to arrive much sooner than for serious discomfiture to befall "Uncle Robert."

Johnson's Island was the most agreeable prison I ever saw, which is much as if a man were to allude to the pleasantest dose of castor oil he ever swallowed. * * * We who were shortly afterwards transferred to the Ohio penitentiary thought and spoke of Johnson's Island as under the circumstances a very "desirable location." The rations were good, and we were permitted to purchase anything we wished from the sutler. As we were there only four days, however, it is possible that some others who remained nearly two years may be right in contending that the régime in process of time underwent some change. * * * After remaining at Johnson's Island four days, some forty of us were called for one morning and bidden to prepare for departure, whither we were not informed. But our worst fears were realized when we were taken off of the cars at Columbus and marched to the penitentiary. The State of Ohio claimed Morgan and his officers as her peculiar property, because we had been captured on her soil by Michiganders, Kentuckians, etc., and demanded us that we might be subjected to the same treatment which she inflicted upon her felons. It was rumored also that Colonel Streight, an Ohio officer, captured by Forrest, had been placed in the penitentiary in Georgia, and we were told that we were being incarcerated in retaliation. It turned out subsequently that Colonel Streight was treated precisely as the other prisoners in the South; but the Governor of Ohio, having gotten hold of a batch of Confederate soldiers captured for him by troops from other States, was disposed to make the most of them and would not consent to let them out of his hands.

Two men figured in the "Ohio raid" and the subsequent treatment of the raiders with a peculiar éclat. The commander in chief of the department, who prepared to flee from the city where his headquarters were established upon the approach of two thousand wearied men whom with an

*"History of Morgan's Cavalry," by Gen. Basil Duke. New edition. Neale Publishing Company.

army of fine troops he could not stop, was one of them. The other was the Governor of a State he could not defend, but who could torture if he could not fight. Burnside turned us over to Tod, but instructed that "these men shall be subjected to the usual prison discipline." He could part with his prisoners and enjoin in doing so that they be treated as convicted felons; but his name would blister the tongue of a brave man, and I should apologize for writing it.

When we entered this gloomy mansion of "crime and woe," it was with misery in our hearts, although with an affected gayety of manner. We could not escape the conviction, struggle against it as we would, that we were placed there to remain while the war lasted, and most of us believed that the war would outlast the generation. We were told when we went in that we "were there to stay," and there was something infernal in the gloom and the massive strength of the place which seemed to bid us "leave all hope behind." While we were waiting in the hall to which we were assigned before being placed in our cells, a convict, as I supposed, spoke to me in a low voice from the grated door of one of the cells already occupied. I made some remark about the familiarity of our new friends on short acquaintance, when by the speaker's peculiar laugh I recognized General Morgan. He was so shaven and shorn that his voice alone was recognizable, for I could not readily distinguish his figure. We were soon placed in our respective cells and the iron-barred doors locked.

Some of the officers declared subsequently that when left alone and the eyes of the keepers were taken off of them they came near swooning. It was not the apprehension of hardship or harsh treatment that was so horrible; it was the stifling sense of close, cramped confinement. The dead weight of the huge stone prison seemed resting on our breasts. On the next day we were taken out to undergo some of the "usual prison discipline" and were subjected to a sort of dress parade. We were first placed man by man in a big hogshead filled with water (there were two) and solemnly scrubbed by a couple of negro convicts. This, they said, was done for sanitary reasons. The baths in the lake at Johnson's Island were much pleasanter, and the twentieth man who was ordered into either tub looked ruefully at the water as if he thought it had already done enough for health. Then we were seated in barbers' chairs, our beards were taken off, and the officiating artists were ordered to give each man's hair a "decent cut." We found that, according to the penitentiary code, the decent way of wearing the hair was to cut it all off. If the same rule had been adopted with regard to clothing, the Digger Indians would have been superfluously clad in comparison with (what would have been) our disheveled condition. Some young men on this occasion lost beards and moustaches which they had assiduously cultivated with scanty returns for years. Colonel Smith had a magnificent beard sweeping down to his waist, patriarchal in all save color; it gave him a leonine aspect that might have awed even a barber. He was placed in the chair, and in less time perhaps than Absalom stayed on his mule after his hair brought him to grief he was reduced to ordinary humanity. He felt his loss keenly. I ventured to compliment him on features which I had never seen till then, and he answered with asperity that it was "no jesting matter."

When we returned to the hall, we met General Morgan, Colonel Cluke, Calvin Morgan, Captain Gibson, and some twenty-six others. Our party numbered sixty-eight in all. General Morgan and most of the officers who surrendered with him had been taken to Cincinnati and lodged in the city

prison (as we had been), with the difference that we had been placed in the upper apartments (which were clean), and he and his party were confined in the lower rooms, in comparison with which the stalls of the Augean stables were boudoirs. After great efforts, General Morgan obtained an interview with Burnside and urged that the terms upon which he had surrendered should be observed, but with no avail. He and the officers with him were taken directly from Cincinnati to the Ohio penitentiary and had been there several days when we who came from Johnson's Island arrived. * * *



GEN. JOHN HUNT MORGAN.

We were placed in the cells constructed in that face of the building which looks toward the town. No convicts were quartered in the cells on that side, except on the extreme upper tiers, but the cells on the other side of the building were all occupied by them. The cells were some seven feet in height and were built in ranges, or tiers, one above the other. The doors were grates of iron, the bars of which were about an inch and a quarter wide, half an inch thick, and perhaps two inches apart, leaving open spaces of two inches square. In front of each range of cells were balconies three feet wide, and ladders led from each one of these to the other just above it. * * *

Every conceivable method of killing time and every practical recreation was resorted to. Marbles were held in high estimation for many days, the game being played first and discussed subsequently with keen interest. A long ladder which had been left in the hall leaning against the wall was a perfect treasure to those who most craved active exercise. They practiced all sorts of gymnastics on this ladder and cooled the fever in their blood with fatigue. Chess finally became the standard amusement, and those who did not understand the game watched it with as much apparent relish as if they understood it. Chess books were bought and studied as carefully as any work on tactics had ever been by the same men, and groups would spend hours in discussing this gamble and that, and an admiring audience could always be collected at one end of the hall to hear how Cicero Cole-

man just checkmated an antagonist at the other by a judicious flank movement with his "knight" or some other active and effective piece.

In spite, however, of every effort to sustain health and spirits, both suffered. The most robust could not endure without injury the life to which we were condemned. I am satisfied that hard labor, furnishing at once occupation and exercise, alone prevents the inmates of these prisons from dying early. The effect of this confinement is strange and will doubtless appear inconsistent. It affected every man of our party with lethargy and nervousness. While we were physically and mentally impaired by it, and every faculty was dulled, and all energy was sapped, every man was restless without aim or purpose and irritable without cause or reason. These effects of imprisonment became far more apparent and difficult to repress after a few months had elapsed. * * * When two or three months had elapsed, General Morgan's impatience of the galling confinement and perpetual espionage amounted almost to frenzy. He restrained all exhibition of his feelings remarkably, but it was apparent to his fellow prisoners that he was chafing terribly under the restraint, more irksome to him than to any one of the others.

The difficulty of getting letters from our families and friends in the South was one of the worst evils of this imprisonment; and if a letter came containing anything in the least objectionable, it was as likely as not destroyed, and the envelope only was delivered to the man to whom it was written. Generally, the portion of its contents which incurred Merion's censure having been erased, it was graciously delivered; but more than once a letter which would have been valued beyond all price was altogether withheld, and the prisoner anxiously expecting it was mocked, as I have stated, with being given the envelope in which it came, as evidence that he was robbed of it. The reader can imagine the feelings of a man whose wife and children were in far-off Dixie while he lay in prison tortured with anxiety to hear from them and who, when the letter which told of them at last came, should be deprived of it because it contained some womanly outburst of feeling and should be tantalized with the evidence of his loss. * * *

When the news of the battle of Chickamauga was coming in and we were half wild with excitement and eagerness to learn the true version of the reports that prevailed—for every thing told us by the prison officials was garbled—we by good luck got in two or three newspapers containing full accounts of the battle. I shall never forget listening to them read in General Morgan's cell, while four or five pickets (regularly relieved) was posted to guard against surprise. These papers were read to the whole party in detachments; while one listened, the succeeding one awaited its turn in nervous impatience. As I have said, General Morgan grew more restless under his imprisonment every day and finally resolved to effect his escape at any hazard or labor.

Several plans were resolved and abandoned, and at length one devised by Captain Hines was adopted. This was to "tunnel" out of the prison, as the mode of escape by digging a trench to lead from the interior to the outside of the prisons was technically called. But to "tunnel" through the stone pavement and immense walls of the penitentiary, concealing the tremendous work as it progressed—it required a bold imagination to conceive such an idea. Hines had heard in some way a hint of an air chamber constructed under the lower range of cells, that range immediately upon the ground floor. He thought it probable that there was such a chamber, for

he could account in no other way for the dryness of the cells in that range. At the first opportunity he entered into conversation with old Hevay, the deputy warden. This old man was very kind-hearted and was also an enthusiast upon the subject of the architectual grandeur of that penitentiary. Hines led the conversation into that channel and finally learned that his surmise was correct. If, then, he could cut through the floor of his cell and reach this air chamber without detection, he would have an excellent base for future operations. He communicated his plan to General Morgan, who at once approved it. Five other men whose cells were on the first range were selected as assistants.

The work was commenced with knives abstracted from the table. These knives, square at the end of the blade instead of pointed, made excellent chisels and were the very best tools for the inauguration of the labor. Putting out pickets to prevent surprise, they pecked and chiseled away at the hard floor, which was eighteen inches thick, of stone cement and brick, concealing the rubbish in their handkerchiefs, then throwing part of it into the stoves and hiding the rest in their beds. They soon dug a hole in the floor large enough to permit the body of a man to pass. The iron bedsteads which stood in each cell could be lifted up or let down at pleasure. Hines would prop his up each morning, sweep out his cell (in which the aperture had been cut), throw a carpet sack carelessly over the mouth of the shaft he had sunk, and when the guard came and looked in everything appeared so neat and innocent that he did not examine further. One kick given that hypocritical carpetbag would have disclosed the plot. After the air chamber was reached, a good many others were taken into the secret in order that the work might go constantly on.

The method adopted then was for two or three to descend and go to work, while the others kept watch. In an hour or two a fresh relief would be put on, and the work would be kept up in this way throughout the day until the hour of locking up arrived, except at dinner time, when every man who was absent from the table had to give a reason for his absence. The work conducted underground was tedious and difficult, but all labored with a will. The candles which had been purchased and hoarded away now did good service. Without them it would have been almost impossible to finish the task. A code of signals was invented to meet every possible contingency. By pounding a bar of wood upon the stone floor those above communicated to those underneath information of every danger which threatened and called on them to come forth if necessary. The walls of the air chamber were two or three feet thick and built of huge stones. Two or three of these stones were removed, and a tunnel was run straight to the outer wall of the hall. Fortune favored the workmen at this juncture and threw in their way an adequate tool with which to accomplish this part of their work. Some one had discovered lying in the yard, through which we passed on our way to breakfast, an old rusty spade with a broken handle. It was at once determined that the said spade must be secured. Accordingly men were detailed and instructed in their proper parts, and at the first opportunity the spade was transferred to the air chamber and put to work in digging the tunnel. * * *

When the main wall of the hall was reached, the heavy stones of its foundation were removed in sufficient number to admit of the passage of a man. But it was then discovered that the tunnel led right under an immense coal pile. It was necessary that this difficulty should be remedied, but how?

Without a view of the ground just outside of the wall no one could calculate how far or in what direction to run the tunnel so that when it was conducted to the surface all obstructions might be avoided. In this emergency General Morgan engaged Scott (familiarily known as "Scotty"), our keeper during the day, in conversation about the remarkable escape of some convicts which had occurred a year or two previously and which Scott was very fond of describing. These convicts had climbed by the balconies in front of the ranges of cells to the ceiling and had passed out through the skylight to the roof of the prison. Scott declared his belief that there were no two other men on the continent who could perform the feat of ascending by the balconies.

"Why," says General Morgan, "Capt. Sam Taylor, small as he is, can do it."

Thereupon a discussion ensued, ending by Scott's giving Taylor permission to attempt it. Taylor, who, although very small, was as active as a squirrel, immediately commenced the ascent and sprang from one to the other of the balconies until he reached the top one. He was one of the men who had been selected to escape with General Morgan and comprehended immediately the latter's object in having him attempt this feat. It would afford him a chance to glance out of the windows at the ground just beyond the wall. As he leisurely swung himself down he studied "the position" carefully, and his observations enabled them to direct the tunnel aright. * * *

While the work was going on General Morgan and those who were to escape with him habitually slept with their faces covered and their hands concealed. This was done to accustom the night guard to take their presence in the cells for granted by the appearance of the bulk upon the beds without actually seeing them. This guard went the rounds at the expiration of every two hours during the night, and he would place his lantern close to each cell door in order that the light should fill the cell and show the occupant. General Morgan used to say that a peculiar shuddering and creeping of the flesh would assail him whenever this man approached. He frequently crept about with list slippers on his feet, and he moved them without the slightest noise. He used to remind me of a sly, cruel, bloated, suspicious, night-prowling spider.

When the tunneling approached its completion, all the other necessary preparations were made. The prison yard, into which they would emerge from the tunnel, was surrounded by a wall twenty-five feet high, and means for scaling that had to be provided. There was an inner wall running from the corner of the "East Hall" to a smaller building, in which some of the female convicts were imprisoned; but it was comparatively low, and they anticipated little difficulty in getting over it. The coverlids of several beds were torn into strips, and the strips were plaited into a strong rope nearly thirty feet in length. A strong iron rod used for stirring the fires in the stoves was converted into a hook, and the rope was attached to it. Rope and hook were taken down into the air chamber, where all the "valuables" were stored.

General Morgan had managed to get a suit of citizen's clothing, and the six men who were going to escape with him were similarly provided. The warden had prohibited the introduction into the prison of uniform clothing, but occasionally allowed plain suits to be received. The General had also gotten a card of the schedule time on the Little Miami Railroad and knew when the train left Columbus and when

it arrived in Cincinnati. For this he paid fifteen dollars, the only money used in effecting his escape.

Despite the strict search instituted when we first entered the penitentiary, several of the party had managed to secrete money so that it was not found. This was now divided among the seven who were to escape. These were, besides General Morgan, Capts. Thomas H. Hines, Ralph Sheldon, Sam Taylor, Jacob Bennett, James Hockersmith, and Gustavus McGee. An opening into the air chamber through the floor of each cell from which each one of the seven would escape had been cut from underneath, a thin crust only of the cement being left, and to all outward appearances the floor was as sound as ever.

By means of an arrangement which had been perfected for obtaining all absolutely necessary articles, each one of the party about to escape had procured a stout, sharp knife, very effective weapons in case of surprise and an attempt to stop their escape. When everything was ready, they waited several nights for rain, trusting to elude the vigilance of the guards more easily in the obscurity of such a night and taking the chance also that the dogs which were turned loose every night in the yard would be driven by the rain into their kennels on the other side of the yard from that where they would emerge. * * *

On the 26th of November General Morgan learned that there had been a change of military commandants at Columbus. Well knowing that this would be followed by an inspection of the prison and a discovery of the plot, he determined that the effort should be made that very night. His own cell was in the second range, from which it was impossible to reach the air chamber and tunnel; but the cell of his brother, Col. Richard Morgan, had been prepared for him, and when Scott tapped, as usual, on the stove as a signal for each man to retire to his cell the exchange was effected. There was a sufficient resemblance between them to deceive a man who would not look closely, especially when they were seated with their faces turned away from the door.

At any rate, Scott and the night guard were both deceived, and efforts were made by the occupants of the cells near to both of those, where close inspection would have been dangerous, to attract to themselves the attention of the guard when he went the rounds. As it was especially necessary on this occasion to know certainly when the night guard approached, small bits of coal had been sprinkled, just before the hour for locking up, on the floor of the first range, so that, tread as lightly as he would, the slinking cur could not help making a loud noise.

It had been arranged that just after the twelve-o'clock visit from the guard Captain Taylor should descend into the air chamber and give the signal underneath the floor of each cell. Fortunately, the only man who was vile enough to have betrayed the plan was absent in the hospital. Six hours elapsed after the locking in. Regularly during that time the night guard went his rounds, making an awful crackling as he passed along the lower range. Sixty-odd men lay awake, silent and excited, with hearts beating louder and blood rushing faster through their veins than the approach of battle had ever occasioned. Perhaps the coolest of all that number were the seven who were about to incur the risk.

Twelve o'clock struck, and the clang of the bell seemed to be in the hall itself. The guard passed with his lantern, a few minutes elapsed (while the adventurers lay still lest he should slip back), and then at the signal they sprang from their beds, hastily stuffed flannel shirts with material prepared

beforehand, and made up bundles to lie in their beds and represent them. Then stamping upon the floor above the excavations, the thin crust of each gave way, and they descended into the air chamber. They passed one by one along the tunnel until the foremost man reached the terminus and with his knife cut away the sod which had, of course, been left untouched. Then they emerged into the open air and inner yard.

The early part of the night had been bright and clear, but now it was cloudy, and rain was falling. They climbed the low wall and descended into the large yard. The rain had caused the sentries to seek shelter and had driven the dogs to their kennels. They moved cautiously across the yard. If detected, their knives must have saved or avenged them. Discovery would have been hard upon them, but also it would have been unhealthy for the discoverer. They were resolved to be free; they were powerful and desperate men; and if they failed, they were determined that others besides themselves should have cause for sorrow. But they reached and climbed the outer wall in safety. There was a coping upon it which they grappled with the hook, and then they climbed hand over hand to the top. When all had ascended, the hook was grappled upon the inner shelf of the coping, and they let themselves down. When all were on the ground, they strove to shake the hook loose, but it held fast, and they were forced to leave the rope hanging. That circumstance caused the detection of their escape two hours sooner than it would otherwise have happened, for the rope was discovered at daylight, and the alarm was given. But time enough had been allowed the fugitives to make good their escape. They at once broke into couples.

General Morgan and Hines went straight to the depot. Hines bought tickets to Cincinnati, and when the train came they got on it. General Morgan was apprehensive that they would be asked for passes or permits to travel and arrested for not having them. He saw an officer of field rank seated in the car which he entered, and it occurred to him that if he were seen in familiar conversation with this officer he would not, perhaps, be asked for a pass. He spoke to Hines, and they seated themselves near this officer and courteously addressed him; he replied as suavely. After a short conversation, General Morgan produced a liquor flask (they were very generally carried then) and invited the officer to take a drink of brandy, which invitation was gracefully accepted. Just then the train moved past the penitentiary. "That is the

hotel at which Morgan stops, I believe," said the officer. "Yes," said the General, "and will stop, it is to be hoped. He has given us his fair share of trouble, and he will not be released. I shall drink to him. May he ever be as closely kept as he is now!" This officer was a pleasant and well-informed gentleman, and General Morgan passed the night in agreeable and instructive conversation with him, asking many questions and receiving satisfactory replies.

When the suburbs of Cincinnati were reached, a little after daylight, it was time to get off. General Morgan pulled the bell rope and moved to one platform; Hines went to the other, and they put the brakes down with all their strength. The speed of the train slackened, and they sprang off. Two or three soldiers were sitting on a pile of lumber near where General Morgan alighted. "What in the h— are you jumping off the train for?" asked one of them. "What in the h— is the use of a man's going on to town when he lives out here?" responded the General. "Besides, what matter is it to you?" "O nothing," said the soldier and paid him no further attention. Reaching the river, which runs close to this point, they gave a little boy two dollars to put them across in a skiff. In Newport, Ky., they found friends to aid them, and before the telegraph had given to Cincinnati the information of his escape he was well on his way to Boone County, a sure asylum for such fugitives. In Boone fresh horses, guides, and all that was necessary were quickly obtained. He felt no longer any apprehension. He could travel from Boone to Harrison or Scott Counties, thence through Anderson to Nelson, and thence to the Tennessee line; and during all that time no one need know of his whereabouts but his devoted friends, who would have died to shield him from harm. * * *

When the escape of General Morgan and the others was discovered on the morning after it was effected, there was an extraordinary degree of emotion manifested by the penitentiary officials. The rope hanging upon the wall was seen by some one at daylight. It was apparent that somebody had escaped, so the alarm was given to the warden, and his suspicion at once turned toward the prisoners of war. About 6 A.M. a detachment of guards and turnkeys poured into the hall and began running about, unlocking doors and calling on various men by name in the wildest and most frantic manner. For some time they were puzzled to determine who had escaped. Colonel Morgan was still taken for the General, and the "dummies" in the cells which had been vacated deceived them for a while into the belief that those cells were still occupied. But at length a more careful and calm examination revealed the fact and the method of the escape, and then the hubbub broke out afresh. In the midst of it Captain Bennett called out, "Well, gentlemen, I like a moderate stir, but you are going it too brash," an expression of opinion which, to judge from the unanimous shout of approval from the prisoners and the laughter they could no longer restrain, met with their cordial indorsement.

It was generally feared that Colonel Morgan would be severely dealt with, and he expected a long term of service in the dungeon; but, to the surprise and gratification of all of us, it was announced that he was thought to be no more guilty than the rest and should be punished no more harshly. The first step taken was to remove all of the first-range men to the third range. Then a general and thorough search was instituted. Every cell was carefully examined, every man was stripped and inspected, and every effort was made, after the bird had flown, to make the cage secure.



DEDICATION OF MONUMENT TO GENERAL MORGAN AT
LEXINGTON, KY., IN 1911.

JUDGE TOURGEE AND THE KU-KLUX KLAN.

BY A. J. EMERSON, DENVER, COLO.

HORROR OF "ORGANIZED THUGGISM."

After praising the Southern people so highly, Judge Tourgee professes to be amazed, confounded, and almost petrified to see this brave, proud, honorable, and hospitable people masquerading in the Ku-Klux Klan and condescending to be guilty of "organized thuggism." Well, thuggism is a hard word; and if it had stuck, the Judge would have been avenged of his adversaries. But as it is, it seems too much like an effort to get even with the Southerners for calling him and his like "carpetbaggers." Then the word "thug" is too far-fetched. The Judge imports it from Hindustan, 12,500 miles away. The thug was a fanatic who committed murder from religious motives. A bad man surely, but he was not a robber; indeed, he would have scorned to be classed with robbers or with the "bummers" of our Civil War.

Judge Tourgee was human; he had his full share of that trait of human nature which prevents us from seeing ourselves as others see us. He could see very clearly that it was evil in the Ku-Klux to kill everybody; he could not see that it was evil in "organized bummers" to plunder and rob a hundred thousand homes in the South, killing also as they went. He was an officer in the great army whose bummers plundered and robbed homes from Chattanooga to Savannah, from Savannah to Columbia, from Columbia to Fayetteville, from Fayetteville to Warsaw, and from Warsaw to Raleigh. Yet he saw not the evil of "organized bummerism."

Yet we can see it, and it is strange to us that a great and world-famous people like those of the North could condescend to take delight in "organized bummerism." In their great strength well could they have afforded to refrain from every act of plunder and robbery. How much more glorious it would be to-day if they could say: "In the Civil War our soldiers burned no homes nor plundered any, robbed no barns or smokehouses, dug up no family heirlooms or other treasures hid in gardens, poured no molasses into pianos, broke up no beautiful sets of chinaware for fun or for spite, robbed no citizens of watches or money in the streets, left no families without food—in short, made no war on homes, women, or children!" All the world would be praising. As it is, they have left to their descendants the unpleasant task of defending the indefensible.

So we come back on Mr. Tourgee. As he berated us for our "thuggism," we must berate him for some of his "bummerism."

"What did the bummers do that was bad?" you ask. I give you an account of their treatment of one family, one out of a hundred thousand more or less similar.

In 1867, on my way from Fayetteville to Clinton, N. C., I stayed all night with a friend, James H. Turlington, who lived a few miles west of Clinton. The Northern army passed that way in 1865. Mr. Turlington, an honorable man, standing high in his community, told me how the bummers behaved at his house.

"The first squad that came plundered the house," he said, "and then hitched the carriage horses to the family carriage, loaded it with hams from the smokehouse, and drove away. The second squad plundered the house, took my two-horse wagon, loaded it with shoulders and middlings of meat from the smokehouse, and drove away. The third squad took off a mule cart loaded with the balance of the bacon. Two other mule carts were loaded with flour, meal, sugar, sorghum molasses, and all kinds of eatables. Army wagons hauled

off all my grain and fodder. My cook said: 'Dar's not a dust o' meal or flour left in de pantry.'

"Another squad arrived and, after plundering the house, with shouts of victory hunted, chased, ran down, and killed or carried off alive all the domestic animals on the plantation. There wasn't a horse, mule, cow, calf, steer, sheep, goat, peafowl, goose, turkey, duck, guinea, or chicken left. Some eggs in nests of sitting hens were left, but no hens. The cats hid and came back in a few days; but we saw our faithful dogs no more. We had hidden some gold and silver money and our silverware in the garden. Peas, beets, and radishes were growing above the box containing them. But they struck that box easily with their bayonets and got our treasure, laughing in our faces.

"The last squad of bummers, eight or ten in number, who came that day camped just across the road out there in front of the gate, 'to be near the well,' they said. I sat in the piazza awhile to observe them. They had a bright fire to cook supper. I could see them plainly. They seemed to be drinking, and their talk was loud and noisy. I could hear most of what was said.

"While they were cooking supper a negro boy eighteen or twenty years of age, I should say, walked into the circle of light and sat down.

"'What did ye stop here for?' said one with an Irish accent.

"'I want sump'n to eat.'

"'Want somethin' to eat? Well, then, bring us a bucket of water.'

"'Don't want to.'

"'Get a move on you quick and bring that water.'

"'Ise free. Don't ha' to mind nobody now.'

"'See here. You'll mind me, or I'll crack your skull.'

"They all cried out to him that he must do as they told him. He still refused. They threatened him. 'Jes' tryin' to scare me,' he said. They became so infuriated that one of them seized a fence rail and struck him a death blow on the head, crushing the skull, no doubt.

"After supper they examined the treasures they had gathered up during the day and quarreled over them, but stopped short of fighting. They then dug a hole and buried the body of the negro close by where he fell. I asked them to dig the grave farther away. But they would not. You can see the mound just beyond the road.

"Next morning the bummers went away, but all day long the great army was passing, passing, passing. Before noon we began to have the sensation that the procession was endless, would go on and on always—a sight never to be forgotten.

"But we were hungry. Next morning we were at the lowest point of depression. I just as much expected that we would perish to death as I ever expected anything in my life.

"I walked up the road a little way, gloomy and despondent, and turned out among the pines. The great trees stood tall and silent, the wind moaning among their tops. Presently my eyes were opened wide. 'What is that I see? Grains of corn on the white sand, and cobs with grains of corn on them! Corn here, corn there, and corn yonder. What does this mean? O! This must be where the Yankee cavalry fed their horses yesterday. It is, and there is plenty here for us to live on, thank God.' I gathered corn, washed it, dried it, parched it, and on parched corn we fed and saved our lives till better days came when the Yankees were gone.

"I looked around to see what had been left me. Of course

I had my land, my house, part of my furniture, and part of my farming implements. Over and above these I had in the smokehouse a box of soap. I saw that I must begin life over again in an altered world with some grains of corn and a box of soap for resources, and all my neighbors for many miles around in the same condition. That was my situation in March, 1865. Why the bummers did not take that box of soap, I do not know; it may have been because they could not eat it. I don't know."

With reference to the box of soap, we may conjecture that the bummers were so eager for the glad surprises of robbery and the pleasant thrills given by the discovery of new treasures to be had for the taking at every dwelling, combined with the fear that some others would get there first, that they were in a great, great hurry to get on, and the use of soap had in it an element of delay that was prohibitive.

Much has been said concerning the negroes leaving the plantations and following the Northern army out of love and gratitude. From the story of Mr. Turlington one may perceive that if the negroes had wanted to stay at home, as many of them did, famine would have driven them away. Of those who went away, many returned.

I remember hearing of the return of "Uncle George" and "Aunt Melinda" to Mr. Peterson, their former master, bringing with them, to furnish some needed farm power, an old mule named "Sherman"; an army mule he was, blind of one eye, and almost deaf (apparently). But Uncle George and old Sherman were a much-needed reinforcement. Uncle George followed the plow that summer, the old mule going before as slow as winter molasses and as unhurrying, but steady. They made a crop for old master (young master was killed at Sharpsburg) and pursued a policy of reconstruction much wiser, according to Tourgee, than that adopted by the wise men at Washington.

Judge Tourgee was prompt to denounce the wrongs done to carpetbaggers and others by the Ku-Klux Klan, branding them as "organized thuggism," but seemed incapable of seeing any wrong in the doings of his fellow soldiers, the bummers, such as are detailed by Mr. Turlington. Figuratively speaking, he must have been like Uncle George's army mule, blind of one eye; in plain words, under a sort of mental hallucination.

This hallucination prevailed extensively throughout the Northern armies. It seems to have arisen from an exaggerated view of the enormity, the unspeakable enormity, of the crime of rebellion, which they attributed to the Southerners, of which, however, the Southerners were innocent. This illusion caused a sort of hard-heartedness and lack of sympathy (of pity, you might say, in the case of women and children) for the sufferings of Southerners. They were out of the pale.

Here I shall let a Northern soldier speak in confirmation of what I say. In his book, "The Great Locomotive Chase," the Rev. William Pittinger says, page 70 (he is telling us how the Northern soldiers regarded the Southerners): "We did not look upon ourselves as on the same plane with the enemy. We were not fighting against a nation armed with all the rights of independence. In our view our opponents were nothing but rebels, and we regarded rebellion itself as a crime that forfeited all rights and was justly punishable with death. We did not think that men who had associated themselves together against our government had acquired any more rights by that association than a band of pirates or murderers. To kill them was a public duty, the very purpose for

which we had left our homes. To defeat them in their criminal designs by falsehood seemed just like throwing a murderer off the track of his intended victim by strategy. In other words, we looked upon the Rebels as out of the pale of all law by their own act. The further consideration should be kept in view that, with the exception of two or three, we were very young, not members of any Church, and that we held ourselves amenable only to the common laws of army morality, which, so far as the enemy was concerned, were not very stringent, the common sentiment being that a Rebel had no right to anything, not even to the truth."

"Ad Dixicanos (rebels) nil nisi falsum.

De Dixieanis verum loqui non necesse est."

This denial of the right of the so-called Rebels to have the truth spoken to them or about them was no doubt a sort of war measure adopted by the Federal soldiers under the excitement and the frenzied illusions of the war times. But, strange to say, it has practically continued in full force and effect to this day. The so-called Rebels are still suffering grievously from misrepresentations and falsehoods circulated without challenge and as freely as are United States bank notes. The so-called Rebels have no redress, and this thing amounts to a disability.

Congress has removed most of the Rebels' disabilities and should be petitioned to remove this one. Let Congress be urged to pass an act restoring to the Rebels (so-called) their natural right to have the truth told about them, pardoning them for the few lies they have told and pardoning the other side for the numerous falsehoods they have told up to the present time, but requiring all hands to plumb the track and tell the truth in the future. Also the said act of Congress should require the President to announce its passage in a public proclamation, warning all historians, essayists, biographers, autobiographers, romancers, recollectionists, reminiscencers, novelists, "literary fellers," scribblers, etc., that they must henceforth tell the truth about the said so-called Rebels in their histories, essays, biographies, autobiographies, romances, novels, recollections, reminiscences, etc., under penalty of having said writings placed on the idle shelf in the Congressional Library at Washington and in all the public libraries in the United States.

Judge Tourgee no doubt wanted to tell the truth, but could not, because he saw both parties at the wrong angle; one was diametrically opposed to him, the other was on his side. Hence he viewed the Ku-Klux Klan with alarm and horror, but looked upon the bummers with toleration.

To-day we can view both from more nearly the same angle. From our standpoint of fifty years later the Ku-Klux Klanner appears more like a patriot defending his home, and the bummer seems to be a wanderer unnecessarily disturbing other people's homes.

THEY WERE NOT COWARDS. J. W. Homer, of Louisville, Kans., writes: "In General Bragg's statement of the battle of Missionary Ridge he accused the soldiers who retired from the summit of the Ridge during the assault of the Army of the Cumberland of being cowards or lacking in courage. I was in that battle on the Yankee side, and I know from what I saw that the Johnnies were not cowards. We went up the side of the Ridge in front of an Irish battery. I think it was from Florida. After our battle line got under its guns so they could not be used, the brave men stood by their cannons and threw stones as we advanced up the Ridge and would not surrender until prodded by the bayonet."

IN THE BATTLE OF HAMPTON ROADS.

BY W. F. CLAYTON, FLORENCE, S. C., SECRETARY SURVIVORS' ASSOCIATION, CONFEDERATE STATES NAVY.

In the *VETERAN* for July appears an article on the famous battle of Hampton Roads, Va., by J. F. Shipp, of Chattanooga, Tenn. I must congratulate Comrade Shipp, who, as a looker-on some miles away, has given one of the most accurate descriptions of that famous battle that revolutionized the navies of the world. He certainly deserves credit. As a participant in Saturday's fight I purpose, with your permission, to give an accurate account of that engagement.

Sometime in the summer of 1861 I was appointed a midshipman in the Confederate States navy and ordered to report for duty at the Norfolk Navy Yard. I reported to Commodore Forrest, who assigned me to duty on the receiving ship *United States*. She was only a hulk, but was the vessel with which Decatur captured the British ship *Macedonian* in the War of 1812. Remaining in Norfolk until December, 1861, I reported to Capt. J. R. Tucker for duty the day after Christmas on board the *Patrick Henry*, then lying off Mulberry Point in James River. With her were the *Jamestown* and the tug *Teaser*. The *Patrick Henry* and *Jamestown* were sister ships, side-wheel, and formerly engaged in the trade between Richmond and New York, the *Patrick Henry* having been the old *Yorktown*. They drew fourteen feet and could make about twelve miles an hour. We lay at our anchors until the 7th of March, 1862, when we dropped down to Day's Bluff, a few miles above Newport News. The *Patrick Henry* carried ten guns, the *Jamestown* two, and the *Teaser* one gun and a howitzer. We had just finished dinner and were still seated at the table when the drum beat to quarters.

We immediately took our positions, lost no time in heaving up the anchors, and in line, the *Patrick Henry* in the lead, hurried toward Newport News, where were anchored the *Congress*, a frigate of fifty guns, and the sloop of war *Cumberland*, of thirty guns. On the latter the wash clothes were hanging in the rigging. The channel at Newport News is about eight hundred yards wide for vessels of our draft, and we had orders to elevate our guns for eight hundred yards. The *United States* batteries at Newport News were three in number, the upper, the middle, and the lower—in all forty guns.

When about a mile above Newport News, the *Merrimac*, or *Virginia*, rammed the *Cumberland*, and she went down with her guns fighting, the water running into the muzzles. The *Congress* in attempting to escape had grounded. As we passed the first and second batteries we escaped punishment, the enemy thinking we would pass at the outer edge of the channel, so their shot went wild. Having changed our course, we ran almost under their guns, and our shots also went wild, as we had not changed our elevation. At the lower battery we received a shot which killed one man and wounded one.

Having cleared the enemy's batteries, the other two vessels of our little fleet were not hit. We ran alongside the *Virginia* for orders. Commodore Buchanan said to Tucker: "You have made a glorious run. Do the enemy all the damage you can and sink before surrendering." The *Virginia* drew some twenty-four feet of water and could not get near the *Congress*, which had a white flag flying from the mainmast and a white sheet from the mizzengaff; so the tugs *Beaufort* and *Raleigh*, one gun each, were ordered in to receive her surrender. Lieutenant Pendergass came down into the boat of the *Beaufort* and gave up his sword to Lieu-

tenant Parker and asked to return to look after his wounded. In the meantime a battery of field artillery had come from Fortress Monroe and opened fire on the two tugs, and riflemen from the *Congress*, disregarding their surrender, opened upon Parker's boat, wounding Midshipman Newton and turning their fire upon the *Raleigh*, killed Lieutenant Taylor and Midshipman Hutter. Then came the orders of Buchanan that the *Jamestown* and *Patrick Henry* should go in and destroy the *Congress*. This we were proceeding to do when a shot from the shore battery entered the port steam chest of the *Patrick Henry*, killing every fireman in the fire room, the engineers escaping. Our decks were one sheet of steam, and many of our gun crews were slightly burned by the hot steam; but our bow gun, under command of Midshipman J. T. Walker, of South Carolina, continued to fire in our position, with the lower Newport News battery on one side and the artillery company and the *Minnesota*, which had grounded in attempting to join in the battle, on another side. We were under three firing forces when the *Jamestown*, under Captain Barney, came to our rescue, gave us a line, and towed us out of action. We lost more men on our ship than did all the rest. Repairing our damage and working under one engine, we took our position as near the *Minnesota* as we could get and continued to fire upon her until darkness closed Saturday's fight. The *Merrimac* at long range fired hot shot and set fire to the *Congress*, which blew up during the night. Our fleet anchored off the battery at Sewell's Point, and the battle of Saturday, March 8, 1862, was ended.

Sunday morning dawned bright and clear, a small fog being dissipated by the rising sun, and the Confederate fleet, led by the *Virginia*, steamed out to put a quietus on the *Minnesota*. We had not advanced within gunshot when from behind her came the little cheese box, the *Monitor*. A signal from Commander Jones (Buchanan had been wounded) ordered the wooden vessels to remain where they were, and pretty soon the ironclads clashed. For some time they maneuvered and fired at each other without effect, when the *Virginia* in attempting to ram the *Monitor* ran aground. We were signaled to come to her assistance and started, but, fortunately for us, she backed off before we got within range of the *Monitor's* guns. While she was aground the *Monitor* ran up alongside and depressed her guns so as to strike at right angles, but to no effect, as no guns on either side could penetrate four inches of iron. The fight had lasted about three or four hours when a shell from the *Virginia* exploded at the peephole of the *Monitor's* pilot house just when her captain, Worden, had his eye there, and then it was that the *Monitor* retired and went to Fortress Monroe. We fired a few shots at the *Minnesota*, and then, our pilots having advised that if we did not return on that tide we would have to remain in the Roads for several days, we steamed for Norfolk. The *Monitor* drew fourteen feet, while the *Virginia* drew much more; the *Monitor* could steam six miles, the *Virginia* only four an hour. The only damage to the *Virginia* was in having her prow wrenched off, and several of her guns had their muzzles knocked off. Commodore Tattnall succeeded Commodore Buchanan in command of the *Virginia*. Her prow was replaced, shutters were placed over her portholes, and a rope netting hung around her gun deck to catch flying bolt heads or nuts, several men having been wounded in that way in the fight.

Plans were made to capture the *Monitor*. While engaged with the *Virginia* the rest of our fleet were to run upon her,

throw a tarpaulin over her smokestack, throw hand grenades filled with powder and red pepper into her portholes, wedge her turret, and anchor her. Once we were upon her deck, this could have been done, as she had to revolve to fire her two guns, and the men on her deck could easily protect themselves against her guns. Had we succeeded then, with the Monitor and the Virginia both under the Stars and Bars, we were bound to destroy McClellan's base at Yorktown and cause his army to surrender. So sometime in April we went down to the Roads; and though the Monitor had been reinforced by another ironclad, the Galena, inferior to the Monitor, that vessel failed to respond to our challenge and, with the rest of the United States fleet, stayed under cover of Fortress Monroe. We remained in the Roads two days. An English and a French man-of-war witnessed our effort to compel the Monitor to come out. Commodore Tattnall sent Barney with the Jamestown into Hampton Creek, inside the enemy's lines, and he captured and towed to Norfolk two brigs and a schooner.

Again, while the Virginia was at Norfolk the United States fleet, with the Monitor and Galena, was bombarding Sewall's Point Battery. The Virginia steamed down to take a hand, and the whole fleet retired under the protection of Fortress Monroe.

Norfolk having been evacuated, Tattnall called his pilots in council and asked what water could be carried to Hog Island, about forty miles up James River. They told him eighteen feet. Everything possible was thrown overboard, and the Virginia was brought down to eighteen feet, but in doing so her wooden sides were exposed. Then it was the pilots told Tattnall they had neglected to state that they could get that depth of water only with a continuous wind from the east; and as the prevailing wind was from the west, they could not carry the vessel to Hog Island. So it was determined to destroy the vessel and save the crew, which was done. In the language of Anthony to Cleopatra:

"Let not Caesar's servile minions mock the lion thus laid low.
'Twas no foeman's arm that felled him; 'twas his own that struck the blow."

A THIRTY DAYS' SCOUT ON THE POTOMAC IN '62.

BY J. T. HUNTER, OAKWOOD, TEX.

The command later known as Hood's Brigade arrived in Richmond, Va., on the early morning of September 16, 1861. News had gone abroad that the Texans would pass through the city, and the streets were lined with people curious to see what kind of looking men Texans were. We were marched to a point just below the city and camped there for about ten days; we were then moved three miles below, where we had a beautiful spring branch to furnish plenty of water and an open field for drill purposes. Here the initiatory preparation to make ourselves soldiers began. From early morning to late evening you could hear "Hep-hep," young officers proud of their positions, drilling their companies.

Up to this time the companies from Texas had not been organized into regiments; and our Texas youths, having lived a free and independent life, did not take well to this hard-drill discipline, believing, as they claimed, that they could fight just as well without it, and in consequence there was great dissatisfaction. This was especially the case in my company. Our captain, P. P. Porter, a brave, gallant, and most efficient officer, a lawyer by profession, had been a lieutenant in the Mexican War, was a fine disciplinarian, and he

put our company under strict military rules at once. As most of the volunteer officers of the command were very slack and the men allowed to do much as they pleased, the men of my company became greatly dissatisfied and even went so far as to get up a petition asking all commissioned officers to resign, so that they could elect to suit themselves. The captain and I were the ones aimed at, as the captain issued the orders and I had them executed. While the petition was getting signers the captain came to my tent and said: "Hunter, do you know the men are getting up a petition asking us to resign?" I said: "I have heard something of it." "Well," said he, "what are you going to do if they present it?" I answered: "If they get a majority of the company to sign, I shall resign. I don't have to be an officer to serve in this cause." He said: "I'll be d— if I do. I came here as captain and shall remain so; the men don't know what they want." They never succeeded in getting signers enough to present the petition.

About this time John B. Hood was appointed colonel, and we were regularly organized as the 4th Texas Infantry, a constituent part of the Army of Northern Virginia. Very soon then the complaints of hard service were transferred to the other companies. Colonel Hood issued orders that brought the command under military discipline; and while there was complaint in other companies, my company was taking things easy. Captain Porter soon became the most efficient and popular officer in the regiment. Shortly after our organization orders were issued sending us to the Potomac. We disembarked at Brook Station, and then came our first experience of a soldier's hardships. The roads from the station to Dumfries (Dumfries is among the earliest settlements in Virginia) were in an awful condition. The wagons were continually bogging down, and the men had to pull them out; rain was falling incessantly, and the weather was extremely cold. We went into winter quarters a couple of miles above Dumfries on the Virginia hills not far from the river. We built rude huts, and then, with the exception of having to cut green pine poles and coax them to burn to make our huts comfortable, there was not much to do. We sent out a daily picket down on the river near Cockpit Point and occasionally had a false alarm, which occasioned some excitement and out of which the boys had lots of fun. This was a very trying winter on the men. Having come from the sunny South, where we seldom have sleet and snow, and being suddenly transferred to the rigors of a Virginia winter, with snow on the ground all the time, occasioned the loss of quite a number of good men, not so many by death as by discharge from hospitals in Richmond. It seemed that the surgeons thought the proper thing to do for a convalescent was to discharge him and let him go home.

I suppose that in consequence of my love of military service, proficiency as a drill officer, etc., I won the favor of Colonel Hood. In regimental drill he frequently placed me in command of other companies, and when he had a special duty he wanted performed he called on me. Early in March, 1862, he sent me to Richmond to inspect the hospitals and return all our men able for duty. The day I finished this duty and just before starting for Fredericksburg I learned that Colonel Hood had been promoted to the rank of brigadier general and given command of the Texas Brigade (then composed of the 1st, 4th, and 5th Texas, 18th Georgia, and Hampton's South Carolina Legion). I hoped to be the first to notify and congratulate General Hood, and the evening after arriving in Fredericksburg, having been compelled to wait for a time at

Brook's Station, I met General Hood on the street and told him I was the bearer of good news for him. With that well-remembered smile and twinkle of those expressive blue eyes he said: "Lieutenant, I am a little ahead of you; just received a wire message." He then asked me where I was stopping. I told him I had a room at the hotel. He said: "Retain the room, and I will share it with you. You need not proceed to the command; it is on the move and will arrive here to-morrow." He was soon after invited by a citizen to make his house his headquarters and accepted.

The brigade arrived next evening and went into camp one mile above town. I reported for duty and was promptly made officer of the guard, and I had been at the guard tent but a short time when I received an order to report to Colonel Marshall, who succeeded General Hood as colonel. When I saluted and congratulated him on his promotion, he said: "Lieutenant, I have a very important mission to be performed, and I would not issue an order for you to take charge of it, but sent for you to say that it will be gratifying for you to do so." I said: "Colonel, your request is the same as an order; and if I am competent to comply with the demands, I am at your service." He then told me that he had received orders to select fifteen men and an officer, to be sent back to the Potomac, whose duty it would be to scout that section and prevent the enemy from depredating on the citizens, keep a lookout on the river, and make note of the number of transports that passed down with troops. (At this time McClellan was transporting his army from Washington to Yorktown.) I was to make biweekly reports to Col. W. H. F. Lee, whose regiment was then doing picket duty with headquarters at Stafford Courthouse. I asked that I have the privilege of selecting my men, which request was readily granted. I am sorry I can't remember the names of all those fifteen men; but I remember I had Lieutenant Nash, of the Dixie Blues, of the 5th Regiment, and also a young lawyer, an independent, whose name, I think, was Henry.

Acquia Church, five miles from Stafford Courthouse, was our quarters. We were about one mile from the river. We kept pretty busy for about twenty-eight days. General Sickles, of the Federal army, was in command of a brigade just across the river from us. They had a number of small boats and were frequently trying to forage on our side. I kept a detail of men secreted on the river in fishing huts and other places, and whenever the Federals attempted to land we opened fire on them; and as we used the Springfield rifle musket, a long-range gun, they never made an attempt which did not cost them dearly. Our known in killed and captured was thirty, and we felt sure many were killed in boats that we never knew. We proved such an annoyance to General Sickles that he concluded to cross his whole command at night and capture or run us out. He did not get all over until the morning, and I was apprised of this by one of Colonel Lee's pickets, who had been fired on and his horse wounded.

I had just received orders to move my command ten miles above, where the enemy were crossing and depredating on the citizens; and as my boys had accumulated too many necessities for them to carry comfortably, I had taken two men and gone to a farmer to get him to come with his wagon and move us, and just as we started to the church I met the cavalryman with his wounded horse. I sent the farmer back and hurried to the church; but when I got to the big road near the church I saw that a regiment had passed, and I was fortunate to get by between the 1st and 2d Regiments. On

the main road to the courthouse we had to cross a creek that flows into the Potomac and forms a bay up to very near where the road crosses, and I knew that my only chance to unite with my men was to cut through the woods, a much shorter way, and cross ahead of that regiment. We made a run of one mile. When we came into the road at the creek, a zouave regiment was coming at double-quick about three or four hundred yards distant. Here I found seven of my men, giving me nine guns (the others of my men were on a scout). I also found some of Colonel Lee's cavalry and tried to prevail on them to join me in making a demonstration in order to give Colonel Lee time to move without losing anything, but they would not stop.

After proceeding half a mile down the road, I found a place admirable for an ambush, a thicket on each side of a straight road, then an opening for fifty or sixty yards, with a number of post oak trees. I placed my men each behind a tree and told them I would give the order slowly and distinctly and for them to aim low; that unless they shot over they were bound to do execution. The regiment was marching by fours, and when the head of the column reached the opening I gave the order: "Ready! Aim low! Fire!" The nine guns cracked as one, and I never saw greater confusion by so few shots. We learned afterwards that we killed and wounded eight. From there to the courthouse they moved very carefully and fired volleys into thickets on the right and left of the road.

Colonel Lee had ample time to move everything but his tents. He and his adjutant were the last to leave the town, and after getting to the suburbs he loaned me the adjutant's horse to go back and see the Yanks enter the town, which I did. When they came down the hill into the town and found no opposition, they raised a terrible "huzzah," making as much noise as if they had gained a big victory. Notice was at once sent to headquarters; and General Hood, with the Texas Brigade, rushed up and reached a point six miles from the courthouse after dark. He sent for me and heard my report, then told me to take my men and go back before daylight and select a position for the different regiments from which to attack, and he would make the attack as soon as he arrived. I felt that this was the biggest compliment ever paid me, and I returned feeling very proud that General Hood should accept my judgment in selecting positions where a whole brigade was to be engaged. I stood on the hill overlooking the town and laid my plans, but concluded that I had better reconnoiter a little and find something of the situation of the enemy; but, alas! when I got down in town I found that the game had sought cover across the Potomac. On the night before about eleven o'clock they took fright from some cause and left in great haste, in such haste that they strewed accouterments and other dispensables all along the road. I followed, but when I reached the river the command was safe on the north side.

Soon after this I made the move contemplated and camped in a neighborhood about nine or ten miles from the little town of Falmouth, which is situated just across the Rappahannock from Fredericksburg. I had been at this place only a few days when I learned that our army was being concentrated at Yorktown and a grand battle was expected. Now, at that time we were very much afraid that the great decisive battle would be fought and the war ended, and if we did not participate in the battle we would feel almost disgraced. I lay awake that night studying whether to leave my post without orders and at last determined to go to Fredericksburg and take chances of getting General Fields, who was in command

there, to give me passport with my men to join our regiments. So before day I roused up the men and told them to get their traps, that I was going in. They obeyed with great alacrity. When we reached Fredericksburg, I went to General Field's office, saluted, and introduced myself. He said: "Lieutenant, I am glad to see you. You are to be congratulated for the valuable service you have rendered on the Potomac, and I am just issuing an order sending you down into King George County." But, General," said I, "I am here to get permission to return to my command." He answered: "We can't spare you." I said: "General, I must insist. We have come a long way to join this army and take part in the fighting, and to have the grand battle come off and I off with a little scouting party! I beg you not to insist on such an alternative." He looked at me and studied a little while with a frown on his brow, and I thought he was meditating on placing me under arrest. He then turned to his adjutant and said: "Give this man a pass. If I keep him here, he will do me no good." I thanked him and paid no attention to the affront. He knew me better and, I think, had a better opinion of me afterwards when he commanded our division.

So we got a move on us to join our command and did so before they reached Yorktown. The events transpiring at Yorktown and our first battle at Eltham's Landing, on the Pamunky River, is another story.

THE SECOND BATTLE BEFORE RICHMOND

BY MARCUS D. HERRING, BYHALLA, MISS.

On that bright June morning after the battle of Mechanicsville, opening up the Seven Days' fight before Richmond in 1862, our regiment, the 1st North Carolina, in Ripley's Brigade, D. H. Hill's division, after losing in killed and wounded all of our field officers (Col. M. S. Stokes, mortally wounded; Lieut. Col. M. C. Dowell, wounded; Major Skinner, killed; and Adjutant Miller, wounded), before moving forward had to have a new commander. So Capt. H. A. Brown, of Company B, took command and called the regiment to attention. Then we moved forward, but when we reached the works where the regiment suffered so dreadfully the evening before we found that the enemy had kindly retreated. We felt disposed to thank them for their thoughtfulness for our peace of mind as well as safety of body. We marched hour after hour in the broiling hot sun, and when the time came for the five minutes' rest there was no shade; the little old field pines seemed but to increase the heat. Water on the road was scarce, hence we suffered greatly, some falling on the way; but when we got near the battle line we nearly forgot about heat and thirst.

We were ordered to occupy a line in the rear of the firing line, where D. H. Hill's other brigades were doing some military stunts. In front and rear of us were high rail fences. Through this lane troops had passed, so the dust was deep. We lay here for some time with noses as close to the dust as we could get and live, while shot and shells made discordant music over us. Of course we lay low and while in this position had time to philosophize.

Some of us, especially this eighteen-year-old boy, felt that we would like to be at home with mother. My decision was that if President Davis and President Lincoln could be together and feel as I then felt the war would be closed in five minutes. Of course the Presidents did not feel that way; neither did we when battle was over and a wave of enthusiasm

passed down the line as shouts in front announced that the charge was successful.

Later on we were ordered to the right through dense woods. Coming to an open space, we found a great quantity of the enemy's commissary stores piled up. Sutlers' wagons were in evidence, and edibles to tempt the appetite, including soda crackers and butter, were passed down the line. While receiving the crackers I felt that I could eat a double portion, but when I took the first mouthful I turned desperately sick and found it was not bread and butter, but water, that I wanted.

Soon after this fighting was renewed in front with great vigor, and receiving the order, "Forward, guide center!" we forgot for the time all about wanting water or anything else. While getting into the open in the rear of the firing line we lay down under fire. Any old soldier knows what a trying ordeal "lying under fire" is. The charge in front was great, for after a desperate struggle the Federals were driven from their strong position. Then we moved forward to be in position to render assistance if needed.

It was dark when the regiment halted on the ground where the late charge had been made, and there mixed up were dead and wounded of both sides.

Surrounded by such horrible evidences of war, we lay all night with slumbers disturbed by constant wailing of the wounded, some praying, some crying, "Water, water, water"; while from others came all kinds of vocal noises, from a straight yell to the howling of wild animals. Such experiences as this were infinitely more trying on the soldiers' nerves than being in the forefront of battle. So ended the battle of Cold Harbor, the second battle of the seven days before Richmond.

DIXIE OUR OWN

BY LURA W. LOVE.

Dixie, when first waved thy flag in the sunshine,
Brave soldiers in gray gladly answered its call,
Marching so fearlessly into the firing line,
Knowing that some of them surely must fall.
Horrors of war! Ah, how dauntless they proved you!
Thin grew the ranks of the soldiers who loved you,
Countless souls carried to bright worlds above you—
Souls who had fought for you, Dixie, their own.

Dixie, on fields which once thrilled to the beating
Of drums and of fearless hearts thy people prize,
Golden-eyed daisies the mornings are greeting,
Lifting their faces to bright southern skies.
Peace they are speaking—aye, peace that is given
To men who have done their best, though they be driven
At last to surrender; souls surely are shriven
Who fought for thy honor, fair Dixie, our own.

Dixie, the flag that thy soldiers marched under
Long since is furled and forever laid low,
Hushed is the cannon whose deep voice of thunder
Brought on thy people such ruin and woe.
Dixie, thy glory passed not with surrender;
Deep in our hearts, that are loving and tender,
Ever we'll praise thee and sweet homage render
To men who once fought for thee, Dixie, our own.

THE CONFEDERATE SOLDIER.

[From an address before Stonewall Chapter, U. D. C., Portsmouth, Va., January 21, 1916, by John W. H. Porter, Commander of Stonewall Camp, Confederate Veterans, of Portsmouth.]

Mrs. President, Ladies, and Gentlemen: I have been requested to make an informal talk on the subject of "The Confederate Soldier" and to tell the character and achievements of that band of heroes at whose deeds of daring all the world has wondered. From Bethel to Appomattox they stood as firm as the everlasting hills on many a well-fought field, while bullets were falling among them like hail and the air was filled with the smoke and fragments of bursting shells; and, notwithstanding the unlimited numbers and resources against them, they carried aloft on their bayonets for four years the fortunes of the Southern Confederacy, neither counting nor caring for the odds against them. Among the men who followed the fortunes of Lee and Jackson, none achieved a higher place in the temple of fame than the thirty-five hundred who marched from their homes in this city and county in the spring of 1861, when the fiery cross was sent through the borders of Virginia and the "Old Mother" called on her sons to muster in her defense.

Born of pure and unadulterated English stock, reared under circumstances calculated to keep alive in the Southern States the age of chivalry, they grew up to manhood imbued with the instincts and the attributes of the belted knight of the days of old, prominent among which were indifference to danger and reverence for woman, attributes which gave rise to the oft-told truth: "The bravest are the tenderest, the loving are the daring."

They were calm and undisturbed, even though the angel of death was looking them in the face. In the battle of Seven Pines, in June, 1862, the Old Dominion Guard of Portsmouth, Company K, 9th Virginia Regiment, was drawn up in line on the right of Company I from the Western Branch section of Norfolk County. This arrangement brought John L. Jordan, the tallest man, on the right of Company I, next to Bruce Blamire, the shortest man on the left of Company K. In the midst of the battle a bullet passed through Jordan's hat and knocked it off of his head. Stooping to pick it up and looking ruefully at the holes which the bullet had made in it, he turned to Bruce Blamire and remarked: "If I had been a darned little runt like you, that bullet would have gone over my head." His narrow escape from death did not seem to affect him at all; he was principally concerned about the damage to his hat. Jordan and Blamire lived through the war, and Jordan was at the surrender at Appomattox.

In July, 1863, when Pickett's division of Virginia troops was marching across the field and up the hill at Gettysburg in face of a tornado of shot and shell, which was plowing deep furrows through its ranks, when the gray line had gotten near enough to open fire with its musketry on the enemy sheltered behind the stone wall, William Monte, a private in the Portsmouth Rifle Company, took his watch from his pocket, noted the time of day, and remarked: "We have been just nineteen minutes coming." They had been marching steadily forward for nineteen minutes "into the jaws of death, into the gates of hell," and never a man faltered. Two minutes later a Federal bullet found a vital spot in Monte's breast, and the life passed out from one of the coolest and bravest soldiers of Northern Virginia.

There was nothing too dangerous or difficult for them to

undertake. In the battle of Malvern Hill, in July, 1862, General Armistead wanted to send a battery of artillery into a particularly dangerous position and asked Captain Grimes, of the Portsmouth Artillery, if his battery could go there. Captain Grimes replied: "I do not know where you want us to go, but if any battery in the world can go there, sir, mine can." It was this confidence in their ability to go where any one else could go and to do what any one else could do that gave Grimes's Battery a high post on the roll of honor in that army where bravery was the rule and the lack of it the exception.

They could laugh and jest at the approach of danger. There was in Richmond in 1864 a battalion of local defense troops composed of clerks in the several departments of the Confederate States government, most of whom had seen service in various commands and had been detached for work in the departments. The captain of Company A was my warm personal friend. He came on to Virginia in 1861 with the Washington Artillery from New Orleans, was wounded at Manassas, and was assigned to the War Department. On the first of March, 1864, I was up from camp on a twenty-four-hour leave and, happening to pass the War Department building, noticed my friend with his uniform and sword on and learned from him that a raiding party of Federal cavalry was approaching the city and that the battalion had been ordered out to head them off. He gave me a very cordial invitation to go along with them, got a musket for me, and I fell in with the rest. It was afternoon, and we marched out the west end of Main Street, out the Westham Plank Road, through one of the hardest downpours of rain I ever saw. It reminded me of the Bible description of the flood where the windows of heaven were opened to let the water down. But, notwithstanding the rain, the men were in excellent spirits, laughing and jesting as they splashed through the mud and water. About three miles from the city we met a courier coming in and learned from him that the enemy was about a quarter of a mile down the road and was coming our way; we also learned that it was Dahlgren's party. The command was given: "Halt! Close up! Load!" Every man in the battalion knew what was coming, but not one had the least doubt as to how it would terminate. On the left of Company A were three friends—Lieutenant Morris, a gallant young North Carolinian, Sergt. John F. Mayer, of Norfolk, and another. At that time punning was the fad in Richmond, and one of the three remarked: "If our sweethearts could see us now, they would call us their 'rain dears.'" Sergeant Mayer, carrying on the play of words, remarked: "It hasn't been more than an hour since we left Richmond, but we are (w)eterans already." I refer to this to show the excellent spirits which animated the whole battalion. Twenty minutes later the battalion engaged the enemy and gained the victory they had so confidently anticipated.

They were generous to a fallen foe. In the spring of 1862 the city of New Orleans fell into the hands of the Federal forces, and a number of plundering expeditions were sent throughout the surrounding counties to rob the planters of their cotton and sugar. From a number of similar accounts published by authority of the United States government in the official records of the war I have taken the report of Col. Nathan A. N. Dudley, of the 30th Massachusetts Regiment, who commanded one of their expeditions. It is dated at Baton Rouge June 7, 1862, and says: "I found the wife of Kellar, her father, mother, daughter, and two young ladies at the residence. I found also a dozen head of horses, a few

mules, forty head of beeves, carriages, etc., all of which I brought to town. At the earnest pleading of the ladies I did not burn the dwelling house, pantry, or kitchen building; all the rest I burned, the fences I burned; the ornamental trees I either cut down or destroyed. Proceeding to Penny's estate, I burned every building on the estate except enough to shelter the negroes who remained. The fences I burned, and, in fact, I left nothing standing but the blackened chimneys."

The following February a naval expedition was sent up the Atchafalaya River. The river had no defenses, and consequently the expedition met with no resistance; but the commander reported to his chief that he had burned every dwelling on both sides of the river for a distance of twenty miles. Four months later some of the Louisiana boys whose homes had thus been ruthlessly destroyed followed General Lee into Pennsylvania. The provocation had been strong, and the hour for retaliation was at hand. But the Confederate soldiers were not the kind of men to bring distress on women and children or to make war on those who had no power to resist, and their bitterest enemies have borne testimony to their conduct.

Horace Greeley in his history of the war says: "Though they were ragged and hungry and in many instances barefooted, their conduct was exemplary. No private residences were entered, no private property was taken, and no women were insulted." I'd rather my name should go down in history as one of the ragged, hungry, barefooted followers of Lee than as commander of the expedition which burned the dwelling houses on the Atchafalaya River.

"We'll hang the old sword on the wall.
My father's sword and mine,
For the honor of old Bingen,
Dear Bingen on the Rhine."

But it is all over; the war has passed. More than fifty years have gone since the last gun was fired and the last soldier of the Southern Cross laid down his arms. The busy hum of war has ceased, the violet has sprung up and blossoms on the grave of the soldier, and there is peace in all this broad, united land of ours; but can the old gray-haired veteran forget those days when

"The steed,
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed
And swiftly formed in ranks of war?"

or is he to be severely chided if he gathers his grandchildren around his knee and tells them how Jackson's Brigade, composed of the men from the Valley of Virginia, stood like a stone wall at Manassas and beat back wave after wave of living surges that were eager to engulf them? or how the eight hundred men of Mahone's Brigade, from down here by the seashore, charged an army of fifteen thousand men at the Crater and captured the battle flags of fifteen regiments? Looking back at these old pictures which are hung up in the halls of memory awakens recollections which start us to dreaming dreams of what might have been.

THE TREASON OF THE SOUTH.—Traitors! Treason! Aye, sir, the people of the South imitate and glory in just such treason as glowed in the soul of Hampden; just such treason as leaped in living flame from the impassioned lips of Henry; just such treason as encircles with a sacred halo the undying name of Washington!—*Judah P. Benjamin (Farewell Address to United States Senate, 1861).*

DEATH OF STONEWALL JACKSON.

Not midst the lightning of the stormy fight,
Nor in the rush upon the vandal foe,
Did kingly Death, with his resistless might,
Lay the great leader low.

His warrior soul its earthly shackles broke
In the full sunshine of a peaceful town.
When all the storm was hushed, the trusty oak
That propped our cause went down.

Though his alone the blood that flecks the ground,
Recording all his grand, heroic deeds,
Freedom herself is writhing with the wound,
And all the country bleeds.

He entered not the nation's Promised Land
At the red belching of the cannon's mouth.
But broke the House of Bondage with his hand—
The Moses of the South.

O gracious God, not gainless is the loss!
A glorious sunbeam gilds thy sternest frown;
And while his country staggers 'neath the Cross,
He rises with the Crown —*Harry Lynden Flash*

"THE BRIGADE MUST NOT KNOW, SIR"

"Who've ye got there?" "Only a dying brother,
Hurt in the front just now."
"Good boy, he'll do. Somebody tell his mother
Where he was killed and how."

"Whom have you there?" "A crippled courier, major;
Shot by mistake, we hear.
He was with Stonewall." "Cruel work they've made here
Quick with him to the rear."

"Well, who comes next?" "Doctor, speak low; speak low,
sir.
Don't let the men find out!
It's Stonewall!" "God!" "The brigade must not know, sir.
While there's a foe about!"

Whom have we here, shrouded in martial manner,
Crowned with a martyr's charm?
A grand dead hero in a living banner
Born of his heart and arm.

The heart whereon his cause hung—see how clingeth
That banner to his bier!
The arm wherewith his cause struck—hark, how ringeth
His trumpet in their rear!

What have we left? His glorious inspiration,
His prayers in council met.
Living, he laid the first stones of a nation;
And dead, he builds it yet. —*J. W. Palmer.*



"Year by year the flag above them
Seems to bend and bless and love them
As if grieving for the future
When they'll never march again."

JUDGE J. A. WILLSON.

Judge J. A. Willson, a Confederate veteran who had long held the office of city recorder at Santa Ana, Cal., died there on the 15th of June, widely lamented. Many friends and Confederate comrades and the officials of both city and county assembled to pay honor in the last sad rites to this kind-hearted Southern gentleman.

J. A. Willson was born in Rockbridge County, Va., near Lexington, October 22, 1838, and received his education in the schools of Lexington and Brownsville. At Lexington he married Miss Lavinia Wallace, and to them four children were born, two sons and two daughters, all residing in Santa Ana. After leaving Virginia the family first lived at Sherman,

Tex., where Judge Willson was in the dry goods business, going to Santa Ana in 1887. After the death of his first wife, Judge Willson married Mrs. Henrietta Jackson, who also survives him.

Judge Willson served in the Confederate army as captain of Company H, Rockbridge Guards, 25th Virginia Infantry, and fought all through the war. He was wounded in the hip. At the time of his death he was Commander of Hi Bledsoe Camp, U. C. V., of Santa Ana. He was the last surviving pallbearer of Gen. R. E. Lee, the two families having been close friends.

CAMP CABELL, OF VERNON, TEX.

Members of Camp Cabell, No. 125, U. C. V., who have died since April 1, 1915, are as follows: J. C. Trout, 6th Texas Cavalry, died July 17, 1915; T. H. Holloway, Company E, 8th Texas Infantry, died June 27, 1915; W. Leak, Company D, 12th Mississippi Cavalry, died October 19, 1915; M. C. Anderson, Company G, 7th Tennessee Cavalry, died May 13, 1916.

L. H. STALCUP, *Adjutant*.



JUDGE J. A. WILLSON.

WILLIAM KEAN.

William Kean was of Scotch-Irish and Huguenot ancestry, uniting in his own character the sterling qualities of both races. He was born in Louisa County, Va., his father being Dr. Julian Kean, who married Mary Callis, daughter of Col. William Overton Callis and granddaughter of Capt. Thomas Price, both officers in the Revolutionary War. Dr. Andrew Kean, the eminent physician who served as regimental surgeon in the War of 1812 in the command of Gen. John H. Cocke, was his paternal grandfather.

William Kean was educated in the private schools of Louisa County and at Bloomfield Academy, from which place he enlisted April 21, 1861, in the first company of Richmond Howitzers, in which he served throughout the war. His friend and comrade, Robert Stiles, in his book, "Four Years under Marse Robert" (pages 45, 46, 84, 146, 241), has told much of this boy soldier with his gay courage, high ideals, and splendid strength. No one by bravery and devotion to duty contributed more to the proud record of the 1st Howitzers. He was present and on duty at First Manassas, Leesburg, Williamsburg, Seven Pines, Savage Station, Malvern Hill, where he was wounded, and returned to his command in time to fight at Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, Mine Run, the Wilderness, Spottsylvania, Second Cold Harbor, and in the lines at Petersburg until April 2, 1865, and was at Appomattox Station when Lee surrendered his army. Unwilling to give up so long as General Johnston's army was in the field, young Kean started on foot to join him in North Carolina, but when near Danville he heard of Johnston's surrender.

Wearied, footsore, heartsick, he returned to his home, in Louisa County, desolated and debt-burdened, to take up a yet harder struggle. Upon his young shoulders rested the burden of saving his home and supporting a widowed mother, her children and grandchildren. At the age of twenty-two he began this second struggle against adverse fortune. He never hesitated nor faltered, but went to work with a will and by untiring industry and good judgment cleared his home of debt, supported a large and dependent family, and gave liberally to the poor.

His home was the seat of boundless hospitality. He delighted to have his friends around him, while the wayfarer and the needy stranger were never turned away from his door. He was ready to give, not only of his means, but of himself, in the cause of suffering humanity. To those of his own household he gave, as he received in return, unstinted love and devotion. A good husband and a good father, a good friend, he was also a useful and public-spirited citizen. As Commander of Louisa Camp of Confederate Veterans perhaps no one in the county did more for the support and comfort of needy Confederates. To the cause of the Confederacy he had given willingly the best years of his young manhood, and his heart ever turned in fullest love and sympathy to his old and battle-scarred comrades.

William Kean was paroled in June, 1865, by the provost marshal at Louisa Courthouse; but he never registered nor took the oath of allegiance until October, 1878, when Gen. Joseph E. Johnston was a candidate for Congress. Joyous, generous, and kind, ever a friend to the young, a happy life was his. Hardship and exposure had left their mark upon his splendid constitution, and age came on, but "Marse William," as he was universally called, never surrendered; nothing could daunt the brave heart which ever held cheer and courage. With composure he awaited the last call. Fourteen of his old comrades stood by his side when he was laid to rest,

and two faithful negroes who had lived with him for over forty years, with their sons, bore him to his last home, where he sleeps as sleep

"The brave who sink to rest,
By all their country's wishes blest."

[This tribute is by one who knew him well and loved him with the deepest affection—R. W. H.]

JOHN MALCOLM MACKENZIE.

The war record of John Malcolm MacKenzie, who died in Tacoma, Wash., June 27, 1916, is especially noteworthy in that he was a survivor of the battle between the Virginia (Merrimac) and Monitor and also a survivor of the crew of the Alabama. He was a native of Cameron, La., and when the war began he was less than fourteen years of age. However, in May, 1861, he went to New Orleans, and, after much persuasion, he was allowed to enlist as a cabin boy on the Sumter, then being fitted out by Capt. Raphael Semmes as a Confederate privateer. He remained with the Sumter until her crew was disbanded at Gibraltar in January, 1862. At that time young MacKenzie was promoted to be an ordinary seaman with wages at eight dollars per month, over which, to use his own expression, he was "very much swelled up." With others of the crew, he then took passage on an English ship to New Orleans and from there went to Norfolk and joined the crew of the Virginia in February, 1862, and participated in the famous battle between that ship and the Monitor.

After the destruction of the Virginia, MacKenzie went to Drewry's Bluff and took part in the defense of the fort. Desiring to join his old commander, he made his way to Liverpool and finally succeeded in enlisting as a member of the crew of the "200," afterwards the Alabama, and participated in the many captures made by that vessel. He was on the Alabama when she fought the Kearsarge near Cherbourg, France, and was of those picked up by the English yacht, the Deerhound, when the Alabama went down.

Comrade MacKenzie afterwards served as a seaman on several English merchant ships, then joined the Chilean navy and participated in the war between Chili and Peru; also took part in one or two other South American wars. He concluded to go to Canada, take up land there, and settle down, but got there just in time to take part on the side of the Canadian government in the rebellion led by Louis Riel and Gabriel Lamont. He then had enough of war, so he married and finally settled down in Tacoma, Wash., where for many years he was an efficient engineer in the fire department. He was a member of Pickett Camp, No. 1577, U. C. V., of Tacoma. Having kept a diary during the war, he was able sometime before his death, aided by his memory of those events, to write the story of his war experience, with particular reference to his service with Admiral Semmes.

CONFEDERATE DEAD AT PULASKI, TENN.

F. M. Bunch, of Pulaski, Tenn., furnished this list of the Confederate soldiers buried in Maplewood Cemetery, Pulaski. There is one grave marked "Unknown": R. A. Barringer, Ballentine's Regiment of Cavalry; J. S. Winn, 2d Kentucky; Dan Seals, 6th Texas Cavalry; J. F. Dillard, 9th Texas Cavalry; W. Campbell, 3d Texas Cavalry; W. J. Hunter, Pinson's Regiment; John Copelin, 2d Kentucky; J. Woodall, Company D, 1st Mississippi; W. B. Greene, Company G, 1st Texas Cavalry; H. H. Blackman, Company B, 34th Alabama Regiment; W. W. Lindsey, Company B, Biffle's Regiment.

RICHARD OSCAR REED.

Richard O. Reed, son of James Reed and May Jacob Reed, was born September 5, 1838, in Hertford, N. C. He taught school near Albemarle Sound at the age of sixteen; but the call of the West was too great, and, bidding mother and loved ones adieu, he went to Texas in 1855. He was married to Mrs. Nancy D.

Reed May 23, 1861, at Salado, Tex. Four children were born to them, two surviving him, and also a step daughter.

R. O. Reed enlisted in the Confederate army in April, 1862, as a member of Company I, 17th Texas Regiment, Col. R. T. P. Allen, under Brig. Gen. H. F. McCulloch, Walker's Division. He was transferred to Captain Kirby's engineering corps in November, 1863, and was with that division until the close of the war.

He was a member of the Pitt Cleburn Camp, U. C. V., at Waco, Tex., in 1862-63, being transferred to the Dick Dowling Camp, in Houston, in 1863, with which he had been affiliated until his death. He was a beloved member, for his cheerful disposition and consideration of sick comrades, whom he never failed to visit, warmly endeared him to them. The Veterans and Daughters of the Confederacy of Houston have indeed lost a friend. He died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. W. M. Stewart, in Houston, on July 3, 1916, and was taken by his children to Waco, Tex., and buried by the side of his beloved wife, who died several years ago.

M. E. DAVIS

HOUSTON H. MILLER

Houston H. Miller, member of H. B. Lyon Camp, Murray, Ky., answered to the last roll call July 1, 1916, at his home, near that place. Comrade Miller was a noted man in many respects. He volunteered in the 1st Kentucky Regiment of Infantry and served twelve months around Richmond, Va. When his time of service was out, he went home for a very short time, then joined the 2d Kentucky Cavalry in August, 1862. He served in that regiment until the latter part of 1864, when he, with several other members of his company, was selected as escort for President Davis, and just before they surrendered President Davis called them together and gave them \$60 in gold to pay their way home.

Comrade Miller leaves six children, three sons and three daughters, all splendid citizens. His wife died several years ago. He served his county for some time as a teacher and as assessor. He was loved by all who knew him.

P. P. PULLEN



R. O. REED.

HENRY A. RUSSELL.

Henry A. Russell was born in Camden County, Ga., January 23, 1832, and died March 19, 1916, at Wesley Memorial Hospital, Atlanta, Ga. He was the oldest son of Henry R. Russell and Caroline Hardee Russell. His mother was a sister of that distinguished Confederate officer, Gen. William J. Hardee. When quite young Henry Russell entered the counting-house of his uncle, Noble Hardee, at Savannah, Ga., which position he retained until, on account of impaired health, he moved with his mother and two younger brothers, Milton and Joe, to the northern part of his native State. These two brothers at the outbreak of the War between the States entered the service of the Confederacy, and each of them furnished every evidence of valor and devotion, Milton losing his right arm and Joe being badly wounded in his left leg while battling for the cause.



H. A. RUSSELL.

When the war began, Henry Russell was busily engaged in coal-mining in Dade County, Ga., in connection with those afterwards distinguished Confederate soldiers, John B. Gordon and Eugene C. Gordon. He arranged his business affairs with all possible dispatch and tendered himself to the Confederate States government. Preferring the cavalry service, he enlisted in the command of Gen. Joe Wheeler and served with devotion and bravery until the close of the war.

On November 13, 1856, Henry A. Russell and Mary E. Gordon, a daughter of Judge James H. Gordon, of Walker County, Ga., were united in marriage. Of this union, three children were born, all of whom are yet living—Gordon Russell, of Sherman, Tex., Henry A. Russell, Jr., of Richmond, Va., and Joe Russell, of Atlanta, Ga. After the death of his first wife, he was married to Mrs. Charlotte Moral, a member of a prominent Georgia family, who also preceded him to the great beyond.

He was a Mason for many years, devoted to the order and illustrating its lofty principles in his life and character, and his Masonic brethren laid him to rest at Dalton, Ga., his old home, with their sublime and beautiful ceremonies. He was a member of Joe E. Johnston Camp, U. C. V., Atlanta, and always took a lively interest in all things that concerned the soldiers of the Confederacy. While Henry A. Russell never doubted the justice of the cause for which the South fought, yet he accepted the results of the war as accomplished facts and turned his face to the future. With tender devotion to the Old South, he threw his energies with those who were engaged in building it up anew. He was endowed with high physical and moral courage and stood for truth and right as he understood them with unfaltering faith and unflinching front. His devotion to his convictions was of that stamp which made him willing at the call of duty to sacrifice himself to the uttermost. He was a consistent member of the Second Baptist Church, of Atlanta, Ga., and died in the triumph of a Christian faith. Simple and unassuming in his manners, tender and regardful of those with whom he came in contact,

with a wealth of refined humor and a store of valuable learning and wisdom, he was a rare and most interesting friend and companion. As a husband and father he was faithful and affectionate and reached the highest ideals.

Looking back over his life, one is reminded of the true old saying that, "while a king may make a lord, it requires God Almighty to make a gentleman." He was one of those men who made the world much better for having lived in it.

W. B. WHITAKER.

W. B. Whitaker, a prominent citizen of Meridian, Miss., died at his home there on July 8, 1916. Representatives of Walthall Camp, U. C. V., of Meridian, of which he was a member, and of both Chapters, U. D. C., were present at the funeral, and the red and white of the Confederacy was largely in evidence in the many beautiful floral tributes.

William Burton Whitaker was born in Orange County, near Raleigh, N. C., February 18, 1840. Later he went to Tennessee, and just at the close of the war he was married to Miss Mary Simpson, of Purdy, Tenn. His married life was spent in Tupelo, Miss., and the last twelve years in Meridian. He was mustered into the service of the Confederacy under Jefferson Forrest and after the death of the latter served under Gen. N. B. Forrest until the close of the war, being one of the advance guard of this noted cavalry leader. At one time, while stationed near a Northern regiment at Fort Pillow, one of the Northern soldiers dared young Whitaker to come and take the Stars and Stripes that was flying from the fort. Whitaker answered: "You wait, and I'll do it." When the fighting began, the daring soldier did capture the colors. President Davis wrote offering to make him a lieutenant for his bravery, but, ever modest and reserved, he declined the honor and told his chieftain that he preferred to remain in the ranks as a private soldier. It is with pride that his family tells of their father's great love for General Forrest, and his record as a soldier under that great leader is a precious heritage to them.

N. B. LITTLEJOHN.

The spirit of N. B. Littlejohn, of Stilwell, Okla., passed from its earthly tenement on November 5, 1915. A wounded and maimed veteran of the sixties, from which he suffered during fifty years, he was spared sickness and pain when he laid him down for the last long sleep. He loved the cause of the Southland even more, perhaps, in his declining years than when following the Stars and Bars. All Stilwell and his friends everywhere regarded him highly for his noble character.

N. B. Littlejohn was born in Spartanburg, S. C., and had reached the age of seventy-six years. When a young man he went to Texas and at the beginning of the War between the States enlisted in Company G, 52d Texas Cavalry Regiment, serving with bravery and distinction. He was wounded in the battle of Chickamauga and received an honorable discharge.

After the war he engaged in the mercantile business at Evansville, Ark., until 1898, when the family removed to Stilwell, Okla., where he was a leading merchant for many years, lending his loyal support to the upbuilding of the town, morally as well as materially. In his years of life in Stilwell he filled acceptably the duties of mayor and town treasurer. He was a devoted member of the Presbyterian Church.

In 1872 he was married to Miss Narcona Adair, who survives him with their four children, a son and three daughters.

J. C. HILLSMAN.

J. C. Hillsman was born in Campbell County, Va., seven miles from Lynchburg, March 3, 1842. In 1861 he enlisted in the Confederate army and fought in nearly every important battle of the Army of Northern Virginia. He was in the first battle of Manassas, also at Gettysburg, where he was wounded. Upon recovery he returned to the army and continued to the end of the war.

Comrade Hillsman was married November 28, 1865, to Miss Martha Ryland Miller, who survives him with six of their nine children, four sons and two daughters, also twenty-four grandchildren. After his marriage he took charge of his mother's estate in Virginia for two years, then moved to Texas and settled near LaGrange, in Fayette County. In 1880 he went to Ledbetter and purchased a lumber yard. He moved to Giddings in 1910 and there lived to the time of his death.

Mr. Hillsman was successful as a farmer and also in the lumber business. He was that type of man who was taken into counsel by all classes and was connected with a number of enterprises where varied interests were involved. His activities were characterized by faithfulness and wisdom. He had been President of the First National Bank of Giddings since 1908. He was a consistent member of the Missionary Baptist Church for forty-four years and superintendent of the Sunday school at Ledbetter for about twenty years. He was active not only in local Church work, but also in the more general work of his denomination. He was a man of decision of character and held a high moral standard for himself and others. To the end of his life he maintained a deep religious devotion. The family altar is one of the distinct memories of his home.

On July 22, 1916, the sudden summons came that took him to his eternal rest.

JOHN H. WITT.

John H. Witt was born in Virginia on September 11, 1823, and died at the residence of his son, B. B. C. Witt, near Benton, Tenn., on April 7, 1916, aged ninety-two years. He was baptized as an infant into the Methodist Church. About 1828 he was taken by his parents into the Cherokee country, on Greasy Creek, south of Hiwassee River, and as a child learned the Cherokee language.

In August, 1861, he and his father, the latter then sixty-one years old, volunteered in Captain Hancock's company, the fourth company to be raised in Polk County for service in the Confederate army. This company was afterwards organized into the 29th Tennessee Infantry and became Company B. Later on the son, on account of rheumatism, was transferred to Company E, 5th Tennessee Cavalry, went on the Scott raid into Kentucky, was captured and taken to Camp Chase and afterwards to Fort Delaware, where he remained until just before the surrender of General Lee, when, with a few others, he was paroled. He was ever true to the principles for which he fought. The Confederate cause was always sacred to him. He was as true to his friends as he was to the principles for which he fought. His father, though a gray-haired old man at the beginning of the war, served his term of enlistment and was honorably discharged.

In his last declining years he was tenderly cared for by his son. With sincere appreciation of the friendship that existed between us, it is with sadness that I place this humble tribute to his memory.

[Tribute by A. J. Williams.]

MARION SHELTON.

Marion Shelton was born in Middle Tennessee January 16, 1834, a son of James and Jane (Hudson) Shelton, who were the parents of seven children. The father died when Marion was but one year old. After reaching manhood he moved to Mississippi, and when the war broke out he joined Company K, 1st Mississippi Infantry, taking part in the battle of Fort Donelson, where his entire regiment was captured. He was taken as a prisoner to Camp Morton, Indiana, and there confined seven months. After being exchanged he rejoined his command before Vicksburg, Miss. On the reorganization of his company he was elected first lieutenant, and his regiment was ordered to Port Hudson, La. In that battle he was again captured and taken to Johnson's Island and held a prisoner until the close of the war.

Returning to Mississippi, Marion Shelton farmed until 1860, when he went to Texas. He bought land from time to time until he had a good fortune in some twelve or fifteen hundred acres of Lamar County's very best lands. He was a man of energy, straight and honorable in all his dealings. He was a friend to all in distress; to his old Confederate friends his house was open at all times of need. He was faithful to every trust reposed in him and a man whose life is worthy of emulation in many ways.

Marion Shelton died on January 29, 1916, near the place where he settled when he went to Texas. He left one son, five daughters, and numberless friends to mourn their loss. A ripe and beautiful life was his of eighty-two years.

[J. M. Lattimore and Thomas J. Selby, committee for Camp No. 1766, U. C. V., Roxton, Tex.]

LUTHER C. FRY.

Luther C. Fry, who was a Confederate soldier in the Army of Northern Virginia, died May 3, 1916, in Mobile, Ala., where he had lived many years, beloved and respected by all who knew him. He was born in Orange County, Va., November 17, 1844, the son of Philip Fry. In the spring of 1861 he left his studies at school and enlisted in the Confederate service in Company A, 13th Virginia Infantry, commanded by Ambrose P. Hill. Later he served with Elzey's Brigade, Ewell's Division, in the battle of First Manassas. During the famous Valley Campaign he was under Stonewall Jackson and took part in the Seven Days' battles before Richmond. After his enlistment expired he was discharged because he was under military age. Just before the battle of Gettysburg he reenlisted in the battery commanded by his brother, Capt. C. W. Fry, in Col. Thomas Carter's battalion of artillery.

CONFEDERATE VETERANS OF TUSCALOOSA COUNTY, ALA.

James R. Maxwell, of Tuscaloosa, Ala., chairman of committee, furnished the following list of veterans of Tuscaloosa County who have passed away during the year. These names will doubtless be familiar to comrades in other sections of the country: John A. Caldwell, Frank Cooper, Isaac Cox, John Daniel, Napoleon Goree, Samuel Hassell, Miles Hodges, T. J. Horton, Isaac Robertson.

DEATHS IN JAMES NEWTON CAMP, U. C. V.

Commander J. H. Lee reports the following deaths in James Newton Camp, at Eldorado, Ark., all good soldiers and valuable citizens of Union County, Ark.:

James A. Sewell, J. W. Newsom, B. W. Cook (a native of Monroe County, Ala.), and Deedy Newton (of Hillsboro, Ark.). J. W. McMillan also died there last summer. He was from Mississippi and served with a Mississippi regiment

JUDGE SAMUEL HENRY SPROTT.

Samuel Henry Sprott, son of Robert and Mary Sprott, was born on June 14, 1840, in Sumter County, Ala., and died April 12, 1916, in Jasper, Walker County, Ala. He was reared on a farm and was educated in the country schools and in Barton Academy, in Mobile, Ala. Entering the Confederate army as a private in March, 1862, he was soon afterwards made a lieutenant and then captain of Company A, 40th Alabama Regiment. He commanded this company to the end, surrendering with it in Salisbury, N. C., in May, 1865. As a soldier he was true to every call of duty, shirking no hardships and meeting bravely every danger. In war, as in civil and professional life, he was always the high-toned, patriotic Christian gentleman.

Returning home after the surrender, he taught school, studied law, and was admitted to the bar in 1868. After fifteen years of successful law practice, he was appointed in 1883 by Gov. E. A. O'Neal judge of the Sixth Judicial District, and he was successively reelected to this office until he voluntarily retired in 1910, having served as judge for nearly twenty-eight years. His last public service was as State Senator in the legislature of 1911.

In 1868 he married Miss Leonora, the daughter of Dr. A. E. Brockway. She, with their two sons, four daughters, and twelve grandchildren, survives him. In his cultured home he was affectionate to his family, impressing upon them his high ideals and his laudable ambitions. He dispensed delightful hospitality to his friends and left the influence of his strong, inspirational personality upon all with whom he came in contact.

In the days of Reconstruction he was actively engaged with other patriots to abolish the evils of that horrible period of political misrule and to reestablish peace and good government in the State. He was a Royal Arch Mason, and for forty years he was an officer in the Presbyterian Church in Livingston.

JOEL C. DuBOSE.

CAPT. WILLIAM I. RASIN.

On Sunday, June 18, Capt. William I. Rasin died at his home, in Newport News, Va. He was born on July 4, 1841, in Kent County, his father, Macall Medford Rasin, being an honored and influential citizen of that county. After his father's death, in 1848, William Rasin became a member of the family of his uncle, Unit Rasin, a merchant of St. Louis, Mo. He attended the city schools for several years, but in 1858 he went to Leavenworth, Kans., and began his business life. In the spring of 1861 he returned to Kent County, on his way to Richmond to enter the Southern army, and organized a cavalry company, of which he was chosen captain and which became Company E, of the 1st Maryland Regiment, C. S. A.

He was constantly engaged in the arduous duties of that branch of the service and participated in many severe engagements. Near Winchester, Va., his horse was shot, and he received a dangerous saber wound in the head, but soon returned to his command. Rev. Dr. Randolph H. McKim, of Gen. Joseph E. Johnston's staff, in his "Soldier's Recollections," states that Captain Rasin at the head of his company led the last charge at Appomattox. He says: "This was handsomely made by the 1st Maryland Cavalry under the following circumstances as related to me by Col. Cary Breckenridge, of the 2d Virginia Cavalry. When the enemy in full charge was seen coming not one hundred yards distant, Capt.

William I. Rasin, commanding the first squadron and riding with Colonel Dorsey at the head of his regiment, said: 'Colonel, we must charge them; it is the only chance.' And as the words left his lips Dorsey, who had perceived the necessity, gave the command: 'Draw saber! Gallop! Charge!' And this little band of Marylanders hurled themselves against the heavy column and drove them back. This was the last blow struck by the Army of Northern Virginia."

Soon after the war Captain Rasin formed a partnership with Col. Harry McCoy as commission merchants in Baltimore, and a successful business was conducted for a number of years. Later he became deputy collector of internal revenue in that city. Still later he entered the service of an English steamship company of Newport News, Va., in which he remained until death.

Captain Rasin was married in 1867 to Miss Mary A. Garnett, of Buckingham County, Va., who survives him. His force of character and personal attractions were recognized by all who truly knew him, and throughout his long life truth and honor were ever his guiding principles.

CAPT. J. R. DILLON.

Capt. John Reade Dillon, a Confederate veteran, died in Savannah, Ga., on April 15, 1916. He was born in that city February 11, 1839, and had witnessed the place of his birth transformed from a sleepy town to a great seaport. In all that time he loved Savannah with an unswerving devotion. Captain Dillon was educated in the schools of Savannah and at Mount St. Mary's College, Emmitsburg, Md. He then engaged in commercial pursuits in Savannah.

On January 3, 1861, as a member of the Savannah Volunteer Guards, he took part in the occupation of Fort Pulaski and the hoisting of the flag of Georgia thereon. Later in that year the Volunteer Guards' Battalion, also known as the 18th Georgia Battalion, was organized, and Comrade Dillon was elected second lieutenant of Company C. During 1863 he was on duty in the defense of Charleston, serving with the garrison at Battery Wagner and on Sullivan's Island during the tremendous artillery warfare of that period. In the spring of 1865 the battalion was sent to Virginia; and Lieutenant Dillon participated in the battle of Chapin's Farm and the fighting along the Richmond and Petersburg lines from May, 1864, to April, 1865, at the last being attached to the brigade of Gen. Clement A. Evans. At the battle of Sailor's Creek, April 6, 1865, on the retreat to Appomattox, he commanded his company and was shot in the leg and captured by the enemy. The army was paroled a few days later, but on account of his capture in the battle he was a prisoner of war at Fortress Monroe until August, 1865.

During Reconstruction days Captain Dillon rendered invaluable assistance in combating the baleful influence of the carpetbaggers' régime in Georgia. When the reorganization of the Guards was perfected, he was elected captain of Company C of the battalion and commanded his company for several years. He served as an alderman of Savannah from 1874 to 1881. At the time of his death Captain Dillon was an honorary member of the Guards and of the Confederate Veterans' Association, in both of which organizations he maintained his interest. He was a devoted member of the Catholic Church. Captain Dillon was married to Miss Higgins, of New York, a niece of John McLaughlin, of Savannah. Only a sister survives him. Captain Dillon will long be remembered for his many acts of unostentatious charity, his love for Savannah, and his loyalty to the cause of the Confederacy.

DEATHS IN WASHINGTON DIVISION, U. D. C.

The Washington Division, U. D. C., has had the unusual experience of losing three State officers within six months of their election to office. These were: Mrs. N. F. Brooks, of Spokane, State Recorder of Crosses; Mrs. D. D. Olds, Recording Secretary; and Mrs. Marie Burrows Sayre, State Director Arlington Monument Fund, a notice of whom appeared in the VETERAN for July, page 318. All of them were valuable and efficient officers and members.

Mrs. D. D. Olds was born in St. Charles, Minn., fifty-one years ago last March; she passed away late in the year 1915 at her home, in Wenatchee, Wash. Her parents were from the South. One uncle, Benjamin Yancy, was a captain in the Confederate army, while another uncle, William Yancy, was sent as a secret commissioner to England by the Confederate government. Twenty-seven years ago Mrs. Olds removed to Seattle, where she was prominently identified with educational work for many years, removing some five years ago to Wenatchee. She was one of the organizers of the Ella K. Trader Chapter at that place and was serving the Chapter as Recording Secretary at the time of her death.



MRS. D. D. OLDS



MRS. N. F. BROOKS.

Mrs. Narcissa F. Brooks was one of the most prominent Southern women of Spokane, of which she had been a resident for sixteen years, having gone there from Tennessee. She assisted in forming the Mildred Lee Chapter of Spokane ten years ago and was its first President. She had held the office of State Recorder of Crosses since 1910, and until

she became ill, a few months ago, she was an active worker in the organization. She is survived by a son and daughter, both of Spokane.

J. C. PRICE.

J. C. Price died very suddenly on September 20, 1915. Death was due to heart failure. He was born October 10, 1840, at Marlin's Bottom, the present site of the town of Marlinton, W. Va. At the outbreak of the war he enlisted in Company F, 1st Virginia Cavalry, and served throughout the war. He was wounded once when home on a furlough while trying to escape capture by swimming Greenbrier River. After the war he engaged in farming and cattle-raising and made a comfortable fortune. He was twice married, his second wife, with two sons and one daughter, surviving him. Mr. Price had a fine memory and a good gift in conversation. He knew much of the early history of Powhatan County, which he liked to tell along with his war reminiscences.

SAMUEL GUSTINE.

Another gap was made in the fast-fading gray lines with the death of Samuel Gustine at his home, in Colorado, Tex., on December 11, 1915. He was born in New Orleans, La., on the 26th of January, 1844, and enlisted in Company A, Madison Infantry, 4th Louisiana Battalion (Jack Powell, captain; John McHenry, colonel; Randall L. Gibson, major general), Army of Tennessee, Joseph E. Johnston, commander. For one year he was under General Floyd in West Virginia. He was captured in September, 1863, and was sent to Camp Chase, Ohio, for seven months. He was then exchanged and was on his way to rejoin his regiment when he met Wilson's command of cavalry making a raid through Alabama and Georgia and was captured at Selma, Ala., on April 2, 1865, with three thousand other Confederates. He remained for ten days in the stockade in Selma and was then taken out and marched toward a Northern prison. The second night out, while within twelve miles of Montgomery, he made his escape with two other comrades and was mustered out of service at Richmond, Va., May 25, 1865.

Returning to what had been his home, he found that his mother's plantation home, on Milligan's Bend, in Madison Parish, La., had been burned by the Federals, and his mother and sisters were living in Shreveport with her son-in-law, Captain Buckner, and in that city she made a home for her sons when they returned from the war. In 1872 Samuel Gustine moved to Colorado, Tex., and was elected treasurer of Mitchell County, resigning after some years on account of ill health. He married Miss Carrie Clark in 1880, and to them a son was given to bless the home for nine short years.

At the close of the war only Comrade Gustine was left of his company. He was a faithful soldier, honorable and brave, and in all relations of life he was good and true to his country, his family, and his friends. He was a son of Dr. Lemuel Gustine, who before the war was associated with Dr. Warren, of New Orleans, a noted physician.

JOHN AGNER.

Mr. John Agner, of near Buena Vista, Rockbridge County, Va., lost his life on the evening of April 4, 1916, when his home burned to the ground, he being unable to escape.

Mr. Agner was a Confederate veteran, having served throughout the war as a member of the famous Rockbridge Artillery, and was seventy-six years of age at his death. He resided at the old Agner place, about four miles northwest of Buena Vista, where he had lived for many years. Mr. D. B. Agner, of Warm Springs, and Mrs. J. S. Anderson, of Covington, Va., a brother and sister, survive him. The Rockbridge Artillery served with great distinction throughout the war and, together with Carpenter's Battery, belonged to the Stonewall Brigade, which was composed of the 2d, 4th, 5th, 27th, and 33d Virginia Regiments and the two batteries named.

J. A. CLENDENNEN.

J. A. Clendennen died September 21, 1915, at his home, in Saddle Mountain, Okla., at the age of seventy-nine years. He was a faithful Confederate soldier and for four years served gallantly as a member of Granbury's Texas Brigade. There was none braver or more loyal to the South than he. After the war he became a stock farmer in Texas. He removed to New Mexico in 1892 and from there to Oklahoma. He was a good citizen, a loving father, and a true friend, and was liked by all who knew him. His faithful and devoted wife survived him only two weeks. He was a member of the Missionary Baptist Church.

United Daughters of the Confederacy

MRS. CORDELIA POWELL ODENHEIMER, *President General*
Washington, D. C.

MRS. J. H. STEWART, Los Angeles, Cal. *First Vice President General*
MRS. L. M. BASHINSKY, Troy, Ala. *Second Vice President General*
MRS. LULU A. LOVELL, Denver, Colo. *Third Vice President General*
MRS. F. M. WILLIAMS, Newton, N. C. *Recording Secretary General*
MRS. W. F. BAKER, Savannah, Ga. *Corresponding Secretary General*

MRS. C. B. TATE, Pulaski, Va. *Treasurer General*
MRS. ORLANDO HALLIBURTON, Little Rock, Ark. *Registrar General*
MISS MILDRED RUTHERFORD, Athens, Ga. *Historian General*
MRS. JOHN W. TENCH, Gainesville, Fla. *Custodian Cross of Honor*
MRS. W. K. BEARD, Philadelphia, Pa. *Custodian Flags and Pennants*

"Love Makes Memory Eternal"

FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.

Dear Daughters: In a little more than a month after this letter appears we will meet in Dallas, Tex., for our annual convention, and I again appeal to Division and Chapter Presidents to read carefully By-Law I., Section 3, By-Law VII., and By-Law II., Section II, and also to follow instructions given in convention call.

Your attention is called to an error in the September VETERAN by which I was made to say, "We should have at least one thousand active members," instead of, "We should have at least one hundred thousand active members."

There appears to be a misunderstanding on the part of some of the Daughters regarding the memorial window to the Southern women of the sixties which we have undertaken to place in the magnificent Red Cross Building in the course of erection in Washington. There are to be three windows side by side, one to be placed by the United Daughters of the Confederacy to the women of the South, one by the women of the Loyal Legion to the women of the North, and a third, the middle one, by both of these societies to the Red Cross. In April Mrs. James Henry Parker and I visited the studio of Mr. Louis Tiffany, in New York, to see the design for these windows and arrange for the payments of the United Daughters of the Confederacy. The design, which had been passed by the Board of the Red Cross Society, we considered most beautiful and artistic. The scheme is symbolical, with nothing to indicate sectionalism. The latest report from our Treasurer General showed that she had received \$1,748.41 toward the \$5,000 for which we obligated ourselves at the Savannah convention. A large picture of Mrs. E. K. Trader will hang in this Red Cross Building.

You will recall that Mrs. Trader was known as the Florence Nightingale of the Southern army, and for her heroic, loving devotion during four years to the "boys in gray" she won for herself a place in the hearts of all true Southerners which time should never efface. Her course was bitterly opposed by her family, but, nevertheless, she took five of her servants and a carload of hospital supplies, went to Memphis, Tenn., and began her arduous labors, working to help the sick and wounded from four in the morning until after midnight, with never a thought of self. While she was at work in the Empire House Hospital, in Atlanta, Ga., and the Shiloh battle was imminent, Gen. Pat Cleburne wrote her to get all the hospital supplies and clothing she could obtain from aid societies and come at once to Corinth, Miss. She collected the contributions, chartered a special train, and alone with her faithful servants went to Corinth and converted the Tishomingo Hotel and Corinth House as well as she could into hospitals. In a few days the wounded from Shiloh began to arrive, hauled many miles over rough, muddy roads in jolting wagons. Soon

they came in such numbers that every bunk was filled and the floors so covered that it was almost impossible to get down beside the suffering ones to render first aid or satisfy their burning thirst and hunger. She told me a few days ago that she weeps now when she recalls the heroism and suffering of those dear soldier boys who fell in the battle of Shiloh and who lie buried in the deep trenches on Shiloh battle field, and that no monument would be too great or magnificent to show the everlasting remembrance of the people for whose cause they died. For the fifty-one years since the close of the war, which left her destitute, she has with the same courage fought the battle of life, supporting herself in a government position until a year ago, when, totally deaf, blind in one eye, and otherwise seriously afflicted, she could work no longer. To-day she is suffering, and, Daughters, we are neglecting her. In 1912 her case was brought before us, and the Chapters were asked to contribute, if possible, the small sum of one dollar a year toward the Trader Fund, a small amount for each Chapter, but in the aggregate a sum that would have brought her comfort. I am sure you have forgotten this appeal, as the amount contributed has been so pitifully small. I urge you to take prompt and generous action, as the case is most urgent.

On March 1, 1916, the audited account of the Arlington Monument Association showed a balance due of \$4,725.25. The Treasurer's report of June 30, 1916, showed since paid to Sir Moses Ezekiel \$700, leaving a balance due him of \$4,025.25. This is exclusive of the \$1,000 assumed by the general organization, \$500 of which was paid Sir Moses direct and \$500 through the Treasurer of the Arlington Monument Association in July. On August 29, 1916, the Treasurer reported to me a balance on hand, after paying \$58.84 for auditing and expenses, of \$200.04, leaving to be collected \$3,825.21.

Miss Caby M. Froman, Director for Kentucky, wrote me in August that she had on hand \$26.40, as follows: Kate Morrison Breckinridge Chapter, Danville, \$5; Crepps Wickliffe Chapter, Bardstown, \$6.70; Mayfield Chapter, Mayfield, \$2; Tom Barrett Chapter, Ghent, \$5.70; Albert Sidney Johnston Chapter, Louisville, \$4; Joshua Gore Chapter, Bloomfield, \$1; Jefferson Davis Chapter, Guthrie, \$2. I have not heretofore mentioned these contributions, as this is the first statement sent me, and the Treasurer has reported them in the VETERAN each month. The fact I wish to emphasize is that, after nine years of effort, there remains to be raised, after adding expenses, such as premium on bond, etc., approximately \$4,000.

Many of you will recall how very comfortable Mr. C. H. Gattis made your trip to the Coast last year. He has arranged two most attractive tours to Dallas, details of which can be obtained by addressing the Gattis Tours, 311-312 Tucker Building, Raleigh, N. C.

Faithfully yours,

CORDELIA POWELL ODENHEIMER,
President General.

THE GEORGIA DIVISION.

BY MRS. W. D. LAMAR, MACON.

The Georgia Division, under its new President, Mrs. Herbert Franklin, of Tennille, continues its growth in numbers and keeps up its record of good deeds. In June, at Barnesville, was held the Annual State Conference of the Children of the Confederacy, Miss Anna Bryant, of Macon, State Directress; Charles Hall Derry, of Macon, State President. Many United Daughters of the Confederacy were in attendance, and great plans were made for future work based on the splendid reports of the past year's activities. The hospitality of Barnesville made the Conference a great success socially.

The Georgia Division has responded enthusiastically to the Memorial Window Fund in the Red Cross Building at Washington, its State Director, Mrs. J. A. Selden, of Macon, Ga., having forwarded to Mrs. C. B. Tate the contributions up to date (\$265), and more will be given later.

A bill devised and promoted by the Georgia United Daughters of the Confederacy is now being actively urged by them before the legislature of the State, to the end that a branch of the State University be established at Crawfordville for the education at a moderate price of poor boys and girls, this school to be at Liberty Hall, the old home of Alexander Stephens, and to be known as the "Stephens Memorial."

The Georgia delegation to the U. D. C. convention at Dallas bids fair to be a large one, and Georgia's indorsement of Mrs. Lamar for President General in 1917 will there be formally made known to the United Daughters of the Confederacy.

THE JEFFERSON DAVIS HIGHWAY

In a circular letter to State Presidents and State Chairmen of the Jefferson Davis Highway Committee the request has been made that all efforts be bent toward securing the building of a national highway to be named the "Jefferson Davis Highway." To each have been sent copies of the memorial to Congress advocating such a plan. The memorial to Congress sets forth the South's loyalty to the Union, as illustrated in her large quota of soldiers sent to the Spanish-American War, and cites the services of Mr. Davis as Secretary of War and as a notably brave leader of United States troops in the war with Mexico. The memorial closes with the following:

"Finally, we, the United Daughters of the Confederacy, do hereby beg that the United States Congress follow the lead of Hon. Joseph Cannon in recognizing among the great men of America Jefferson Davis and that such recognition shall take the form of a national highway to be built and maintained by the government, to be named the Jefferson Davis Highway, across the southern part of the United States, joining the Abraham Lincoln Highway at the north side of the Potomac and again at its terminus in the Far West.

"Respectfully submitted: Dorothy Blount Lamar, Chairman, Macon, Ga.; Mrs. Alexander B. White, Paris, Tenn.; Mrs. Drury Conway Ludlow, Washington, D. C.; Mrs. T. D. Davis, McAlester, Okla.; Miss Jennie S. Price, Lewisburg, W. Va.; Miss Daisy McLaurin Stevens, Brandon, Miss.; Miss Decca Lamar West, Waco, Tex.; Mrs. J. A. Selden, Secretary, Macon, Ga.—Jefferson Davis Highway Committee, United Daughters of the Confederacy."

The States have received the suggestion with great enthusiasm, and the Secretary has been called on for a large number of additional copies of the memorial by many of the chairmen. It is a mammoth undertaking, but united effort can do great things; and it is earnestly hoped that every U. D. C. in the country will lend a hand to this worthy proj-

ect. Let us make known the wishes of the South in the disposal of the \$85,000,000 recently appropriated by Congress for national highways.

THE COLORADO DIVISION.

BY MRS. ELIZABETH TERRILL DUNCAN, DENVER.

It is a great pleasure to report some of the many things our Division has accomplished during the past year. On January 19 the Margaret Davis Hayes and the Robert Lee Chapters, of Denver, celebrated General Lee's birthday at the Brown Palace Hotel. An excellent program was rendered, and delicious refreshments were served during the social hour to two hundred and fifty members and guests. In April both Chapters gave a theater party for the benefit of the State work, realizing a nice sum.

Two scholarships have been awarded our Chapter, one from the old Virginia University, the other from Meridian, Miss. A young man from Pueblo has been selected for the scholarship at the University of Virginia. He is a bright youth, a descendant from an old Virginia family.

On Memorial Day the State Division placed markers at all the Confederate graves in our two beautiful burial parks, Riverside and Fairmount, and both Chapters united in the memorial services. The Sons of Confederate Veterans in Denver cooperate cordially with the Chapters.

The birthday of Jefferson Davis was observed at City Park and addresses were delivered by Drs. Norman and Evans. Throughout the year crosses of honor were bestowed by the various Chapters upon those entitled to them. Mrs. A. J. Emerson, Chairman of the Book Indorsement Committee, is doing splendid work with her committee, and we trust the time is not far distant when the war history of our dear old Southland will be truthfully recorded. All the Chapters of Colorado have contributed to the Shiloh monument, also to the Educational and Benevolent Fund. The Margaret Davis Hayes and the Nathan Forrest, of Pueblo, contributed ten cents *per capita* for Arlington monument.

On August 1, "Colorado Day," the Sons of Colorado erected a tent at City Park, decorated it beautifully, and invited the Robert E. Lee and the Margaret Davis Hayes Chapters to act as joint hostesses. Fruit punch was served during the afternoon to the many visitors and veterans. In the evening all enjoyed a delicious basket supper and social time.

Feeling the need of some funds with which to carry on our winter's work, the Margaret Davis Hayes Chapter, under the competent leadership of its new President, Mrs. Puckett, held a luncheon for three consecutive days in the business district of the city, and we feel well paid for the work. Our dear Southern ladies in Colorado are ever ready to respond cheerfully to any call from the Daughters of the Confederacy.

Our President gave the officers of the Margaret Davis Hayes Chapter the great pleasure of an afternoon with Mrs. Talbot, of Brownsville, Tex. It is such an inspiration to meet our dear sisters from the South. Welcome to them! We hope to meet more of them in the coming year. We had many joyous occasions during the past year; but it seems as if sorrow must enter every family or gathering, and our Margaret Davis Hayes Chapter has not been exempt. In the early part of the summer death claimed one of our charter members, Mrs. Banks, a woman of beautiful Christian character and a loyal Daughter of the Confederacy. During the coming winter we hope the Colorado Chapters will do greater things than ever before and that the tie between us and the South as coworkers may grow stronger.

THE VIRGINIA DIVISION.

BY MRS. GLASSELL FITZHUGH, CHARLOTTESVILLE, VA.

During the summer months most of the Chapters of this Division suspend their activities, but all are now resuming their duties and showing renewed activity before the State convention, which will be held in Lynchburg October 10-14.

Albemarle Chapter, No. 1, held its first meeting of the season on September 20 and elected delegates to the State and General Conventions. With sorrow report is made of the death of three members during the past month, one of these being Miss Cynthia Berkeley, first Secretary of this Chapter.

Surry Chapter has been doing excellent work. The Historian, Mrs. N. C. Shewmake, has aroused enthusiasm along historical lines and created much interest in the study of Southern history in the public schools of the county by offering prizes in essay work. The Chapter presented a handsome State flag to the Robert E. Lee High School. Local and Division relief work is also well cared for.

Amelia Chapter is very active along historical lines. The "Battle of Sailors' Creek" has just been written by their Congressman, Mr. Walter H. Watson, for the Chapter and placed in the archives as a historical record.

The Chesterfield Juniors are young in years, but old in activity and accomplishment. They were the first Juniors to contribute to the Shiloh monument, sending \$10. They have visited the Soldiers' Home, carrying fruits and flowers to those in the hospital, and later complimented the Home for Needy Confederate Women with a handkerchief shower and homemade candy. These little folks enjoy such visits, by which they are made to feel that "it is more blessed to give than to receive."

Goochland Chapter, Vinita, while small in numbers, is one of the most active and enthusiastic Chapters in the Division.

SHILOH MONUMENT FUND.

REPORT OF MRS. ROY W. MCKINNEY, TREASURER, FROM
AUGUST 1 TO SEPTEMBER 4, 1916.

Arkansas: Hamburg Chapter, \$1.20; R. E. Lee Chapter, Conway, \$7.35; L. C. Gause Chapter, Newport, \$10.50. Total, \$19.05.

California: Mrs. A. E. Murphy, for Albert Sidney Johnston Chapter, San Francisco, \$5.

Georgia: Vienna Chapter, \$2; Buena Vista Chapter, \$3. Total, \$5.

Kentucky: Capt. Gus Dedman Chapter, Lawrenceburg, \$2; Charles W. Thompson, for Paducah Chapter, \$2; Dr. Horace Luten, Fulton, \$1; Messrs. Arch E. and Harold DeBow, Hickman, \$2; Messrs. Findley and W. M. Randle, Hickman, \$2; Mrs. E. O. Lovett, Mayfield, \$5; Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Wilford, Barlow, through Paducah Chapter, \$2. Total, \$16.

Mississippi: Mississippi Division, \$50; Mrs. Lizzie Croft (personal), Holly Springs, \$10; F. A. Darnly Chapter, Wiggins, \$1.50; T. D. Beall Chapter, Booneville, \$5; Booneville school children, East and West Side, \$1.11; Private Taylor Rucks Chapter, Greenville, \$5; John H. Blakemore, Jr. (personal), \$1; Mrs. George Cox, Sr. (personal), \$5. Total, \$78.61.

Oklahoma: John H. Reagan Chapter, Wynnewood, \$1; Bertie E. Davis Chapter, Wenoka, \$1. Total, \$2.

Tennessee: Sarah Law Chapter, Memphis, \$50; Livingston Chapter, Brownsville, \$10; T. R. Preston, for Fifth Tennessee Regiment Chapter, Paris, \$10; J. T. Lupton, for Fifth Ten-

nessee Regiment Chapter, Paris, \$25; Mrs. W. H. Coffman, for Fifth Tennessee Regiment Chapter, Paris, \$10; E. Wilkins, for Fifth Tennessee Regiment Chapter, Paris, \$50; Mrs. T. B. Herron, for Mary Latham Chapter, Memphis, \$10; Mrs. Marcella Armistead, for Mary Latham Chapter, Memphis, \$2; Mary Latham, Memphis, \$38. Total, \$205.

Texas: New York exchange from Brenham (no name given), \$5; Dallas Chapter, \$5. Total, \$10.

Virginia: Thirteenth Regiment Chapter, Orange, \$10; Manassas Chapter, \$2.50; Turner Ashby Chapter, Harrisonburg, \$3.85; Holston Chapter, Marion, \$5; Pickett-Buchanan Chapter, Norfolk, \$10; Flora Stuart Chapter, Pulaski, \$1; Anna Stonewall Jackson Chapter, Abington, \$5; Tazewell Chapter, \$20; Halifax Chapter, South Boston, \$5; H. A. Wise Chapter, Cape Charles, \$25; R. T. W. Duke, Jr., Charlottesville, \$1; W. McDonald Lee, Irvington, \$1; Rev. Father Payne, Clifton Forge, \$5; Rev. E. P. Dandridge, Petersburg, \$1; Saltville-Preston Chapter, Saltville, \$5. Total, \$100.35.

Collections since last report, \$441.01; less refund to Mrs. McKinney, \$24.85.

Collections in hands of Treasurer since last report, \$416.16.

Total collections in hands of Treasurer at last report, \$10,166.85.

Total collections in hands of Treasurer to date, \$10,583.01.

The Treasurer wishes to call especial attention to a check for \$10 contributed by the Boston Chapter, of Boston, Mass., on March 22. In making the copy of the report the item was omitted, though the amount was included.

Historian General's Page.

BY MISS MILDRED LEWIS RUTHERFORD, ATHENS, GA.

FAREWELL!

With this month's program my work as Historian General ceases. For five years I have been very happy in this work and wish to express to the U. D. C. my grateful appreciation of an honor I consider the greatest in their gift. I leave the office with the feeling that some one else may have done more efficient work, but with a knowledge that no one could have done it with more love and interest for the cause. I wish to thank the CONFEDERATE VETERAN for the courtesy of its pages so generously given to me for this work and for the many words of appreciation, so often expressed, of my work.

I wish to thank the Historians of Divisions and Chapters for hearty cooperation in carrying out the programs as suggested by me and for the beautiful roses of appreciation thrown to me at their Division conventions as given in the minutes of those conventions. These words of commendation will be long cherished by me.

To the Directresses of the Children of the Confederacy and to the children themselves I have words of thanks for the way they have appealed to me for guidance and aid. How I love that work! and I wish always to be known as the Children's friend. Upon their shoulders must our mantle fall when we pass away.

My heart is happier than it has been for a long time over the increasing interest from the Sons of Veterans. They are taking such a live interest in having the textbook question investigated, and we may begin to feel that in their hands this all-important matter may rest.

Now last, but in no way least, I must bid farewell to the Veterans. What a power of strength they have been to me! What wise counsel have they given me! How I have relied

upon them to correct me when I was wrong! How many wrongs of history they have helped me to right! How many myths of history they have helped me to expose! God bless them all and preserve their lives to give their aid and counsel for years to come!

To my successor, whoever she may be, I extend a loving hand of welcome, with the assurance that I shall be ever ready to give sympathy and aid if needed.

By rights the November and December programs should be hers, and may be, but in the event she cannot get her work adjusted after the convention at Dallas I am sending those two months' programs to the VETERAN to use or not, as may be the case. I hope the program work will have no backset. I hope the Chapters will give to the new Historian General the loving sympathy they have ever given me.

U. D. C. PROGRAM FOR OCTOBER, 1916.

(The Georgia Division, aided by personal friends, is having the pamphlet, "Jefferson Davis and Abraham Lincoln," printed. Orders, 10 cents each, may be sent for copies.)

SOUTHERN TEXTBOOKS.

(Answers to be found in "Historical Sins of Omission and Commission," pages 29-38.)

Ritual.

1. Why should we stress the use of textbooks true to the South?
2. What per cent of the books now in use are unjust to the South?
3. What did Dr. Curry say in regard to history as now written?
4. How was Horace Greeley's "American Conflict" unjust to the South?
5. How has the South suffered through misrepresentation abroad?
6. How did the students of a Southern college act when an unjust textbook was not changed?
7. What is the object of the Historical Committee of the U. D. C.?
8. Have any books been written at the North by Northern men that are just to the South?
9. Give some instances of injustice that have caused the Veterans and Daughters to take active measures to right?
10. Where is the danger from the book trust?
11. What injustice has been done Southern literature?
12. Name some books that should be in every Southern library.

C. OF C. PROGRAM FOR OCTOBER, 1916.

MANASSAS AND GETTYSBURG.

(See Alexander Stephens's "History of the War between the States.")

Ritual.

1. Where was the first battle of the Confederacy fought? Who won?
2. Where was the first defeat? Why?
3. What kept General Lee from going on to Washington?
4. When did Lee say he had lost his right arm?
5. Who was it that told General Lee to go to the rear, or they would not fight?

6. In what battle was the charge made by Pickett's men?

7. Read "Pickett's Charge at Gettysburg."

Reading: "The Jacket of Gray."

Reading: "Tell the Boys the War Is Over."

Reading: "The Land Where We Were Dreaming."

Reading: "Lee to the Rear."

(For "Battle of Gettysburg" see "Great Epochs of American History," Volume VIII., page 121.)

FIRST BATTLE OF MANASSAS, OR BULL RUN.

The first battle of Manassas was fought on July 21, 1861. The Confederates were commanded by Beauregard and the Federals by McDowell. Joseph E. Johnston, with eight thousand men, was in the Shenandoah Valley, and when telegraphed for by a movement with hardly a parallel in the annals of war he joined General Beauregard in time to drive back the advancing and formidable hosts. The battle was fought on Sunday, and the result was a complete victory for the Confederates.

"The result of this battle between forces so unequal in numbers, as well as so unequal in arms and equipment, is to be attributed mainly to the relative spirit by which officers and men on the opposing sides were moved and animated in the terrible conflict. Great as was the skill of Generals Johnston and Beauregard in the disposition and movements of their squadrons, that of General McDowell was also very great. His whole plan of operations from the beginning to the end showed military genius of the highest order. The result, therefore, did not depend so much upon the superior skill of the commanders on the Confederate side as upon the high objects and motives with which they, as well as those under them, were inspired."

"The enemy lost all of his artillery, and, having no fresh troops to rely upon, a general rout ensued." (Stephens's "History.")

From Edmund Clarence Stedman we have the Federal side of this rout:

"What a scene! How terrific the onset of that tumultuous retreat! For three miles the hosts of Federal troops, all detached from their regiments, all mingled in one disorderly rout, were fleeing along the road. Hacks containing unlucky spectators of the battle were smashed as glass between the army wagons and private carriages, and the occupants were lost sight of in the debris. Horses flying wildly in death agony galloped forward at random, joining in the general stampede. Wounded men lying along the banks raised appealing hands in vain to those who rode by them. Then the artillery, such as was saved, came thundering by, smashing and overpowering everything. The cavalry (I record it with shame) rode down the footmen without mercy, adding to the terrors.

"Who ever saw such a flight? Who ever saw a more shameful abandonment of munitions gathered at such vast expense? The teamsters cut the traces of their horses and galloped from the wagons. Others, to accelerate flight, threw out grain, picks, shovels, and provisions of every kind, to be trampled in the dust. When some of the men at last were rallied, there was scarcely one who had not thrown away his arms.

"If the enemy had followed with artillery and five hundred cavalry, they would have captured enough supplies for a week's thanksgiving. As it was, we left behind enough to tell the story of the panic and the rout of the Federal army in every way complete." (Copied from New York World.)

Confederated Southern Memorial Association

MRS. W. J. BEHAN.....*President*
New Orleans, La.

MRS. JOHN E. MAXWELL.....*Treasurer*
Seale, Ala.

MISS DAISY M. L. HODGSON.....*Recording Secretary*
7900 Sycamore Street, New Orleans, La.

MISS MARY A. HALL.....*Historian*
1105½ Broad Street, Augusta, Ga.

MRS. J. ENDERS ROBINSON.....*Corresponding Secretary*
113 Third Street South, Richmond, Va.

MRS. VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE.....*Poet Laureate*
1045 Union Avenue, Memphis, Tenn.



VICE PRESIDENTS

ALABAMA—Montgomery.....Mrs. J. C. Lee
ARKANSAS—Fayetteville.....Mrs. J. Garside Welch
FLORIDA—Pensacola.....Mrs. Horace L. Simpson
GEORGIA—Atlanta.....Mrs. A. McD. Wilson
LOUISIANA—New Orleans.....Mrs. James Dinkins
MISSISSIPPI—Vicksburg.....Mrs. E. C. Carroll
MISSOURI—St. Louis.....Mrs. G. K. Warner
NORTH CAROLINA—Raleigh.....Mrs. Robert H. Jones
SOUTH CAROLINA—Charleston.....Mrs. S. Cary Beckwith
TENNESSEE—Memphis.....Mrs. Charles W. Frazer
VIRGINIA—Front Royal.....Mrs. S. M. Davis-Roy

Next Convention to be held in Birmingham, Ala.

LADIES' MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION OF FREDERICKSBURG, VA.

REPORT OF MRS. JOHN T. GOOLRICK, PRESIDENT, APRIL 12, 1916.

We claim, and justly, I believe, that the custom of Memorial Day originated in the city of Fredericksburg. Indeed, it is a matter of record made only a few months after the surrender at Appomattox, and it is with pride and pleasure that I can name my mother, Mrs. Chester B. White, as the moving spirit and one of the most active workers for this beautiful custom from its very inception. An article in a Southern paper attracted her attention. It contained a suggestion, the germ of this idea, that a day be set apart to strew with flowers the graves of our Southern dead. She took it up at once, and, being a good writer, many articles from her pen were printed in the papers of several States. In local work she was the leader, and the following is copied from the annals of our Association: "In June, 1865, about two months after the surrender of General Lee, a number of our ladies met in the basement of St. George's Episcopal Church in this city for the purpose of preserving a record and, as far as possible, of marking the spot where every Confederate soldier is buried."

At this meeting Mrs. White's suggestion that a day be set apart and consecrated to decorate the graves of the Confederate dead in our city cemetery was received with much enthusiasm, and after the transaction of the business which brought them together, on motion of Mrs. White, it was resolved: "That we hereby go in a body to the old cemetery, where there are now buried quite a number of Confederate soldiers, and decorate their graves with flowers."

This resolution was unanimously adopted. Being the month of flowers, they were easily obtainable and were taken that day to the cemetery. In the fall of that year another meeting was held, and formal steps were taken to form "The Ladies' Memorial Association." On May 10, 1866, this beautiful custom was first observed under the auspices of a fully established association. Mrs. John H. Wallace was elected President and Mrs. Chester B. White First Vice President.

It would be too long a task at present for me to go into the history of this Association, its work and its appeals; but the first appeal, a beautiful one, was issued at this time. It was written by Maj. J. Horace Lacy, signed by the officers and by many prominent men of the town. I do not think it inappropriate here to pay a tribute to the memory of Major Lacy, who was a chivalrous and loyal soldier of the Confederacy and contributed valuable work and services to this Association in collecting contributions to it from the Southern States, as well as from many individuals.

We claim that the first organized movement was made here,

that the observance of Memorial Day was first inaugurated here, and that the women of Fredericksburg have the proud distinction of being the first organized association which observed the custom. Since that time the custom has been religiously and patriotically adhered to, and at present its popularity is not waning.

In our cemetery, where we have erected a monument to "The Confederate Dead," there are buried many Confederate soldiers whose remains were brought to and interred in it from the battle fields of Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Salem Church, the Wilderness, the Bloody Angle, and Spottsylvania Courthouse, all of whom were killed in battle.

In 1892 our Association was reorganized and a new charter obtained from the legislature, with the number of members limited to twenty. We have found that under the present charter the work of the Association is more easily and smoothly accomplished.

Since the reorganization of this Association, in 1892, we have recorded the deaths of the following-named members: Mrs. L. O. McGrath, Mrs. Lucilla Bradley, Mrs. Josiah Hazard, Mrs. William S. Barton, Mrs. M. M. Lewis, Mrs. J. H. Lacy, Miss Virginia Knox, Miss Nora Goolrick, Mrs. Maria K. Daniel, Mrs. Ann F. T. Fitzhugh, Mrs. C. Ellen Ford, Mrs. S. W. Carmichael, Mrs. Leslie T. Kearsley, Mrs. J. N. Barney, Mrs. Margaret Alexander, Miss Ellen P. Chew.

Up to the time of her death Mrs. Nannie Seddon Barney was the able and faithful Secretary of this Association, and her crowning work for it was in personally undertaking to raise money for marble markers for the graves of the soldiers buried here. This was successfully carried out by her without asking assistance from the Association.

The Ladies' Memorial Association of Fredericksburg is now a self-sustaining body. The revenue received we owe to the laborious efforts of our predecessors. To keep alive the spirit of Memorial Day is the earnest desire of their successors. We have an annual meeting and, if necessary, called ones during the year. A committee of two ladies, Mrs. Charles Wallace and Mrs. Ferdinand Hart, is in charge of the Confederate Cemetery and sees that things are kept in proper order. The observance of Memorial Day is quite a ceremony with us. The ladies of the Association go in carriages, preceded by a band. The military company and various orders, Veterans and Sons of Veterans, long lines of children and grown people, the girls in white with red sashes, the boys with badges, march with us, and a program of music, prayer, and speaking is carried out around the monument to the unknown dead, taps are sounded, and then with loving reverence the graves are strewn with flowers, and on each one is placed a small Confederate flag. We turn our faces homeward with sad memories for some, but thankful that we are implanting in the

hearts and minds of our children an imperishable love and reverence for the valiant deeds of their gallant ancestors and an enduring love of our glorious South.

MY SOUTHLAND!

BY CLARA HUMPHREY CROWDER.

My Southland! My Southland!
With your beauty and your pride,
Your flowered plains and chanced woods,
Your fields where heroes died,
Your strains of warbling songsters
And winds of murmuring songs,
Lift wearied eyes of sadness
Beyond all shadowed wrongs.
Full to the brim your chalice
Was drained of bitter tears;
Round these wounds of other days
Time draws a cloak of years.

My Southland! My Southland!
So fair, so brave, so true,
A rose from nature's garden,
A star from heaven's blue;
No shame can touch your birthright,
And death is not your wage,
For honor is your crest and shield
And truth your heritage:
And in a glorious future,
Though a land of memories now,
You'll wear a crown of laurels,
Not cypress, on your brow.

My Southland! My Southland!
Your tears of yesterday
Have turned to pearls of splendor
That gemmed the crucial way.
For every lash inflicted
Has turned to tongues of flame
That roused the mind of justice
To praise instead of blame,
And in the dawn of newer thought
And truth's own victory
Is born a greater triumph—
A nation's destiny.

MRS. L. T. DICKINSON.

Within the shadow of the memorial gateway which leads to the hallowed confines of the Confederate Cemetery at Chattanooga, Tenn., now rests the beloved wife of Capt. L. T. Dickinson, his devoted companion for nearly fifty years. After many weeks of suffering, her bright spirit passed from earth on July 31, and all that was mortal was laid away among the revered dead of the Confederacy, as has been her oft-repeated request, with them to await the awakening to life eternal.

As Miss Nannie Tidball, of Winchester, Va., a daughter of Scott Tidball, Mrs. Dickinson was one of the belles of the Old Dominion. Her maternal grandfather was Dr. Hill, an eminent Presbyterian divine of that State. Losing her parents when quite young, she was reared in the home of her uncle, Nathan White, at Charles Town (now W. Va.), and as a young lady the comely and gracious Miss Tidball was the toast of the country around Charles Town in the late fifties

and early sixties. She was in the midst of the turmoil that followed the radical activities of the fanatical abolitionist John Brown, and later, when the strife between the States was on, she shared in the trials and sorrows that followed in its wake. She was married to Capt. L. T. Dickinson on October 15, 1867, at the home of her uncle, General Thruston, at Cumberland, Md., the birthplace of Captain Dickinson. They had made their home in Chattanooga for the past thirty-five years, and both were ever foremost in the activities of the community. To them were born a son and daughter, the son now a prominent citizen of Newport, Tenn., and the daughter, Mrs. Collingwood Tucker, of Keokuk, Ia., widely known for her folk songs. After the marriage and departure of the son and daughter, some twenty years ago, a young orphan girl was brought into the home to share the mother love and care.

Mrs. Dickinson was a charter member of the original Confederate Memorial Association of Chattanooga, an active member of the Daughters of the Confederacy, and always an interested worker for her Church and city. She was especially fond of flowers, and for her they thrived and blossomed as if in responsive love. She was an expert with the needle, taking the prize at the Chicago Exposition for crocheted table cover, again at the Tennessee Centennial at Nashville for embroidered centerpiece, and again at the Cotton Exposition at Atlanta, Ga., for embroidery.

N. B. Forrest Camp, U. C. V., of Chattanooga, of which Captain Dickinson has been Adjutant for many years, passed resolutions of sympathy and attended the funeral in a body.



Grave of Mrs. Dickinson in Confederate Cemetery at Chattanooga. Captain Dickinson is standing by the arch of the memorial gateway, which he designed.

SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS

ORGANIZED IN JULY, 1896, AT RICHMOND, VA.

OFFICERS.

Commander in Chief, Ernest G. Baldwin, Roanoke, Va.
Adjutant in Chief, N. B. Forrest, Biloxi, Miss.

SONS IN UNIFORM FOR REUNION.

BY CLARENCE J. OWENS, FIRST ASSISTANT ADJUTANT IN CHIEF.

The Central Committee has established headquarters in Suite 300, Southern Building, Washington, D. C., and active, aggressive steps are being taken in preparation for the next Reunion Convention of the Sons of Veterans. The Sons' headquarters are also coöperating in the development of the plans for the Confederate Reunion. An appeal has been issued to all Camps of the Confederation by the First Assistant Adjutant in Chief urging the Camps to purchase uniforms prior to the Washington Reunion, in order that the Sons of Veterans may make a notable showing when assembled in convention and also in the parade, which will be the most brilliant participated in by Confederate Veterans and their Sons since the war.

For the first time the Veterans and their Sons will march down Pennsylvania Avenue and be reviewed by the President of the United States. It is expected that the Camps will respond cordially to this call and will take immediate steps for the purchase of uniforms. Commander Dozier, of Birmingham, has already given assurance that one hundred Sons from Birmingham will come to Washington in uniform. John L. Moulton, of Alabama, is coöperating in securing a large number from his own Camp and from other Camps in the State to do likewise. Judge Edgar Scurry, of Texas, has taken immediate charge of the campaign in that State to have the Sons of Veterans uniformed. The Camp at Fredericksburg, Va., is already uniformed. Fifty members of the Fredericksburg Camp in uniform participated in the preparedness parade in Washington on June 14. Without difficulty several thousand Sons should be uniformed for the Washington Reunion.

THE CAUSES THAT LED TO THE WAR BETWEEN THE STATES.

BY LLOYD T. EVERETT, BALLSTON, VA.

[Awarded first prize for best essay on this subject in the Latham Prize Contest, which was inaugurated by the Sons of Confederate Veterans in 1915 through the generosity of Mrs. T. J. Latham, of Memphis, Tenn.]

When the smoke of the American Revolution lifted, it discovered to the world a straggling line of thirteen petty republics fringing for a thousand miles and more the western shore of the Atlantic. Only comparatively homogeneous in blood, these stripling commonwealths were varied in latitude and diversified in temperament, tendencies, and material interests. But recently brought together in one common contest against a common oppressor across the seas, harmony dwindled and discord grew between them in proportion as the late joint struggle for independence receded into the past. Grouped, regrouped, and countergrouped into large and small States, free labor and slave labor States, planter and sea-trading States, States with wide stretches of Western hinterland and States without, the baker's dozen of mutually jealous little Minervas eyed each other furtively from the very start.

Even during the war for independence little Maryland held up the Articles of Confederation from unanimous adoption

and actual operation until assured of a satisfactory disposition of the vast Western land grants held by Virginia and others of the large States. It appears that as early as 1786 many in the North and East favored an agreement with Spain for closing the Mississippi as a trade outlet for the scattered but growing settlements beyond the mountains. New England particularly (herself cut off from Western expansion by her geographical position) was found ever hostile to Southern and Western extensions. Bear this fact well in mind in tracing the later course of what came to be the great inter-sectional controversy. Again, many and significant evidences of jealousy between various States or groups of States and between the two great sections of South and North are found in the debates of the general and State conventions that framed and that adopted the Federal Constitution of 1787-89. No wonder that Washington in his farewell address considered the new Constitution and his "confederated republic" thereunder as an "experiment."

One of the "compromises of the Constitution" resulted from a "deal" between certain States of sea-trading, slave-transporting New England and some of the Southern States by which the proposed provision requiring a two-thirds vote in Congress in matters regulating commerce (including sea carriage) was defeated, and the importation of slaves from Africa should not be abolished before the year 1808.

There was pronounced opposition in New England to the purchase of the great Louisiana territory by Jefferson's administration in 1803. Like opposition from the same quarter developed some eight years later to the admission of the southernmost portion of this Louisiana country as the State of Louisiana, and Representative Josiah Quincy, of Massachusetts, uttered from the floor of Congress his famous threat of secession by "some" of the States, "amicably if they can, violently if they must."

The War of 1812 gave occasion for yet further expressions of disaffection up New England way. The Federalist party, with its stronghold there, had become hopelessly ousted from power by the Democrats, led by Jefferson and other Southern men. Moreover, the trade restrictions resulting from the war and other policies of the Democrats bore hard upon New England's sea-carrying interests, although Mr. Wilson remarks in his "History of the American People" that the planters of the South were even harder hit. In the midst of this war the memorable Hartford Convention of New Englanders was held as an angry protest against the war and the administration. This convention squinted toward secession, and about the same time Daniel Webster on the floor of the House of Representatives, speaking in opposition to one of the war measures, threatened disunion in no uncertain tones.

A few years after the war the question of Western expansion was again up. This was in 1819-21, when "the Missouri questions" shook the country from end to end. New England and the North generally opposed the admission of this new Southern and Western State. For the first time slavery as a distinctly sectional issue came to the fore. If the West must be settled after all, the North and the Northeast were determined to keep as much of it as possible for themselves and for white labor as against the South and black labor. The dispute raged long and hot, involving many legislative proposals and party maneuvers.

It is very commonly supposed that the slave-labor State of Missouri and the free-labor State of Maine were together admitted under the "Missouri Compromise," by which Missouri was allowed to come in with slavery; but no more slave-

labor States were to be admitted from the Louisiana Purchase north of latitude thirty-six degrees, thirty minutes. This is not correct. Under such a proposal Maine was admitted; but Northern members afterwards voted against the admission of Missouri with slavery, and her admission was delayed another year. (See the history of this most informally discussed in A. H. Stephens's "History of the United States.")

The aged Jefferson, himself an abolitionist from principle, decried this injection of politico-moral questions into inter-sectional politics. He said it smote upon his ears "like a fire bell in the night" and could mean only bloodshed and disunion. Jefferson pointed out that true friends of the negroes should be glad to see them diffused over a larger stretch of country. That this "antislavery" stand of the North in Congress was economic and political, not moral and philanthropic, is manifest from a study of the laws of those times in Northern and Northwestern States aimed against free negroes there.

For a few years after the admission of Missouri the question of Western expansion as a sectional issue slept, then broke forth again at the time of the nullification crisis, 1830-33. Senator Foot, of Connecticut, had introduced a resolution looking to the restriction of the survey and sale of Western lands. The South and the West attacked it as designed to retard the development of the West and to keep the factory laborers of the North from emigrating. Too, the moneyed interests (centered in the North) were accused of wishing to maintain a permanent, interest-bearing national debt. Manufactures had received a great impetus during the trade troubles accompanying the second war with Britain, and "protective" tariffs had been demanded by and conceded to the manufacturers. These were mostly in the middle States, but by 1830 were quite numerous in New England also.

By her determined stand in the nullification crisis South Carolina, reinforced by widespread sympathy in other Southern States, forced a radical reduction in the tariffs under the famous compromise of 1833. She thereby incurred the lasting enmity of New England and of much of the North generally. Up to this date the abolitionist crusade had made no great headway in the North, least of all in New England. But it was in the midst of these nullification debates in Congress that John Quincy Adams uttered the significant threat that if "protection" of manufacturers was not to be given to the North, then the South ought not to expect continued protection of negro slavery. It was from this very juncture that abolitionism and "free-soilism" began to make marked growth throughout the North. Except for a brief period in the early forties, a low or lowered tariff prevailed from nullification until the war of 1861.

In the nullification debates we find the agricultural South and West, for the most part, standing together against the common hostility of the mercantile North and East. But a change soon took place. The North found that the West was bound to grow, anyhow. Largely increased immigration from Europe began about this time to pour into Northern ports and to furnish the needed cheap labor for Northern mills; the West was steadily beguiled with the prospect of vast "internal improvements" (roads, aids to navigation, etc.), at the expense of the Federal treasury. These improvements called for large revenue and so lent added plausibility to the demand for a high tariff on imports. Thus long before 1861 the Northeast and the Northwest became allied against the South. But few Europeans came into the South, where the immigrant laborers would find themselves in competition with slave labor. Thus the North's population grew faster than

the South's. Also these Continental Europeans were imbued with the ideas of strong monarchical, centralistic governments, and so were the more ready to embark upon a war of invasion and conquest (when the issue with the South should once be finally drawn) and thus help overwhelm the minority, though a considerable one, in the North opposed to any such repudiation of the principles of our Declaration of Independence and our historical, constitutional rights. Lincoln in his war of coercion derived much aid and comfort from the German immigrants with their ideals of blood and iron.

Meanwhile many in the North had opposed the annexation of Texas, also that of other Southwestern territory, resulting from the war with Mexico. The Kansas-Nebraska controversy gave rise to the Republican party in the fifties, which demanded that the South keep out of the common territories which had been acquired by the common blood and treasure of the South and North alike. Horace Greeley, one of the Republican leaders, was slow to be drawn into the professed anti-slavery agitation, because, as he himself said in 1845, he found too much slavery in the North. In the factory districts there the women and children toiled thirteen and fourteen hours a day, and the factory hands dwelt in the company's houses and worshiped God at the company's church.

The new party in its first national platform (1856) did not declare for a high or "protective" tariff. It polled a good vote that year and, thereby encouraged, declared for such a tariff in 1860, thus appealing to both the land-hungry of the West and the bounty-hungry of the East. Meanwhile the John Brown raid into Virginia, seeking to incite the negroes to war with the Southern whites, had occurred in 1859, and widespread sympathy with and for him was expressed in the North, a sympathy doubtless fanned by Harriet Beecher Stowe's stirring novel, "Uncle Tom's Cabin," of this period. The Democrats and the Constitutionalist Union men split into three tickets in 1860, thus allowing the Republicans to elect their candidate by a majority of the electoral votes, though by a minority of nearly a million of the popular vote.

Most of the Southern States then withdrew, and the war of coercion followed. A high tariff was promptly enacted as a "war measure" to raise revenue for waging war on the South, which was to be retained in the Union *inter alia* to furnish cheap raw materials for Northern manufacturers and perhaps an outlet for the Northwest via the Mississippi. This tariff was repeatedly increased during the four years of war. Yet, despite this need of revenue, the free-homestead act of 1862 was passed, thus materially reducing the income from the disposal of the new lands of the West. And with it all a huge public debt was piled up.

Some one has aptly remarked that the Northern writers have been too prone to ascribe moral causes to the great war of the sixties and Southern writers too much inclined to lay it to a difference of view of constitutional rights; that, in truth, the causes were primarily economic. Commercial and economic questions have caused most of the great wars of history, and human nature is the same in America as elsewhere. In his farewell address Washington warned against belief in disinterested kindness in national conduct; Mr. Taft has spoken to like effect. Tariff, Western lands, immigration, the desire in certain selfishly interested quarters for a big permanent public debt—all these had more to do with our great war than the historians have usually told us.

TRUTH STRANGER THAN FICTION.

BY JAMES A. STEVENS, BURNET, TEX.

Joseph H. and John A. Stevens were among the first to respond to the call to arms for the South, enlisting in the spring or summer of 1861 with Company K, 14th Mississippi Infantry. This company was first organized in the year 1837 and did honorable service in the Mexican War, being a part of the 1st Mississippi, Col. Jefferson Davis commander. It still keeps up the organization, although the original members are long since dead. It came into existence at Columbus, Miss. So great were the discipline and intelligence of the company that for several months after the clash of arms began it was detailed as guard on the Mobile and Ohio Railroad between Mobile and Corinth; was afterwards a participant with the regiment in the Bowling Green campaign under Albert Sydney Johnston; was captured at Fort Donelson and in prison some six months at Camp Douglas, Chicago. It next served in North Mississippi, East Tennessee, Georgia, and on to the end at Bentonville, N. C.

This article is written to relate two incidents that happened to the Stevens brothers. During a fight (I think it was at Waterford, Miss.) Joseph H. Stevens shot from his horse a Federal major and thought for many years after the war that he had "killed his man." One day during the seventies or eighties, while he was serving as circuit clerk for Lowndes County, Miss., a stranger from a Northern State called at the office to have some legal papers drawn up, and when the business had been transacted the conversation naturally drifted to the late war. Upon comparing notes it turned out that the visitor did service in a Federal regiment in North Mississippi and was in the fight above mentioned. He proved to be the officer whom my brother thought he had killed. The narrative of both so perfectly fitted that they rejoiced that the shot had not been fatal, and they promptly "shook hands across the once bloody chasm." Gen. John B. Gordon's book, "Reminiscences of the Civil War," relates an incident very similar to the above.

The other brother, John A., and the writer of this became prohibitionists before the war began and when about to join different commands signed a paper that neither would drink anything stronger than water or coffee while in the service. It turned out that, though we generally had plenty of water except at times on a forced march, coffee was scarcer than ham most of the time toward the last. One day during that terrible Georgia campaign my brother wrote me that after several weeks of fighting, marching, exposure, and starvation, his command had by some means drawn a "ration" of whisky, and he was so nearly dead that he violated his pledge and drank his liquor. In his letter he asked me if he had done right. My reply was: "Yes, but don't you do it any more." Soon after this the poor boy, then about nineteen years of age, was shot down in the trenches at Atlanta, a Minie ball tearing out one of his eyes. It was the first time he had ever been off duty, and as he fell bleeding he said: "Boys, I've got a furlough at last." The regimental surgeon was sent for and upon examining the wound said: "John, you must take some whisky." "I'm not going to do it, doctor." The doctor then said: "Well, if you don't, you'll die." The boy calmly answered: "Let me die then; I'm not going to take any liquor." And he didn't. Although gangrene afterwards got into the eye and the other went blind for a little while from what the Macon hospital surgeons called "sympathy," the boy pulled through by the skin of his teeth and lived till the year

1909. Twenty years after the war he was paralyzed in the jaw from the effects of the old wound, but recovered apparently from that visitation.

IN MEMORY OF A FAITHFUL SERVANT.

After the War between the States, Easter Partee, a young negro girl, remained loyal to her "Old Master" and "Old Miss" and during the rest of her life maintained this loyalty and devotion to the white people, whom she always claimed as her friends. She married and became Easter Brownlee.



MAMMY EASTER AND ONE OF HER "BABIES."

When widowed and having no children of her own, her big motherly heart embraced the little white babies placed in her care with all the love that only a real Southern "mammy" could give them. She was nurse in the Houston families of Aberdeen, Miss., before going to Memphis, Tenn., where she entered the family of Mr. Sam Pepper and nursed his four children until the oldest child married; then mammy went with her to care for the "grandbabies." She was an interested and constant reader of the *VETERAN*, her name being on its subscription list, and eagerly each month she looked forward to its coming in her mail. "In God we trust" was a favorite motto with her and the real keynote to her life, for she lived in true Christian spirit, giving unselfishly of her time and money to those less fortunate and never too busy to help those who called upon her for aid. On May 2, 1916, this noble woman died at the home of Mrs. Hugh B. Speed, in Chicago, who had been her first charge of the Pepper children, and she brought mammy back to Memphis that she might rest in that Southland which had always been so dear to her heart.

It is lives like mammy's which make this world a better place, and the sun is setting on these lives in a rosy hue, leaving a sweet memory to cheer those who grieve their loss.

SEMIANNUAL STATEMENT OF THE VETERAN.

The CONFEDERATE VETERAN, incorporated as a company under the title of Trustees of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, is the property of the Confederate organizations of the South—the United Confederate Veterans, the United Daughters of the Confederacy, the Confederate Southern Memorial Association, and the Sons of Confederate Veterans. It is published monthly at Nashville, Tenn. No bonds nor mortgages are issued by the company.

ONE OF THE UNKNOWN.—During the winter of 1864-65 a Confederate soldier was killed about one mile south of Tazewell, Tenn., when a scouting party ran up on the Federal pickets in the night, and he was buried by women the next day. We expect to move his remains to the Confederate Square in the Irish cemetery here. Can any one give us his name? I think Maj. George Day, of the 12th Tennessee Battalion, was in command; and I know the party was composed of details from Carter's 1st Tennessee Cavalry, Ashby's 2d, and Vaughn's Brigade, as I saw them on their return to Morristown, where we were camped. Address Thomas G. Fulkerson, New Tazewell, Tenn.

ERRORS TYPOGRAPHICAL.—Lloyd T. Everett asks correction of the errors in his article appearing in the VETERAN for September (page 426) by which he is made to say, "a natural wall of water three miles across," whereas he stated "three thousand miles"—that is, the width of the Atlantic Ocean between America and Europe. Also where he referred to "beneficial" society or societies it was published "beneficiary."

PENSION INCREASE.

A law recently enacted increases pensions of widows of Mexican and Civil War Union veterans to twenty dollars per month at seventy years or over. For particulars address Perry M. de Leon, Claims Attorney, The Toronto, Washington, D. C.

AL. G. FIELD'S GREATER MINSTRELS.

Al. G. Field is known throughout the South as a leader in the art of minstrelsy. For over thirty years he has been making good his promises for something "bigger and better" each season, and that prepared for the season of 1916-17 measures up to the standard of the "Field Brand." Such a range of entertainment as is compressed within one performance is seldom encountered. The first part of this production depicts "Minstrelsy Past and Present" and gives opportunity for some picturesque settings, showing the development of minstrelsy from plantation life in Dixie's Land and concluding with a "Modern Minstrel Cabaret," which is an assembly of the possibilities of minstrelsy to-day. "Christmas Eve at Home" is a big spectacular part based on a folklore story by Mr. Field himself, in which are blended quaintness, sentiment, comedy, song, and dance, with scenic effects which appeal to the oldest and youngest. An American travesty, "The Battle of the Bats, Our National Pastime; or, Chasing Villa," produces a wealth of fun over our game of baseball, the situation in Mexico, and other topical matters. The grand finale is a rousing military spectacle on "Peace through Preparedness," in which the scene is thrown into high relief by myriads of red, white, and blue lights, while hundreds of American flags are unfurled, and patriotic songs are sung by the immense chorus, epitomizing the heart and spirit of America.

In the list of comedians, singers, and dancers are old favorites who have held the stage as star performers for many years, while a number of new artists make a strong appeal in these lines. Such an aggregation of fun makers forces old care to take a back seat. Don't fail to see them. Routing is shown on first advertising page of this number.

J. P. Murray, Route 3, Box 94, Lebanon, Tenn., wants to communicate with some one who knew E. H. ("Hans") Wertsch during the war. His record is wanted in order to secure a pension for his wife.

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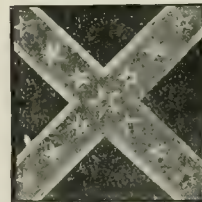
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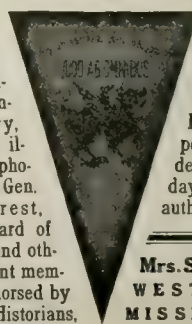
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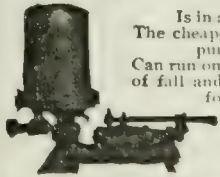
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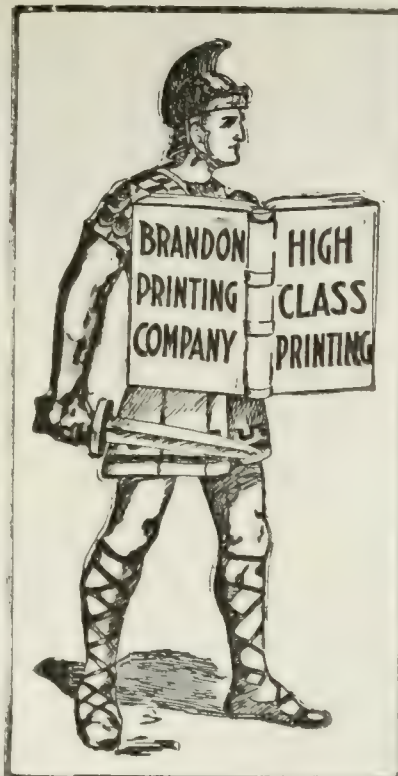
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Commander Lee McMillan, B. F. Liddell Camp, U. C. V., Carrollton, Miss., is trying to secure a pension for the wife of John Middleton Lindsay, of Company D, 20th Alabama Infantry Regiment, and would like to hear from some surviving comrade who can testify to his service.

Mrs. F. S. Gregory, of Madison, Fla., wishes to secure the record of her husband in order to get a pension. Ferdinand Starr Gregory enlisted August 1, 1863, as a private in the Georgia State Troops (Collier's Guards) and was mustered out February 1, 1864. He re-enlisted April 26, 1864, in Company A, 2d Regiment Georgia Reserves, and on February 28, 1865, was reported as sick in a hospital in Augusta, Ga.

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Mrs. Martha Hasty, Route 3, Antioch, Tenn., would like to hear from any one belonging to Company B, 16th Tennessee Regiment. She wants proof of the service of James P. Hasty.

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VOL. XXIV.

NOVEMBER, 1916

NO. 11



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	PAGE
The Old South. (Poem.) By Anne Bachman Hyde.....	483
Tributes to Gen. Basil Duke.....	483, 485
The Shining Ones. (Poem.) By Mary H. S. Kimbrough.....	485
Northern Conscience and the War. By James H. McNeilly, D.D.....	486
Battle of Oak Hills, Mo. By George Milton.....	487
The House of the Long Ago. (Poem.) By Mary Johnson Posey.....	488
The Confederate Homes of Texas. By J. O. Bradfield.....	489
Stonewall Jackson in West Virginia. By J. Hop Woods.....	490
The Hidden Way to Dixie. By Charles Hallock.....	494
"Mr. Commissary Banks." By John G. Stiles.....	496
Influence of the South in the Formation of Our Government. By J. R. Gibbons.....	497
The Sumter Runs the Mississippi Blockade. From Semmes's "Service Afloat.".....	502
The Telegraph in Warfare.....	506
Within the Enemy's Lines. By L. A. Wailles, M.D.....	508
Living and Dying. (Poem.) By Maj. George McKnight.....	508
Indian Tribes in the Confederacy. By R. B. Coleman.....	509
Capt. Sallie Tompkins.....	521
Kentucky Confederates in Remmon. By Thomas D. Osborne.....	524
A Double Golden Wedding.....	524
Departments; Last Roll.....	510
U. D. C.....	516
C. S. M. A.....	520
S. C. V.....	522

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VOL. XXIV.

NASHVILLE, TENN., NOVEMBER, 1916.

No. 11.

J. S. A. CUNNINGHAM,
FOUNDER.

THE OLD SOUTH.

BY ANNE BACHMAN HYDE.

For more than half a century
She mourned her illustrious dead;
But she has risen from dust and ashes,
Anointing her beautiful head
She is proud of her old traditions
And is proud of her sons who fell,
Knowing an impartial historian
Their annals of glory will tell.
Like a dove with tarnished plumage,
Which long among the ruins had lain
(Bewailing her anguish and sorrow,
Enduring in secret her pain).
Feeling her banishment over,
No longer an outcast is seen,
But on pinions of silver she rises,
Dazzling the world with their sheen.
Her face to a morning is lifted
Which is free from darkness and rain;
She has passed through the valley and shadow
And into the sunlight again.

TRIBUTE TO GEN. BASIL DUKE

BY COL. S. W. FORNEY, ST. LOUIS, MO.

No one, South or North, could have felt more keenly the death of Gen. Basil Duke than the writer, and to me there is no more fitting place to pay a last sad tribute of respect and affection to the memory of so brave a soldier and so genuine a man in every relation of life.

It can be truthfully said of him, as it has been said of others, that he was the very soul of honor. We served on opposite sides in the War between the States, but in the same section of the country, he in Morgan's Cavalry and I in the cavalry of the Army of the Cumberland, first as an officer in the Ohio cavalry and last as an assistant inspector general in the cavalry corps of that army.

The record of achievements of Morgan's Cavalry is too well known to be dwelt upon here. We of the opposite side in the many engagements and contests had together felt that

they were foemen worthy of our steel. The first thing that commanded my admiration and respect for General Duke was the fact that when the prisoners he had taken from us were exchanged and returned to their respective commands all of them told me how considerate and well General Duke had treated them. Many of them expressed the wish that if ever I met the General, in peace or war, I thank him in their behalf for his kindness to them.

It was not until more than twenty years ago that we met in a common interest in Washington City. As we had served on opposite sides in the same section of the country, there were many things of interest to us both as to the whys and wherefores of certain movements of our respective commands. I found the General most agreeable, interesting, and companionable, so much so that I introduced him to some of my friends as "My old army friend and companion—a man who gave me more trouble in war and more pleasure in peace than any one I have known for the last twenty years."

We of the opposite side who knew him best in peace and felt the hard blows he struck us in war were his best friends and greatest admirers. While no man made more sacrifices or fought harder for the success of the Confederacy, and while sad to him was its downfall, yet he accepted the result in the utmost good faith and was to his death as loyal and patriotic a citizen as any man who fought for the preservation of the Union.

I sincerely hope that immediate steps will be taken by the Confederate Veterans' organization to erect a suitable monument to his memory, and I most respectfully ask as a favor that I be permitted to join in the expense necessary to be incurred.

I can truthfully say of him, as I once said in expressing my high regard and appreciation of General Forrest, "While the monument itself, if erected, as I have no doubt it will be, will but feebly express the veneration felt by the living for the dead, yet the memory of his brave deeds and wonderful achievements will be cherished always in the hearts of his countrymen and will live in other lands and speak in other tongues and in other times than ours."

"When comes the reveille, eternity
Shall strip the ragged cloak from blue and gray,
And face to face their naked deeds shall stand,
When comes the reveille."

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Founder.

Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

All who approve the principles of this publication and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to cooperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

THE WHOLE STORY.

BY WALTER E. REID.

A rusty sword that hangs on the wall,
A faded coat of Confederate gray;
A woman who weeps in the dark, alone,
And a soldier's grave down Shiloh way.

BOSTON, PAST AND PRESENT.

James Callaway, in the Macon Telegraph, quotes from a letter written by Col. B. W. Hunt, of Eatonton, Ga., while in Boston recently, in which he makes some pertinent comment on conditions in Massachusetts in contrast to those in the South. Colonel Hunt says:

"I wish the Georgia people could see and benefit by the good carriage roads of this section. Here, where land is more valuable ten times over than ours, I have just ridden over the automobile roadway toward Plymouth, with a carriage roadway separated from ours by ornamental shrubbery and still another way for men and women riding horses, this too a public street, not a park.

"Trees line the public roads nearly all the way for fifty-odd miles between Boston and Plymouth. Take an automobile any way in Middle Georgia, and one finds the trees shading the roadway girdled by the road gang or by the county authorities killed to plant a few more hills of corn and cotton. So long has the process gone on that the killing of the trees is not noticed at all by the average traveler. That which makes New England attractive to the traveler is grass everywhere, even under the shade of the trees. Their elms (*Ulmus americana*) grew in better form than ours on every visit I have heretofore made North; but now they show disease and decay, caused by ravages of the gypsy moth. As the chestnuts and the American elms die out in the Northern States, our Southern oaks are left without rivals on the American continent. Having these trees native to our land, to be had for the transplanting, surely our great highways, like the Dixie, should be planted free from any disease and adapted to all conditions that our seasons impose.

"Well, we have visited Plymouth, where the second English colony was permanently planted in 1620. A small rock is fenced in with iron, covered with a canopy and engraved as the landing rock. It may be. Who knows? It is now large enough to spread a dinner for four people; and if I had been consulted, I surely would have chosen one large enough for the Mayflower passengers to all have gathered on with dry feet. If they fell on their knees, as is reported, before falling on the aborigines, I would have selected a rock large enough to keep the knees of the worshipers dry. The Pilgrim monument bears the inscription, 'Dedicated to religious liberty.' This sounds queer to a descendant of Quaker ancestors, who barely escaped with their lives. Again, had I been consulted, I would have added to the motto: 'Religious liberty to all whose theology is precisely like unto ours, and to all others persecution.'

They set an example on many things we could follow with profit to our section. The battle fields lost to the British are preserved, and the way of retreat marked out as Georgia would do only where the field was won by Georgians. How strange history is written! Bunker Hill, that we have always thought to have started the fighting between the colonies and the mother country, turns out to be Breed's Hill, the rebel officers fortifying and endeavoring to repulse the British from the hill they supposed to be Bunker Hill, and so it goes throughout the ages. The man who tells the best story of the times writes the permanent, but not the correct, record of the events of history. I would enjoy having you here that we could in honest spirit discuss the virtues and laugh at the other side of these people, who look at life from a different angle than our point of view. Who is right? * * * It is good to see all sides of all questions and laugh out the objectionable and not fight it out on State lines, as all Europe is doing. If we change our government into a solid, compact, centralized governed country, friction and trouble will be laid up for future generations.

"As I see Massachusetts, it is the near-foreign-born, or children of immigrants, who must control the State at the polls. Foreign-looking children in the streets are as numberless as bees, all of extreme Southern European type. The monuments record families of thirteen children in colonial times. A child with patrician lines is hard to find in the Boston of 1916."

Mr. Callaway comments thus: "Think of it! 'Foreign-looking children in the streets of Boston are as numberless as bees, all of extreme Southern European type.' 'A child with patrician lines is hard to find in the Boston of 1916.' The glory of the South is her citizenship. With us the Anglo-Saxon predominates. We are the descendants of the original settlers. Yet Boston papers sneer at us as the land of the 'undesirables.' This sneer is now a part of the political conspiracy to arouse a spirit of antagonism against the South."

MEMORIAL TO MISS SALLIE TOMPKINS.

The room in which Miss Sallie Tompkins died in the Home for Needy Confederate Women, Richmond, Va., on July 25, 1916, is to be turned into a hospital ward for the old ladies as a memorial to Miss Sallie. Any one desiring to contribute to this cause may forward the amount to Mrs. Emanuel Raab, Treasurer, Home for Needy Confederate Women, Richmond, Va.

CUNNINGHAM MEMORIAL FUND.

Previously reported.....	\$3,217 35
Camp William Lee, U. C. V., Evergreen, Ala.....	3 20
George Stone, Humboldt, Tenn.....	1 00
W. A. Milton, Louisville, Ky.....	2 00
R. C. May, Miami, Fla.....	2 50
Mrs. Sallie Carter, Corinth, Miss.....	1 00
James G. Holmes II., New Orleans, La.....	1 00
Mrs. Frances B. Tillman, Fayetteville, Tenn.....	10 00
Frank Bennett Chapter, U. D. C., Wadesboro, N. C..	1 00
Memorial Chapter, U. D. C., Little Rock, Ark.....	5 00
Helen Plane Chapter, U. D. C., Canton, Ga.....	1 00
John Southerland Camp, U. C. V., Ripley, Tenn....	5 00

Total\$3,250 05

THE SHINING ONES.

BY MARY H. SOUTHWORTH KIMBROUGH.

The last brigade is passing into the shades of night.
Who once were valor's vanguard are marching on. To right,
To left they scatter, the men who wore the gray;
Out of the night they're passing into the light of day.
O there were deeds of valor upon that field of blood,
Where young Confederacy for Southland's honor stood!

So as each one, each dear familiar form we knew,
Is lost to sight around the bending road, into
His Southland's history we look, remembering
The glory of his youth; we turn each page and bring
To mind each gallant deed he helped to blazon there.
There was no deed of courage that he did not dare.

O there were deeds of valor upon that field of blood,
Where young Confederacy for Southland's honor stood!
And so as each dear lingerer of that brave band
Into the shadows passes he leaves a mourning land.
Ah, yes, departing heroes, your Southland mourns for you,
Her shining ones, her gallant sons, most brave, most true!

BRIG. GEN. BASIL WILSON DUKE.

The last of the thirty-six generals furnished by Kentucky to the Confederate army passed into the great beyond with the death of Gen. Basil Duke on September 16, 1916. Infection from an old wound was the immediate cause of his death.

Basil Wilson Duke was born in Scott County, Ky., on the 28th of May, 1837, the son of Nathaniel and Mary Currie Duke. After attending the Maysville school as a boy, his education was completed at Georgetown and Center Colleges. He then took a course in law at Transylvania University under

Chief Justice George Robertson and began the practice of law with his uncle in St. Louis. This was in the stormy period just before the War between the States. Aligning himself on the side of the South, young Duke organized a company of "Minutemen" and also acted as aid to General Hindman and scout for General Hardee. Following an unsuccessful effort to seize the Federal arsenal at St. Louis, in which his Minutemen took part, he was

sent as a commissioner to President Davis at Montgomery, Ala., to secure arms for the proposed uprising in Missouri. Because of this action, on his return to that State he was accused of treason; so he went to Kentucky. While there awaiting the turn of events he was married on June 18, 1861, at the age of twenty-three, to Miss Henrietta Hunt Morgan, a sister of the later renowned Gen. John H. Morgan. With him he joined in forming a cavalry command, known as Morgan's 2d Kentucky Cavalry, in which he served as lieutenant



BRIG. GEN. B. W. DUKE.

colonel, colonel, and general until the close of hostilities. His command went with the Orphan Brigade of Kentucky to Shiloh, and in that battle Colonel Duke was wounded. The story of his career as a soldier of the South is that of Morgan's gallant band. He took part in all of its engagements, and in the daring raid into Ohio he was captured and placed in prison with other officers of the command. Many weary months after the escape of their chief he and the remaining prisoners were exchanged, and Colonel Duke was again under Morgan when the latter was killed. Succeeding in command, he directed the operations of this force to the end. After General Lee's surrender, he was on the way to unite with Johnston in North Carolina when he learned of the latter's capitulation. His command acted as escort for President Davis from Charlotte to Washington, Ga., and there was disbanded on May 14, 1865.

Returning to Kentucky, General Duke made his home in Louisville and became one of the prominent men of the State. He was elected tobacco inspector, 1866-67; State representative, 1869-70; commonwealth attorney, 1875-80; counsel for the Louisville and Nashville Railroad, 1882-94; and he had served as one of the commissioners for Shiloh National Park from 1896 to 1916. He was also President of the Association of Morgan's Men and was reelected at the annual meeting just before his death.

General Duke was gifted in every way; he was a charming conversationalist, a capital speaker, and a brilliant writer. His "History of Morgan's Cavalry" was first published in 1867, and several editions have been issued since. He also wrote the "Reminiscences of Basil Duke" and much else in special articles. His wife died in 1905. Their six children survive him: Dr. Henry Duke and Calvin M. Duke, of Louisville; Basil Duke, Jr., of Washington, D. C.; Mrs. Samuel C. Henning, of Louisville; Mrs. Charles T. Ray, of Franklin, Mass.; and Mrs. W. B. Matthews, of New York City.

The body of General Duke was taken from New York City, where he died, to Lexington, Ky., to the home of his brother-in-law, Col. R. C. Morgan, the only surviving brother of General Morgan, and the funeral was held at Christ Church Cathedral there. The pallbearers were his lifetime friends: Col. E. Polk Johnson, Gen. John B. Castleman, Maj. W. J. Davis, Judge Alex P. Humphrey, R. W. Knott, and J. M. Atherton, of Louisville; and Dr. William Lewis, William Offutt, Horace Taylor, Edward Taylor, P. P. Johnston, Steve Sharpe, George Taylor, John Andrew Steele, Lee Young, Joseph Hunt, W. W. Castle, Rev. Dr. Deering, and Eli Blackburn, of Lexington.

MEMORIAL RESOLUTIONS BY THE CONFEDERATE ASSOCIATION OF KENTUCKY.

Hardly since the death of Gen. Robert E. Lee has the grim reaper death cut so great a gap in the ranks of those who wore the gray as when Gen. Basil W. Duke was gathered to his eternal home September 16, 1916. He was born May 28, 1837.

He was the last one of the thirty-six Kentucky Confederate generals; he was the last of seven generals to be taken from the membership roll of this Association. Before him there went away Gens. Alpheus Baker, Simon Bolivar Buckner, John Echols, William L. Jackson, Joseph Horace Lewis, and Thomas H. Taylor.

General Duke was notable in the first days of the Confederacy as a confidential friend of Jefferson Davis, and in the last days of the Confederacy he formed his cavalry into an escort for President Davis as he went West.

Throughout the war he was a soldier of the highest type. When peace came he returned to Kentucky and was given the highest rank in every circle of society, civil, literary, and political.

Always capable, frank, faithful, and fearless, he was loved everywhere, and he loved mankind. "Love is the fulfilling of the law."

We will treasure his pure memory. To his sorrowing loved ones we tender sincerest sympathy.

Committee: Thomas D. Osborne, John H. Leathers, John W. Green.

RESOLUTIONS BY THE ORPHAN BRIGADE.

The Orphan Brigade unites with Morgan's men and all lovers of the Southern cause throughout Kentucky and the nation in lamenting the death of Gen. Basil W. Duke, who departed for the paradise of God September 16, 1916.

General Duke began his notable war career in our brigade, as first lieutenant of Morgan's Squadron, at Shiloh, the first great fight in the West, where he was wounded. He won his spurs then, and in every engagement thereafter he measured up to the fullest requirement of successful warfare in every way. He could fight his men dismounted as well as mounted. The war ended with him as a brigadier general, but acting as major general, commanding a division of cavalry.

No man who ever led his men in battle was more watchful of their welfare or less careful for himself. He literally ridiculed danger and knew no fear.

Throughout his long career of a little more than seventy-nine years in war and in peace he moved among men a charming prince, wearing the "white lily of a blameless life."

For him we adopt the Bible words quoted by Judge Alex P. Humphrey: "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

We commend to his children the consolation of the great Captain of our salvation, Jesus Christ.

Committee: Thomas D. Osborne, John W. Green, John H. Leathers.

NORTHERN CONSCIENCE AND THE WAR.

BY JAMES H. McNEILLY, D.D., NASHVILLE, TENN.

Probably no people, their character and institutions, were ever so thoroughly misunderstood and so malignantly misrepresented as were those of the Southern section of the United States by the leaders of so-called moral and religious sentiment in the Northern section. And to-day the most insidious efforts to perpetuate those falsehoods and to circulate them in literature are by the preachers and religious writers of the Northern States. Especially is this true as to the nature and results of the war of 1861-65. In sermons and religious essays and lectures, in books and magazine articles of remarkable rhetorical and literary finish they tell of the nature and results of that war. It is proclaimed that the war was the righteous uprising of the North to destroy a cruel and sinful institution which the South upheld and cherished in defiance of God's law and the moral sentiment of the world; and these pious writers point to the emancipation of the slaves as the greatest moral and religious victory of the ages, and Mr. Lincoln is glorified as one of the great moral heroes of the world, along with Jesus Christ. And so the war upon the South, with its brutalities of devastation and its horrors of Reconstruction, was only the necessary means used by Divine Providence to free the nation from a great and crying sin and to execute judgment on the sinners.

All this in face of the fact that Mr. Lincoln himself declared over and over that the object of the war was not to free the slaves, but to save the Union, and that the Emancipation Proclamation was not a moral but a war measure!

Now, these misrepresentations are introduced, as if indisputable, as illustrations in all kinds of religious disquisitions. Here is an example in a book written by one of the ablest and most delightful preachers and writers of the North on the lessons of the present European war and against preparedness for war. He is urging the Church to enter the arena of politics and by her teachings control governments. "The slave oligarchy hurled hot rebukes upon those impertinent Northern clergymen who ventured to denounce the sin of slavery." Now, there was no "slave oligarchy"; that is hysterical, rhetorical nonsense. And, moreover, the Southern leaders cared little for the denunciations of Northern clergymen; but they did resent the attempt of Northern leaders to interfere with their guaranteed rights and the effort to control their domestic institutions and to settle one of the most difficult problems of government according to the conscience of Northern people, who knew nothing of the institution or the conditions.

These writers seem ignorant of the fact, or they ignore it, that, while the Northern clergymen were denouncing the South for the sin of slavery, the Southern ministers of the gospel in thirty-five years—1829 to 1864—gathered about a million and a half slaves into the communion of the Churches at a cost of about \$4,000,000, certainly an effective mission to the heathen.

The thing I protest against is this circulation through the religious press of these false ideas. The Southern people are extensive readers of religious literature, and these books enter our homes and will certainly influence our children to regard their fathers and mothers as hardened sinners and the War between the States as a wicked "slaveholders' rebellion."

These writers are no doubt conscientious, but the Saviour warned against those who would think they did God service in persecuting his disciples. The most terrible wrongs and cruelties of history have been done in the name of conscience. One of the chief factors in bringing on the War between the States was the New England conscience, that marvelous psychological product of careful training which for nearly three hundred years has been able, under all changes of circumstances, to adapt its moral code to its financial and political interests. Let us give due credit to that conscience for much of heroic sacrifice in the cause of civil and religious liberty, and let us remember that conscience is the center of the moral and spiritual life of any people. But conscience can become intoxicated with superstition or fanaticism, and in that case we appeal from conscience drunk to conscience sober. Probably I ought to have called it the Massachusetts conscience, for that little commonwealth has dominated the conscience of New England and gradually come to direct the conscience of the Northern States. With a sublime assumption of superiority, moral and intellectual, that State, with Boston as its center of light, has proposed to direct the conscience and the mind of the whole of the United States; and because one generally gets what one is claiming if one only claims it long enough and loud enough, this little State of Massachusetts has controlled the moral and political sentiment of the Northern States and through the circulation of religious literature is seeking to mold the opinions of the youth of the South into condemnation of the life, character, and conduct of her people in waging a defensive war for the maintenance of their constitutional rights.

Doubtless the New England conscience would not resent the charge of bringing on the war, but would glory in the fact. We all acknowledge that New England has its full share of sincere, refined, cultured, intellectual, and pious people; but when we are asked to submit our conscience to their guidance and authority, we answer that liberty of conscience is our most precious possession. And we call to mind some of the sagaries of the New England conscience in the past—how the Puritans sought "gainful pillage" in exploiting the Indians and sold hundreds of them, women and children, captured in 1676, into slavery in the West Indies, yet to-day boast with proud gratulation that no slave ever breathed the air of Massachusetts—that conscience which fled from England to enjoy liberty and freedom from persecution; yet it whipped, hanged, and banished Quakers and persecuted Baptists in behalf of sound doctrine. It burned witches for the glory of God and the safety of the people. It engaged for over a century in importing slaves from Africa, with all the horrors of the middle passage; and when slave labor became unprofitable in the North on account of the climate, their slaves were sold to the South. Then when there was danger of the South's maintaining her equality in the Union, the New England conscience became outraged over the sin of slavery and strove to limit the rights of the Southern States in the territories won by their valor and statesmanship and so secure the preponderance of the Northern States in the Union.

And so the demand of the New England conscience was for an "antislavery Constitution, an antislavery Bible, and an antislavery God." That same conscience gloried in the cut-throat and thief John Brown, who tried to stir the slaves to murder and pillage of their masters' homes, and has exalted him as a hero and martyr in the cause of liberty. That conscience had over and again claimed and asserted the right of a State to secede from the Union, yet when the Southern States exercised that right heaped maledictions on them as rebels, traitors, deserving only confiscation of property and death by all forms of violence. That same conscience had no condemnation for the outrages on women and children of the South perpetrated by the soldiers of that war which it had brought on. That same conscience, centered in Boston, sends missionaries to Africa and also sends with them millions of gallons of rum to debauch the heathen peoples. And now that same conscience with condescending kindness seeks to teach our people that in the War between the States the Southern people were sinners above all others, whose only excuse was "invincible ignorance and stupidity"!

THE BATTLE OF OAK HILLS, MO.

BY GEORGE MILTON, M'DADE, ILL.

In the February (1916) *VETERAN* appeared an article on the battle of Oak Hills, Mo., by J. W. James, of Alpine, Tex. General McBride's forces did a noble part there, but no one command could claim the full honor of that fight. If there were any extra honors for any command, I am inclined to think that the 3d Louisiana Regiment should have them. It was a part of General McCulloch's brigade, perfectly disciplined, armed with Harper's Ferry rifles, sword bayonets.

I arrived on the ground and went into camp about twenty-five or thirty yards from General McCulloch's headquarters on the 9th of August, 1861. The troops were being paraded that afternoon, and the rumor was that we were going to march on Springfield, Mo., and attack Lyon's forces encamped there. Late in the afternoon it became cloudy and looked

very much like a heavy rain would fall. The pickets had been withdrawn, and General McCulloch, in talking to Colonel McIntosh, said: "Order the troops to sleep on their arms, as it is too much of a risk to march on the enemy with a prospect of getting our ammunition wet." (The brigade had nothing but canvas sacks for their cartridge boxes.)

So we made no move that afternoon or night, but it seems that the Federals did move, although the night was as dark as it could possibly be. For just about dawn a courier came dashing up the hill and asked for General McCulloch's quarters. I pointed to his tent, and just then General McCulloch came out, and the courier said: "General, the enemy is advancing and is maneuvering to surround us." General McCulloch turned to his hostler and ordered his horse. About that time we heard a volley of small arms over on General Price's front, and in less than a minute Rains's Division of Cavalry came down over the hill, some of them half dressed, and many of the horses were loose and ran through our men, who were sleeping on their arms. It was a demoralized state, but that was not the worst, for Totten ran his battery out on Bloody Hill and opened first on General McCulloch's headquarters, then turned some of his guns on Colonel Churchill's regiment and set his tents and wagons on fire, killing and wounding two hundred and forty-five of the men before they could be formed and moved out of range. Woodruff fought a regular duel with Totten after he changed his fire from Churchill. Woodruff's Battery was from Little Rock, Ark., and was good. General Sigel got around to our rear with a battery and planted it in the Fayetteville road. It has always been a puzzle to me how he got there, but he did not stay long, for Reid's Battery was in position not more than four hundred yards from Sigel. The hazel brush kept Sigel from discovering this until Reid had knocked his guns and horses into pi. I was told that Sigel got away with one gun.

About the time Sigel planted his battery we were in bad shape; for if he had been permitted to fire down through the valley with grape and canister, it would have been slaughter for us. It certainly was a fortunate thing that Reid was in his position, although it was risky, as two companies of the 3d Louisiana Regiment were on their way to charge Sigel's battery.

It certainly was poor generalship on the part of Sigel to try to pen up Arkansas, Texas, and Louisiana troops and give them no chance to retreat. It would have been equally poor policy to pen up Missouri troops; it would have taken a wall of steel to hold such troops. General Wightman had a fine brigade and he was a fine commander, none better, but he fell early in the action. The killing of General Lyons seemed to demoralize the Federals, for soon after they began to retreat toward Springfield, and the retreat became a rout. Our forces captured about three hundred prisoners, and, having no rations to issue them, we gathered roasting ears and issued to them. They kicked against the fare, but we assured them that that was the best we could do for them, as we were very short on rations. We showed them how to cook the corn with the shuck on. Late in the evening an ambulance under a flag of truce came up to General McCulloch's tent with a lady passenger and several Federal soldiers. The lady asked permission to take the body of General Lyons. General McCulloch ordered a detail to show her where the body was and helped to put it in the ambulance. I was told the lady's name was Phelps and that her husband was a Missouri Congressman.

In February, 1861, I joined Company A, John A. Littleton's

company, Rip Ford's regiment. The company was organized and mustered in about eight miles from Brownsville on what had been the battle ground of the Resaca De La Palma at the beginning of the Mexican War, in 1847. A day or so thereafter we drew arms and were ordered out to drive the Indians back, as they had followed down the Rio Grande, stealing horses and murdering people. They were within forty miles of Brownsville when we got in our saddles, and we rode until eleven o'clock that night, but failed to get any work in on them. The next day we were again on their trail by good daylight and trailed them to a place where they crossed the river about where the town of Laredo is now. Our company then returned to Lake Carocetas, and, the regiment soon after being reorganized, several of the company, myself among the number, concluded to go to Missouri, where we would be apt to see some of the excitement. So we saddled up our ponies and struck out and rode all the way, camping out every night, and reached General McCulloch's headquarters on the 9th of August, 1861. The battle of Oak Hills was fought the next day. The forces were about equal on both sides. General McCulloch had a good many more companies, but no arms for them. Shotguns were at a premium.

TRUE TO HIS COUNTRY AND HIMSELF.

The following lines were gleaned from the sacred relics of a soldier who not long ago "crossed over the river"; and though they may possess little merit from a poetical standpoint, yet they are significant from the fact that they were penned under unusual circumstances and show with what tenacity the Southern soldier clung to principles under the most adverse circumstances. When the United States government refused to exchange prisoners, knowing that disease was more deadly than the sword in decimating the ranks of the gray, each day the flower of Southern chivalry was withering beneath the blighting touch of smallpox and other deadly diseases in the prison camp. George T. McLaurine had endured for twenty-two months all the horrors of captivity in four Federal prisons, and some friends North, hoping to do him a kindness, without his knowledge interested their Congressman in his behalf. This member succeeded in securing special permission for Mr. McLaurine to take the oath of allegiance and return home; but when the officials entered the prison to apprise him of the concession made in his favor and to administer the oath, he turned aside with scorn, refusing to accept liberty on such terms. A comrade, impressed with his loyalty to his country, penned these lines. If "J. C." is living to-day and remembers the circumstances, we should be glad to hear it:

"You ask me to desert my land,
Its history and glory,
Whose fame is penned sublimely grand
In thrilling epic story;
Whose name is written on proud fields
By war's avenging finger,
Where crashing battle shocks were felt
And stains of carnage linger.
You ask me to desert my land,
My tie of country sever,
Affix a traitor's hateful brand
Upon my name forever.
You little know the heart that beats
Within this bosom swelling.
I'd rather in my winding sheet
Sleep in my last clay dwelling.

You ask me to desert my land,
To which my life is given,
And make my spirit fear to stand
Within the court of heaven.
Dear sunny South, you trusted me
Amid the smoke of battle.
God grant I'll strike again for thee
Where steel shall clash and rattle!"

(A sketch of George T. McLaurine appeared in the *VETERAN* for March. His widow and children live in Birmingham, Ala.)

THE HOUSE OF THE LONG AGO.

BY MARY JOHNSON POSEY.

There's a quaint old house on the top of a hill,
On the road that leads to the mossy old mill,
Where the sun shines softly in mellowest gleams
And the moonlight falls over it in silvery streams.

There's a woodbine that clings to its moldering wall,
Where burn the bright tints of the swift-coming fall;
And a purple wistaria, deep-freighted with bloom,
Droops over the window in graceful festoon.

There's a tumble-down fence where the blue glories cling
And a lavender tree where the mocking birds sing;
There are lordly oak trees on the great grassy lawn,
And crape myrtle's blossoms are shades of the dawn.

And in this dear house of the long, long ago
The shades of the past still linger, I know;
For history was made within these gray walls,
And chieftains here rallied when they heard the South's calls.

There are Johnston and Hood and Robert E. Lee,
Who sit in fancy by the fireside with me;
For the glory of their presence shines through the years
In this house that is sweet with mem'ry and tears.



OLD HOME OF GEN. ADAM R. JOHNSON AT BURNET, TEX.

Here Gens. Albert Sidney Johnston, John B. Hood, and Robert E. Lee were often guests in days before the war. Mrs. Posey is a daughter of General Johnson, who is now enjoying a serene old age.

INAUGURAL ADDRESS OF JEFFERSON DAVIS.—We have changed the constituent parts, but not the system of our government. The Constitution formed by our fathers is that of the Confederate States, in their exposition of it, and in the judicial construction it has received we have a light which reveals its true meaning.—From "Dixie Book of Days."

THE CONFEDERATE HOMES OF TEXAS.

BY J. O. BRADFIELD, AUSTIN, TEX.

There are some who think that the Texas Confederate Home is a sort of "poor farm" proposition, where the old men are allowed to stay on sufferance, with all sorts of troubles and inconveniences. This is a grave mistake. The Home was put in operation twenty-seven years ago by our best friends, the Daughters of the Confederacy, transferred by them to John B. Hood Camp, U. C. V.; and when it became too large for the Camp to handle, the State assumed control, and the people voted a tax upon themselves for its maintenance. It contains twenty-seven acres, and its location is ideal. Here we have every convenience that any city can furnish—a large and well-arranged, up-to-date hospital with all modern appliances, an excellent surgeon, trained nurses, etc. A nice chapel, which is free to all denominations, barber shop, baths, laundry, waterworks, electric lights in every room, sewerage, etc.—in fact, everything is convenient and comfortable. Dr. A. C. Oliver, our honored Superintendent, and the Board of Managers are doing all in their power to make a real home for the old soldiers. Mr. George Dollahite, our quartermaster, sees that we are well clothed and bountifully fed; and Dr. Gill, our worthy surgeon, looks after his ninety patients in the hospital as a mother would look after a child.

Texas is the only State that bars none. It matters not whence he comes, if he was a Confederate soldier and can prove his record, this is his passport into the Home. There are about four hundred inmates here, less than one-fourth of whom are Texans. There are more men from each of the three States of Mississippi, Georgia, and Tennessee than from Texas, and no State in the South is without its representation. We have all classes of men—farmers, mechanics, lawyers, judges, doctors, teachers, preachers, and a few hobos. Our burial ground was donated by the State and is being made more beautiful as each year passes. There are about nine hundred and fifty marble headstones marking the graves of those who have died at the Home, and almost every day now an added mound is raised. It is only a question of a

very few years until the Confederate soldier will be but a memory, but what a memory! The inmates range from seventy to one hundred years old, and in the course of nature they must soon go. The inmates of the Home are the most independent men to-day in Texas, rich or poor. We have absolutely no cares, every want is supplied, we go and come when we please and where we please, and it does not cost us a cent, as the railroads give us free transportation wherever we wish to go. What more could we ask?

The people of Texas have declared through the legislature that the inmates of the Home are not paupers or dependents, but the honored guests of the State; that the services we rendered fifty years ago entitle us to all and more than we are getting.

CONFEDERATE WOMAN'S HOME.

This is a separate institution under the control of its own Superintendent and Board of Managers. It is located about four miles from our Home, in North Austin. It is indeed a beautiful structure and is the joy and pride of the Daughters of the Confederacy, who founded it and gave it to the State. Here the widows and wives of Confederate soldiers are cared for. It has a splendid new hospital, just finished, and furnished with everything necessary for comfort and convenience. Every part of this Home is kept absolutely clean and sanitary. Within the last eight years there have been but twelve deaths at the Home, which is a remarkable showing when we consider the age and infirmity of the occupants, and it shows that these grand old women are receiving the care and attention they so much deserve.

Miss Kate Daffan, the Superintendent, daughter of a gallant Confederate soldier, is a woman of remarkable executive and constructive ability. She manages the entire business of the Home and gives the closest personal attention to every detail. If success is a mark of merit, then Miss Daffan deservedly stands at the head.

I wish that space would allow me to give a detailed description of this Home, its turf-covered grounds, its beautiful flowers, its evergreens, its native oak shade trees, its ivy-decked walls, all of which are carefully kept. The inmates can never be lonely, as there is hardly a day in the year which is not filled with some form of entertainment. A fine piano and victrola furnish all the music they want, and the students from the State University come out two or three times a week and with songs and readings help them to be glad, while religious services are held regularly by the different denominations.

Through the personal endeavor of Miss Daffan the railroads of the State furnish them free transportation, so that any who are able to travel may visit their friends whenever they choose. I wish that all the people of Texas could see these Homes. They would be proud of their work in sustaining them. But Texas does nothing in a small way. Texas is big all over, and the ozone that permeates all nature naturally produces real cowboys, Woodrow Wilson Democrats, and beautiful women.



SCENES ABOUT THE CONFEDERATE SOLDIERS' HOME AT AUSTIN, TEX. VINES AND SHRUBBERY AND SHADED WALKWAYS MAKE IT A BEAUTIFUL AND HOMELIKE PLACE.

STONEWALL JACKSON IN WEST VIRGINIA.

BY J. HOP WOODS, PHILIPPI, W. VA.

The name of Stonewall Jackson immediately arrests attention. It is a name like that of Lee, revered in the South, and especially in Virginia, with an almost idolatrous devotion. The baptism of fire which Jackson's Brigade received in the battle of First Manassas gave it and him the name of "Stonewall," and by that name everywhere and in all history he is now commonly known.

About two years ago a touring party, crossing the Appalachian Range from West Virginia to Virginia, came to the quiet little city of Lexington, in the county of Rockbridge. This county is so called because of the wonderful natural phenomenon of the well-known Natural Bridge, one of the great wonders of this continent. There at Lexington sleep the two great chieftains of the Confederacy, one in the mausoleum in the chapel of Washington and Lee University, and the other in the cemetery, in the center of the city. These great chieftains, Lee and Jackson, were both graduates of the United States Military Academy at West Point, New York, both were Virginians, and both opposed to the exercise of the right of secession. The views of General Lee upon this subject are well known. His resignation at the beginning of the war as the ranking officer of the United States army and the natural successor to Gen. Winfield Scott, its commander, is familiar history. The views of Jackson are not so well known, but they were much like the views of his chief. Both were conspicuous Church members. Lee was an Episcopalian; Jackson was a Presbyterian. The families of both had been and are still honored in the old commonwealth and the new Virginia and West Virginia. A like military training had taught each the duty of obedience; and to them obedience, as the Scripture says, "was better than sacrifice." Each obeyed primarily the mandate of his State under the doctrine of State sovereignty as the highest law and regarded disobedience as disloyalty.

Standing by the graves of these great soldiers, viewing them amid the beautiful scenes of the North Mountain, which towers like sentinels above them, and instinctively feeling the same reverence which pervades the whole community, a gentleman from the North, who had not previously entered into, nor, as he said, been able to enter into, the feeling of devotion which possessed almost every Southern man for these great characters, said: "I can understand here, as I could not elsewhere, how the names of Lee and Jackson are adored by the Southern people. It would be almost a desecration to repress the inspiration of affection which seems here to seize and hold even a stranger."

At the beginning of the War between the States Jackson was a quiet professor at the State Military Institute at Lexington. To use the language of Colonel Henderson in his great life of Jackson: "He had spent ten years at Lexington and was just five and thirty when he left it. For ten years he had seen no more of military service than the drills of the cadet battalion. He had lost all touch with the army. His name had been forgotten except by his comrades of the Mexican campaign, and he had hardly seen a regular soldier since he resigned his commission. But even from a military point of view those ten years had not been wasted. His mind had a wider grasp, and his brain was more active. Striving to fit himself for such duties as might devolve on him should he be summoned to the field, like all great men and all practical men, he had gone to the best masters. In the campaigns

of Napoleon he had found instruction in the highest branch of his profession and had made his own the methods of war which the greatest of modern soldiers had preached and practiced. Strengthened, too, by constant exercise was his control over his physical wants, over his temper and his temptations. Mature years and the search for wisdom had steadied his restless daring, and his devotion to duty, always remarkable, had become second nature. His health, under careful and self-imposed treatment, had much improved, and the year 1861 found him in the prime of physical and mental vigor. Already it had become apparent that his life at Lexington was soon to end. The Damascus blade was not to rust upon the shelf."

At this time Lee, of course, was living at Arlington, Va., just across the Potomac River from the city of Washington, for he was still in the Federal service. He knew, however, of Jackson and the institute, a school modeled after West Point and then almost as famous. Jackson was professor of natural and experimental philosophy and artillery tactics. While respected and acceptable as an instructor, he was never popular. His strong point seemed to be discipline. The call to arms found him, as every moment in his subsequent career found him, ready for instant action. After drilling some troops near the city of Richmond in the organization and mobilization of the Southern army, he was commissioned as colonel on the 27th of April, 1861, and given a command. From that date until the date of his tragic death at Chancellorsville, on the 10th of May, 1863, a period of little over two years, he developed a genius for military strategy and demonstrated such marvelous habits of success that his star shot like a meteor at once to the zenith of war's firmament. Gen. John B. Gordon says of him: "His career as a soldier was brilliant and dazzling. It had neither the dimness of the dawn nor the fading of the twilight, but was full-orbed from first to last."

Great as it promised and great as it became, it was perhaps due to the surprising foresight of Gov. John C. Letcher, of Virginia, that the South was not wholly deprived of his services. The interference by the Confederate War Department with the movement of Jackson's army in West Virginia, at Romney, resulted in his resignation. Jackson, though with great deference to his superiors, would not brook interference by a military bureau with his operations in the field. General Loring, who had been Jackson's superior in the regular army in Mexico, was ordered by him to occupy and hold the town of Romney, in Hampshire County, which was west of Winchester, in Frederick County, Va., where Jackson had established his headquarters. Complaints of this action reached the War Department at Richmond from unofficial sources, and Jackson's order was countermanded. With great loyalty, but military tact, he placed his resignation upon the ground that "with such interference in his command he could not expect to be of much service in the field." At the same time he addressed a letter to the Governor and one to his superior, Gen. Joseph E. Johnston. Both immediately set themselves to have Jackson withdraw his resignation, the Governor assuring him that it was not the intention of the government, however it might seem, to interfere with his plans. Jackson acceded to their request, and thus this prodigy of valor and Mars in arms was saved to the Confederacy. Otherwise it might have been said of him, as was said of the simple swain in "Gray's Elegy":

"Here rests his head upon the lap of earth,
A youth to fortune and to fame unknown."

The far-seeing eye of Governor Letcher saw in the quiet professor what the War Department seemed not to see. He saw in him a fine, highly bred graduate of the best military school in the world. He saw in him all the elements and instincts of a gentleman, with a Christian spirit content to be controlled by Divine Providence. He saw in him an officer ready for immediate and active service. He saw in him youth, health, regularity, abstemiousness, reverence for the Sabbath, and obedience to authority. All these he had been daily enforcing for years among the young cadets at the Military Institute. These, Governor Letcher thought, it was important to enforce upon the Virginia troops, then recruiting and in service in Virginia, for the great contest. It must have been a proud moment for the old Governor when he afterwards beheld the star of Jackson transcendent and fixed in the zenith of fame. Perhaps Governor Yates, of Illinois, felt the same pride when in 1865 the whole world rose and uncovered before General Grant, the successful commander, whom he had commissioned at the beginning of the war in the volunteer service of the Federal army from that State. It is a great thing to be wise, but some men have the gift of selecting wise subordinates.

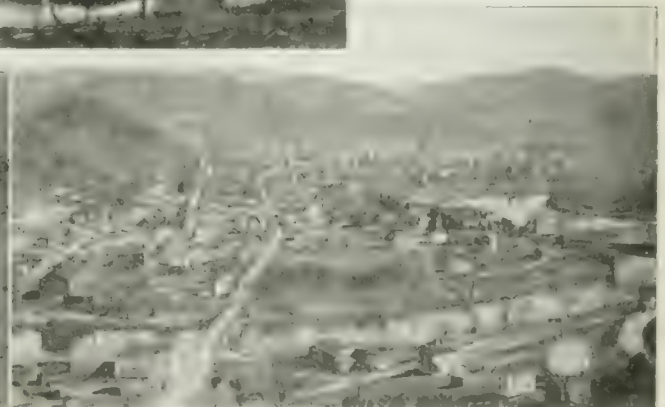
But this article must not dwell alone upon character, however fascinating the subject. Jackson's mind was religious and military. The two combined made him, perhaps, as his critics say, a fatalist; but he himself saw nothing in the contest but right and duty. He was a Virginian, and he saw only Virginia invaded. He knew its people, its history, its traditions its geography. These were of immense value in war, and these, perhaps, gave Jackson a great advantage over the invader. He was fighting upon his own soil, for his own people, and against an intruder. He saw the Alleghanies, part of the Appalachian chain, as a veritable rock and fortress against him. Hence to Western Virginia (now West Virginia), where he was born and where his kindred had lived and died, he hastened. So also for somewhat similar reasons,

remembering what his great predecessor, Washington, had said about the mountains of West Augusta as a fortress against the invading British, came also Lee. The enemy could not force the great mountains. There, if they stood, the invader could not pass. Hence the first engagement on land at Philippi, in the county of Barbour, at the western base of the spurs of the Alleghany, on June 3, 1861, between the Confederate colonel, George A. Porterfield, and the Federal colonel, B. F. Kelley, an account of which was printed in the VETERAN in the November issue, 1915, on page 486.

Then followed the skirmish at Belington, twelve miles farther southeast, and at Carrick's Ford, in Tucker County, still farther southeast, where Gen. Robert S. Garnett fell mortally wounded; at the summit of Rich Mountain, where Col. John Pegram, the valiant Virginian, lost amid the forest, surrendered his command of about six hundred men to his Federal opponent for want of food; at the summit of the Alleghanies, amid the clouds, where each side suffered many casualties; at Bartow, on the Greenbrier River, at the western foot of the same mountain, where both armies endured hardships and suffered losses and where to-day is shown the grave of a gallant Southern youth who died in battle with a letter upon his person telling his mother that he would be home soon, but not until a few more Yankees had been killed. Poor soldier boy! the next day some possibly aimless Yankee bullet sent his letter to his mother and his body to the tomb.

BATTLE OF McDOWELL.

After these engagements and after the battle of First Manassas, where Jackson and his command received the sobriquet of "Stonewall," came the battle of McDowell. This is a fine little hamlet, ten miles southeast of Monterey, the county seat of Highland County, Va. In general appearance and location they are very much alike, Monterey being the larger, but both being at the time of the battle and even now small towns. Each lies upon the waters of a mountain stream and upon high



THE BOYHOOD HOME OF STONEWALL JACKSON.

The farm of his uncle, Cummins Jackson, near Weston, W. Va.

MONTEREY, VA., THE COUNTY SEAT OF HIGHLAND COUNTY,
IS SITUATED SIMILARLY TO McDOWELL.

PHILIPPI, W. VA., WHERE THE FIRST INLAND BATTLE OF THE
WAR WAS FOUGHT.

land, as the name of the county indicates. The stream from McDowell flows north and is called in that county Bull Pasture River, but farther north it is the Moorefield River, a tributary of the north branch of the Potomac, traversing the counties of Pendleton, Hardy, and Hampshire and emptying into Potomac River in Maryland. The stream from Monterey flows south through the counties of Bath, Alleghany, and others into the James River and is called Jackson River. Each lies in a quiet valley between ranges of the Alleghanies, and a picture of either from east to west presents the same general outline, so that a traveler seeing one would have a pretty clear idea of the other.

Adjoining Highland County is the great county of Augusta, on the east. It was a Confederate stronghold, and the thriving city of Staunton was its county seat. Upon the Virginia Central Railroad, now the Chesapeake and Ohio, which traversed Virginia from Richmond to Goshen, thirty miles southwest of Staunton, in Rockbridge County, Lexington was the principal town and county seat. One can imagine Jackson riding these mountainous heights near McDowell and seeing the conflict almost at his own door. With a powerful glass, had not the foliage and fog intervened, he might have seen Lexington had he looked south from the peaks which he crossed on his way west to the battle field. It is difficult now to understand why it was necessary for McDowell, or, indeed, any of these mountain fastnesses, to hear the din of battle. Immediate causes, involving the propinquity of hostile forces, are assigned, of course, as reasons in history; but the only real reason must have been the contracted view of all concerned in the magnitude of the impending struggle in supposing that the war must rage alone along the line between the two Virginias. That it did not, however, everybody now knows, and knows besides that it shook the continent from sea to sea and from ocean to ocean. Perhaps a natural or inherited antipathy between the sections interposed. Old Virginia and West Virginia, or, as it was during the war, Western Virginia, were never friends except socially. The mountain—that is, the Appalachian range—was the geographical and political barrier. So, likewise, was the English Channel as Cowper wrote of the Straits of Dover:

"Lands intersected by a narrow frith
Abhor each other. Mountains interposed
Make enemies of nations, which had else,
Like kindred drops, been mingled into one."

At McDowell Jackson met the enemy and received its shock upon the Bull Pasture Mountain, east of the town. He was in position on Sitlington's Hill, which commanded the situation. The collision was an attempt by the Federal general, R. H. Milroy, to dislodge Jackson from his position, which, as usual, he had assumed in advance by virtue of a provoking habit that seemed always and at every place where Jackson appeared to beset the enemy. The assault failed, though the battle raged for four hours with mutual slaughter. Night shadowed the enemy in full retreat, with ammunition, camp equipage, and provisions scattered along the way. Morn saw the Confederates in pursuit, the enemy escaping north by the highways of the South Branch of the Potomac, through Franklin, in Pendleton County, and Romney, in Hampshire County, setting fire to the forests on the mountain side as he retreated. Dabney says of this retreat: "The sky was overcast with volumes of smoke which wrapped every distant object in a veil, impenetrable alike to the eyes and telescopes of the officers. Through this sultry canopy the pur-

suing army felt its way cautiously, cannonaded by the enemy from every advantageous position, while it was protected from ambuscades only by detachments of skirmishers, who scoured the burning woods on either side of the highway. The General, often far in advance of the column in his eagerness to overtake the foe, declared that this was the most adroit expedient to which a retreating army could resort and that it entailed upon him all the disadvantages of a night attack."

The Confederates lost sixty in killed and three hundred and ninety-one in wounded, the 12th Georgia, by reason of heedless daring, suffering most and losing thirty-five killed and one hundred and forty wounded. Many gallant Confederates fell. Among them was Colonel Gibbons, of the 10th Virginia, killed, and the only person in his regiment struck. He fell dead as he was bringing his men into position. A Christian gentleman and soldier, he was beloved by all his command. Colonel Harman, of the 52d Virginia, Colonel Smith and Major Higgingbotham, of the 25th Virginia, and Major Campbell, of the 42d Virginia, were wounded. Gen. Edward Johnson, commanding the forces in action under Jackson, was disabled by a shot in the ankle which compelled him to leave the field. General Jackson said of him: "I had intrusted to him the management of the troops engaged, and he proved himself eminently worthy of the confidence reposed in him by the skill, gallantry, and presence of mind which he displayed on this occasion." Captain Lee, Jackson's aid, was also severely wounded in the head. Few prisoners were taken, but among them was a colonel of an Ohio regiment. General Milroy's force was 8,000; Jackson's was 12,000. But only about one-half of the latter was engaged. These are Dr. Dabney's figures. Henderson places them at less. He says 2,500 Federals engaged 4,000 Confederates. As Henderson's "Life of Jackson" was published long after Dabney's, it may be regarded as the more reliable as to numbers. This is also true as to casualties. Dabney says that the Confederate loss was 69 killed and 391 wounded, making a total of 460; that of this number 35 were killed in the 12th Georgia and 140 wounded. This gallant body, having been trained under the watchful eye of General Johnson, held the center of the battle from the beginning, although the 25th, 27th, 31st, 42d, 44th, 52d, and 58th Virginia Regiments, with others, including the cadet corps from the Military Academy at Lexington, were engaged. Henderson says the casualties were 498 among the Confederates, whereof 54 were officers; that the 12th Georgia lost 156 men and 19 officers, and that the Federal loss was 256 in killed, wounded, and missing.

It was at this battle, or rather at the close of it, that cer-



SCENE ON JOURNEY TO JACKSON'S BOYHOOD HOME.

tain companies of the 27th Virginia, of the Stonewall Brigade, whose term of enlistment for twelve months had expired, became mutinous and demanded a discharge. The officer in command, Colonel Grigsby, appealed to General Jackson. This disciplinarian, with flashing eye and rigid brow, demanded with portentous sternness: "What is this but mutiny? Why does Colonel Grigsby refer to me to know what to do with a mutiny? He should shoot them where they stand." He then turned to his adjutant and dictated an order to the Colonel to parade his regiment instantly with loaded muskets, to draw up the insubordinate companies in front of them without arms, and offer them the alternative of returning to duty or being fusilladed on the spot. The order was obeyed, and the mutineers when thus confronted with instant death promptly reconsidered their resolution. Dr. Dabney says that they could not afterwards be distinguished from the rest of the regiment in their soldierly behavior and that this was the last organized attempt at disobedience in the army.

General Jackson's laconic dispatch to headquarters about the result of this battle was characteristic. It was as follows:

"VALLEY DISTRICT, May 9, 1862.

"Gen. S. Cooper: "God blessed our arms with victory at McDowell yesterday. T. J. JACKSON, Major General."

Although McDowell followed the battles of First Manassas, the Valley Campaign and Kernstown, and other occurrences of lesser note, where fame and promotion followed Jackson in their tread, none of these was so near the scene of his nativity nor amid the mountains of his native State nor so close to his home at Lexington. It does not require a great stretch of the imagination to see that Jackson was fighting for his native land.

"Breathes there the man with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said,
'This is my own, my native land?'
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned
As home his footsteps he hath turned
From wandering on a foreign strand?
If such there be, go, mark him well!
For him no minstrel raptures swell;
.....
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonored, and unsung."

Here too the young cadets from Lexington were first called into service, many of them falling later in the battle of New Market, in Shenandoah County, on May 15, 1864, the casualties being about twenty per cent of the youths engaged. At that time Jackson was dead, having fallen at Chancellorsville nearly a year previously. If the Spartan mothers sent their sons to battle and told them to bring back their shields with honor or their dead bodies upon them, so Jackson not only led the youths of this great school to battle, but died with them upon the field. It must have been about a year previously when Jackson, with the cadet corps, was drilling the recruits near Richmond or perhaps about the time of First Manassas, to which William Howard Russel, the special correspondent of the London Times, generally known as "Bull Run" Russel, refers in his "Diary North and South," published in 1863, when he says in his introduction: "The day I landed at Norfolk a tall, lean man, ill dressed, in a slouch hat and wrinkled clothes, stood with arms folded and legs wide apart against the wall of the hotel (Atlantic), looking on the

ground. One of the waiters told me it was 'Professor Jackson,' and I have been plagued by suspicions ever since that in refusing an introduction, which was offered to me, I missed an opportunity of making the acquaintance of the man of the stone walls of Winchester; but, on the whole, I have been fortunate in meeting many of the soldiers and statesmen who had distinguished themselves in this unhappy war."

In the Capitol grounds of West Virginia, at Charleston, stands a bronze statue of Stonewall Jackson with eyes looking toward the south. At Clarksburg the place of his humble birth is pointed out to travelers as a spot of historic interest. The home near Weston, in Lewis County, where he lived with his father's half brother, Cummins Jackson, from the time he was a lad until his appointment as a cadet at West Point in 1842, no longer stands, but the place with the winding road, the meandering West Fork River, and the old mill are still points of interest to the beholder.

Henderson says that the victory of the Confederates at McDowell was insignificant and must rank with the battles of lost opportunities. Perhaps so, but in the same breath he touches the vital point of all of Jackson's battles—namely, that "the object of his maneuvers was the destruction of Banks's army and not merely of his advance guard. To lose men was exactly what Jackson wished to avoid." To have pursued the enemy and driven him down the waters of the North Branch of the Potomac, whither he hastened without being driven, probably saved Jackson hundreds of men, as nothing living could penetrate and survive the awful holocaust of the burning forests in the rear of the retreating enemy.

Jackson was less than forty years of age when he died. His career as a soldier was of but two years' duration. His success was phenomenal in every way. Dabney says of him that he was never routed in battle, never successfully surprised by his enemies, never had a trained or organized portion of his army captured, and that he never made intrenchments; that while he rose rapidly to the foremost place as a great soldier, none of his comrades had displaced him from his eminence; that his personal demeanor toward his soldiers was reserved but courteous; that it was impossible to assume an improper familiarity toward him, but that no one could be farther than he from the arts of the demagogue.

He was not only a true soldier, but he was a typical American. As time passes and the asperities of war are assuaged, he, with the other great leaders of the Confederacy, should stand in the Capitol at Washington with the successful leaders of the Federal army in plain view of the Great Avenue, so that strangers and foreigners visiting a reunited country may look upon the faces of the great soldiers who fought the greatest war in the greatest republic of the greatest nation upon the earth.

FIRST DAY OF SECOND MANASSAS, 1862.—The battle was over, and the Valley army had been once more victorious. * * * Their great task had been accomplished, and Pope's army, harassed, starving, and bewildered, had been brought to bay. * * * Dr. McGuire, fresh from the spectacle of the silent battle field, said: "General, this day has been won by nothing but stark and stern fighting." "No," replied Jackson; "it has been won by nothing but the blessing and protection of Providence." LIEUT. COL. G. F. R. HENDERSON, C. B.

JACKSON'S LAST COMMAND.—"General Pender, you must hold your ground; you must hold your ground."

THE HIDDEN WAY TO DIXIE.

BY CHARLES HALLOCK, WASHINGTON, D. C.

The outbreak of war in 1861 was disastrous to many Southern commercial houses with New York connections. For many months—nay, years—after the defiant shot of the Confederates was fired at Fort Sumter in April vigorous efforts were made to maintain the intercourse which war measures so seriously interfered with. All kinds of shifts and expedients were resorted to on both sides to prevent properties being confiscated, members of firms in some cases remaining in hostile country to hold down valuable assets, meanwhile professing loyalty to their *locum tenens* or posing as neutrals. The strongest of these commercial houses was that of De Rossett, Uttley, Brown & Co., of Wilmington, N. C., whose interests were involved with those of an immense constituency on both sides of the military line. They had valuable properties in New York downtown; and John Potts Brown, the junior partner, had charge of the main business office at No. 12 Beaver Street. His son, Lieut. Robert W. Brown, was a detective in General Winder's office in Richmond, who issued temporary passes to strangers coming into town. This fact is significant.

The exigencies of this powerful firm led to the establishment of an underground thoroughfare, or hidden way to Dixie, by which mercenary Hebrews and Southern sympathizers profited much. The quantity of contraband goods which continuously passed the lines was incredible, and many recruits for the Confederate army were hiked over into the enemy's country with facility and safety. Newspapers passed to and fro with mysterious frequency. No vigilance could stop it. Thereby important military plans were frustrated, and much was done toward prolonging the war. It was an "unholy" war, as some of its opposers had the temerity to declare at the outset until their protests were hushed in Fort Lafayette or the Old Capitol Prison; and many are the fortunes of to-day whose foundations were laid through the connivance and obliquity of officials or adventurers who ostensibly fought for "the old flag," while the goods which ran the blockade and were tabooed with patriotic self-denial by Southern consumers were in greater part of New England manufacture.

Unsophisticated persons, especially the blue and the gray pickets on each side, did marvel greatly, I ween, at the regularity with which this correspondence shuttled to and fro without being intercepted; and it is for the purpose of solving the peculiar "whyness of the what" that this brief expose is submitted by one of the participators who seems to have survived the most of his contemporaries, premising that there is a lot of other secret history of the war of like character that has not yet been written nor probably ever will be.

I have been reading some old letters which were written within the Confederate lines during the war and addressed to people in Connecticut. They are posthumous papers of the person by whom they were at the time received. The writer is living. Their dates are February 28, March 2, March 30, April 14, and May 17 of the year 1863, intervals about as frequent as an attentive correspondent would choose in times normal. One bears the Baltimore Post Office stamp and the others the official New York stamp. Replies to these, postmarked at Richmond, Va., and Augusta, Ga., were stamped at New Haven on March 23 and May 18. They were evidently brought across the picketed lines by "blockade runners," as all persons who took chances of capture were dubbed in those days.

One day I took a fancy to go South on an errand which did not seem to compromise my loyalty to the Union to any great extent, and I accordingly went to military headquarters in Washington and ingenuously asked for a permit to pass by flag of truce. This was denied me; and when I suggested that there were other ways, I was threatened with incarceration in the Old Capitol Prison in case I was intercepted. This threat seemed to challenge my nerve, and I at once set out to avail myself of the "hidden way," to which I was directed by one of the initiated. The northern terminal was at Mr. Brown's office in New York, where I deposited my photograph, as requested, and was instructed to present myself in due course at a certain clothing store on South Pratt Street, in Baltimore, where I was told to take the Leonardtown stage at the Kimmel House, on Third Street, in Washington, and proceed to Leonardtown, in St. Mary's County, Md., where the proprietor of Brown's Hotel would tell me what to do next.

When I took my seat, I found the vehicle loaded with male passengers, who were obviously adventurers and recruits for the Confederate army. The stage had proceeded as far as Charlotte Hall, about halfway to Leonardtown, when it was halted by some dragoons and detained. To my intuitive mind it was clear that some special person in the party was in request and that person myself, and I at once gave the secret service men of the government due praise for their acuteness in spotting me. When all had dismounted, I ordered my trunk sent up to the college, ostensibly on duty, where I purchased a carpet sack from one of the students, packed my indispensables in it, adding a silk dress pattern which I designed for the wife of a leading banker in Richmond, Va. (a relative of mine born in Maine), in the event of my safe arrival there. I then expressed my trunk back to New York. After a comfortable night at Charlotte Hall, rising at dawn, I discovered a mule spike team about starting down the turnpike with what appeared to be a load of cornstalks. At once, acting under the impulse of a newborn idea, I was able to buy from one of the stable boys a suit of homespun not altogether fashionable or clean. Then, smutching my hands and face to a degree sufficient to constitute a corresponding disguise, I secured permission from the teamster to stow my carpet sack beneath the cornstalks. Changing places with him, I took my place astride the wheel mule and, giving the lead line a jerk, passed without challenge down the turnpike between the four dragoons who stood at the crossroads on the watch. Later on I duly arrived at Leonardtown, where I found the town in charge of a company of Federal troops. Driving up the street, according to directions, to an old-fashioned country tavern kept by one Brown, I took my seat on a long bench in front and was hardly at rest when a man, whom I correctly surmised to be the landlord, sauntered by, asking my name *sotto voce* as he passed. Revealing my identity, I soon obtained possession of my carpet sack and, appearing at the hotel in approved traveler's garb, was inducted into comfortable quarters. After supper, while I was sitting in the office, the sergeant of the military company, accompanied by two privates, paid us a visit. The shrewd landlord, being well up in his part, divined their purpose and, after an interchange of commonplace remarks, said: "How would you like a glass of cider?" "All right," said the sergeant. The landlord at once opened the door to the cellar stairs and with the remark, "After you is manners for me," waved his hand with a friendly flourish and followed his guests to the cellar. This gave me and some nine others

who had evidently foregathered on a common errand an opportunity to escape over the garden fence and down to the boat landing (we were then at the head of Brittain's Bay), where we found a skiff with two pairs of muffled oars.

By this time the night was as dark as pitch, presaging a storm. Our craft quickly disappeared into the gloom and had made considerable headway when the whiz of a rifle ball close at hand told that our sleuths had gotten on to our game and in pretty accurate range. One or two more shots followed, but after that nothing eventful happened during our three-mile pull down the bay until we reached its debouchment into the Potomac. There we were considerably at fault, for the Federal gunboats which were patrolling the river had been at utmost pains to break up all the small craft on both sides belonging to Federals and Confederates alike, so as to cut off all communication from side to side. However, we came upon a leaky old seine boat which had belonged to a fishing station and unearthed in the darkness a couple of fishermen, who seemed to be expecting a nocturnal party, so we asked if they were the men who were to take us over. By this time it had begun snowing, and only one of the men consented to take an oar. The oars were really sweeps of the crudest home manufacture, but under the circumstances all of the party were glad to procure ferriage of any sort. But no one could row. The upshot of the matter was that I had to take the second oar myself. Our stroke oar turned out to be an excellent pilot, as our difficult passage across the river eventually proved. It took us several hours to cross, starting at one o'clock after midnight and reaching Pope's Creek, on the opposite shore, in the gray of the morning, where we landed in about a foot of snow and made our way to a farmhouse, where we were evidently expected. It was a sorry trip for the "voyageurs," whose caloric had been pretty thoroughly exhausted by the evaporation of the soft snow on their persons during the long-continued sitting.

By this time the members of the company had become somewhat acquainted; for misery, as well as joviality, makes company. The Israelites had several large trunks filled with "gents' furnishing goods," on which they expected to make big money, for Confederate money at that time, as we afterwards learned, was thirteen for one in greenback currency. Among the passengers were two Confederate officers returning to their regiments, a couple of young fellows from Baltimore on their way to join the Southern army, and others. The officers, we found in due time, were of high grade and had been engaged on important secret service within the Federal lines.

We had hardly finished a comfortable breakfast at Farmer Minell's when an alarm was raised that a squad of cavalry was raiding the premises. Minell had already been raked off by cavalry of both armies more than once, but had something left in the way of forage as well as grub. "*Sauve qui peut*" was the watchword forthwith—"save himself who can." I betook myself to a convenient haystack, crawled under, made myself as small as possible, and drew as much of the loose material over me as I could; and I had hardly gotten into concealment before a horse was feeding off the stack with imminent danger to my feet. However, the animal's appetite was providentially small or the exigency pressing, for the squad soon departed and left us at ease in mind and body.

We were quartered at this farmhouse for a couple of days, until the snow melted off, when we were hauled by an ox team across the Northern Neck of Virginia to the Rappahannock. On the way over a startling episode occurred at an old two-

story brick warehouse used as a storehouse for grain. Both floors were filled with sacks except where space was left for an old-fashioned fireplace, in which ample logs were placed and set ablaze for the comfort of our half-frozen crowd, for the temperature was chilly enough at twenty above zero. When we had become thawed out and comfortably warm, it was but a short time before we were sleeping soundly. All at once we were awakened by a sharp crack overhead and made for the door in a rush for dear life, confident that the floor above us would fall. Remaining outdoors until too chilled to stay any longer, and hearing no further sounds or signs, we ventured back to our beds on the sacks. We had hardly become comfortably ensconced again when another startling crash came, and the performance was repeated with even greater stress and tension. The building did not collapse, however, and we went back and slept without further disturbance until morning. An investigation then disclosed the fact that the ends of the floor timbers above us had drawn out from the mortises in both walls so that little more than a half inch remained in place. But for that half inch we would have been mashed as flat as a hoecake. We were within one-half inch of death.

At the riverside we were picked up by a couple of Confederate scouts in gray uniforms, who proceeded to take toll from the Sheenies. They soon had us on the opposite side and on our way to Confederate headquarters at Bowling Green, which was some two miles from Milford Station, on the Fredericksburg and Potomac Railroad, and in command of Gen. Fitzhugh Lee. Fredericksburg had been captured not long previously, and the camp was filled with captured ordnance, ammunition wagons, stores, and accouterments of all sorts. Being properly papered, and accessions to the army being always welcome, all of us soon passed muster and in due course of time arrived at Richmond over that portion of the railroad which still remained within the Confederate lines.

Acting under individual instructions and losing sight of the rest of our party, I went to the executive office, where I was acquainted, and obtained from General Winder a pass for thirty days, giving me the freedom of the city without risk of molestation from the recruiting officers, who patrolled the streets, picking up unidentified strangers. During my sojourn in Richmond I was able to transact the business for which I had incurred considerable personal risk in running the blockade, and I had the opportunity to see the noted Libby Prison, with sentries patrolling the streets outside, having orders to shoot any head which had the temerity to protrude itself through a window. As to what happened subsequently in the course of continued adventure—that is another chapter.

Appropriately given here are some of the passes given to Mr. Hallock when sojourning in the South during the stirring events of the sixties. He was a friend of General Winder's son, known to be a man of Southern sympathy and connected with journalistic enterprises in this section. It was in response to inquiry as to how he secured such freedom of movement after coming by the "hidden way to Dixie" that he sent those precious bits of paper issued to him "upon honor," from which the following are copied:

"HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF HENRICO,
RICHMOND, VA., March 2, 1863.

"Charles Hallock has permission to pass unmolested in the city for thirty days.

"By order of General Winder.

W. S. WINDER,
Assistant Adjutant General."

"MILITARY POST, PROVOST MARSHAL'S OFFICE, DEPT. No. 2,
ATLANTA, GA., March 9, 1863.

"Pass Charles Hallock to Richmond, Va., for two days, upon honor not to communicate in writing or verbally for publication any fact ascertained which, if known to the enemy, might be injurious to the Confederate States of America, subject to the discretion of military authorities.

"By order of G. W. Lee, commanding post and provost marshal.
J. S. SMITH, *Deputy Provost Marshal.*"

"HEADQUARTERS E. O., FIFTH CONGRESSIONAL DISTRICT,
AUGUSTA, GA., August 25, 1863.

"I certify that Charles Hallock is exempt from conscription as editor in the Chronicle and Sentinel office, Augusta. He is five feet, nine inches high, blue eyes, light complexion, auburn hair, and thirty years of age. R. A. Wood,

Captain and E. O. Fifth Congressional District."

"HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF HENRICO,
RICHMOND, VA., August 31, 1863.

"Mr. Charles Hallock, a citizen of Georgia, having taken the oath of allegiance to the Confederate States, and being pledged not to reveal, either directly or indirectly, any information that may benefit the enemy, is hereby permitted to pass beyond the limits of the Confederate States, subject, however, to such delay and restrictions as may be imposed by the military authorities. Not to pass into the United States, but to leave Confederate States by sea subject to the control of the commanding of the port from which he sails.

JOHN H. WINDER, *Brigadier General.*"

"EXECUTIVE OFFICE, RICHMOND, September 2, 1863.

"*Lewis Heglyer, Esq., Agent Confederate States, Nassau—*
My Dear Sir: Let me present to you my friend, Mr. Charles Hallock, proceeding to Halifax to purchase material for his publishing business in Augusta, Ga., where he edits a peace journal.

"Any civility you show Mr. Hallock will be fully appreciated.

"Very truly and respectfully yours,

WILLIAM M. BROWNE,
Colonel and A. D. C. to the President."

"MR. COMMISSARY BANKS."

BY JOHN C. STILES, BRUNSWICK, GA.

Gen. Nathaniel Banks was a warrior after my own heart, as he never knew when he was whipped; and although his superiors acknowledged the fact of his being bested on several occasions, not so the doughty General, who, in his own mind, was always the winner.

On May 24, 1862, he wrote Secretary Stanton: "My advance guard entered Winchester this P.M. with all of our stores and trains in safety. I shall return to Strasburg with my command immediately." He did not return instantan, however, as on June 12 he reported from Winchester: "I have never thought of falling back and shall not fall back an inch."

He changed his mind considerably on this point, as his report, after being on the safe side of the Potomac, shows a retreat of at least that far. This communication reads as follows: "It is seldom that a river-crossing of such magnitude was achieved with greater success. There were never more

grateful hearts in the same number of men than when, at mid-day of the 26th, we stood on the opposite shore. My command had not suffered an attack and rout, but had accomplished a premeditated march of nearly sixty miles in the face of the enemy, defeating his plans and giving him battle wherever he was found."

However, he admits the fact that they were extremely thankful to be across the river; and while he did not defeat Jackson, he upset his plans by moving so rapidly that the greater portion of the Union army made their escape.

The following extracts from reports made by Banks's subordinates go to show that his premeditated march was rapid enough to prove that part of his report which states that he gave the enemy battle wherever he was found.

Colonel Parham, 29th Pennsylvania, says: "They fired after me, but I had no time to stop. The road was strewn with baggage, broken wagons, horses, etc."

Major Vought, 5th New York Cavalry: "We cut our way through and fled. When about three miles from the battle field I halted my horse and tried to rally the men, but could not do so with much success."

Lieutenant Rowley, 28th New York: "A portion of our troops retreated in considerable disorder."

Captain Collis, commanding Banks's bodyguard of Zouaves D'Afrique (negroes): "By an intervention of a generous God we reached assistance. My men, incredulous as it may seem, marched one hundred and forty-one miles in forty-seven hours." (Some very fancy stepping for the "coons"; they must have run around in circles.)

Colonel De Forest, 5th New York Cavalry: "Infantry, cavalry, and wagons were streaming back in wild confusion along the road and in the fields as far as the eye could reach." He further stated that he got in with a mixed mass of every branch of the service, including sutlers and telegraph operators.

Lieutenant Colonel Babbitt, 8th New York Cavalry: "We were thrown into some confusion. The columns were not reformed; part went down the pike, and part took in the railway."

Gen. Alpheus Williams, U. S. A.: "The men did not run, but were rapidly retiring in disordered ranks."

Lieutenant Peabody, 1st New York Light Artillery: "The flight became general, and it was with difficulty that we could prevent the infantry from loading our carriages down completely."

Lieutenant Colonel Brown, 28th New York: "We have reason to be grateful to kind Providence and applaud the skill and energy of our commanding officer for the miraculous escape from utter annihilation."

Colonel Silas Colgrove, 27th Indiana: "The retreat, in spite of every effort, ended in disorder to some extent."

Lieutenant Colonel Andrews, 2d Massachusetts: "We marched without foot or rest for thirty-four miles."

Captain Zulich, 29th Pennsylvania: "We found numerous officers and men missing; but many have rejoined since, having taken to the woods and crossed the river under many difficulties."

General Saxton, U. S. A.: "General Banks's army is disorganized and in full retreat."

And yet, with full knowledge of all of this, General Banks won a victory by doing as McClellan did later—making a "masterly change of base."

THE INFLUENCE OF THE SOUTH IN THE FORMATION OF OUR GOVERNMENT.

BY J. R. GIBBONS, BAUXITE, ARK.

[Response to a toast at a banquet of the Sons of the American Revolution, Little Rock, Ark., February 22, 1916.]

At our annual meeting of the Sons of the American Revolution last year two Daughters of the American Revolution were discussing the patriotism of our people from a sectional viewpoint and the section which had done most and stood highest in the formation of our government. To my very great surprise, one of them said that the Pilgrims stood first, and she placed the Cavaliers of Virginia fourth. The pride manifested by the speaker was hardly equal to my commiseration of her ignorance of facts.

The Pilgrims landed on Plymouth Rock "with a pen in one hand and an inkstand in the other," and they have been writing the history of the United States ever since. While I commend their effort to preserve and record every historical event, they should give the truth or not write at all. It has been most unfortunate for the South that she has written no history and that the great events of her section have not been recorded by Southern writers, but have been given to the world by those ignorant of the facts, on the one hand, or sometimes given in malice. These historians have greatly magnified the small events happening in the North, while achievements of much greater importance in the South have not been mentioned. It is not unusual for historians or writers of historical articles for magazines and papers in the North to misrepresent the South in order to make their productions more popular. I have read that some schoolbooks used in the North teach that the first settlement at Jamestown was altogether of men, and in order to get wives they imported negro women and thus started the colony.

The Encyclopedia Britannica (ninth edition), Volume I., page 710, says: "Since the Revolutionary days the few thinkers of America born south of Mason and Dixon's line—out-numbered by those belonging to the single State of Massachusetts—have commonly migrated to New York or Boston in search of a university training. In the world of letters, at least, the Southern States have shone by reflected light; nor is it too much to say that mainly by their connection with the North the Carolinas have been saved from sinking to the level of Mexico or the Antilles. Like the Spartan marshaling his helots, the planter lounging among his slaves was made dead to art. It has flourished freely only in a free soil, and for almost all its vitality and aspirations we must turn to New England."

O shade of Diogenes! That the South should turn to New England for its source of intellect and virtue, to a people so righteous that a man could not kiss his wife on Sunday, but could burn witches, hang heretics, and manufacture wooden nutmegs on Monday!

Did Edgar Allan Poe, our greatest poet, go to Boston for inspiration to write "The Raven"?

Did Paul Hamilton Hayne or James Ryder Randall or Sidney Lanier or Theodore O'Hara or James Barron Hope or Alexander D. Meek or Father Ryan or Richard Henry Wilde or Robert Y. Hayne or Henry Timrod go to Boston for inspiration? And has the whole North, with two-thirds of the territory, poets and authors that will exceed these in number and brilliancy?

Suppose the benighted Carolinian had gone to Boston, what would he have found?

11**

Bancroft's "History of the United States," the author a Northern man, says: "The magistrates, William Stoughton being one of the judges, and all holding commissions exclusively from the English king, with a 'vigor' which the united ministers commended as 'just,' made a discovery of the wicked instrument of the devil. The culprit was evidently a wild Irish woman of a strange tongue. Goodwin, who made the complaint, 'had no proof that could have done her any hurt'; but 'the scandalous old hag,' whom some thought 'crazed in her intellectuals,' was bewildered and made strange answers, which were taken as confessions. Accordingly, she was condemned as a witch and executed." (Page 92, Volume II.)

Cotton Mather said: "Men count it wisdom to credit nothing but what they see and feel. They never saw any witches; therefore there are none." "Witchcraft," he shouted from the pulpit, "is the most nefarious high treason against the Majesty on high, a capital crime." "A witch is not to be endured in heaven or on earth." (Page 92, Volume II.) "Further," said Cotton Mather, "ministers ought to concern themselves in politics." But their political mission was accomplished. It could be prolonged only by aid of a superstitious veneration. To check free inquiry the cry of witchcraft was raised, and "rebellion," it was said, "is as the sin of witchcraft; rebellion was the Achan, the trouble of all." (Page 93, Volume II.)

"But Parris had preached against Rebecca Nurse and prayed against her and had caused her sisters to be imprisoned for their honorable sympathy. She must perish, or the delusion was unveiled, and the Governor recalled the reprieve. On the next communion day she was taken in chains to the meetinghouse to be formally excommunicated by Noyes, her minister, and on the 19th of July was hanged with the rest." (Page 93, Volume II.)

"Among the witnesses against Martha Carrier, the mother saw her own children. Her two sons refused to perjure themselves till they had been tied, neck and heels, so long that their blood was ready to gush from them. The confession of her daughter, a child seven years old, is still preserved." (Page 97, Volume II.)

"Already twenty persons had been put to death for witchcraft; fifty-five had been tortured or terrified into penitent confessions. * * * The jails were full. Yet the zeal of Stoughton was unabated. * * * A pious thankfulness to God for justice being so far executed among us." (Page 97, Volume II.)

Strange logic! Witchcraft was a crime meriting death, but one confessing her guilt was released; hence by confessing that she was a witch she was not a witch! There is another account in which women's tongues were seared with hot irons in order to make them confess the crime of witchcraft.

The sun is the source of all heat and light—Boston. The sun shines on the moon, and we have the reflected light—the Carolinas.

Was it in moonshine or sunshine that a law was made prescribing that a person if once convicted of being a Quaker should lose one ear, if twice so convicted should lose another ear, and if convicted the third time was to be bored through the tongue with a red-hot iron?

Was it in moonshine or in sunshine that a penalty was inflicted on any one who entertained a Quaker, and men and women were banished on pain of death and hanged for being Quakers?

Was it in moonshine or in sunshine that decrepit old men

were hanged and pressed to death, and pure, innocent women were torn from their children and jailed and hanged as witches?

Was it in moonshine or in sunshine that children were tied, neck and heels together, till the blood was ready to gush from them, to make them swear falsely against their own mother, accused of being a witch?

Was it here or there that men were hanged for denying the existence of witchcraft? And were they of the North or of the South, of Massachusetts or the Carolinas, "the preachers and judges who incited and applauded the jailing and banishing and torturing and slaughtering of Quakers and witches" and "the people who were wont to go from church, from the altar of God, to the public whipping post to see women whipped on the bare back"?

And where was it that negro children were sold by the pound like so much beef or bacon? (See Mrs. Earle's "Customs and Fashions in Old New England.")

And was it by the light of the sun or the light of the moon that an unborn negro baby was advertised for sale? (See "Independent Chronicle," Boston, December 28, 1780.)

To each and all of these questions history, with its inexorable, unerring pen, answers "Massachusetts." And it was only a few years ago that the skins of persons who had died as inmates of almshouses were tanned and made into articles of merchandise to make these paragons of righteousness rich. Who said this? The Governor of Massachusetts.

During the first winter of the Revolution, when Washington was straining every nerve to keep his army in front of Boston, in writing from Cambridge to a trusted friend, after telling of the lack of powder and arms and money, he said: "These are evils, but small in comparison to those which disturb my present repose. To be plain," he continues, "these people are not to be depended on." He further adds: "Notwithstanding all the public virtue which is ascribed to these people, there is no nation under the sun that pays greater adoration to money than they do."

Alexander Grayson, a Revolutionary soldier of Pennsylvania, says: "It appears that the sordid spirit of gain is the vital principle of this part of the army." He was referring to the army around Boston.

Mr. Livingston, referring to New England, says: "They are avaricious and venal, looking always for gain."

When Talleyrand visited Philadelphia for the purpose of meeting the great Washington, it is reported that a Maine citizen preferred that he "see Mr. Bingham, who, they say, is so rich." Washington was a small man because he was not rich.

William Ellery Channing, on visiting Richmond, Va., said: "I blush for my own people when I compare the selfish prudence of a Yankee with the generous confidence of a Virginian. There is one single trait which attaches me to the people here more than all the virtues of New England: they love money less than we do; they are more disinterested; their patriotism is not tied to their purse strings."

Much later William Cullen Bryant, of Massachusetts, wrote: "The South certainly has the advantage over us in the point of manners."

Charles Ingersoll says: "Political virtue is much more important to the public than private virtue, which has become less and less common in the North, but did not decay in the South. The patriotic South produced more truly independent spirits than the North."

William S. Seward, upon visiting the Legislature of Vir-

ginia, said: "I thought that the intelligence, capacity, manners, and the tone of debates, as well as the dress and carriage of the members, excelled our own" (the New York Legislature).

Edmund Burke said: "These people of the Southern colonies are much more strongly, and with a hunger and a more stubborn spirit, attached to liberty than those of the Northward."

"The gallantry of the Southern men has inspired the whole army," said Adjutant General Reed, of New Jersey, in the Long Island campaign of 1776.

The South never produced a Benedict Arnold.

If there is any people or section of the United States that exhibited in that period less of the spirit of Christ and more of the spirit of the devil than these Puritans, I should like to be informed. The Indians were less savage, and Roger Williams, the great Baptist minister, fled to them for protection. What a contrast in Virginia's treatment of the Indian! "The Virginians proposed to educate the children of the Iroquois at their public schools." ("Bancroft's History," Volume II., page 240.)

You will probably say that I ought not to make these dreadful charges against the Puritans. My answer is: In the first place, they should not have been guilty of the crimes; in the second place, the Virginians are as ashamed of them as they ought to be. I have simply given you the history as written by a Northern man and should not have done so had it not been for the libelous charges made against Virginia and the South, because the most of the South and the Southwest was settled by Virginians.

The Virginians didn't make a practice of burning and hanging witches and dissenters nor of publicly ducking women.

During the reign of Charles II. a successful rebellion led by Cromwell overthrew the royal government. In this war the poorer and illiterate classes adhered to Cromwell, who conducted a fanatical religious war. The landed gentry, wealth, and intelligence of England were loyal to Charles. The result of Cromwell's fanatical religious war brought into existence the "round heads," or "Puritans," of England. These people, not being allowed free license to practice their fanatical ideas, went to Holland. Having no more liberties in Holland than they had in England, they migrated to America, where every man would be allowed to "worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience." They sailed for America in the famous Mayflower, and from the claims made by the descendants of these people the Mayflower must have had a passenger list of many thousands. The success of Cromwell caused many thousands of the best people—men of wealth and culture and property—to flee from England. It was some of this class of people who came to Virginia.

Charles II., a fugitive from England, was yet the sovereign of Virginia. "Virginia was whole for monarchy." She was the last country belonging to England that submitted to the obedience of the commonwealth, from which she acquired the name of "Old Dominion."

The seeds of dissension between the Puritans and Cavaliers of England were planted during the Cromwellian Revolution in England. The revolution grew and grew and was nurtured by those fanatical Pilgrims until it flowered in blood on the plains of Manassas in July, 1861. It was the self-righteousness of those Pilgrims, their self-conceit and intolerance of the opinion of every one else, that made a gulf between the North and the South. Those Puritans were so righteous that their laws compelled every man, woman, and

child to go to church on Sunday and forbade levity; but they could swap their Indian prisoners captured in war to the Moors for negro slaves, because, as they claimed, the "negro is more tractable" than the Indian.

Boston, assumed to be the "hub of the universe" and the source of all that is good, and the Pilgrims who settled at Plymouth Rock, in the opinion of the lady who expressed herself a year ago, were first and foremost in the upbuilding of our government. Let us see.

In 1742 the Spanish made an attack on the colony of Georgia. General Oglethorpe, with only two small ships and but six hundred and eighty-two Georgians, defeated a Spanish fleet of fifty-six vessels and five thousand men in a great victory at Bloody Marsh. The decisive battle of Bloody Marsh put an end forever to the Spanish invasion of America.

Governor Dinwiddie, of Virginia, in 1753, learning that the French were encroaching upon Virginia's territory along the Ohio River, sent George Washington, of Virginia, to demand that the French withdraw their forces. They refused, and Washington was sent to enforce the Governor's orders. He surprised them at Great Meadows and killed their commander. While this battle of Great Meadows was only a skirmish, it was the beginning of the end of France's power in America, which ended with the peace of Paris signed in 1763. This battle of Great Meadows when mentioned in Northern histories is only referred to as a little skirmish, and the great political importance is not considered. William Makepeace Thackeray said of this battle: "It is strange that in a savage forest a young Virginia officer should fire a shot and wake up a war which was to last sixty years and cost France all of her American colonies and sever all of ours from us and, indeed, create a great Western republic."

How much consequence is given the battles of Bloody Marsh and Great Meadows in Northern histories or of Moore's Creek Bridge, in North Carolina, which was fought several years before the Boston Tea Party?

The battle of Great Bridges, near Norfolk, Va., December 9, 1773, when the Virginians engaged five hundred British and killed, wounded, and captured one hundred and two—you hear very little of that. Yet at Lexington, where nineteen patriots gathered and were driven away by the British—our Northern patriots build monuments and sing pæans over this wonderful achievement.

And what importance is given to the decisive battle of the Revolution fought at King's Mountain, chiefly by Tennesseans, Virginians, and North Carolinians, and who were the heroes? Sevier and Shelby, of Tennessee, and Campbell, of Virginia.

Much is said about Concord, in the North, but you hear very little of the two hundred patriots who fought at Alamance, or of the seizure of Sullivan's Island by William Thompson, of South Carolina, or of the capture of Charleston by Moultrie, or of Ramsour's Mill.

Not only did the South, but particularly Virginia, furnish the most illustrious generals and statesmen of the Revolutionary period, but the South, with less population, furnished more than one-half of those who fought in the armies. Nor did the Southern men engage only in battles fought in the South, but Virginians fought in every great battle on Northern soil.

A Virginian was commander in chief of the army, and James Nicholson, of Virginia, was made commander in chief of the navy. Southern men were appointed to arm the colo-

nies, and George Mason, of Virginia, gave the Declaration of Rights.

The hero at Trenton and at Monmouth was a Virginian.

The hero of Saratoga was Gen. Daniel Morgan, of Virginia, and Burgoyne said his men feared above everything else the riflemen of General Morgan, of the Shenandoah.

A Virginian, James Madison, wrote the Constitution, and Gladstone said it was the greatest State paper ever written.

In the war between England and France the latter country expected the United States to return the help given her in our war for independence. Mr. Allaben says: "Then came forth a ruddy little David (the United States) against these two Goliaths (England and France) and took three little stones (Jefferson, Madison, and Monroe) from the brook of freedom, defended our rights, and established the principle that a nation could remain neutral and at peace." And upon these principles stands our President to-day.

Georgia sent the first schooner against the British, and Habersham, of Georgia, seized all the powder in the magazine at Savannah, besides fourteen thousand pounds captured in a British ship, and sent it to be used at Bunker Hill, Concord, and Boston.

Hanson, of Maryland, organized the first troops to fight for American independence.

The heroes of the battle of Kettle Creek were Elijah Clark, of Georgia, and Pickens, of South Carolina.

The hero of Hanging Rock was Sumter, of South Carolina.

The heroes of Cowpens were Morgan and William Washington, of Virginia, in which battle Cornwallis lost one-third of his army.

The hero of Yorktown was Thomas Nelson, of Virginia.

The "Swamp Fox" of the Revolution was Francis Marion, of South Carolina.

The "Game Cock" of the Revolution was Sumter, of South Carolina.

The great cavalryman of the Revolution was Light-Horse Harry Lee, of Virginia.

John Paul Jones, of Virginia, hoisted on his ship, the *Ranger*, the first American flag to float on our seas.

Bancroft, a Northern historian, said: "South Carolina endured more, suffered more, and achieved more than any of the colonies." And Reed, of Massachusetts, testified that "the gallantry of Southern men inspired the whole army."

Not only were the Southern statesmen much more prominent in the forming of our government in the colonial period and in fighting for the establishment of our independence, but they have done infinitely more since in building up our country and in maintaining our Constitution than was done by the North.

In 1803, when Jefferson, backed by Southern men, was endeavoring to secure that immense and valuable territory known afterwards as the "Louisiana Purchase," a domain larger than the original thirteen States, what position did the Pilgrims take in the matter? Daniel Webster said: "What do we want with this vast worthless area, this region of savages and wild beasts, of deserts of whirling sand and whirlwinds of dust, of cactus and prairie dogs? To what use could we ever hope to put these great deserts or those endless mountain ranges, impenetrable and covered to their very base with eternal snow? What can we ever do with the Western coast of eight thousand miles, rockbound, cheerless, uninviting, and not a harbor on it? Mr. President, I will never vote one cent from the public treasury to place the Pacific one inch nearer Boston than it now is."

The mouthpiece of Plymouth at that time, Josiah Quincy, opposed the movement, saying that "as it will be the right of all the States, so it will be the duty of some, to prepare definitely for a separation, amicably if we can, violently if we must."

A little later, when the English had captured and condemned nine hundred and seventeen American vessels, with their cargoes, and impressed over five thousand seamen, and the government, in the hands of Southern men, determined to stop it, what was the attitude of New England? She refused absolutely to furnish a single man for the armies and under the influence of an English spy was arranging either to secede from the Union or go back to British allegiance. She appointed delegates to meet at a convention to be held in Hartford and resolved that "States which have no common umpire must be their own judges and execute their own decisions," and she would likely have seceded had not the war immediately closed.

I am referring now to New England, which is claimed to have done so much for the building up of our country. At this time Canada would have been annexed to the United States had it not been for the New England opposition.

And do Northern histories tell us much of the Mexican Cession by Nicholas Trist, of Virginia, in 1848, and the Gadsden Purchase by James Gadsden, of South Carolina, in 1853, or who secured the great territory of which Idaho, Oregon, Washington, parts of Montana and Wyoming, 300,000 square miles, under Polk's administration—two brave young Virginians, Meriwether Lewis and George Clark?

And Florida, a territory of 59,000 square miles, was secured for little more than ten cents per acre from Ferdinand VII. by James Monroe, of Virginia. Texas was acquired by President Polk, backed by Southern influence altogether, and with great opposition from the Pilgrims of the North.

The Mexican War was fought very largely by Southern men. The two generals who made reputations—Scott, of Virginia, and Taylor, originally of Virginia, but later on of New Orleans—commanded the armies.

We have seen that the independence of our thirteen original States was secured very largely by Southern valor and statesmanship, and every foot of the territory that has been added since, except Alaska, was through Southern effort, opposed by New England.

Alaska was acquired in 1862 under a Southern man, Andrew Johnson, of Tennessee, then President. Even then a Northern statesman said of Alaska: "It is a country fit only for a polar bear garden."

The State of Virginia produced the only generals that are recognized abroad as such—Washington, Lee, and Jackson.

James Madison, of Virginia, wrote the Constitution and did more in forming the Federal Union than any man in America.

John Marshall, the greatest jurist, was a Virginian.

The "Peerless Orator" of the Revolution, Patrick Henry, was a Virginian.

A Virginian, Edmund Randolph, drew up a "Proclamation of Neutral Laws" in 1793. This document was rewritten by Madison, of Virginia, and was recognized as the highest code of international law and became the law of the land and of the civilized world.

The South has done more to make our common territory the property of all the people than any other section.

Virginia gave to the United States all that territory north west of the Ohio River of which the States of Ohio, Indiana,

Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, and part of Minnesota are formed, and gave it to the United States for the sake of harmony and thus became the "Mother of States," as she was already the "Mother of Statesmen."

As to Southern originality, let us see if the South was not first in something.

The first public circulating library was at Annapolis, Md.

A Southern State—Maryland—was the first to secure religious liberty by organic law.

The first Sunday school established in America was at Savannah, Ga., by John Wesley, ten years before Robert Raikes started his school in England.

The first college established in America was William and Mary, at Williamsburg, Va.

The first American to establish schools exclusively for the education of young women was a Southern man, John Lyle, of Virginia.

The first chartered female college in the world is the Wesleyan Female College, Macon, Ga.

The first postgraduate medical school in this country was established by a Southern physician and surgeon, Dr. John A. Wyeth, of Alabama.

The first college of dental surgery in the world was in a Southern city.

The first man in the United States to receive the degree of Doctor of Medicine was a Southern man, Dr. John Archer, of Maryland.

The man who gave us a "new science," said Humboldt, who mapped the ocean currents and trade winds, who gave us a treatise on navigation, and who was knighted by all civilized nations, was Matthew Fontaine Maury, of Virginia.

It was a Southern man who originated the plan for splicing the cable in midocean—Dr. James C. Palmer, of Maryland.

It was a Southern man who was declared by the French Academy of Science to have done more for the cause of agriculture than any other living man, and that man was Cyrus H. McCormick, of Virginia.

The inventor of the Gatling gun, which was named for him, was a Southern man.

The first boat propelled by steam, which was on the Potomac River, at Shepherdstown, Va., was invented by a Southern man, James Rumsey, of Maryland, who was encouraged in his operations by George Washington; also Judge Longstreet, of Georgia, invented and operated a steamboat on the Savannah River before Robert Fulton built his.

The first steamship that crossed the Atlantic sailed from Savannah, Ga., was built by the citizens of that city, and the engine was constructed by a Southern man, Daniel Dod, of Virginia.

The inventor of the first comprehensive system of ciphers used by the Associated Press was Alexander Jones, M.D., of North Carolina.

The first pyrotechnic system of signals in the United States was discovered by one Henry J. Rogers, of Maryland.

The original fire extinguishers were invented by William A. Graham, of Virginia.

The international fog signals were invented by a Southern man, Samuel P. Griffin, of Georgia.

The founder and organizer of the United States Naval Academy was a Southern man, Franklin Buchanan, of Maryland.

Also the United States Naval Observatory was organized and constructed by a Southern man, James Melville Gilliss.

The discoverer of ovariectomy was Ephraim McDowell, of Virginia.

The first use of sulphuric ether to produce anæsthesia for surgical operations was by Dr. Crawford W. Long, of Georgia.

The discovery of oxygen in the sun by photography was by Henry Draper, of Virginia.

The first to perform the hip joint amputation in the United States was by Dr. Walter Brashear, of Kentucky.

The man to whom the world is indebted for one of the most notable modern advances in the art of surgery, "the bloodless method of Wyeth," is Dr. John A. Wyeth, of Alabama.

The world's greatest gynecologist was a Southern man, J. Marion Sims, of South Carolina.

The most learned American mineralogist was John Lawrence Smith, of South Carolina.

The greatest American naturalist was Audubon, of Louisiana.

Gorrie, of Florida, was the first to manufacture ice.

The first woman in the world to receive a college diploma was a Southern woman, Miss Brewer, of Georgia.

Also the first woman in the world to direct and conduct a great daily political newspaper was a Southern woman, Mrs. Eliza J. Nicholson, of the New Orleans Picayune.

Virginia, at Jamestown and Williamsburg, her capital, held the first popular assembly. She had the first constitution, the first trial by jury, the first endowed college, the first schoolhouse, the first school for Indians, the first missionaries to Indians, the first to have a marriage ceremony, and the first to have a Thanksgiving Day—1609. (I doubt that there are a dozen people in New England who do not honestly believe that our Thanksgiving custom originated there.) Virginia had the first hospital and the first orphan asylum, was the first to Christianize negroes, the first to take a stand for liberty of conscience, the first to have a free library, the first to have free schools, the first to have a colonial currency, the first to write a book, the first to have a courthouse and a post office, the first to build a ship, the first to build a Masonic temple, the first to leave a legacy to the poor, and the first in many other things.

The cotton gin was invented in the South by Whitney, a Northern man, but he got his ideas from a Georgian, Judge Longstreet, and the lady with whom he boarded.

The first sewing machine was invented in the South by a Georgian, Dr. Goulding, and his wife, Mrs. Frances Goulding, was the first lady to use a sewing machine.

The first book written on the American continent was Whitaker's "Good Newes," although it was printed in England. Edwin Sandys, however, wrote the first book printed in America, but it was printed on a New England press. Dryden said Sandys was the best versifier of his age, and Alexander Pope said the same.

The first literary society in the United States was established in Charleston, S. C., in 1748 and exists to day, and these South Carolinians are not depending on Boston for its contributions.

Boston makes much of her "Tea Party," yet this wonderful exploit did not add much glory, it seems to me, to Boston. A few men disguised as Indians went aboard a vessel in the harbor and threw a lot of tea overboard, and when they supposed the British were coming they ran and hid. This performance took place under cover of darkness. The idea was to defy British authority, and, instead of going openly in broad daylight and throwing the tea overboard, they tried to implicate the "poor Indians" in their own crime. Such ac-

tion would have been deemed cowardly by Virginians and Carolinians.

There was another tea party which took place at Annapolis, Md. On that occasion the Peggy Stewart, a brig owned by Anthony Stewart, came into port laden with tea consigned to Messrs. Williams and Company. The citizens of Annapolis called a meeting and passed resolutions censuring those men and calling all the people of the country to get together at a meeting. They discussed it, and all of the papers published accounts of it. When the meeting assembled on the 19th of October, they required James Williams and Joseph Williams and Anthony Stewart to sign a most humiliating paper and then towed the vessel to Windmill Point, and Mr. Anthony Stewart was made to put a torch to her and burn her up. There was nothing done under cover in this case.

There was also a tea party at Charleston when two hundred and fifty-seven chests of tea were thrown overboard in broad daylight, all concerned in it being known; and in Savannah two ships, the Diligence and the Viper, bearing hated stamps, were not allowed to land.

You see, it was from a different viewpoint that the South looked at duty and honor from that of New England. The Boston Tea Party was a small affair to have had so much made of it, but it seems that that section had so little upon which to build a Temple of Fame that it must magnify what it had. For instance, that wonderful ride of Paul Revere, in which he rode a fine horse nearly twenty miles on a "fine road, in fine weather, to warn the Americans of the approach of the British. He was paid for doing this, and the receipt for the money is in one of the museums in Boston.

A far more heroic ride was that of John Jouett, of Virginia, when he rode forty miles between midnight and day-break to notify the Virginia Assembly at Charlottesville of a planned attack made by Colonel Tarlton. Nor was Paul Revere's ride as heroic as that of Edward Lacy, of Louisiana, who learned that Ferguson's men were planning to attack King's Mountain and rode thirty miles after midnight to warn Shelby and Sevier. And what resulted? King's Mountain was an American victory and became the turning point in the American Revolution.

Nor was Revere's little paid ride anything like as heroic as that of Samuel Dale, of Mississippi, who was sent by the Governor of Georgia to deliver a dispatch at once to General Jackson at New Orleans. Dale, mounted on a little Georgia pony, rode five hundred miles in eight days to New Orleans. General Jackson offered to supply a relay of horses for use on his return, but Dale refused, and rode his Georgia pony back the five hundred miles in eight days and was so nearly frozen when he reached Milledgeville that he had to be literally lifted from his pony. That was a heroic ride.

Paul Revere's ride could not be compared with that of little Ruth Sevier, who, learning from an Indian playmate that the Indians and Tories were planning an attack on Watauga, mounted a one-eyed, sore-backed horse and, with only a rope for a bridle, rode miles through the dark forest, passing British spies, and thus saved Tennessee in her hour of danger.

Nor does Paul Revere's ride compare with that of another Southern girl, Agnes Hobson, who carried important dispatches from General Heard, of Georgia, to Gen. Nathaniel Greene in South Carolina, hiding the papers in her hair. Disguised as an old woman, for three days spending the nights at farmhouses in the enemy's country, she actually took her life into her own hands for the love of her country and delivered the dispatches to our American commander.

And then a South Carolina girl, of "reflected light," Emily Gieger, when captured by the British with a dispatch, before a woman could search her, read the dispatch, chewed up the paper, and swallowed it.

Another exploit of a Southern girl even more daring was that of Sarah Dillard, who, after cooking supper for the British, Colonel Ferguson and his men, and being told by Ferguson that he was going to Cedar Springs to surprise the camp of the patriots before daylight, slipped out of the back door while the British were eating, bridled a young horse, rode away bareback, and galloped through the wilderness until nearly daylight the next morning to notify the patriots of the coming of Ferguson.

A still more daring deed of a South Carolina woman is told of Rosanna Farrow, a widow, who, being informed that Colonel Cruger, a British officer, would execute her three sons the next morning at sunup, and having no other horse to ride, bridled and saddled an unbroken, wild black colt that had never been ridden, snatched a rifle from the wall, and rode through the wild and uninhabited country all night and the next day and most of the next night before she reached the British camp and saved her sons from execution.

We can even cite the slaves as exercising more patriotism than Paul Revere. Instance the case of "Mammy Kate," who, when her master, Gov. Stephen Heard, of Georgia, was a prisoner in the hands of the British, went to their camp and engaged in washing clothes for the officers. She planned, of her own initiative, to rescue her master by putting him in a large clothes basket, taking the basket, apparently full of soiled clothes, upon her head, and walking out of camp with her arms akimbo. She had tied the Governor's favorite horses, Silver Heels and Lightfoot, in the woods near the camp, and after getting out of sight of the camp she let down her basket, and the Governor and herself ran for the horses and made their escape.

O Fame, where is thy temple?

[In preparing this speech, reference was made to "Historical Sins of Omission and Commission," by Miss Mildred Rutherford, Historian General U. D. C., much of which is used verbatim. Other references were to "Methodist Union," by Dr. W. P. Harrison; "Some Truths of History," by T. K. Oglesby; and "Grandmother Stories from the Land of Used-to-Be," by Howard M. Lovett.]

NEWS OF FIFTY YEARS AGO.—Now that Congressmen and others in Washington have had time to calmly consider all of the speeches and harangues that have been made on the subject since the President vetoed the Freedmen's Bureau bill, it is the consensus of opinion that the speech the President made on the 22d is the most important utterance, either written or oral, that has come from him, in that it proves, without the shadow of a doubt, the perfect fallacy of any hopes that have existed of a compromise between the executive and legislative branches of the government. His mention of the "trio of revolutionists," known to mean Stevens, Sumner, and Wendell Phillips, brings down the ire of many of their friends in the departments, and the radicals of all grades are growing more bitter as the days go by.—*Richmond (Va.) Dispatch, February 25, 1866.*

THE SUMTER RUNS THE MISSISSIPPI BLOCKADE.

[In that wonderfully interesting narrative of "Service Afloat," Admiral Raphael Semmes, C. S. N., vividly describes the operations of the ships he commanded so proudly and so successfully despite the efforts of the superior navy of the United States. In the following chapter from his book he tells of his first experience in blockade-running after taking command of the Sumter, the first Confederate ship of war, with which he took many prizes—seven being the toll of two days' operations—arousing consternation and alarm among the enemy's shipping. The Sumter cruised for six months and captured seventeen ships. Had neutral ports been open to his prizes, his captures would have been of inestimable value to the Confederacy. But he says: "During my whole career upon the sea I had not so much as a single port open to me into which I could send a prize." Thus many of them had to be destroyed lest they be retaken by the enemy. It is a fascinating story that he tells of his beloved ships, which formed such an important part of the Confederate States navy.]

Whilst we were lying at our anchors between the forts Governor Moore, of Louisiana, who had done good service to the Confederacy by seizing the forts and arsenals in his State in advance of secession, and the Hon. John Slidell, lately returned from his seat in the Federal Senate, and other distinguished gentlemen came down on a visit of inspection to the forts. I went on shore to call on them and brought them on board the Sumter to lunch with me. My ship was by this time in excellent order and my crew well accustomed to their stations, under the judicious management of my first lieutenant, and I took pleasure in showing these gentlemen how much a little discipline could accomplish in the course of a few weeks. Discipline! What a power it is everywhere and under all circumstances, and how much the want of it lost us as the war progressed! What a pity the officers of our army did not have their respective commands encircled by wooden walls with but a "single monarch to walk the peopled deck"!

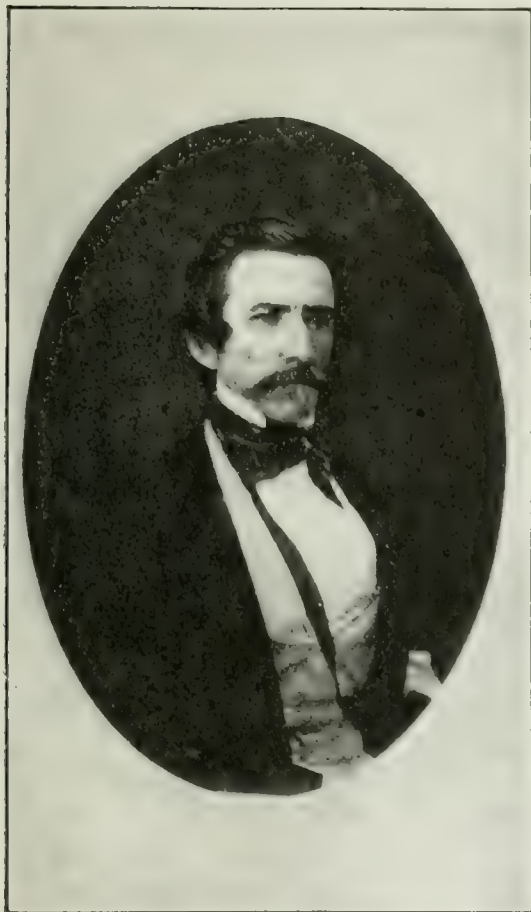
Just at nightfall on the evening of the 21st of June I received the following dispatch from the commanding officer of the forts:

"*Captain:* I am desired by the commanding officer to state that the Ivy [this was a small tender of the forts and letter-of-marque] reports that the Powhatan has left in pursuit of two ships and that he has a telegram from Pass a L'Outre to the effect that a boat from the Brooklyn had put into the river and was making for the telegraph station, where she was expected to arrive within a few minutes."

The Powhatan was blockading the Southwest Pass, and it was barely possible that I might get to sea through this pass if a pilot could be at once procured. So I immediately ordered steam to be raised and, getting up my anchor, steamed down to the head of the passes, where the river branches into its three principal outlets. Arriving there at 10:30 P.M., I dispatched a boat to the lighthouse for a pilot; but the keeper knew nothing of the pilots and was unwilling to come on board himself, though requested. The night wore away, and nothing could be done.

The telescope revealed to us the next morning that the Powhatan had returned to her station. From the sullen and unsatisfactory message which had been returned to me by the keeper of the lighthouse I began to suspect that there was something wrong about the pilots; and it being quite necessary that I should have one constantly on board to enable me to

take advantage of any temporary absence of the enemy's cruisers without having to hunt up one for the emergency, I dispatched the Ivy to the pilots' station at the Southwest Pass in search of one. This active little cruiser returned in the course of a few hours and reported that none of the pilots were willing to come on board with me. I received about the same time a telegraphic dispatch from the Southwest Pass, forwarded to me through Major Duncan, which read as follows: "Applied to the captain of the Pilots' Association for a



ADMIRAL RAPHAEL SEMMES, C. S. N.

pilot for the Sumter. He requested me to state that there are no pilots on duty now." "So ho, sits the wind in that quarter," thought I. "I will soon set this matter right." I at once sent Lieutenant Stribling on board the Ivy and directed him to proceed to the Pilots' Association and deliver and see executed the following written order:

"C. S. STEAMER SUMTER, HEAD OF THE PASSES,
June 22, 1861.

"Sir: This is to command you to repair on board this ship with three or four of the most experienced pilots of the bar. I am surprised to learn that an unwillingness has been expressed by some of the pilots of your Association to come on board the Sumter, and my purpose is to test the fact of such disloyalty to the Confederate States. If any man disobeys this summons, I will not only have his branch taken from him, but I will send an armed force and arrest and bring him on board."

This order had the desired effect, and in the course of the afternoon Lieutenant Stribling returned, bringing with him the captain of the Association and several of the pilots. I directed them to be brought into my cabin, and when they were assembled I demanded to know the reason of their late behavior. Some stammering excuses were offered, which I cut short by informing them that one of them must remain on board constantly and that they might determine for themselves who should take the first week's service, to be relieved at the end of the week by another, and so on as long as I should find it necessary. One of their number being designated, I dismissed the rest. The reader will see how many faithful auxiliaries Admiral Farragut afterwards found in the Pilots' Association of the mouths of the Mississippi when he made his famous ascent of the river and captured its great seaport. Nor was this defection confined to New Orleans. The pilots along our whole Southern coast were, with few exceptions, Northern men, and, as a rule, they went over to the enemy, though pretending in the beginning of our troubles to be good secessionists. The same remark may be applied to our steamboat men of Northern birth as a class. Many of them had become domiciled in the South and were supposed to be good Southern men until the crucial test of self-interest was applied to them, when they too deserted us and took service with the enemy.

The object of the Brooklyn's boat, which, as we have seen, pulled into the telegraph station at Pass a L'Outre just before we got under way from between the forts, was to cut the wires and break up the station to prevent intelligence being given me of the movements of the blockading fleet. I now resorted to a little retaliation. I dispatched an officer to the different lighthouses to stave the oil casks and bring away the lighting apparatus to prevent the enemy's shipping from using the lights. They were of great convenience, not only to the ships employed on the blockade, but to the enemy's transports and other ships bound to and from the coast of Texas. They could be of no use to our own blockade runners, as the passes of the Mississippi, by reason of their long and tortuous and frequently shifting channels, were absolutely closed to them.

The last letter addressed by me to the Secretary of the Navy before escaping through the blockade, as hereinafter described, was the following:

"C. S. STEAMER SUMTER, HEAD OF THE PASSES,
June 30, 1861.

"Sir: I have the honor to inform the Department that I am still at my anchors at the 'Head of the PASSES,' the enemy closely investing both of the practical outlets. At Pass a L'Outre there are three ships, the Brooklyn and another propeller and a large side-wheel steamer; and at the Southwest Pass there is the Powhatan, lying within half a mile of the bar and not stirring an inch from her anchors, night or day. I am only surprised that the Brooklyn does not come up to this anchorage, which she might easily do, as there is water enough, and no military precautions whatever have been taken to hold the position, and thus effectually seal all the passes of the river by presence alone, which would enable the enemy to withdraw the remainder of his blockading force for use elsewhere. With the assistance of the Jackson, Lieutenant Gwathmey, and the McRae, Lieutenant Huger, neither of which has as yet, however, dropped down, I could probably hold my position here until an opportunity offers of my getting to sea. I shall watch diligently for such an opportunity, and I have no doubt that sooner or later it will present itself.

I found upon dropping down to this point that the lights at Pass a L'Outre and South Pass had been strangely overlooked and that they were still being nightly exhibited. I caused them both to be extinguished, so that if bad weather should set in—a gale from the southeast, for instance—the blockading ships, having nothing to 'hold on to,' will be obliged to make an offing. At present the worst feature of the blockade of Pass a L'Outre is that the Brooklyn has the speed of me; so that even if I should run the bar I could not hope to escape her unless I surprised her, which, with her close watch of the bar at anchor near by both night and day, it will be exceedingly difficult to do. I should be quite willing to try speed with the Powhatan if I could hope to run the gauntlet of her guns without being crippled; but here again, unfortunately, with all the buoys and other marks removed, the bar which she is watching is a perfectly blind bar except by daylight. In the meantime I am drilling my green crew to a proper use of the great guns and small arms. With the exception of diarrhea, which is prevailing to some extent, brought on by too free use of the river water in the excessive heats which prevail, the crew continues healthy."

Nothing, in fact, surprised me more during the nine days I lay at the Head of the Passes than that the enemy did not attack me with some of his light-draught, but heavily armed, steamers or by his boats by night. Here was the Sumter, a small ship, with a crew all told of a little over a hundred men, anchored only ten or twelve miles from the enemy, without a gun or an obstruction between her and him, and yet no offensive movement was made against her. The enemy watched me closely day by day and bent all his energies toward preventing my escape, but did not seem to think of the simple expedient of endeavoring to capture me with a superior force. In nightly expectation of an assault, I directed the engineer to keep the water in his boilers as near the steam point as possible without actually generating the vapor and sent a patrol of boats some distance down the Southwest Pass, the boats being relieved every four hours and returning to the ship at the first streaks of dawn. After I went to sea the enemy did come in and take possession of my anchorage until he was driven away by Commodore Hollins in a little nondescript ram, which, by the way, was the first ram experiment of the war. The reader may imagine the tedium and discomforts of our position if he will reflect that it was the month of June and that at this season of the year the sun comes down upon the broad and frequently calm surface of the Father of Waters with an African glow and that clouds of that troublesome little insect, the mosquito, tormented us by night and day. There was no sleeping at all without the mosquito bar, and I had accordingly had a supply sent down for all the crew. Rather than stand the assaults of these little picadors much longer, I believe my crew would have run the gauntlet of the whole Federal navy.

My diary will now perhaps give the clearest conception of the condition of things on board the Sumter for the remaining few days that she is to continue at her anchors:

"*Tuesday, June 25.*—A sharp thunderstorm at 3:30 A.M., jarring and shaking the ship with its crashes. The very flood-gates of the heavens seem open, and the rain is descending on our decks like a cataract. Clearing toward ten o'clock. Both blockading ships still at their anchors. The British steam sloop Jason touched at the Southwest Pass yesterday and communicated with the Powhatan. We learn by the newspapers to-day that the enemy has taken possession of Ship Island and established a blockade of the Sound. The anaconda

is drawing his folds around us. We are filling some shells and cartridges to-day and drilling the crew at the battery.

"*Wednesday, June 26.*—Cloudy, with occasional rain squalls, which have tempered the excessive heat. The Ivy returned from the city to-day and brought me eighty barrels of coal. Sent the pilot in the lighthouse keeper's boat to sound the southeast bar and unused and unwatched outlet to the eastward of the South Pass in the hope that we may find sufficient water over it to permit the egress of the ship. The Federal ships are keeping close watch, as usual, at both the passes, neither having stirred from her anchor since we have been at the Head of the Passes.

"*Thursday, June 27.*—Weather sultry and atmosphere charged with moisture. Pilot returned this afternoon and reports ten and a half feet of water on the southeast bar. * * * The Sumter draws twelve feet, so we must abandon this hope.

"*Saturday, June 29.*—A mistake induced us to expend a little coal to-day uselessly. The pilot, having gone aloft to take his usual morning's survey of the 'situation,' reported that the Brooklyn was nowhere to be seen. Great excitement immediately ensued on the decks, and the officer of the watch hurried into my cabin with the information. I ordered steam to be gotten up with all dispatch, and when in the course of a very few minutes it was reported ready—for we always kept our fires banked—the anchor was tripped, and the ship was under way, plowing through the turbid waters toward Pass a L'Outre. When we had steamed about four miles down the pass, the Brooklyn was seen riding very quietly at her anchors in her usual berth near the bar. Explanation: The Sumter had dragged her anchor during the night, and the alteration in her position had brought a clump of trees between her and the enemy's ship, which had prevented the pilot from seeing the latter. With disappointed hopes, we had nothing to do but to return to our anchors and watch and wait. In half an hour more the sailors were lounging idly about the decks under well-spread awnings; the jest and banter went around as usual; and save the low hissing and singing of the steam, which was still escaping, there was nothing to remind the beholder of our recent disappointment. Such is the school of philosophy in which the seaman is reared. Our patience, however, was soon to be rewarded."

Early on the next morning, which was the 30th of June, the steamer Empire Parish came down from the city and, coming alongside of us, put on board some fresh provisions for the crew and about one hundred barrels of coal, which my thoughtful and attentive friend, Commodore Rousseau, had sent down to me. Having done this, the steamer shoved off and proceeded on her trip down Pass a L'Outre to the pilots' station and lighthouse. It was a bright Sunday morning, and we were thinking of nothing but the usual muster and how we should get through another idle duty. In the course of two or three hours the steamer turned, and when she had come near us she was seen to cast off a boat, which she had been towing, containing a single boatman—one of the fishermen or oystermen so common in these waters. The boatman pulled rapidly under our stern and, hailing the officer of the deck, told him that the Brooklyn had gone off in chase of a sail and was no longer in sight. The crew, who had been "cleaning themselves" for Sunday muster, at once stowed away their bags, the swinging booms were gotten alongside, the boats run up, and in ten minutes the steam was again hissing as if impatient of control. The men ran around the capstan in double-quick in their eagerness to get up the anchor, and in a few minutes more the ship's head swung off gracefully with the

current, and, the propeller being started, she bounded off like a thing of life on this new race, which was to decide whether we should continue to stagnate in midsummer in the marshes of the Mississippi or reach those "glad waters of the dark blue sea," which form as delightful a picture in the imagination of the sailor as in that of the poet.

Whilst we were heaving up our anchor I had noticed the pilot standing near me, pale and apparently nervous and agitated, but as yet he had said not a word. When we were fairly under way, however, and it seemed probable at last that we should attempt to run the blockade, the fellow's courage fairly broke down, and he protested to me that he knew nothing of the bar of Pass a L'Outre and durst not attempt to run me over. "I am," said he, "a southwest bar pilot and know nothing of the other passes." "What?" said I. "Did you not know that I was lying at the Head of the Passes for the very purpose of taking any one of the outlets through which an opportunity of escape might present itself, and yet you dare tell me that you know but one of them and have been deceiving me?" The fellow stammered out something in excuse, but I was too impatient to listen to him and, turning to the first lieutenant, ordered him to hoist the "Jack" at the fore as a signal for a pilot. I had, in fact, resolved to attempt the passage of the bar from my own slight acquaintance with it when I had been a lighthouse inspector rather than forego the opportunity of escape and caused the Jack to be hoisted rather as a matter of course than because I hoped for any good result from it. The Brooklyn had not "chased out of sight," as reported; she had only chased to the westward some seven or eight miles and had been hidden from the boatman by one of the spurs of the Delta. She had probably all the while had her telescopes on the Sumter, and as soon as she saw the black smoke issuing from her chimney and the ship moving rapidly toward the pass she abandoned her chase and commenced to retrace her steps.

We had nearly equal distances to run to the bar, but I had the advantage of a four-knot current. Several of my officers now collected around me, and we were discussing the chances of escape. "What think you of our prospect?" said I, turning to one of my lieutenants who had served a short time before on board the Brooklyn and knew well her qualities. "Prospect, sir? Not the least in the world. There is no possible chance of our escaping that ship. Even if we got over the bar ahead of her, she must overhail us in a very short time. The Brooklyn is good for fourteen knots an hour, sir." "That was the report," said I, "on her trial trip, but you know how all such reports are exaggerated. Ten to one she has no better speed, if so good, as the Sumter." "You will see, sir," replied my lieutenant. "We made a passage in her only a few months ago from Tampico to Pensacola and averaged about thirteen knots the whole distance."

Here the conversation dropped, for an officer now came to report to me that a boat had just shoved off from the pilots' station evidently with a pilot in her. Casting my eyes in the given direction, I saw a whaleboat approaching us, pulled by four stout blacks, who were bending like good fellows to their long ashen oars, and in the stern sheets was seated, sure enough, the welcome pilot, swaying his body to and fro as his boat leaped under the oft-repeated strokes of the oars, as though he would hasten her already great speed. But more beautiful still was another object which presented itself. In the balcony of the pilot house, which had been built in the very marsh on the margin of the river, there stood a beautiful woman, the pilot's young wife, waving him on to his duty

with her handkerchief. We could have tossed a biscuit from the Sumter to the shore, and I uncovered my head gallantly to my fair countrywoman. A few moments more and a tow line had been thrown to the boat, and the gallant young fellow stood on the horse block beside me.

As we swept past the lighthouse wharf, almost close enough to touch it, there were other petticoats fluttering in the breeze, the owners of which were also waving handkerchiefs of encouragement to the Sumter. I could see my sailors' eyes brighten at these spectacles, for the sailor's heart is capacious enough to love the whole sex, and I now felt sure of their nerves in case it should become necessary to tax them. Half a mile or so from the lighthouse and the bar is reached. There was a Bremen ship lying aground on the bar, and there was just room and no more for us to pass her. She had run out a kedge and had a warp attached to it that was lying across the passageway. The crew considerably slackened the line as we approached, and in another bound the Sumter was outside the bar, and the Confederate flag was upon the high seas. We now slackened our speed for an instant—only an instant, for my officers and men all had their wits about them and worked like good fellows—to haul the pilot's boat along side that he might return to the shore. As the gallant young fellow grasped my hand and shook it warmly as he descended from the horse block, he said: "Now, Captain, you are all clear; give her h—ll and let her go."

We had now nothing to do but turn our attention to the enemy. The Brooklyn as we cleared the bar was about three and a half or four miles distant. We were, therefore, just out of reach of her guns, with nothing to spare. Thick volumes of smoke could be seen pouring from the chimneys of both ships, the firemen and engineers of each evidently doing their best. I called a lieutenant and directed him to heave the log. He reported our speed to be nine and a half knots. Loath to believe that we could be making so little way through the yet turbid waters, which were rushing past us with great apparent velocity, I directed the officer to repeat the experiment; but the same result followed, though he had paid out the line with a free hand. I now sent for the engineer and upon inquiry found that he was doing his very best—"though," said he, "there is a little drawback just now in the 'foaming' of our boilers, arising from the suddenness with which we got up steam. When this subsides, we may be able to add half a knot more."

The Brooklyn soon loosed and set her sails, bracing them sharp up on the starboard tack. I loosed and set mine also. The enemy's ship was a little on my weather quarter, say a couple of points, and had thus slightly the weather gauge of me. As I knew I could lay nearer the wind than she, being able to brace my yards sharper, and had, besides, the advantage of larger fore and aft sails comparatively—staysails, trysails, and a very large spanker—I resolved at once to hold my wind so closely as to compel her to furl her sails, though this would carry me a little athwart her bows and bring me perhaps a little nearer to her for the next half hour or so. A rain squall now came up and enveloped the two ships, hiding each from the other. As the rain blew off to leeward and the Brooklyn reappeared, she seemed fearfully near to us, and I began to fear I should realize the foreboding of my lieutenant. I could not but admire the majesty of her appearance, with her broad, flaring bows and clean and beautiful run and her masts and yards as taut and square as those of an old-time sailing frigate. The stars and stripes of a large ensign flew out from time to time from under the lee

of her spanker, and we could see an apparently anxious crowd of officers on her quarter-deck, many of them with telescopes directed toward us. She had evidently, I thought, gained upon us, and I expected every moment to hear the whiz of a shot; but still she did not fire.

I now ordered my paymaster to get his public chest and papers ready for throwing overboard if it should become necessary. At this crisis the engineer came up from below, bringing the welcome intelligence that the "foaming" of his boilers had ceased and that his engine was "working beautifully, giving the propeller several additional turns per minute. The breeze, too, favored me, for it had freshened considerably; and, what was still more to the purpose, I began to perceive that I was "eating" the Brooklyn "out of the wind"; in other words, that she was falling more and more to leeward. I knew, of course, that as soon as she fell into my wake she would be compelled to furl her sails. This she did in half an hour or so afterwards, and I at once began to breathe more freely, for I could still hold on to my own canvas. I have witnessed many beautiful sights at sea, but the most beautiful of them all was when the Brooklyn let fly all her sheets and halyards at once and clewed up and furled in man-of-war style all her sails, from courses to royals. We now began to gain quite perceptibly on our pursuer, and at half past three the chase was abandoned, the baffled Brooklyn retracing her steps to Pass a L'Outre and the Sumter bounding away on her course seaward.

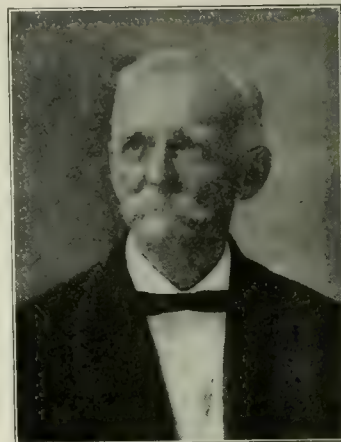
We fired no gun of triumph in the face of the enemy—my powder was too precious for that—but I sent the crew aloft to man the rigging, and three such cheers were given for the Confederate flag, "that little bit of striped bunting" that had waved from the Sumter's peak during the exciting chase, as could proceed only from the throats of American seamen in the act of defying a tyrant. Those cheers were but a repetition of many such cheers that had been given by our ancestors to that other bit of "striped bunting" which had defied the power of England in that olden war, of which our war was but the logical sequence.

The reader must not suppose that our anxiety was wholly allayed as soon as we saw the Brooklyn turn away from us. We were as yet only a few miles from the land, and our coast was swarming with the enemy's cruisers. Ship Island was not a great way off, and there was a constant passing to and fro of ships of war between that island and the passes of the Mississippi, and we might stumble upon one of them at any moment. "Sail ho!" was now shouted from the mast-head. "Where away?" cried the officer of the deck. "Right ahead," said the lookout. A few minutes only elapsed, and a second sail was descried "broad on the starboard bow." But nothing came of these specters. We passed on seaward without so much as raising either of them from the deck, and finally the friendly robes of night enveloped us. When we at length realized that we had gained an offing, when we began to feel the welcome heave of the sea, when we looked upon the changing aspect of its waters, now darkening into the deepest blue, and breathed the pure air, fresh from the Gulf, untainted of malaria and untouched of mosquito's wing, we felt like so many prisoners who had been turned loose from a long and painful confinement. And when I reflected upon my mission—to strike for the right, to endeavor to sweep from the seas the commerce of a treacherous friend, now a cruel and relentless foe—I felt in full force the inspiration of the poet: "Ours the wild life in tumult still to range,

From toil to rest, and joy in every change."

THE TELEGRAPH IN WARFARE.

Telegraph operators were at a premium in the Confederacy during the war of 1861-65. Most of the operators then were Northern men, who returned home when the struggle began. Maj. Lee S. Daniel, now of Galveston, Tex., was one of the Southern men in that work. He is doubtless the oldest telegrapher in the world, being in his seventy-ninth year, hale and hearty, and up to the time of his retirement from active service by the Western Union in December, 1914, he was a skilled operator, dating his career from December 2, 1851, at Vicksburg, Miss., thus having given sixty-three years to the service. He was a contemporary of Philip H. Fall, of Houston, who died in the summer of 1913 after a long service in the same work. Both of them early enlisted in the war at Vicksburg, one in an artillery company and the other in the Vicksburg Southrons, an infantry company, but they were soon detailed for telegraph work. Operators frequently ran great risks and endured many hardships in common with the soldiers in campaigns.



MAJ. LEE S. DANIEL.

The important part they had in preventing an almost complete surprise of the Confederate army at Vicksburg in December, 1862, the beginning of that memorable siege, is embodied in Gen. Stephen D. Lee's "War History of Mississippi," from which this account is taken. General Lee says:

"The second campaign organized to capture Vicksburg was ably launched. The Confederate army of General Van Dorn, following the defeat at Corinth, was at Grenada, Miss., about 22,000 strong; while General Grant's army, about 30,000 strong, was below Oxford, Miss. General Grant was to attack Van Dorn, and if he went to the assistance of Vicksburg he was to follow him up by Jackson or Yazoo City toward Vicksburg. General Sherman at the same time organized an army of 32,000 men and sixty pieces of artillery, which, with Admiral Porter's Mississippi gunboat fleet and some seventy transports, was to move rapidly down the Mississippi River and attack and capture Vicksburg before the garrison (6,000 strong) could be reinforced. The part General Grant was to play was frustrated by General Forrest, who raided into West Tennessee and tore up the railroads supplying Grant's army; while at the same time General Van Dorn with Confederate cavalry captured Holly Springs, with its accumulated supplies, destroying them. This necessitated General Grant's falling back through the country to Memphis to feed his army. General Sherman, however, was not apprised of General Grant's troubles, and he got safely off from Memphis on December 20 with the greatest army and flotilla known at that time in the war. He reached the mouth of the Yazoo River near Vicksburg Christmas Day, proceeded up the Yazoo River, disembarked his army December 26 and 27, 1862, and attempted to reach the bluffs near the city of Vicksburg. There was severe fighting on December 27 and 28, and on the 29th he was defeated at Chickasaw Bayou, six miles north of Vicksburg, with a loss of about two thousand men, and re-

embarked his army and left the vicinity of Vicksburg. The Confederate loss was insignificant.

HOW THE ARMY WAS SAVED.

"As early as October, 1862, after the fall of Memphis and the river was open to the Union gunboats as low down as Vicksburg, a telegraph station was established at De Soto, on the river bank opposite Vicksburg, with Philip H. Fall as operator, and connected with a station in the woods eleven miles south of Lake Providence, with L. S. Daniel as operator, who was to report the movements of boats on the river. The splendid scouting organization of General Pemberton had informed him and General Smith at Vicksburg of the assembling of the boats at Memphis and the concentration of troops, but for what exact object was not clearly known, and the first reliable information was the telegram from Daniel to Fall telling of the positive approach of the great army and flotilla."

Major Daniel gives his recollections of the incident:

"I was strictly instructed to watch the river day and night and report to Fall at Vicksburg morning and evening. On Christmas Eve, about 8:45 P.M., dear old Maj. E. G. Earnhart and I were in our 'erie' playing old sledge when a little girl who lived on the place came in and said: 'Marse Ainhart, you and Marse Daniel better come out here; I hears a boat coming.' 'Come now, said the Major; 'you are dreaming, Artay.' 'No, sah, I hears it say, "Choo, choo, pat, pat, pat,"' thus illustrating the steam escape and pat of the wheels. We went on the porch and listened intently. Sounds which we had not heard for months were just audible, the little one's acute hearing having detected it miles away. We ran to the river bank, about a third of a mile from our watch-house, and waited perhaps thirty minutes. We could hear the panting and pat, pat of the wheels, and presently a monster turned the bend, two miles above us, and came on slowly, as if feeling the way. It was the gunboat. I was ready to send the news to Fall, but no— 'Hello, Major, here comes another,' this in a whisper. By now the large black devil was abreast of us, in easy gunshot of our double barrels, but it meant suicide to fire. We counted in all seven gunboats and fifty-nine transports loaded with bluecoats.

"It was a dark, cloudy night, cold and drizzly. Just as soon as we were satisfied that the last one was by, I jumped on my little bay filly and fairly flew to the little telegraph hut, three miles back in the woods, and began calling the Vicksburg office. It was just after midnight. I was so agitated over the prospect of the capture of my dear old city before I could give the alarm that I was almost frantic. At last I got the office and gave the fullest information in the fewest words possible and told Fall to rush across and give the alarm at once. After a short nap I went again to the little telegraph hut and tried the circuit, but there was no battery. I learned afterwards that the huge flotilla landed at various points below Omega, Milliken's Bend, and Young's Point and cut down the poles for a mile, chopping the wires into bits. That was savagery, as one break killed the wire.

"Bidding us farewell, Major Earnhart rode rapidly through the awful muddy swamps to the hills, then to Delhi, La., some thirty miles away, and wired the news to Gen. Kirby Smith, Gen. John G. Walker, and others in Louisiana and Texas. History has the incident.

"Next morning I was preparing to shoot some ducks near the house when my wife came to the porch and said: 'Look,

Lee, quick!' Of course I looked for ducks or geese, but discovered drakes and ganders in some sixty blue-coated cavalry approaching from the north. I learned that two regiments had landed at Lake Providence and picketed the country for miles. This leader, Lieutenant Thompson, of the Kansas Jayhawkers, halted at the gate and, with an army Colt six-shooter cocked and held menacingly at my anatomy, interrogated me. The interview ended by: 'Young fellow, you are truthful. Our army is fully posted on everything for a hundred miles, and you have answered me correctly. One lie would have laid you out. Now you are my prisoner. I want your telegraph instruments and all records and your old shotguh with bayonet, and don't you try to escape, for death is sure.' Well, we were all held prisoners on the plantation from December 26, 1862, until the 29th of June, 1863, when Major Earnhart, with two squads of cavalry, headed by Gen. Tom Harrison and Col. W. H. Parsons, came in from the hills, cleaned out the guards, and took us to Delhi, La., in the Confederate lines, where Gen. J. G. Walker had his headquarters."

THE GRAND MILITARY BALL.

The festivities of Christmas Eve at Vicksburg were centered in a grand military ball, and there the commander of the Confederate defenses was found and apprised of the approach of the enemy. The bearer of these tidings was Philip H. Fall, operator in the De Soto office, and he thus describes the incident: "Christmas Eve was a tempestuous night, and I was in dread of my red light being extinguished by the high waves. The Mississippi was very rough. Had my light gone out, our batteries would have annihilated me, but with the information I possessed I would have made the attempt in the face of certain death. Half an hour after Daniel, at Lake Providence, gave me the news it was imparted to General Smith, commander at Vicksburg. No courier could have come seventy-five miles in half an hour. I was muddy and woebegone as I passed through the dancers, and they gave me a wide berth. When I stepped in front of General Smith, he scanned me critically and frowned with the exclamation: 'Well, what do you want?' I told him that eighty-one gunboats and transports had passed Lake Providence and were still passing. He turned very pale and in a loud voice exclaimed: 'This ball is at an end; the enemy is coming down the river; all noncombatants must leave the city.' He had presence of mind enough to thank me and apologize for his harsh tones. In his report there is no mention as to how he got his information. I suppose he lost sight of me in the excitement following. I have a letter from James Roach, of Vicksburg, reminding me of how I broke up the ball that never-to-be forgotten night."

General Lee refers to this in the following: "My recollection is distinct as to this ball and its sudden collapse soon after midnight, December 24, by the arrival of the bearer of the important information. On Christmas Day I moved out of Vicksburg with six regiments of infantry and two batteries to check General Sherman in his landing on the Yazoo River, thirteen miles distant. On December 29 was fought the decisive battle of Chickasaw Bayou, which compelled General Sherman to turn back his army and abandon the attack on the city. The movement on Christmas Day was the result of the telegram sent by Lee Daniel near Lake Providence and received by Philip Fall at De Soto, La., and delivered to General Smith at the ball in the city of Vicksburg."

WITHIN THE ENEMY'S LINES.

BY L. A. WAILES, M.D., NEW ORLEANS, LA.

After those four years unparalleled in history, escaping the perils of shot and shell on the firing line or the lonely picket, of hunger and pestilence, or perhaps that crowning hell, a military prison, how we hang on to life! How many of us are still left to drag out a miserable existence of poverty, infirmity, or decrepitude in humiliating dependence or at best relegated to the cold charity of the Old Soldiers' Home, waiting, marking time, in painful impatience for the final "taps"! Even old Father Time seems reluctant to strike. But the line is growing thin. "Close up! Forward. The battlements are almost won! Comrades, we will come; we will come!"

"Sergt. and Lieut. Caleb H. Snyder, Company A, 3d Louisiana Cavalry, aged seventy-five." So reads the morning's mortuary notice, and the name brings to the memory of an old comrade and messmate scenes on the firing line, on picket, or in the hours of relaxation in camp or bivouac, and notably another, not so moving or exciting perhaps, though not less dangerous or fraught with less direful consequences or demanding less nerve, yet an occurrence of such frequency as scarcely ever to be known beyond the environs of headquarters unless in case of failure or disaster, as in the case of André or Hale, when the actors might be accorded a paragraph in history

The order was: "Three men mounted and armed to report to headquarters for special duty." Sergeant Snyder, Sim Anderson, one of the "kids" of the command noted for his reckless courage, who long since answered his final roll call, and the writer were the detail. Reporting to headquarters, the adjutant (still living in the enjoyment of an honored old age) gave us these orders: "A certain old man, prominent and a sort of patriarch in the community, is suspected of being in communication with, and of giving information to, the enemy, and his arrest is required." Then, after giving us all the available and required information as to the identity of the individual, his locality, residence, etc., he stepped aside, and the colonel came forward and addressed us in about these words: "Boys, you are going on a perilous duty. Remember that after passing our advanced picket you are within the enemy's lines, and if you are captured you will be considered as spies and treated accordingly. Therefore you must keep your wits about you, keep your eyes and ears open, and use all circumspection and discretion. Avoid, as far as possible, the public roads and frequented byways, houses, etc., as you are liable at any moment to run into foraging or scouting parties. Locate your man, make the arrest as quickly and as quietly as possible, and get away with all speed. Good luck to you!"

Having received our orders, we set out on our trip about the middle of the afternoon, reaching our picket line and getting all available information as to the topography of the locality, settlements, prominent farms or houses, neighborhood roads, paths, etc. We took up our march of about, as we were given to understand, twenty miles near twilight, timing ourselves to reach our destination and make the arrest before daylight; but in our uncertainty of the route, with detours to avoid houses and public thoroughfares, the day was dawning when we came in sight of the house, which we readily located in having no neighbors. Halting long enough to take in the situation, we separated, two going to the rear to approach from opposite directions. Waiting long enough to insure simultaneous arrival, we made a rush for

the house, the writer going directly to the front. Just as I reached the gate an old gray-headed man, evidently just out of bed and half dressed, opened the door. I saluted, "Good morning," and asked if he was Mr. C. He replied that he was, and without a further word I opened the gate and rode up to the gallery. Apologizing for my unseasonable call, I told him I was sorry, but that he was wanted at headquarters and would have to go with us. He took in the situation immediately, betraying himself with the remark that "some of his neighbors had been lying about him," but that he would "come to our camp and make it all right."

By this time my comrades were on the ground, the household aroused, and two females, one very old and a younger, with several children, appeared, and, realizing the situation, of course, they became excited and vociferous in protestations, mingled with explanations, entreaties, and tears. The old man tried to comfort them and started into the house, saying he "was going to get ready." Of course we could not lose sight of him; so we stopped him and ordered a negro boy, who had appeared on the scene, to saddle his master's horse and directed his wife to pack his saddlebag. We had him mounted, and, making the negro boy take hold of the tail of his master's horse (for fear of his being sent to the enemy to report the arrest) and fall into procession, within a quarter of an hour we were off in a swinging gallop. This pace we kept until the negro was completely exhausted, when we allowed him to drop out, knowing that he could not reach the enemy before we were in comparative safety. Being free from the encumbrance, we urged our already well-jaded horses to their best until we arrived at our picket line, when we were glad to stop for a rest, having been in the saddle some fourteen to sixteen hours. We delivered our prisoner at headquarters at the same time we had left camp the preceding day and, as it seemed, to the surprise of all, for our success in the capture was not expected.

LIVING AND DYING.

BY MAJ. GEORGE M'KNIGHT.

I would not die on the battle field,
Where the missiles are flying wild;
'Tis a fancy death, but doesn't suit
My mamma's darling child.
The cannon's roar and the clash of steel
And the victor's joyous shout
May do very well if a fellow don't care,
But I'd rather be counted out.

I would not die on the vessel's deck,
Where the wild waves dash around,
'Cause I might fall in and have to swim
And can't, so I'd surely be drowned;
And the idea of pickling myself in brine
Is too salty to be endured.
Besides, there's a dearth of salt in the South,
And we've other pork to be cured.

I would not die at home in bed;
'Twould fill poor "Klubs" with sorrow;
For if to-day he should find me dead,
He would die himself to-morrow.
And since I've thought the matter o'er,
The truth for once I'm giving:
If I'm to have a say in the thing,
I think I'll keep on living.

INDIAN TRIBES IN THE CONFEDERACY.

BY R. B. COLEMAN, NORTH M'ALESTER, OKLA.

The Five Civilized Indian Tribes during the Confederate war were the Cherokees, Creeks, Seminoles, Choctaws, and Chickasaws. The Indian Territory was so peculiarly situated that it was a serious question with them to decide about taking part, as they were originally from the Southern States and had been the wards of the government for a long time. The Territory was situated north of Texas and west of Arkansas, both slave States, and south of Kansas, a free State, and they were slaveholders. They were in sympathy with the South, as all of the tribes had relatives still living in the States of Tennessee, Georgia, Mississippi, Alabama, and North Carolina, all slave States; while to break faith with the United States was a great struggle. And it was not until July, 1861, that they decided to cast their lot with either section, the government of the United States having withdrawn its agency from all of the tribes and having sent no delegates to counsel with them on what course to pursue. If they should ally themselves with the Confederacy, they would lose all their annuities and suffer the abrogation of all their former treaties; and should they ally themselves with the United States, their country would be made a battle field and devastated. They were almost in despair.

On the 20th of May, 1861, the Confederate Congress passed an act authorizing the President to select and appoint a commissioner to visit the tribes and conclude a treaty of friendship and alliance with those who desired to ally themselves with the Confederate government. In compliance with this act, President Davis appointed Gen. Albert Pike, of Arkansas, and clothed him with plenary powers to act as such commissioner. General Pike reached Fort Smith on the 25th of June and advised all of the tribes to meet him at North Fork Village, in the Creek Nation, on the 20th of July, 1861, with properly accredited delegates, North Fork Village being the most central point to most of the tribes. Some of the tribes did not send delegates, and only the Choctaws and Chickasaws entered into a treaty with the Confederate States of America.

The Choctaw Nation was represented by Robert M. Jones, Sampson Folsom, Forbis Leflore, George W. Harkins, Allen Wright, Alfred Wade, Coleman Cole, James Riley, Rufus Folsom, William B. Pitchlyun, McGee King, William King, John Turnbull, and William Bryant, commissioners appointed by the principal chief of the Choctaw Nation.

The Chickasaw Nation was represented by Edmund Pickens, Holmes Colbert, James Gamble, Joel Kemp, William Kemp, Winchester Colbert, Henry C. Colbert, James N. Melish, Martin W. Allen, John W. Johnson, Samuel Colbert, Archibald Alexander, Wilson Frazier, Christopher Columbus, A-Shu-lah, Frisby, and John E. Anderson, commissioners appointed by the Governor of the Chickasaw Nation. The Cherokees, Creeks, and Seminoles refused to enter into any treaty.

Immediately after the ratification of this treaty all of the Five Tribes began to organize companies for home protection. Tandy C. Walker, a Choctaw, organized five companies, which became the 1st Choctaw Battalion of Cavalry; Douglass H. Cooper, a white man and ex-United States agent to the Choctaws, organized five companies of white troops along the border of Arkansas, which were merged with Walker's Battalion. Cooper was elected colonel and Tandy C. Walker lieutenant colonel, and it was designated Cooper's Regiment

of Mixed Troops. Sampson Folsom, a Choctaw, organized a regiment of ten companies and was elected colonel. This was designated the 1st Choctaw Cavalry Regiment. Jackson F. McCartney organized five companies, which became the 2d Choctaw Battalion of Cavalry, and he was elected lieutenant colonel.

During this time the other tribes were not idle. In the Chickasaw Nation five companies were organized, and Charles Harris was elected lieutenant colonel, this being designated the Chickasaw Battalion of Cavalry. The Cooper Regiment, the 1st and 2d Choctaw Regiments, the 2d Choctaw Battalion, and the Chickasaw Battalion were placed together and became the Choctaw Brigade, and D. H. Cooper was promoted to brigadier general and placed in command. This brigade was a part of Sam Bell Maxie's division.

Soon after the ratification of the Choctaw-Chickasaw Treaty the Cherokees began to organize companies, and on the 27th of July, 1861, ten companies met at old Fort Wayne, in the Delaware District, Cherokee Nation, and formed a regiment. Stand Watie was elected colonel; Thomas F. Taylor, lieutenant colonel; Elias C. Bondinet, major; Charles E. Watie, adjutant; George W. Adair, quartermaster; Joseph M. Starr, Sr., chief commissary; W. T. Adair, surgeon; W. D. Polson, assistant surgeon; Rev. J. N. Slover, chaplain. This became the 1st Cherokee Regiment of Cavalry; C. S. A.

During this period ten companies were organized in the Cherokee Nation, and in July, 1862, they gathered on Grove Creek, west of where Muskogee is now situated, and organized the 2d Cherokee Cavalry. James M. Bell was elected colonel of this regiment, and it joined with the 1st Cherokee.

In the meantime D. N. Mackintosh, a Creek Indian, was instrumental in organizing ten companies of Creeks and was elected colonel. These companies made up the 1st Creek Cavalry and joined the Cherokees. Chilli Mackintosh raised ten companies of Creeks, and he was elected colonel of the 2d Creek Cavalry, which also joined with the Cherokees. John Jumper, a very intelligent Seminole, raised five companies of Seminoles, and he was elected major of the battalion, which was the 1st Seminole Battalion of Cavalry and attached to the Cherokee Brigade. Col. Stand Watie, being the senior colonel, was breveted brigadier general and placed in command of the Cherokee-Creek Brigade, which was composed of the 1st and 2d Cherokee Cavalry, the 1st and 2d Creek Cavalry, and the 1st Seminole Battalion of Cavalry. This brigade was also attached to Sam Bell Maxie's division, and all belonged to the Trans-Mississippi Department, C. S. A.

The Cherokees were about equally divided between the North and the South, the Union Cherokees going with Col. John Ross. Many of the Creeks also went with the Union and were under Opothlohola, a full-blooded Creek. The Chickasaws also were divided, and a battalion of these companies went with the Union under Opothlohola, being attached to the 2d Kansas Brigade.

The Seminoles were loyal to the South, as were the Choctaws, who furnished only eleven members to the Union, one of these being Capt. Nathaniel Krebs, whose brother Edmund was a captain in Cooper's Regiment, 1st Choctaw Battalion.

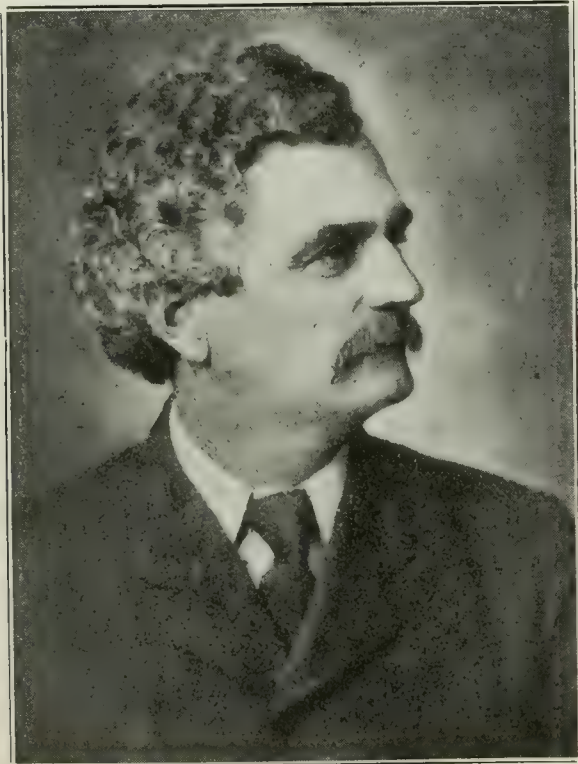
Robert M. Jones was selected as a delegate-member of the Confederate Congress and was accorded the privilege of the floors of the House, but not allowed a vote. There were no States of the Confederacy more loyal to the South than the Five Civilized Indian Tribes.

THE LAST ROLL

"The tired feet that trod the thorny path of duty undismayed
Shall find eternal peace and rest when God, the Great Com-
mander of soldiers unafraid,
Shall muster all his legions, great and small,
To answer to his loving last roll call."

JOHN HENRY McCLINTIC.

The last call of the roll came suddenly to John H. McClintic, of New York City, on May 18, 1916, as he sat beside the library table, with his devoted wife at his side. He was born in Rockbridge County, Va., September 11, 1846, the third son of Shanklin and Margaret Shields McClintic. When the War between the States began, he was too young to be accepted in the Confederate army, anxious as he was to go; but early in 1863, at the age of sixteen, he enlisted in the 1st Virginia Cavalry, General Wickham's brigade, General Fitzhugh Lee's division. Like many Virginia boys, "Tip" McClintic, as he was best known through life by his intimates, was a fearless rider and owned a fine horse. He was a handsome lad, intrepid, brave, and courageous, with a winning personality which made him very popular. He was soon selected by General Wickham as a courier, in which capacity he served both him and Gen. Fitzhugh Lee. He was in many of the fierce engagements and battles from 1863 until the close of the war. At



JOHN HENRY McCLINTIC.

Mount Jackson he saved the colors, snatching the flag from the hand of the dying color bearer, Figgett, and carried it in safety throughout the battle. He fought at Cold Harbor, Seven Pines, Chancellorsville, Fredericksburg, and in other closely contested battles, escaping untouched until the very last engagement before the evacuation of Richmond, when he was shot in the right arm just below the shoulder. For many hours he suffered for attention, but was finally taken to a hospital in Richmond, where his arm was set and the wound dressed. Twenty-four hours later he and all the wounded able to travel made their exit from the hospital rather than fall into the hands of the advancing enemy. Sometimes on foot, sometimes on an oxcart or wagon, sometimes riding behind some kind-hearted horseman, with many halts forced by exhaustion, slowly and painfully he made his weary way to his home, in Rockbridge County.

He found his father entirely ruined by the war, their fine farm, with its mills and equipment, swallowed up in the general devastation. After the close of the war he went into a cotton shed in Memphis, Tenn., for a few months. In the fall of 1868, with his large family of brothers and sisters and his aged father, he removed to Missouri, where he engaged in farming. Very soon he became actively interested also in the cattle business, being one of the first to realize the immense possibilities therein, and from that time until his death he was one of the most widely known and enterprising live-stock feeders and shippers in North Missouri. He owned two beautifully located and improved farms, comprising over seven hundred acres, of which he was justly proud, in addition to a beautiful home in town. He was married October 21, 1875, to May, eldest daughter of Dr. George C. Jones, of Wilmington, Del., who, with their only daughter, Caroline, survives him. He was one of the most highly respected and popular men in the community. His personal magnetism, his genial disposition, and his big, generous heart endeared him to all his associates, and he numbered his friends by the hundred. He was a member of the Episcopal Church and a Royal Arch Mason. At his funeral the beautiful burial service of the Episcopal Church was followed by the equally impressive Masonic burial ritual at the grave.

GEORGE NOWLAN SAUSSY.

George Nowlan Saussy was one of five brothers who served in the Confederate army. He was born in Savannah, Ga., March 10, 1842, and died very suddenly in Jacksonville, Fla., April 27, 1916. At the time he was Superintendent of the Confederate Home of Florida. He was a member of the Republican Blues, an old Savannah military company at the beginning of the war, and was of the detail which took charge of Fort Pulaski, at the mouth of the Savannah River, January 3, 1861, by order of Joseph E. Brown, Governor of Georgia. After serving with the first volunteer regiment of Georgia along the coast until September, 1861, he was transferred to the Georgia Hussars and went to Virginia, where this company became Troop F, Jeff Davis Legion of Cavalry, and he was with this command in the various battles in Virginia under J. E. B. Stuart and Hampton. He was severely wounded in Frederick City in September, 1862, but reported for duty after six months in recuperating from his wound. He was with Stuart in his famous ride around McClellan's army, in the Seven Days' Battles around Richmond, at Upperville, Seven Pines, Brandy Station, and Gettysburg. In a sharp engagement near Culpeper in December, 1863, he was again slightly wounded, and the same bullet killed his horse. Not wishing

to be with the dismounted squad, he obtained permission from Colonel Waring, commanding the Jeff Davis Legion, to go into the Federal lines and obtain a mount. While making this attempt he was captured by Custer's old regiment, the 6th Michigan Cavalry, and sent to Point Lookout, Maryland. In August, 1864, he was transferred to Elmira, N. Y., and there remained until March, 1865, when he was paroled, and reached Richmond just before its evacuation.

After the war Comrade Saussy engaged in various commercial enterprises. He was married in December, 1869, to Miss Katherine Maner, who passed away just a month after him. Only a son survives, Fred Waring Saussy, named for his old colonel. He was a Christian gentleman of the old school, a consistent member of the Methodist Church. He was one of the few whose names were entered on the Confederate roll of honor for conspicuous conduct on the field and other gallant service, and he continued an intense Confederate to the last.

A picture of four of the Saussy brothers appeared in the VETERAN for December, 1911, page 558.

JOHN P. MERCER.

John Pickett Mercer, who died in Calvert, Tex., on August 24, 1910, was born November 12, 1842, near Lumberton, Robeson County, N. C. When the war came on between the States, he enlisted in a company that became a part of the 1st North Carolina Infantry. After serving twelve months, he re-enlisted in Company D, 51st North Carolina Infantry, H. McEthan, colonel, Clingman's Brigade, Hoke's Division. He was with General Beauregard in the defense of Charleston, S. C., and in Battery Wagner on July 18, 1863, when the Union forces used every effort to take it by storm and left their dead scattered thickly over about four acres. Early in 1864 Beauregard's army was transferred to Petersburg and then to James River, Va.; and on May 18, when General Beauregard fought the battle of Drury's Bluff, Comrade Mercer's command took quite a prominent part in it. The latter part of May his command joined General Lee's army in time to take part in the first day's battle at Cold Harbor, June 1, 1864. In this battle he was wounded in the right leg and captured and taken first to Point Lookout, then to Elmira, N. Y., where he was kept until the close of the war. When released he returned to his home, in North Carolina, and for several years engaged in business.

Finding that he could not get along with the Reconstruction authorities in North Carolina, he went to Texas and at last located in the southern part of Robertson County and engaged in farming and contracting until the early nineties, when he went into business in Calvert. He was married to Miss Pauline Jeanne Bibbs in 1900.

John Mercer came of a good old English family of colonial days which gave many eminent men to the colonies and to North Carolina. He was a forceful character, kind and generous, and of great native ability.

W. T. DRAPER

W. T. Draper, born in Sumter County, Ga., September 2, 1844, died at his home, in Franklin County, Tex., on May 1, 1916. He entered the Confederate army at Clayton, Ala., in Company I, 39th Alabama Infantry, as a private and served to the close of the war, being paroled at Greensboro, N. C., May 15, 1865. He was in the battles of Resaca, New Hope Church, Kennesaw Mountain, Missionary Ridge, Chickamauga, Franklin, Nashville, and around Atlanta.

He was married to Miss Seamore Willis, of Barber County,

Ala., in September, 1866. A good citizen has fallen. A true Confederate soldier has departed. He was a member of Ben McCulloch Camp, No. 300, U. C. V., and also a member of the Church. He was a living father and a devoted husband. Veterans assisted in his burial.

M. A. RYAN.

In the death of M. A. Ryan at his home, in Rose Hill, Jasper County, Miss., on the 9th of August, 1916, there passed from the life of the community an old and valued citizen, whose steadfastness as a friend, loyalty as a citizen, and gallantry and faithfulness as a soldier made him so. He had just returned from a visit to a son in Texas when attacked with acute indigestion, and within a short time the pilgrimage of a long, honorable, and useful life was ended.



M. A. RYAN.

Comrade Ryan was a member of Company B, 14th Mississippi Infantry, and was wounded and captured (with the writer) in the battle of Nashville in November, 1864, and confined at Camp Chase, Ohio, until the close of the war. As a soldier he was brave and loyal; as a citizen he stood among the foremost of his country; as

a neighbor he was kind and obliging; but it was within the sanctuary of his home that his splendid qualities as a husband and father ever shone brightest and sweetest. Long will his splendid virtues be cherished by those who knew him.

Another of the strong links which cheered us in the noon-tide of life, calling to memory the stirring scenes of the battle's wreck, has been broken; another column has fallen to earth to rise no more until that grand reunion where farewells are never spoken.

W. G. EDWARDS

ALEXANDER H. COMPTON.

Alexander H. Compton was born in Prince William County, Va., in 1840. In 1861 he enlisted in the Confederate army as a private in the 8th Virginia Regiment of Infantry. His watchword as a soldier was duty. He participated in the battles of Bull Run, Second Manassas, Ball's Bluff, around Richmond, and was one of the men captured inside of the stone wall at Gettysburg in the charge which made Pickett's men immortal. When the flag which he had followed on so many victorious battle fields was furled at Appomattox, nevertheless to be unfurled in battle, Comrade Compton returned to his home and helped to rebuild his devastated country.

In 1866 he joined the Methodist Church at Sudley; and just as he had in the days of trial, hardship, and danger been true and loyal to his country, so was he true and loyal to his Master and his Church. He has passed from us, having heard the great Commander's call to come up higher and join the host of Christian men who followed the cause of the Confederacy. But in his going he has left a rich legacy to his loved ones and friends in the highest type of a soldier and Christian gentleman.

[Tribute by the Commander of Ewell Camp, Manassas, Va.]

JAMES HENRY GORDON.

James Henry Gordon, born at Oxford, Granville County, N. C., on the 28th of January, 1844, was a descendant of Archie Gordon, a Revolutionary soldier, who was the father of twenty-seven sons, seven of whom were born during twenty-four months. At the Whig convention in Raleigh in 1840 "Old Archie" was escorted through the streets in a four-horse carriage with a flag floating over it bearing the inscription: "Archie Gordon, the Whig father of twenty-seven Whig sons."

James H. Gordon enlisted in the Confederate army in April, 1861, at the age of seventeen years, as a member of a company from Granville County, N. C., under Capt. Henry Coleman, and served throughout the full four years faithfully, never failing to perform any duty assigned him. After the war he was connected with the Parker News Company, of Jacksonville, Fla., for twenty-five years. He died at his residence, in that city, after a short illness, in the summer of 1916. He is survived by his devoted wife and three daughters: Mrs. W. E. Pritchard, of Savannah, Ga.; Mrs. F. D. Terry, of Atlanta, Ga.; Mrs. E. O. Rehm, of Jacksonville, Fla. Also three brothers, W. L. Gordon, of Jacksonville, Fla., and F. P. and John Gordon, of Earlington, Ky., and one sister, Mrs. John Masoncup, of Madisonville, Ky. He was laid to rest in Evergreen Cemetery, at Jacksonville.

MAJ. SAMUEL W. DONEGAN.

On September 13, 1916, at the Confederate Soldiers' Home, Mountain Creek, Ala., Maj. Samuel Donegan passed away, after a long illness. He was born in Huntsville, Ala., July 3, 1834, and was there married to Miss Ella Moore, daughter of Col. Alford Moore, in December, 1866. Three children are left, two sons and a daughter—Alford Moore Donegan, attaché of the American consulate at Berlin, Germany; James

Donegan, now in the West seeking health; and Mrs. Mamie Donegan Edelham, of Clarksdale, Miss.

Major Donegan enlisted in the Louisiana C. B. Guards in the spring of 1861 and was ordered to Virginia, where he served for some time, until transferred to the artillery service. He participated in the naval engagement between the Federal fleet and the Confederate ironclad Virginia (Merrimac). He was there until his health failing, he was placed on post duty, where he remained until the last gun of the Confederacy was fired.

A rare man in many particulars, a good man and great in his goodness, was Major Donegan. Highly educated, he added knowledge and culture by extensive travel in Europe, having visited since the war all the capitals of foreign countries. He possessed to an eminent degree the attributes of a Christian, as shown by his daily walk and in his attitude toward his fellow men. All who knew him rendered him the highest respect; all who knew him well loved him. At his own request he was buried at the Home among his comrades.

JOSEPH A. JONES.

CAPT. D. J. BROADHURST.

The passing of Capt. David J. Broadhurst, whose death occurred at his home, in Goldsboro, N. C., on August 20, removes a beloved character from the daily activities of that community, with which he had been intimately associated for more than a generation. He was a native of Wayne County, of an old-line family running back to colonial days, and was seventy-two years of age on the first day of last March, his beloved wife having the same birth month and year. Their

golden wedding anniversary was celebrated last January, the happy occasion being a family reunion with "open house" to their friends in old-time Southern hospitality.

At the outbreak of the War between the States David Broadhurst, at the age of seventeen, volunteered in Company K, 26th North Carolina, of Dublin County, of which he subsequently became captain, serving with such bravery that he was



CAPT. D. J. BROADHURST.

especially mentioned for his gallantry by President Davis. Captain Broadhurst was with Jackson at Chancellorsville and left his good right arm on that memorable field. Going home after his crucial hospital experience, he faced the future fearlessly and determinedly as he had faced the foe in battle, and he was a powerful force in the work of rehabilitating that section and leading his people out from the ordeal of Reconstruction, and they accorded him at all times their confidence, their gratitude, and their loyalty.

On January 3, 1866, he married Miss Martha J. Baker, daughter of the late Col. Jesse J. Baker, and to this union ten children were born, eight of whom, with their revered mother, survive him. These are: Mrs. John Farrior, of Portland, Oregon; R. S. Broadhurst, of Americus, Ga.; J. J. and F. K. Broadhurst, of Smithfield; Mrs. Lila B. Winkelman, of Goldsboro; Edgar Broadhurst, of Greensboro; Capt. Hugh H. Broadhurst, of the 8th Cavalry, Fort Bliss, Tex.; and Charles S. Broadhurst, of Goldsboro.

Captain Broadhurst had resided in Goldsboro for nearly forty years, in which time he had been a justice of the peace, county superintendent, mayor of the city, treasurer of the A. and N. C. Railroad Company, and for twenty years clerk of the city, and in all these capacities he served with efficiency and honor.

But it was in his home, in his Church, and in his daily walk in the community that he exemplified those attributes of soul and characteristics of conviction and courage that justified the high esteem in which he was held and the tribute of the community's universal sorrow at his going away, although he went in the fullness of life's allotted span of years, even so as to make beautifully appropriate the words of St. Paul as applied to him by his pastor, Rev. N. H. D. Wilson, in his tender tribute: "For I am even now ready to be sacrificed; and the time of my dissolution is at hand. I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith. As to the rest, there is laid up for me a crown of justice, which the Lord, the just Judge, will render to me in that day."



MAJ. S. W. DONEGAN.

CAPT. JOHN YATES JOHNSTON.

John Yates Johnston died on August 14, 1916, at his home, in Knoxville, Tenn. He was born at Annandale, the family home, in Loudon County, October 20, 1839. He was a son of Ebenezer and Hannah Huff Johnston, who reared one of the most estimable and representative families of Loudon County and East Tennessee. His early years were spent in the community of his nativity, where he accepted the limited educational opportunities offered by the before-the-war schools and also developed in commercial and agricultural endeavors.

When the civil strife began, John Y. Johnston, then on the threshold of young manhood, entered the cavalry arm of the Confederate service as a trooper in Col. Henry M. Ashby's command. Subsequently, and while in his twenty-first year, he raised a company of infantry and was made its captain, a distinction that was notable because of his early years. His company was a part of Colonel Rowan's 62d Tennessee Regiment of Infantry.

While in Mississippi Captain Johnston was captured by Federal soldiers and was held a prisoner for a period of two years. The circumstances of his capture reflected the character of the man. One of his brothers, also a Confederate soldier, had fallen a victim of the enemy's dragnet for prisoners and was injured. Seeing the brother in the throes of the **Federals and fearful of his fate**, Captain Johnston deliberately crossed into the enemy's lines in order that he might be with his injured and captured brother, and himself was taken a prisoner, making this personal sacrifice for the sake of administering unto the brother. Both were held as prisoners of war. The brother now survives, whereas but for this act of fraternal heroism he might have died a prisoner of war.



CAPT. JOHN YATES JOHNSTON.

After the war Captain Johnston went to Griffin, Ga., and engaged in the cotton trade. After a few years at that place he went to Rome, Ga., and was in business there for a number of years. From Rome he went to Knoxville. Later he obtained a connection with the East Tennessee, Virginia, and Georgia Railroad, and by his strict attention to duty and far-

seeing business capacity he won promotion until he held a responsible position with that railroad system, then the largest single railway organization in the South. He held this position of trust and responsibility for many years—in fact, until his retirement from active daily business pursuits. Having been successful in investments and business ventures, he became a man of diversified interests in that he had many large financial investments. He was one of the most successful capitalists of Knoxville and was recognized as a shrewd and safe business man.

In young manhood Captain Johnston was married to Miss Susie Ayres, of Virginia, who survives. To them were born two daughters, Mrs. E. Hepburn Saunders and Mrs. David C. Chapman (both of whom reside in Knoxville), and a son, Joseph Jacques Johnston, who died in his eighth year. He is survived by two brothers, J. V. Johnston, of Macon, Ga., and J. H. Johnston, of Loudon. One sister survives, Mrs. E. J. Cooke, of Macon. Preceding him to the grave were two brothers, J. M. and William McEwen Johnston, and as many sisters, Mrs. R. T. Wilson and Mrs. S. M. Reynolds.

THOMAS J. MCCAUGHAN.

Thomas Jackson McCaughan, a venerable Confederate soldier, died on June 20, 1916, at Copita, Tex. He had celebrated in jovial spirit his eighty-fifth birthday just two days previous to an accident which resulted in a fractured hip, from which he suffered intensely for three months. He was a man highly respected and esteemed by the people of his community, largely of the Northern element, though he was an unreconstructed Southern patriot of the purest type. Born in Trigg County, Ky., of sturdy Scotch-Irish stock, he went with his father at the age of seven to Smith County, Miss., where he grew to manhood, developing all the best traits of character with plantation environment. Among the first to volunteer for the war, he joined Company G, 37th Mississippi Regiment of Infantry, becoming second lieutenant of the company, and served in different commands in most of the hardest-fought battles in Tennessee, Mississippi, Alabama, and Georgia until captured at Nashville with Hood's ill-fated army in the winter of 1864. With other officers, he was sent to the frigid prison on Johnson's Island, in Lake Erie.

Returning penniless and broken in health to a desolated home, he, with the aid of a devoted wife, went to work with Christian fortitude to maintain a large family through the gloomiest rehabilitation period of Southern history. He went to Texas and located near Waco in 1878, later going to Hamilton County and then to Copita for the benefit of his health in a milder climate. He was the eldest of five brothers, all Confederate soldiers. Clothed in the gray he loved so well, he was laid to sleep where the Gulf winds blow softly in that borderland of his own sunny South.

S. H. HAMLETT.

JOSEPH E. TAVENNER.

Joseph E. Tavenner died March 17, 1916, at Berwyn, Pa., and was buried at Mount Olivet Cemetery, Frederick, Md. During the war he was first lieutenant of Company E, 8th Virginia Regiment. He was in Pickett's charge at Gettysburg, July, 1863, where he was severely wounded. He was carried from the battle field by his own men and taken home to Virginia in an ambulance. After three months he was able to rejoin his regiment and served throughout the rest of the war. He took part in many battles. After the war he moved to Buckeystown, Frederick County, Md. He was a gentleman of the old school and was much esteemed.

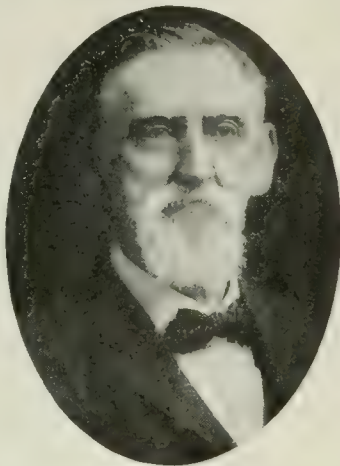
CAPT. WILLIAM T. BOYD.

The death of Capt. William T. Boyd at Covington, Tenn., on August 18, 1916, marked the passing of one of the landmarks of Tipton County. He was one of the oldest and best-beloved members of his community and had been prominent as a banker and fire insurance man for many years. From a tribute to Captain Boyd prepared by the late N. W. Baptist, a devoted friend, some years ago the following sketch is taken:

"William Townes Boyd was born in Mecklenburg County, Va., on the 8th of June, 1837, the oldest child of his parents, Alfred and Elizabeth Townes Boyd. His people were in affluent circumstances and gave him every advantage in education and moral training. At eighteen years of age he became a student at old Hampden Sidney College, in Prince Edward County, where he continued for two years, and then went into business with his father at Boydton, Va., at that time the largest and most extensive business in Southwest Virginia. In 1860 he was married to Miss Jennie Speed, of Granville, N. C., to whom he was ever a devoted husband.

"Captain Boyd's father and people were Whigs in politics, and he himself was opposed to the secession of Virginia and to war; but upon the passage of the ordinance he volunteered his services in the Boydton Cavalry, a crack mounted military company, which had been organized several years previously. It was composed of the best young men in Mecklenburg County, nearly all people of wealth. This company was mustered into service in May, 1861, with Thomas F. Goode as captain; George White, first lieutenant; W. T. Boyd, second lieutenant; and it was afterwards known as Company A, 3d Virginia Cavalry. From the beginning of hostilities to the surrender of General Lee no command performed more arduous duty or more valued service than Company A. Under 'Jeb' Stuart, Wickham, Rosser, and Fitzhugh Lee, it participated in the hard-fought battles and trying campaigns of the Army of Northern Virginia and was distinguished in its regiment for the daring and courage of its members.

"Captain Goode was promoted in 1861 to lieutenant colonel; and upon the reorganization, in 1862, he was elected colonel. Dr. W. H. Jones was then captain of Company A. When he resigned, Lieutenant White was promoted to captain and Boyd to first lieutenant. White was wounded at Gettysburg, and Lieutenant Boyd was promoted to captain and commanded the company to the close. His command was disbanded at Danville, Va., after the surrender at Appomattox; and he returned to his home, in Mecklenburg County, and courageously faced the future. He revived the old business, which had been ruined by the war; but in 1869 he joined in a large business at Mason, Tenn., and had since been a resident of Tipton County. He removed to Covington in 1886 and there engaged in the banking and insurance business until his death. When his wife died, in 1878, he assumed the responsibility of rearing his eight small children alone; and as both father and mother he watched over their tender years,



CAPT. W. T. BOYD.

guiding them through the trials and temptations of immaturity until they could go out into the world as men and women fully equipped for life's battles. Six daughters and one son survive him.

"As a citizen Captain Boyd was unassuming, slavish in the performance of duty, admired and trusted by every one. His strongest characteristic was his modesty, and he was charitable in its broadest sense, speaking no evil of any man. His life was one of spotless integrity, and he leaves to his children the heritage of a good name untarnished by an unworthy act or deed."

ALEXANDER MCCONNELL.

Alexander McConnell died at his home, in Batesville, Ark., September 1, 1916, aged seventy-six years. He was mustered into the Confederate service at Fulton, Ky., September 7, 1861, as first sergeant in Company B, Capt. James Pell. Later, and on promotion of Captain Pell to a lieutenant colonelcy, Capt. James Husbands commanded this company, of King's Kentucky Battalion Cavalry, which was later merged into the 1st Confederate Cavalry, temporarily commanded by Col. Thomas Claiborne, of Tennessee. Later this regiment became the 6th Confederate Cavalry, under Col. H. Clay King, Lieut. Col. James Pell, and Maj. M. J. Wicks.

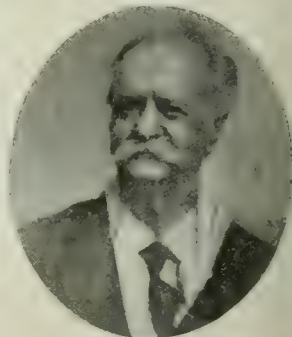
Comrade McConnell served the Confederacy faithfully and well. Twelve years ago he went from Kentucky to Batesville, Ark., where he lived an exemplary life and kept the faith unto the end.

JACOB ALEXANDER HANGER.

Jacob Alexander Hanger died suddenly at his home, Edge Rock, near Staunton, Va., on February 17, 1916, at the age of seventy-six years. Few men have led a more active or useful life. In 1861, with two brothers and several cousins of the same name, he joined the Churchville Cavalry, which afterwards became Company I, 14th Virginia Cavalry, and which won distinction because of its gallantry. In 1862 he helped to organize the regimental band, of which he and his brother George were members. This was the only band on the Southern side which could play on horseback. The members often wished to join the ranks, but their commander forbade them, as he could get no others to play in the band.

Comrade Hanger also did scout duty and on one occasion avoided capture by a clever ruse. Near Slaven's Cabins, on Cheat Mountain, he ordered his companions to watch the enemy while he went to the village for provisions. In returning he was passing a lonely place when about forty rifles of the enemy were pointed at him. Dropping his bag of provisions, he exclaimed: "Why didn't you fellows wait? I told you to wait. I'll go call the rest." Putting spurs to his horse, he dashed off and escaped without pursuit.

After the war Mr. Hanger settled in Staunton, Va., and went into business. He was also a successful inventor. He was a deacon in the Presbyterian Church for many years and a faithful Christian. He was married to Miss Dawson and is survived by one son, Wythe, who was his companion and comfort. He was buried in the cemetery at Churchville, Va.



J. A. HANGER.

G. WHIT YOUNG.

G. W. Young was born September 18, 1845, near Orysa, Lauderdale County, Tenn., and died at his home, in Ripley, Tenn., May 8, 1916. He was the son of Rev. G. W. Young, a pioneer Baptist preacher, whose vigorous intellect and pious life gave caste and character to the community in which he lived. Under the godly life of his father the son united with



G. W. YOUNG.

the Durhamville Baptist Church in early life, becoming an active, consistent Christian, prominent, though a meek and humble worker in his Church and a close student of the Bible. He took an active part in the affairs of the town and county, serving as justice of the peace and coroner and as a member of the school boards for a number of years, proving faithful and efficient to every trust.

G. W. Young enlisted in Captain Davis's company of the 7th Tennessee Cavalry, Forrest's command, and was continuously in service until the close of the war; was in the surrender at Vicksburg. No braver nor more conscientious soldier ever flashed a saber or fired a gun. He was an active member of John Sutherland Camp, No. 890, U. C. V., having served as its Commander, and he was Adjutant of the Camp at the time of his death, always active in the annual reunions and work of the organization. His gentle demeanor, inflexible integrity, and consistent Christian life commanded the admiration of all.

He was married in 1871 to Miss Emma Anthony, a descendant of the Lees of Westmoreland County, Va., and leaves surviving him his wife and three daughters, one brother, and two sisters.

P. N. CONNER.

MAJ. WILLIAM A. OBENCHAIN.

After an illness of several months, Maj. William A. Obenchain, a noted educator, died at his home, in Bowling Green, Ky., on August 17, 1916, at the age of seventy-five years. He was born in Buchanan, Va.; and during the War between the States he was an officer in the Engineering Corps of the Confederate army, and also served on the staff of General Lee. In 1873 he went to Dallas, Tex., where he was engaged in the real estate business for five years. He returned to Kentucky in 1878 and was appointed to the chair of mathematics in Ogden College, at Bowling Green, and taught there until a few months ago. From 1883 to 1906 he was President of that institution. He was a first-honor graduate of the Virginia Military Institute and had been Professor of Mathematics and Engineering in the Pittsboro (N. C.) Military Academy; Professor of Mathematics and Commandant of Cadets in the Western Military Academy, at New Castle, Ky.; and Professor of French and German and Commandant of Cadets in the University of Nashville.

In 1885 Major Obenchain was married to Miss Lida Calvert, well known as an interesting writer, some of her most noted books being "Aunt Jane of Kentucky," "The Land of Long Ago," and "Coverlets." She survives him with two sons (William A. Obenchain, Jr., of Frankfort, Ky., and Thomas Obenchain, of Dallas, Tex.) and two daughters (Mrs. Val Graham Winston, of Dallas, Tex., and Miss Cecil Obenchain), a brother (Capt. Francis Obenchain, of Chicago), and three sisters.

Major Obenchain was a charter member of the XV. Club, of Bowling Green, and secretary since its organization, thirty-five years ago. He was a member of Christ Episcopal Church and its treasurer, lay leader, and senior warden. He was buried in his Confederate uniform.

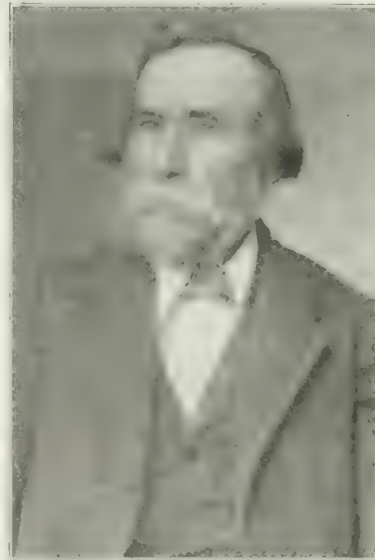
W. T. DRAPER.

Comrade W. T. Draper was born in Sumter County, Ga., on September 2, 1844, and died at his home, in Franklin County, Tex., near Mount Vernon, on May 15, 1916, survived by his wife and five children, one son and four daughters. He went to Texas from Barber County, Ala., during the year 1870 and settled in Titus County, later locating in Franklin County. He entered the Confederate army at Clayton, Ala., as a member of Company I, 39th Alabama Infantry, serving as a private to the close of the war. He was paroled at Greensboro, N. C., on May 15, 1865. He was a good citizen, a member of the Baptist Church for many years, and a member of Ben McCulloch Camp, U. C. V., at Mount Vernon.

P. A. BLAKEY, Commander.

T. A. LUNSFORD.

Holmes County, Miss., lost a good and loyal citizen in the death of T. A. Lunsford on February 1, 1915, at his home, in Lexington. In the family circle his was a life beautiful and worthy of emulation, for no sacrifice was too great that would add to the comfort and happiness of his wife and children; and no less was he sympathetic with those who were in distress and charitable to those who needed his help.



T. A. LUNSFORD.

Comrade Lunsford was born in Alabama May 19, 1839, going to Mississippi when quite young; and he gave to that State a long and useful life as one of her citizens. When the call to arms came in 1861 he volunteered and entered the cavalry, serving with Company A, 28th Mississippi Regiment, Armstrong's Brigade, Jackson's Division of Cavalry; and a sword won by him in this service for his country hangs on the walls of his

home as a treasured memento of those days. He often expressed his love and esteem for the comrades who shared with him the dangers and hardships of war; and the Holmes County Camp, U. C. V., felt the loss when he passed from among that band of heroes. He was a member of the Methodist Church and for several years served as its faithful steward, and his fidelity to the cause of Christ left an influence for good that will live.

In the Odd Fellows Cemetery at Lexington he was laid to rest by comrades of the Confederate Veteran Camp and other friends, while sympathetic words were spoken by his pastor, Rev. W. J. O'Bryant, who was also a comrade of that cause that still lives in the hearts of all loyal Southerners.

United Daughters of the Confederacy

MRS. CORDELIA POWELL ODENHEIMER, *President General*
Washington, D. C.

MRS. J. H. STEWART, Los Angeles, Cal.....*First Vice President General*
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MRS. W. K. BEARD, Philadelphia, Pa.....*Custodian Flags and Pennants*

"Love Makes Memory Eternal"

THE COTTON BOLL AND STAR.

BY MRS. J. P. WOOD.

(Air: "Bonnie Blue Flag.")

It is a royal product, this fleecy cotton boll,
Ruling markets of the world with its consort yellow gold;
And when its reign is threatened, the cry sounds near and far
To raise this kindly emblem and crown it with a star.

Chorus.

Hurrah! Hurrah! For U. D. C.'s hurrah!
Hurrah for the cotton boll
That's pinned on to a star!

They are a band of daughters unto the honor born,
Guarding well the heritage their love and pride adorn;
And by this motto know them as they think and work and dare
To raise the Southern emblem and point it with a star.

Forever will these principles be held a sacred trust;
So long as hearts courageous are watchful, waiting, just,
No one these rights will question or peaceful meetings mar
As they raise on high this emblem, bright jeweled with a star.

God bless these noble women as they work and love and pray,
Loyal to their fathers and the truth of history!
North, east, and west we find them, and the Southern heart
is there,
Living, loving, daring, with the cotton boll and star.

THE GENERAL CONVENTION.

To the Daughters of the Confederacy—Greetings: The twenty-third annual convention of the United Daughters of the Confederacy will be held in Dallas, Tex., November 8-12, and many matters of deep concern to the organization will come up for attention. To those workers for the South and its history the VETERAN sends Godspeed in all their undertakings and rededicates itself freely to their interests. This department was established for their benefit and imposes no tax upon them financially beyond asking their support through individual and Chapter subscriptions, by which they will be kept in touch with the general activities of the organization and its Divisions. The monthly letter of the President General and the Historian General's programs for historical study will continue to be the leading features. Those who have felt the benefit of this department and of the historical articles in each number can render reciprocal service by giving the VETERAN their indorsement before the convention.

Gratefully,

THE VETERAN.

THE FLORIDA DIVISION.

BY SISTER ESTHER CARLOTTA, ST. AUGUSTINE.

Summer is not the active time in any Division and less so in those to the far south, whose activities, beyond the keeping up with necessary things, relax after the observance of Memorial Day, on June 3. With the almost universal and very beautiful and appropriate observance of this anniversary, so dear to us, the Florida Division's summer vacation begins. This year one of our Chapters observed that day in a way that deserves special notice, for Brooksville Chapter, No. 71, dedicated its monument to the Confederate dead. Every organization of the city was out in force to honor the great event of the day, and hundreds of people came in from Tampa and other near-by places. Automobiles, decorated in Confederate colors and flying Confederate flags, formed a line of parade at the railroad station and, carrying Confederate veterans and the women of the sixties, led the way through the city. Nearly three thousand persons were in line, and the march swept on to the music of the Tampa Military Band until it reached the veiled monument.



MISS MILDRED RUTHERFORD, RETIRING HISTORIAN GENERAL.
(In quaint costume of olden days.)

Addresses of welcome followed from the city by Mr. C. M. Price and from the Brooksville Chapter by Mrs. Harry C. Mickler. After an address by Hon. F. L. Stringer, the son of a veteran, the Children of the Confederacy sang the official Division song, "Suwanee River."

After an overture by the band and the earnest invocation by Rev. H. H. Sturgis, the vast assemblage sang "America."

The Master of Ceremonies, Hon. Algeron Keithly, read telegrams of greeting from Mrs. H. H. McCreary, President of the Florida Division; Sister Esther Carlotta, S. R., Past President of the Florida Division; Gen. E. M. Law; J. D. Allen, of Lakeland; and others. Mr. Keithly then presented the President of the Brooksville Chapter, Mrs. Freddie Steadman Roux, to whose executive ability and untiring work and enthusiasm the completion of the monument, a dream of many years, in practically one year is



THE MONUMENT AT BROOKSVILLE.

due. She welcomed the friends present and then presented Mrs. William F. Gwynne, of Fort Myers, Fourth Vice President of the Florida Division, who represented the State President and spoke in hearty congratulation.

Following these opening numbers came the address by the orator of the day, Hon. C. B. Parkhill, an eloquent and popular speaker, who did full justice to the heroes of the past, private and chief, and paid a beautiful tribute to the women of the South. After the song, "Do They Love Us Still in Dixie?" came the crowning moment of the ceremonies, when two of the charter members of the Chapter, Mesdames Burns and Corman, and the Chapter President, Mrs. Roux, pulled the cords that held the veil and revealed the simple figure of a Confederate soldier in Italian marble whose pathos made its appeal to the hearts of the assemblage. The shaft is of granite, a double base surmounted by a pedestal, on which stands the marble figure. On the front face is carved the battle flag of the Confederacy, with the years 1861-65. Underneath is the inscription:

"CONFEDERATE SOLDIERS.

ERECTED BY BROOKSVILLE CHAPTER, No. 71.

JUNE 3, 1916.

LOVE MAKES MEMORY ETERNAL."

On the other side is the following:

"This monument perpetuates the memory
of our fallen heroes.

'We care not whence they came.

Dear is their lifeless clay,

Whether unknown or known to fame,
Their cause and country still the same,
They died—and wore the gray,'

Leaving to posterity a glorious heritage and
imperishable record of dauntless valor."

As the veil dropped "Dixie" was played by the band and sung by the crowd, while the far-famed Rebel yell awoke the echoes in the enthusiastic shout of veteran voices.

Mrs. Roux then presented the monument to the city of Brooksville, reserving to the Daughters of the Confederacy of the Brooksville Chapter the privilege of caring for and beautifying the grounds around it.

The Mayor of Brooksville, Hon. W. R. Chalker, accepted the monument, expressing feelingly the gratitude and appreciation of the city and pledging the city and Hernando County to its care. The Daughters and Children of the Confederacy then placed about the base of the monument the many beautiful floral tributes. A salute was fired by the military company, the bugler sounded "taps," and as the lingering music died away every head bowed for the benediction by Rev. F. H. Hensley,

which closed the day fraught with joy and pride, with memories proud and sorrowful. A picnic dinner was served to all present by the organization of the city, under direction of a committee of ladies from the various clubs. The day was one long to be remembered for the beauty of the ceremonies and the hospitality of the city.

This account is fittingly closed with a word of tribute to the faithful Chapter President, Mrs. Roux, whose fidelity and devotion to the cause of the monument, as well as to the other work of her office, is well



MRS. F. S. ROUX.

known. There will be many a Confederate soldier, here and in the beyond, to know that she "loved them well in Dixie."

THE BOSTON CHAPTER.

Although one of the youngest Chapters in the organization, and the only one so far east, the Boston Chapter, No. 1517, U. D. C., has a record for accomplishment which shows the zeal of its membership. Its report to the convention at Dallas will be heard with interest. That it has been one of the most liberal contributors to the work of the general organization this year, the following will show: Red Cross Window, Mrs. C. B. Tate, \$75; Relief Fund, Mrs. Norman Randolph, \$15; Solid South Room, Mrs. C. H. Silliman, \$5; Shiloh Monument Fund, Mrs. F. M. Williams, \$10; in aid of veteran in the District of Columbia, Col. P. M. de Leon, \$20; monument at Winchester, Va., Miss Lucy Russell, \$5.

Historical Programs

BY MISS MILDRED RUTHERFORD, ATHENS, GA.

Presidents and Historians U. D. C. may procure pamphlet, "Jefferson Davis and Abraham Lincoln," by sending two cents per copy.

U. D. C. PROGRAM FOR DECEMBER, 1916.

THE WAR OF 1812.

(Answers to be found in "Historical Sins of Omission and Commission," pages 7-10.)

Ritual.

1. Why was the War of 1812 necessary? Who urged it?
2. Who wrote "The Divine Purpose of the War of 1812"?
3. Who opposed the war, and for what reasons?
4. Who wrote the Proclamation of Neutrality? When? How regarded at home and abroad?
5. What great thing did Washington accomplish by it?
6. Why did England and France object to these laws of neutrality?
7. Why are foreign nations objecting to them now?
8. What is the Monroe Doctrine? When adopted?
9. Have we not a right to quarantine war as any other pest?
10. What do some Northern histories say of this war?
11. Who offered the resolution to declare war?
12. Who was President? Who was Speaker of the House?
13. Who offered the resolution to increase the navy?

C. OF C. PROGRAM FOR DECEMBER, 1916

REFUGEEING.

Ritual.

1. What is meant by a refugee?
 2. Read the story of Kitty Grim.
 3. Give some incidents that occurred to force the women and children to leave their homes—i. e., in Atlanta, Ga., Columbia, S. C., New Orleans, La., Charleston, S. C., Richmond, V., Winchester, Va.
 4. What was done to the women and children who sang "Dixie" and "Bonny Blue Flag" in New Orleans?
 5. Who was "Beast Butler," and why so called?
 6. Sing "Bonny Blue Flag" and tell where it was first sung.
 7. Give the story of the "Battle of the Handkerchiefs." Where did it take place?
- Reading: "Kitty Grim."
Reading: "The Evacuation of Richmond."

SCHOLARSHIPS IN GEORGIA DIVISION.

The Georgia Division desires beneficiaries for the loan scholarships at Draughon's Business College. Students may take either the stenographic or bookkeeping course or both without paying the price of tuition. When they have finished and have secured positions, they are to pay ten per cent of their salaries to the Division until the amount has been paid. Beneficiaries must be of Confederate lineage and of limited means and must have finished the eighth grade. The Division is seeking worthy, ambitious boys and girls who will reflect credit on all concerned.

For further information write to Mrs. Julian C. Lane, Chairman, Statesboro, Ga.

THE CHAPTER AT HUGHES SPRINGS, TEX.

The work of the Daughters of the Confederacy is always



MRS. CARRIE HENDERSON,
President Tom Hearne Chapter, U. D. C.

strengthened by the coöperation of the veterans, in whose interest the great organization came into being. In some places Chapters have been organized through the zealous efforts of the veterans themselves. Such was the case at Hughes Springs, Tex., where the Tom Hearne Chapter, U. D. C., was formed under the inspiration of the State Rights Camp, U. C. V., at that place. While not a large Chapter, it has a strong membership and may be

expected to rank well in the many undertakings of the general organization.

SHILOH MONUMENT FUND.

REPORT OF MRS. ROY W. MCKINNEY, TREASURER, FROM
SEPTEMBER 4 TO OCTOBER 10, 1916.

Alabama: Tuscumbia Chapter, \$10; Barbour County Chapter, \$3; John H. Forney Chapter, \$5; Avondale Chapter, \$2; Selma Chapter, \$5; C. A. Whitmore (personal), 50 cents; Josiah Gorgas Chapter, \$2; Troy Chapter, \$2.50; Sidney Lannier Chapter, \$5; William Terry Hodges Chapter, \$1; Clayton Chapter, \$2; Virginia Clay Clopton Chapter, \$3. Total, \$41.

Arkansas: Pat Cleburne Chapter, Hope, \$5; Nancy Guinn Chapter, C. of C., Little Rock, \$1; Ann S. Semmes Chapter, Wilson, \$2; Albert Sidney Johnston Chapter, Batesville, \$5; Henry G. Bunn Chapter, El Dorado, \$5; Margaret Rose Chapter, Little Rock, \$5; T. C. Hindman Chapter, Lonoke, \$5; Mrs. L. C. Hall (personal), \$12. Total, \$40.

California: Robert E. Lee Chapter, Los Angeles, \$15; Joseph Le Conte Chapter, Berkeley, \$2.50; Albert Sidney Johnston Chapter, San Francisco, \$108.50. Total, \$126.

Georgia: C. O. Hone Chapter, Hawkinsville, \$5; Americus Chapter, \$5; Milledgeville Chapter, \$1; Robert Toombs Chapter, Lyons, \$1; Fort Gaines Chapter, \$1; Phil Cook Chapter, Montezuma, \$1; Eatonton Chapter, \$5; Wallace-Edwards Chapter, Butler, \$1; Mary Ann Williams Chapter, Sandersville, \$2; Thirza David Chapter, Maysville, \$2; Fannie Gordon Chapter, Eastman, \$5; Rome Chapter, \$2; Moultrie-McNeil Chapter, Moultrie, \$2.50; Henry M. McDaniel Chapter, Monroe, \$1; Forsythe Chapter, \$2; Savannah Chapter, \$10; Sharman of Upton Chapter, Thomaston, \$5; Willie Hunt Smith Chapter, Barnsville, \$2.50. Total, \$54.

Illinois: Chicago Chapter, \$25; check from Miss Helen M. Bailey, \$10. Total, \$35.

Kentucky: Through Paducah Chapter, \$44.25 (contributed by W. E. Cochran, \$5; Dr. H. T. Rivers, \$1; Mrs. Louise Maxwell, \$1; Joseph K. Exall, \$5; Fred Acker, \$1; William Gilbert, \$1; Frank Moore, \$1; Edwin Hawkins, 50 cents; Herbert Hawkins, 50 cents; David Koger, \$1; Edwin Bringhurst, \$1; Mrs. Harry McElwee, 25 cents; Dr. R. E. Hearne, \$5; W. C. Bland, Uniontown, \$10; E. A. Rivers, \$1; Luke Russell, \$1; H. C. Sherrill, \$1; T. Cooney, \$1; Joseph Ryburn, \$1; Roy W. McKinney, \$1; Morton Hand, \$1; Virgie Chasteen, \$1; Charles Alcott, \$1; Sanders Fowler, \$1; Gus Thompson, \$1; Col. Henry George (personal), Pewee Valley, \$5; Alex Poston Chapter, Cadiz, \$5; J. N. Williams Chapter, Murray, \$2.50; Charles Rice, through Col. Ed Crossland Chapter, Fulton, \$1; Regiwald H. Thompson Chapter, La Grange, \$1.80; Nick Holcomb, through Private Robert Tyler Chapter, Hickman, \$1; Earlington Chapter, \$5; John C. Breckinridge Chapter, Owensboro, \$2; Col. Ed Crossland Chapter, Fulton, \$2.50; Private Robert Tyler Chapter, Hickman, 35 cents; Richard Hawes Chapter, Paris, \$10; Mrs. J. M. Arnold, through Mrs. Basil Duke Chapter, Fort Thomas, \$1; Mrs. Lucy Thomas Swearington (personal), \$1; Joshua Gore Chapter, Bloomfield, \$1; Albert Sidney Johnston Chapter, Louisville, \$20. Total, \$103.40.

Mississippi: Corinth Chapter, \$25; Amory Chapter, \$2.50; children of Boonville new school, \$2.39; Hattiesburg Chapter, \$2.50; little Miss Sarah Dance (personal), \$1. Total, \$33.39.

Missouri: F. M. Cockrell Camp, S. C. V., East Prairie, \$2.

New York: Mary Mildred Sullivan Chapter, \$25; Mrs. F. G. Burke, through New York Chapter, \$60. Total, \$85.

North Carolina: To check from Mrs. Williams for Division donations, \$33.35; Ransom Sherrill Chapter, in memory of Mrs. A. J. Seagle, Newton, \$5. Total, \$38.35.

Ohio: A. S. Johnston Chapter, Cincinnati, \$26.04; Stonewall Jackson Chapter, Cincinnati, \$2; Dayton Chapter, \$7. Total, \$35.04.

Pennsylvania: Philadelphia Chapter, \$25; Pittsburgh Chapter, \$3. Total, \$28.

South Carolina: William Easley Chapter, Easley, \$5; Black-Oak Chapter, Pinopolis, \$5.30; Chester Chapter, \$5; Dixie Chapter, Anderson, \$5; John B. Kenshaw Chapter, Laurens, \$5; Hampton-Lee Chapter, Greer, \$10; Lottie Green Chapter, Bishopville, \$5; Winnie Davis Chapter, York, \$10; Mary Ann Buie Chapter, Johnston, \$2; John C. Calhoun Chapter, Clemson College, \$3; Edward Croft Chapter, Aiken, \$2.25; Mary Carroll Brooks Chapter, Ninety-Six, \$4; Maxey Gregg Chapter, Florence, \$5; Fort Sumter Chapter, Greenville, \$5; Marlboro Chapter, Bennettsville, \$5; John Bratton Chapter, Winnsboro, \$10; Jefferson Davis Auxiliary Union, \$1; Ashby Conrad Chapter, C. of C., York, \$2; Mrs. D. H. Hindman (personal), Aiken, \$5; the two Snowden boys, Charleston, \$2; Mrs. J. L. McWhirter (personal), Jonesville, \$3.75. Total, \$100.30.

Tennessee: Mary Latham Chapter, Memphis, \$310.20; T. M. Hurst, Arnot, Pa., through Shiloh Chapter, Savannah, \$1. W. B. Garvin, Chattanooga, through 5th Tennessee Regiment Chapter, Paris, \$10; C. C. Miller, through 5th Tennessee Regiment Chapter, Paris, \$5; N. B. Forrest Camp, U. C. V., Chattanooga, \$5; Joe Wheeler Chapter, Staunton, \$5; L. E. Hurst, through Joe Wheeler Chapter, Staunton, \$1; Gordon-Lee Chapter, Whiteville, \$10; Zollicoffer-Fulton Chapter, Fayetteville, \$10; Miss Evelyn Pegues (personal), Jackson, \$1; Mrs. Jernigan, through 5th Tennessee Regiment Chapter, Paris, \$5; Miss Alice Jernigan, through 5th Tennessee Regiment Chapter, Paris, \$6; W. C. Johnson, through 5th Tennessee

Regiment Chapter, Paris, \$5; Mrs. James Crawford, through 5th Tennessee Regiment Chapter, Paris, \$2; Mrs. Cora McNeill, through 5th Tennessee Regiment Chapter, Paris, \$10; Mrs. Joe Randle, through 5th Tennessee Regiment Chapter, Paris, \$5; South Pittsburg Chapter, \$10; V. C. Allen Chapter, Dayton, \$10; John W. Morton Chapter, Camden, \$5.04; S. P. Reed Camp, S. C. V., Dyer, \$10; C. F. Sevier, a Confederate veteran, through Shiloh Chapter, Savannah, \$1; Neely Chapter, Bolivar, \$5; Tennessee Division, \$65; Mrs. W. E. McDougal, through Shiloh Chapter, Savannah, 70 cents; Shiloh Chapter, Savannah, \$15; A. P. Stewart Chapter, Chattanooga, \$5; Sarah Law Chapter, Memphis, \$10; Fred Ault Camp, U. C. V. Knoxville, \$5. Total, \$532.94.

Texas: Will A. Miller Chapter, Amarillo, \$2; Daffan-Lattimer Chapter, Ennis, \$5; Navarro Chapter, Corsicana, \$5; Wills Point Chapter, \$1; Marshall Chapter, \$10; Bell County Chapter, Belton, \$2.50; Mary West Chapter, Waco, \$10; Sammie G. Neill Chapter, Port Arthur, \$2.50; Capt. E. S. Rugeley Chapter, Bay City, \$5; Hannibal Boone Chapter, Navasoto, \$5; Waco freewill offering, \$2.60; William P. Rogers Chapter, Victoria, \$5; Mollie Moore Davis Chapter, Tyler, \$4; Mrs. J. O. Seastrunk (personal), Tyler, \$1; Benavides Chapter, Laredo, \$10; T. C. Cain Chapter, Bastrop, \$1; Oran M. Roberts Chapter, Houston, \$5; R. E. Lee Chapter, Houston, \$10; Winnie Davis Chapter, Memphis, \$1; R. E. Lee Chapter, Coleman, \$1; Barnard E. Lee Chapter, San Antonio, \$5. Total, \$93.60.

Virginia: Tazewell Chapter, \$10; S. H. Hawes (personal), Richmond, \$20; James H. Dooley (personal), Richmond, \$25; Light Horse Harry Lee Chapter, Jonesville, \$10; Bowling Green Chapter, \$5; William Watts Chapter, Roanoke, \$5; Richmond Chapter, Richmond, \$15; Boynton Chapter, \$5; C. R. Mason Chapter, R. F. D., Staunton, \$12; Wesley Carter Chapter, Upperville, \$5; Beaver Dam Chapter, Carrsville, \$1; Capt. B. F. Jarratt Chapter, Jarratt, \$5; Bath County Chapter, Warm Springs, \$1; Powhatan Chapter, \$5; Lee Jackson Chapter, Lilian, \$5; Sussex Chapter, \$1.50; H. A. Carrington Chapter, Charlotte C. H., \$1; Hampton Wade Chapter, Christiansburg, \$10; John W. Daniels Chapter, Newport News, \$1; Southern Cross Chapter, Salem, \$10; Isle of Wight Chapter, Smithfield, \$10; Surry Chapter, \$1; Mrs. A. A. Campbell (personal), Wytheville, \$5; Mrs. J. F. F. Cassell, for Staunton Juniors, \$5; T. C. Williams, Richmond, \$25; H. P. Mayo (personal), Richmond, \$15; Dr. Stuart McGuire (personal), Richmond, \$25; Richmond Chapter, \$2.50; Albemarle Chapter, Charlottesville, \$5; Portsmouth Chapter, \$10; Caroline Chapter, Croxton, \$3; Robert E. Lee Chapter, Falls Church, \$2; Chesterfield Chapter, South Richmond, \$5; Goochland Chapter, Vinita, \$3; C. R. Mason Chapter, R. F. D., Staunton, \$2.50; Randolph-Preston Chapter Auxiliary, Christiansburg, \$5; New Kent Chapter, \$1; Essex Chapter, Tappahannock, \$5; Chesterfield Juniors, South Richmond, \$5; Salyer-Lee Chapter, Noton, \$9; John S. Bryan (personal), Richmond, \$10; John Q. Marr Camp, S. C. V., Fairfax, \$10; Mrs. Randolph and Miss Yonell, 40 cents; Amelia Chapter, S. R. E. Lee Camp, No. 1 U. C. V., Richmond, \$10. Total, \$331.90.

Washington: Washington Division, \$41.

West Virginia: Berkeley County Chapter, Martinsburg, \$2; Stonewall Jackson Chapter, Clarksburg, \$5; Winnie Davis Chapter, Moorefield, \$5; Parkersburg Chapter, \$10; Lawson Botts Chapter, Charlestown, \$5. Total, \$50.

Amount collected, \$1,770.02; refunded to Mrs. Hall, \$12.

Collections in hands of Treasurer since last report, \$1,758.92.

Total in hands of Treasurer at last report, \$10,583.01.

Total in hands of Treasurer to date, \$12,341.93.

Confederated Southern Memorial Association

MRS. W. J. BEHAN.....	President
New Orleans, La.	
MRS. JOHN E. MAXWELL.....	Treasurer.
Seale, Ala.	
MISS DAISY M. L. HODGSON.....	Recording Secretary
7909 Sycamore Street, New Orleans, La.	
MISS MARY A. HALL.....	Historian
1105½ Broad Street, Augusta, Ga.	
MRS. J. ENDERS ROBINSON.....	Corresponding Secretary
113 Third Street South, Richmond, Va.	
MRS. VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE.....	Poet Laureate
1045 Union Avenue, Memphis, Tenn.	



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Next Convention to be held in Washington, D. C.

HISTORIC GAVELS OF THE C. S. M. A.

BY MRS. JOHN G. HARRISON, RECORDING SECRETARY OF LADIES' MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION OF NEW ORLEANS, LA.

In 1900, when the United Confederate Veterans held their Reunion in Louisville, Ky., a call was made by the Southern Memorial Association of Fayetteville, Ark., to unite in one body all Confederate Memorial Associations of Southern women. This general meeting was held in the music room of the Galt House, of the convention city. Miss Julia A. Garside, of Fayetteville, Ark., presided; while Miss Sue Walker stated the object of the meeting. Mrs. W. J. Behan, of New Orleans, La., was unanimously elected President; and she has ever since ruled the destiny and piloted the course of this veteran organization, composed of Associations from the following States: Alabama, Arkansas, Florida, Georgia, Louisiana, Tennessee, Virginia, South Carolina, and Missouri. Many of these have celebrated this year their fiftieth anniversary, their birth dating in 1866. Of the honored veterans who wore the gray so nobly and so bravely, in convention assembled, they asked the great pleasure and esteemed privilege of holding their annual reunion at the same time and place. A stirring appeal was made by Mrs. Lizzie Pollard, President of the Southern Memorial Association of Fayetteville, Ark.; and the brave women of the South whom it eulogized were accorded the favors so patriotically requested.

It was during these reunions that the gavel became a most important adjunct to the sessions and gatherings. What is a gavel? A gavel is usually defined as a small mallet used by the presiding officer of a legislative body or public assembly to attract attention and signal for order. In itself it is a little thing; but when we consider its usefulness, its quieting influence, and oftentimes its historical character, it becomes big and more deeply interesting. It is in this regard that the ladies of the Confederated Southern Memorial Association are appreciative and proud of the many gavels that have come into their possession. These, to them, priceless souvenirs have been presented to their President, Mrs. W. J. Behan, down through the years, each telling its own story, bearing upon its tablet the date of its bestowal and its origin.

At the second annual convention of this Association, held in Memphis, Tenn., in May, 1901, two gavels were presented. Mrs. Letitia Frazer, the hostess President, welcomed most cordially these Memorial women from all parts of the Southland to the fair city of Memphis and, in the name of Mrs. B. J. Semmes, presented a gavel made from a tree grown at Beauvoir, Miss., the home of President Davis in his last years. The second gavel came from Mrs. Jefferson Davis through Mrs. Joseph R. Davis, of New Orleans. It also came from Beauvoir and was bound by a silver ring once held in the

baby fingers of Winnie Davis, the beloved and lamented "Daughter of the Confederacy."

The seventh annual convention of the C. S. M. A. was held in New Orleans, La., during April, 1906; and after the opening prayer Mrs. J. C. Lee, of Montgomery, Ala., asked for the courtesy of the floor and presented to the President General a historic gavel made from the wood of a crape myrtle which grew on the grounds of the executive mansion at Montgomery during President Davis's administration. Another gavel was presented at this convention, coming from the Adjutant General and Chief of Staff of the Louisiana Division, U. C. V., T. W. Castleman, and this was engraved thereon: "From battle field of Chickamauga, fought September 19, 20, 1863."

The eighth annual convention, held in Richmond, Va., in 1907, brought a historic gavel made from the root of a tree which grew near the old tower on Jamestown Island, upon whose soil this great nation was born three hundred years ago. This valuable memento was presented by Mrs. J. Taylor Ellyson, President of Hollywood Memorial Association, and accepted with gratitude by the President General, Mrs. W. J. Behan.

At the fourteenth annual convention, held in Chattanooga, Tenn., during the month of May, 1913, Mrs. M. T. Armstrong, President of the Association of the hostess city, presented a gavel made of laurel wood grown on Lookout Mountain, a priceless souvenir of this patriotic spot.

The last gavel to be given to the C. S. M. A. was presented at Jacksonville, Fla., during the fifteenth convention, by ex-Senator William S. Shands, of Virginia. It was another memory link from Jamestown, Va., being made from a tree near the old church.

These heirlooms are held in sacred trust by Mrs. W. J. Behan, the President General of the C. S. M. A., to be bequeathed to that band of noblest women ever joined together for a noble purpose, the women of the Confederacy. Their final resting place will undoubtedly be in that grand tribute to Southern valor, the Confederate Museum in Richmond, Va.

UNKNOWN GRAVES.—The Ladies' Memorial Association of Manassas, Va., through two members of its Executive Board, Messrs. W. Hutchison and George D. Baker, have located six Confederate graves several miles from town on the property of Mr. E. R. Connor. Three of the graves are unmarked. The other three, as far as can be read, are inscribed as follows; "A. J. Smith, 16th Mississippi;" "C. C. Archbell, Co. I, 4th N. C., aged 30 years;" "—— Carter, ——, 1861." Mrs. Westwood Hutchison, President of the Association, will be glad to hear from any one who may have further information concerning these Confederate dead.

CAPT. SALLIE TOMPKINS.

Miss Sallie Louisa Tompkins, who died in Richmond, Va., on July 26, 1916, at the age of eighty-three years, was the only woman who received a commission in the army of the Confederacy. The service she rendered made her one of the most striking heroines of the South during the war period. The keynote of her life was sounded when the guns of the invading army sent sudden death and suffering among the heroes of the Southern Confederacy. While many other Southern women, perhaps all, felt as she did, few had the power of organization, fortitude, physical endurance, and the ample means it was her delight to give.

Just after the battle of First Manassas the Confederate government issued an appeal to the people of Richmond to open their homes to the wounded, as there were not hospitals sufficient to care for them. Possessed of ample means and a big heart, Miss Sallie Tompkins was



MISS S. L. TOMPKINS.

among the first to respond; and at her own expense she fitted up the old home of Judge John Robinson, which had been placed at her disposal. This became the famous Robinson Hospital, where so many sick and wounded Confederate soldiers received the tender ministrations of the "little lady with the milk-white hands," as she was affectionately referred to. The wealth and beauty and fashion of the city gathered at this hospital every day and gave themselves to the task of relieving the suffering; but to Miss Sallie fell the harder part of directing the work and providing the necessary nourishment and medicines. With her medicine chest strapped to her side and her Bible in her hands, she flitted from duty to duty, ever ready to ease pain or to relieve a distressed soul. It was noted by the authorities that a larger number of patients were returned from her hospital than from any other; so they sent her then the most desperate cases, hoping she might save where others failed. From the time of opening her hospital until June 10, 1865, she labored early and late, and thirteen hundred men were returned to the field by her, ready again to fight or die for their country. The wounded begged to be taken to Miss Tompkins's hospital "if possible"; and while it was always crowded to the limit, her great heart sent forth the message: "My hospital can never be too crowded to hold a Mathews or a Gloucester County soldier." When the order went out for all private hospitals to be closed, President Davis gave her a regular captain's commission in recognition of her services so she might issue orders and draw rations to add to her own liberality, which had almost exhausted her once large fortune.

On a visit to Johns Hopkins Hospital sometime after the war Miss Tompkins was treated with great distinction and

asked to examine their record of typhoid fever patients, which she found showed a higher percentage of death than hers. To the inquiry as to what medicines she used she replied: "We had nothing but whisky and turpentine." To this could have been added, "the best nursing and perfect cleanliness."

After the dark days of war and her soldiers had returned to their homes, the romance of her life came in the many offers of marriage from men of all ranks in the army, too many offers even to be answered. Miss Sallie would smile gently and say: "Poor fellows, they are not yet well of their fevers." She had not the remarkable beauty of the Virginia women of her day, but of her it was said that she had "a splendid face," and wholesome strength of mind and character took the place of more frivolous charms. She was small, not over five feet in height, but there were dignity and force in her presence.

In later years Miss Tompkins devoted herself to Church work and gave liberally of her means and personal service. During conventions of the Episcopal Church, of which she was a devout member, her great hospitality found vent in taking some large house and inviting her friends, young and old, to be her guests. For the Confederate Reunion in Richmond in 1890 she rented a house and let it be known that her hospitality was free to any Confederate soldier who could find no other refuge in the city. During the time she held an almost constant levee. All that were left of them—left of the thirteen hundred she had brought back to life—came to her door, guided by the Confederate flag and the word "Welcome" at the entrance, to renew old memories and to find their names, rank, duration of illness, etc., in her old hospital book of records.

In late years her large means were depleted by financial disaster; and when the Confederate Woman's Home was established on Grace Street in Richmond, she was invited to come as an honored guest. There she was the recipient of gifts, honors, and attentions from many distinguished persons, especially during Confederate Reunions, when the little lady would sit enthroned in her chair and hold daily receptions; and whenever she entered a convention hall of the Daughters of the Confederacy, the whole body rose to receive her. The Chapters at Gloucester and Mathews C. H., Va., were named in her honor, and delegations from both attended the funeral services at the Home in Richmond. All the Confederate organizations of the city were represented, and three representatives from Lee Camp, U. C. V., accompanied the remains to Mathews County, where she was buried at Kingston Church beside her sister, Elizabeth Patterson Tompkins, who, long years before, had built this church. Rev. William Byrd Lee also went from Richmond and assisted Dr. Dame in the burial service. Many beautiful floral tributes came from people and associations in and out of the State. Her name and fame will never be forgotten so long as there is memory of the heroic part played by the women of the South during the War between the States.

Miss Tompkins came of patriotic and distinguished lineage. Her father was Col. Christopher Tompkins, a noted patriot and soldier of his day; her mother was Maria Patterson, daughter of John Patterson, Esq., of Poplar Grove, and Elizabeth Tabb, of Todd'sbury, all of Gloucester and Mathews Counties, Va. John Patterson was a naval officer of some distinction. When but a lad of seventeen he had been breveted for gallantry on the field of Monmouth by Washington himself and was transferred to the navy by his own request.

(Continued on page 524.)

SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS

ORGANIZED IN JULY, 1866, AT RICHMOND, VA.

OFFICERS.

Commander in Chief, Ernest G. Baldwin, Roanoke, Va.
Adjutant in Chief, N. B. Forrest, Biloxi, Miss.

HEADQUARTERS DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA DIVISION, S. C. V.

W. E. BROCKMAN, DIVISION COMMANDER, WASHINGTON, D. C.

GENERAL ORDERS No. 1.

Sons of Confederate Veterans: You are hereby informed of your appointment on the staff of the Division Commander of the District of Columbia, Sons of Confederate Veterans.

Owing to the coming Reunion, all eyes are turned to this city in anticipation of one of the greatest Reunions ever held in the history of our organization. It is for us to make this affair a success. In order to accomplish this, it will be necessary to have the coöperation of each Son of the District of Columbia. You are, therefore, urged to coöperate with our local Camp and lend your aid in every way possible.

The following appointments are made to rank from October 1, 1916:

Adjutant in Chief, Edward A. Brand.
Executive Committee, J. Roy Price, F. R. Fravel, Marshall J. Smith.

Quartermaster in Chief, Roland L. Davidson.
Commissary in Chief, W. R. Roberts.
Judge Advocate in Chief, R. Walton Moore.
Surgeon in Chief, Dr. A. Y. P. Garnett.
Chaplain in Chief, Rev. Andrew R. Bird.
Monument Committee, Ben E. Estopinal.
Finance Committee, Hugh Brewster.
Relief Committee, Allen M. Laster.
Historical Committee, W. J. Goodwin.
Resolutions Committee, South Trimble, Jr.

REUNION CONVENTION COMMITTEES, S. C. V.

National Chairman, Maj. Elbert W. R. Ewing.
National Vice Chairman, Gen. H. Oden Lake.
National Secretary, James Roy Price.
Accommodation, W. R. Roberts.
Program and Souvenir, Fred O. Lake.
Camp Fire, Wallace Streater.
Decoration, George T. Rawlins.
Entertainment, F. R. Fravel.
Finance, Edward A. Brand.
Grand Stand, W. L. Wilkerson.
Historic Sites, Hugh Brewster.
Hotels, Charles N. McCullough.
Information, Sanford D. Covington.
Invitation, William S. Stamper.
Sponsor and Maids, W. Everett Brockman.
Medical, Dr. J. H. Digges.
Music, Claude N. Bennett.
Printing, Abner H. Ferguson.
Public Comfort, William C. Black.
Public Order, H. C. Rothrock.
Publicity, John Boyle.
Badge and Parade, H. O. Lake.
Reception, George B. Ashby.
Transportation, Harry F. Cary.

OFFICERS OF WASHINGTON CAMP, NO. 305.

Commander, Maj. E. W. R. Ewing; First Lieutenant, George T. Rawlins; Second Lieutenant, George B. Ashby; Adjutant, Dr. W. Brooks Hicks; Treasurer, William S. Stamper; Surgeon, Dr. J. H. Digges; Quartermaster, Sanford Covington; Chaplain, Rev. Andrew R. Bird; Color Sergeant, T. Stuart Murray; Historian, Wallace Streater.

THE NEW COMMANDER.

Maj. Elbert W. R. Ewing is a son of the late Capt. Joseph Ewing, of Lee County, Va., who was a soldier in the Army of



MAJ. E. W. R. EWING.

Northern Virginia. His ancestry is Scotch-Irish. He is an alumnus of the University of Virginia and other institutions of learning and a member of the bars of Virginia, Missouri, and the District of Columbia. He is the author of several books on history, including "Legal and Historical Status of the Dred Scott Decision," "Northern Rebellion and Southern Secession," and "Law and History of the Hayes-Tilden Contest."

Major Ewing is a veteran of the Spanish-American War, having served as Captain of

Volunteers, Kentucky Troops. He also served as Major of the Missouri State Militia, during which time he had the experience of leading his troops under fire during certain labor troubles. He is now serving in a legal capacity with the United States Reclamation Service of Washington City.

[Urgent personal business caused W. E. Brockman, Commander of the District of Columbia Division, to resign as National Chairman, and Maj. E. W. R. Ewing was appointed to that important position.]

THE HERITAGE OF A SON.

WEST NASHVILLE, TENN., September 5, 1916.

To the Confederate Veteran: Permit me as one of your subscribers and as the son of a Confederate soldier to express my appreciation of the noble work you are doing for the truth of Southern history. I always enjoy the *VETERAN*, but this month's issue was especially interesting. I was struck with two statements, one made in the article of Mrs. Stephen D. Knox on "Truth Crushed to Earth," and the other appearing in the reminiscences of John Cox, "When I Was Wounded."

Mrs. Knox is unquestionably right when she says: "The hero worship of Mr. Lincoln will in time pass, and the world will know that he was flesh and blood, with hopes and ambitions, passions and faults, just as the rest of us weak mortals, though a wonderful and unusual man." I am perfectly willing to let that sentence stand as the final estimate which the world will eventually make of Abraham Lincoln. For a long time the North has regarded Mr. Lincoln with an idolatrous admiration and has refused to look at even the bare sugges-

tion of a flaw in his character. But in time it will be different. For years the great Lee was denied his rightful meed of appreciation as America's foremost military genius, but time is steadily placing him higher and higher in the halls of fame. And so some day, let us hope, it will be possible even for a Yankee to write a book without comparing Mr. Lincoln with the Lord Jesus Christ.

Mr. Coxe in his highly entertaining contribution, after speaking of the revolting murder of a Southern woman by a Federal soldier, says: "To-day we talk about and condemn the preventable cruelties of the present European war; but if all the preventable cruelties and outrages of our own war between the States could be written up, there would be sufficient to fill many large volumes."

No sounder truth was ever uttered. In the outbreak of our horror over the European tragedies we forget Sherman's "march to the sea" and Sheridan in the Valley of Virginia and the hundreds of outrages perpetrated (and never punished) by a vindictive and remorseless soldiery in almost every part of our Southland. But if we ever mention these things to-day, we are besought to hold our peace, lest we wound the delicate sensibilities of these same Northerners.

Let the truth be told. Let every old Confederate consider it his duty to place on record the facts as he knows them regarding the Confederate cause and the great struggle for Southern independence. I am one of the generation which has come upon the scene since the smoke of battle and the sound of the cannon's roar have died away; but I believe that the Southern cause was just and right, that defeat is not the test of the righteousness of a cause, and that it would have been infinitely better for our whole country had the principle of State sovereignty been successful in the struggle. And in this I am no "old fogey," looking dreamily back on the "good old days," for I am yet on the sunny side of thirty-five. But right is right, and some day it will be seen and acknowledged that every Confederate banner that waved over a stricken field, every shotted gun that voiced its grim message of defiance to the embattled North, every drop of Southern blood that stained the soil of our land was waved and fired and shed in defense of the precious right of self-government and of the original Constitution of the Union.

G. B. HARRIS, JR.

WHERE FORREST SURRENDERED.

Mrs. C. W. McMahon, of Sumter Chapter, U. D. C., Livingston, Ala., asks cooperation in a worthy undertaking: "At the suggestion of Mrs. Brownson, of Victoria, Tex., the United Daughters of the Confederacy will endeavor to place a monument in Gainesville, Ala., on or near the place where General Forrest surrendered. It seems necessary to mark this historic spot for the information of future generations. Even now many do not know that it was in this quaint old town on the Tombigbee River that the gallant men of Forrest's Brigade laid down their arms. Any one wishing to contribute to this cause may send contributions to Miss Bibb Graves, of Montgomery, Ala., President of the Alabama Division, U. D. C., or to the Treasurer of Sumter Chapter, Livingston, Ala. The members of this Chapter will do all they can to push forward the work and would like all Confederate veterans, not only from Alabama, but from Mississippi, Missouri, and other States, who were present on this memorable occasion to contribute to the marking of this historic spot. Contributions will be gladly received from any patriotic person interested in this cause."

A SOLDIER OF WAR AND PEACE.

The Wade Hampton Chapter, U. D. C., of Varnville, S. C., pays tribute to its friend and hero:

"Rev. W. H. Dowling, of Hampton County, S. C., is a man worthy of the love and respect of all who know him. His long life of seventy-four years has been spent in usefulness and kindness. He is a direct descendant of Robert Dowling, a soldier of the Revolutionary War, and was born

and reared in what is now Hampton County, S. C. He enlisted at the beginning of the War between the States and fought throughout the four years, taking part in many battles in the Carolinas and Virginia, and he was distinguished for his bravery on many occasions. At Chester Station, being sent on picket with others, he captured eleven Federals and delivered them safe in prison. And when Jeffords made a charge from Beauregard's extreme right, drove back a flanking party of the enemy, and held them until their ammunition gave out, Sergeant Dowling



REV. W. H. DOWLING

led an advance of his company and was severely exposed to the bullets falling like hail around him.

Though not an ordained minister at this time, Mr. Dowling was the only chaplain of his company throughout the entire war. He offered the prayer on roll call the first night, just as he did on the last night before disbandment. At the close of the war he was ordained as a minister of the Baptist Church, and since then he has labored most faithfully in his chosen calling. Much could be written of his service for the good of humanity."

ORIGIN OF THE STARS AND BARS.

R. B. Haughton, chairman of the committee appointed by the Sons of Veterans to investigate the origin of the first flag of the Confederacy, reports some valuable information received through the notice in the *VETERAN* for July, but thinks more conclusive evidence may be secured. The committee is still working on this and will be greatly obliged for any information, however unimportant it may seem, that bears on this subject. The address of any one now living who may have been around the Capitol in Montgomery early in 1861 will be appreciated. Address the chairman at 3424 Lucas Avenue, St. Louis, Mo.

ENGAGEMENT AT EZRA CHURCH, GA. In making the request for Tom N. Shearer, of Atlanta, Ga., in the *VETERAN* for September, the engagement referred to should have been that of Ezra, not Dyer, Church. It is hoped that some one will furnish an article about it.

CAPT. SALLIE TOMPKINS.

(Continued from page 521.)

Through him Miss Tompkins could claim connection with the only hereditary order in America, "The Cincinnati Society." Though born an Englishman, his intense sympathy with the Revolutionary party was further signified by naming his home "Poplar Grove," the Lombardy poplar being the party symbol of the Whig versus the Tory party of his day. He acquired what was a very large fortune for that day, and Poplar Grove was long and widely known as one of the typical homes of Tidewater Virginia. Of that civilization, the English historian, Greg, has written that it produced the very flower of the Anglo-Saxon race. Upon Mr. Patterson's death Poplar Grove passed to Col. Christopher Tompkins, who had married his eldest daughter. This noble pair also kept ever-open doors for a large and cultured circle of friends and relations in a home where everything combined to make life beautiful and noble. The family removed to Richmond after Colonel Tompkins's death, and Poplar Grove passed out of the family. It is now a noted summer resort.

[From tribute by Mrs. Fielding Lewis Taylor, President Sallie Tompkins Chapter, U. D. C., Gloucester, Va.]

KENTUCKY CONFEDERATES IN REUNION.

BY THOMAS D. OSBORNE, LOUISVILLE, KY.

September was a busy month for Confederate veterans of Kentucky in their annual reunions. Morgan's men held their fourteenth annual session on September 6 and 7 at Olympia Springs, Ky. On account of the absence of Gen. Basil W. Duke, who was ill in New York City, the Vice President, Dr. John A. Lewis, of Georgetown, presided. The attendance was good, and much interest was manifested. Of the original two hundred and sixty men who formed the organization fourteen years ago, ninety-three have died. The deaths of the past year were: Maj. Otis S. Tenney, Lexington; Capt. Newton Frazier, Cynthiana; Rev. Dr. E. O. Guerrant, Wilmore; and F. M. Gillespie, Bourbon County.

A splendid address was made by Gen. W. J. Stone, Pension Commissioner. All the talks were well received. The Constitution was amended so that the time and place of annual meetings are left to the President, Vice President, and Secretary. The officers elected to these positions were: Gen. B. W. Duke, Dr. J. A. Lewis, and Horace M. Taylor, respectively.

THE KENTUCKY DIVISION, U. C. V.

Accepting an invitation of the State Fair, the Confederates of Kentucky held their annual reunion in the convention tent as guests of the State Fair at Frankfort on September 12. Commissioner of Agriculture M. S. Cohen gave a gratifying address of welcome, and Maj. Gen. W. J. Stone happily responded. Rev. Dr. John R. Deering, Division Chaplain, led in fervent prayer. Col. W. A. Milton, Adjutant General, read an encouraging report. Officers were elected as follows: Division Commander, Maj. Gen. W. J. Stone; Brigade Commanders, Gens. William H. Robb, N. B. Deatheridge, T. D. Osborne.

At the suggestion of General Stone, Gen. Bennett H. Young was unanimously elected Honorary Division Commander for life. General Young made a magnificent report as to the progress of the Jefferson Davis Home Association, of which he is President, and announced that the dedication would take place June 3, 1917. Governor Stanley, of Kentucky, and Governor Major, of Missouri, were on the platform as guests of honor.

THE ORPHAN BRIGADE.

The great event among those of Kentucky who wore the gray is the reunion of the famous Orphan Brigade, which met in its thirty-fifth assemblage, fifty-fifth year, at Hopkinsville on September 27 and 28, with the order of exercises as follows:

First day: "Fall in," leader Maj. John H. Leathers; march to courthouse; call to order, Gen. W. B. Haldeman; prayer, Rev. Capt. William Stanley; words of welcome, Mayor Bassett, Mrs. Polk Prince, State President U. D. C.; response, Hon. W. T. Ellis; announcements and adjournment for dinner. Afternoon: 2 P.M., business session; 3 P.M., parade; 8 P.M., reception. A visit to Fairview, birthplace of Jefferson Davis, was planned for the second day, but rain prevented; so the dinner was served in town and the veterans otherwise entertained.

Royal as has been the reception at other places, Hopkinsville was equal to any, and hospitality was at high-water mark.

A DOUBLE GOLDEN WEDDING.

The oldest Confederate twins, D. A. and D. C. Buie, of North Carolina, at the age of eighty-three, have celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of their weddings. On August 22, 1916, at the home of D. A. Buie, in Robeson County, N. C., an old-fashioned wedding dinner was served to the same guests who attended the wedding entertainments of fifty years ago. The table was decorated in white and gold, and two brides' cakes, with the dates "1866-1916" in gold icing, were cut by the brides. Friends and relatives called through the afternoon, and many letters and remembrances were received from old-time friends and new, even from the little children in the neighborhood.



MR. AND MRS. D. A. BUIE.

MR. AND MRS. D. C. BUIE.

This is doubtless the first instance of twin brothers living to celebrate their golden wedding anniversary. A sketch of them as twin Confederate soldiers appeared in the *VETERAN* for August, 1915, page 378. One married in June and the other in September, 1866, the happy brides being Misses Kate McGeachy, of St. Paul, and Susan Salmon.

Faithful "Uncle Jack," nearly eighty-three, was an important personage at the celebration, which was also a golden anniversary for him, as he had lived in sight of the Buie home ever since the war and had never dreamed of leaving his master when he was set free. All honor to him!

HISTORY OF MORGAN'S CAVALRY. By Gen. Basil Duke. New edition. Price, \$2.18, postpaid.

Any Camp wishing copies to complete its file of the VETERAN can get some copies by writing to J. A. Anderson, Route 1, Fairy, Tex.

J. P. Murray, R. F. D. No. 3, Box 94, Lebanon, Tenn., wants to hear from some one who can testify to the service of E. H. (Hans) Watson, who served with Lieut. Bill Beard under Captain Baker and Colonels Murray and Stanton.

Mrs. Mary Carpenter, 3005 West Commerce Street, San Antonio, Tex., is trying to secure a pension and needs the testimony of two comrades of her husband, Frank (called "Frenchy") Carpenter. All she knows is that he enlisted from Louisville, Ky., and was in both infantry and cavalry, as he told of having a horse named Pet. Mr. Carpenter was a native of France.

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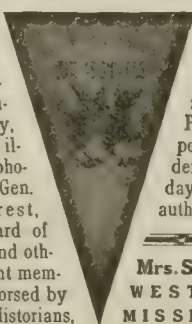
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Mrs. S. E. F. Rose
WEST POINT
MISSISSIPPI

Mrs. John M. King, of Winnsboro, La., wants to hear from any comrade who served in the same company as her husband—Company B, 14th Tennessee Regiment.

S. W. Brasfield enlisted September 15, 1864, in Company B, 7th Arkansas Regiment, and was paroled April 26, 1865. Any one who can testify to his service will please write to Mrs. S. W. Brasfield, Alamo, Tenn.

Arthur Bagwell, Route 4, Paul's Valley, Okla., wants information of his father's service in the Confederate army. James K. Polk Bagwell enlisted from Greensboro, Miss., in 1863 or 1864, in Captain Ford's company.

J. M. Gassaway, 128 Lovejoy Street, Atlanta, Ga., asks that surviving comrades of his father, Benjamin F. Gassaway, who enlisted as a private at Due West, S. C., in Company G, Orr's Rifles, McGowan's Brigade, will please write to him.

John W. Bratcher, 200 Petros Avenue, Mena, Ark., would like to hear from some comrade who served in the Confederate army with J. H. Parker. He is supposed to have belonged to a Middle Tennessee regiment. His wife is in need of a pension.

W. R. Adams, of Larned, Kans., is trying to recover his sword which was lost during the war. His name, company, and regiment are inscribed on the scabbard. It was turned over to an officer of the 54th Virginia the next morning after the last day's battle of Chickamauga.

Mrs. E. L. Dickenson, R. R. No. 1, Herndon, Ky., is anxious to get in correspondence with some one who knew her husband, Reuben Dabney Dickenson, who served in the commissary department under General Forrest and was engaged in collecting cattle when the war closed.

Mrs. Jane S. Goodwin, 2420 Jefferson Street, Nashville, Tenn., is in need of a pension and wants to hear from some comrade who remembers her husband, Robert Goodwin, of Company H, 23d Tennessee Infantry, under Captain Bryant or Brian. He enlisted at Camp Anderson, Rutherford County, Tenn., and his company surrendered at Appomattox, Va.

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C. E. Brooks, 239 State St., Marshall, Mich.

Mrs. G. R. Thompson, 523 Seventh Street N. E., Washington, D. C., has back numbers of the **VETERAN** for sale. Please write her of any needed.

D. H. Young, care Humphrey Mills, Shirley, Ark., has applied for a pension and would like to hear from some comrade who served with him in Company A, 15th Virginia Cavalry Regiment, Col. W. L. Jackson.

R. J. Hayes, of Leggett, Tex., enlisted from Tyler County, Tex., in Company K, Burnett's Regiment, Walker's Division. He would like to hear from some of his comrades. He is trying to get a pension.

Mrs. F. A. Alley, of Danville, Ark., wants to hear from some comrade of her husband, F. A. Alley ("Bud" Alley), who served in Company C, 10th Confederate Regiment, under Gens. Joe Wheeler and Anderson.

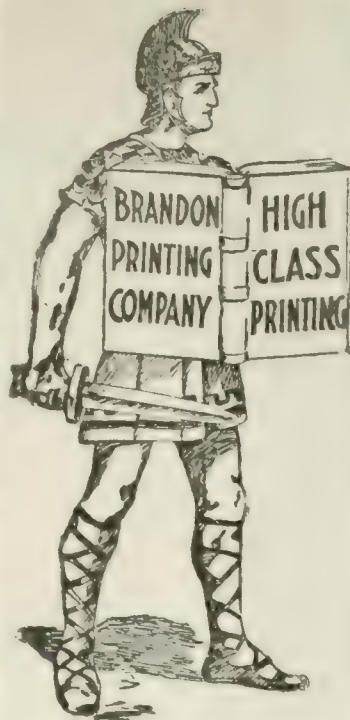
Rev. P. G. Magann, 635 South Jefferson Street, Roanoke, Va., wants to recover a Bible belonging to a Union soldier by the name of John Fiffer (or Pfiffer). This Bible has his name in it and was lost in the battle of Winchester.

Mrs. M. Smith, Box 127, Big Stone Gap, Va., wants some information concerning one N. M. Hicks, of Company K, 26th Tennessee Regiment, who enlisted in April, 1861, and died of fever within a year. He was an officer, but his rank is not known.

INFORMATION WANTED. Who made the brass frame Confederate revolvers, and what do the letters on them mean? Where was the firm of Dickson, Nelson & Company located in the State of Alabama? Address E. B. Bowie, 811 North Fataw Street, Baltimore, Md.

J. J. L. Gill, of Chicota, Tex., is trying to secure a pension for John Redmon, who enlisted at Talladega, Ala., in Company B or L. His colonel was a Dutchman, nicknamed "Paddy"; his captain (Fletcher) was wounded at Peachtree Creek; his son, David Fletcher, was first lieutenant. Ardee Wright was a member of the company.

Mrs. Edna Ward Miller, 2516 Broadway, Little Rock, Ark., is trying to secure the record of her father, Francis Marion Ward, who was with General Hawthorne's command. He was at Camden, Ark., during the winter of 1863-64, and was in Marshall, Tex., when Lee surrendered. He was in the commissary department with Maj. William B. Street.



Facts about PRINTING

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J. A. Burton, Box 46, Russell, Ohio, writes that in cutting down an old dead pine tree near Elkton, Va., he noticed the following name carved on it: "G. V. Lepper, C. P. G., 1st Md., May 2, 1862." If Mr. Lepper is still living, Mr. Burton would like to hear from him.

Sam A. Jones, of Memphis, Tex., writes that after twelve years' search for a complete roster of the officers and men of Company I, 1st Regiment of South Carolina Cavalry, he has made one from memory and will send a copy to any member desiring it.

Renewed Interest in Confederate Memorials



MONUMENTS to the heroes of the Confederacy just completed at Georgetown, Graham, and Belton, Texas.

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Col V Y Cook Dec 16

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Confederate Veteran.

VOL. XXIV.

DECEMBER, 1916

NO. 12

CHRISTMAS

How grace this hallowed day?
Shall happy bells, from yonder ancient spire,
Send their glad greetings to each Christmas fire
Round which the children play?

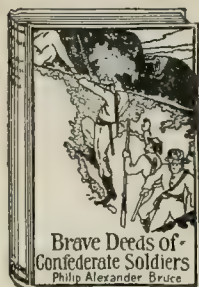
How shall we grace the day?
With feast, and song, and dance, and antique sports,
And shout of happy children in the courts,
And tales of ghost and fay?

How shall we grace the day?
Ah! let the thought that on this holy morn
The Prince of Peace, the Prince of Peace was born,
Employ us, while we pray!

—Henry Timrod.



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LEADING ARTICLES IN THIS NUMBER.

	PAGE
A Southern Hero. (Poem.) By H. G. Barclay.....	531
General Orders U. C. V.....	531
Service with the Charlestown Light Dragoons. By Albert Rhett Elmore.....	538
Fresh Soldiers. By W. E. Doyle.....	544
Jefferson Davis. (Poem.) By W. K. McCoy.....	544
Operations of the Lower Trans-Mississippi Department. By P. S. Hagy.....	545
The Battle of Dingles's Mill. By W. H. Garland.....	549
The Different Point of View in Battle. By W. W. Gist.....	550
Col. Hugh Garland—Captured Flags. By J. K. Merrifield.....	551
The Right of Secession. By W. C. Wright.....	553
Recollections of Perryville. By W. H. Davis.....	554
Lightening the Gloom of Prison Life. By Capt. S. E. Kierolf.....	555
Disintegration of Lee's Army. By John C. Stiles.....	556
A Near Tragedy. By R. T. Bean.....	556
With Jackson at Second Manassas. By Theo. Hartman.....	557
The Imprisonment of Sidney Lanier. By James A. Callaway.....	558
Our Gallant Dead—Capt. William Haymond Taylor. By C. C. Hart.....	559
Annual Address by Historian of Texas Division, U. C. V.....	560
Departments: Last Roll.....	560
U. D. C.....	532
S. C. V.....	566
C. S. M. A.....	568



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Vol. XXIV.

NASHVILLE, TENN., DECEMBER, 1916.

No. 12

J. S. A. CUNNINGHAM,
FOUNDER.

A SOUTHERN HERO.

[A modest tribute to Admiral Raphael Semmes, suggested by his birthday commemoration, September 27, and inscribed to his son, Judge O. J. Semmes, by his fellow townsman, Hugh G. Barclay, Mobile, Ala.]

A man who, in defense of all held dear,
On call to arms fares forth to risk his all,
Nor shirks from gift of life, eager to bear
Whatever of war's burdens may befall,
God's self has christened hero from the time
When God formed in his image man of clay
To rule the earth and peal liberty's chime
That turned night's darkness into sun-kissed day.
The "royal hero" is not reckless, rash,
But heedful, brave, while free from craven fear,
A sturdy soul that combat cannot dash,
With tender heart and sympathetic tear.
Our peerless chief whose birth we have in mind
Held those rich gifts that mark the true hero,
And our fond praises only help to bind
Our hearts more closely to the long ago.

UNION OF CONFEDERATE ORGANIZATIONS

HEADQUARTERS UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS,
NEW ORLEANS, LA., June 20, 1916.

GENERAL ORDERS No. 4.

The General commanding desires to direct attention to the following action taken by the convention held in the city of Birmingham, Ala., on May 16-18, 1916:

"Your committee has considered the uniting of the United Confederate Veterans' organization with the Sons of Confederate Veterans and most cordially indorses the idea that the organizations be consolidated and that the Sons of Confederate Veterans' Association be made a part and parcel of the United Confederate Veterans' Association, and to that end the committee recommends that the Commander appoint a member of the Confederate Veterans' Association of each Division to have in charge and report at the next meeting of this convention a full plan of such consolidation, and the committee also hopes that the Sons of Confederate Veterans will approve of the same."

This action of the convention is one of the most far-reaching in its consequences of any ever adopted by this Association. The feebleness of the members of the United Confederate Veterans, their inability to discharge properly the duties required of officers, call for some remedy; and the infusion of new blood from those who are soon to take the places of the men who took part in the great conflict of the sixties cannot but result in immense good, and the intimate relations which will result from the absorption of the Sons will be to their permanent advantage.

The subject demands the closest investigation and the most careful study, and the General commanding hopes that the subjoined committee, to whom the whole matter is referred, will be able to evolve a feasible plan which will inure to the benefit of all.

Committee: Adj. L. L. Carswell, Sr., Savannah, Ga., Chairman; Adj. D. R. Flenniken, Columbia, S. C.; Lieut. Gen. J. S. Carr, Durham, N. C.; Lieut. Col. J. N. Stubbs, Woods Crossroads, Va.; Maj. Gen. A. C. Trippe, Baltimore, Md.; Col. James Z. McChesney, Charleston, W. Va.; Lieut. Col. Alden McLellan, New Orleans, La.; Adj. F. L. Dickinson, Chattanooga, Tenn.; Brig. Gen. F. E. Dey, Milton, Fla.; Adj. A. W. Moseley, Huntsville, Ala.; Adit. A. J. Conklin, Vicksburg, Miss.; Lieut. Col. C. H. Lee, Jr., Falmouth, Ky.; Brig. Gen. H. G. Askew, Austin, Tex.; Brig. Gen. Thomas D. Bard, Chelsea, Okla.; Maj. Gen. T. C. Love, Springfield, Mo.; Maj. Gen. V. Y. Cook, Batesville, Ark.; Brig. Gen. Hugh G. Gwyn, San Diego, Cal.

By order of GEORGE P. HARRISON, General Commanding.
WILLIAM E. MICKEL, Adjutant General and Chief of Staff.

HISTORICAL COMMITTEE, U. C. V.

The Historical Committee, U. C. V., appointed by Gen. George P. Harrison, Commander in Chief, is composed of the following members: Chairman, Gen. Bennett H. Young, Louisville, Ky.; Gen. D. S. Henderson, Aiken, S. C.; Col. H. A. London, Pittsboro, N. C.; Col. George L. Christian, Richmond, Va.; Col. William M. Pegram, Baltimore, Md.; Col. W. H. Scanland, Benton, La.; Col. W. J. Crawford, Memphis, Tenn.; Col. W. A. Rawls, Pensacola, Fla.; Judge O. J. Semmes, Mobile, Ala.; Hon. Clay Sharkey, Jackson, Miss.; Prof. J. T. Derry, Atlanta, Ga.; W. T. Shaw, Fort Worth, Tex.; A. W. Moise, St. Louis, Mo.; J. H. Dye, Searcy, Ark.

United Daughters of the Confederacy

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Washington, D. C.

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 MRS. LULU A. LOVELL, Denver, Colo.....*Third Vice President General*
 MRS. W. C. N. MERCHANT, Chatham, Va.....*Recording Secretary General*
 MRS. LUTIE HAILEY WALCOTT, Ardmore, Okla.....*Cor. Secretary General*

MRS. R. E. LITTLE, Wadesboro, N. C.....*Treasurer General*
 MRS. S. E. F. ROSE, West Point, Miss.....*Historian General*
 MRS. J. NORMENT POWELL, Johnson City, Tenn.....*Registrar General*
 MRS. E. T. SELLS, Columbus, Ohio.....*Custodian of Crosses*
 MRS. FRANK ANTHONY WALKER, Norfolk, Va.....*Custodian of Flags and Pennants*

"Love Makes Memory Eternal"

U. D. C. CONVENTION IN DALLAS.

Hospitality typical of the big-hearted people of the biggest State of the Union was the order of the day in honor of the Daughters of the Confederacy gathered in the city of Dallas, Tex., for the twenty-third annual convention of the organization. Their welcome was given fitting expression on Tuesday evening, November 7, when delegates and other visitors crowded the Municipal Building Auditorium for the special exercises of that occasion, which were presided over by former President General Mrs. Katie Cabell Muse, daughter of Gen. W. L. Cabell and now President of the Dallas Chapter, No. 6, U. D. C. The first address of welcome was by Mayor Henry T. Lindsley, who gave assurance of the honor that had come to the city in such a distinguished gathering and that none was ever more welcome. He was followed by Mr. H. M. Wolfe, for the Chamber of Commerce and Manufacturers' Association; by Capt. J. M. Cochran, for the Sterling Price Camp, U. C. V.; Mrs. Fred Fleming, for the Texas Federation of Women's Clubs; Mrs. Eleanor O. Spencer, for the Texas Division, U. D. C., of which she is President; Mrs. C. H. Huvelle, for the City Federation of Women's Clubs; Mrs. W. D. Garlington, for the Daughters of the American Revolution; Mrs. A. V. Lane, for the Daughters of 1812. In response to these greetings, Miss Nellie Preston, President of the Virginia Division, U. D. C., spoke for the United Daughters, saying: "If the keys of your city are ours, then the keys of our hearts are yours. Open our hearts, and you will find gratitude and appreciation for the many courtesies you have shown us."

Following the presentation of the President General, Mrs. Cordelia Powell Odenheimer, who was received with enthusiasm, four of the former Presidents General were then introduced. These were: Mrs. Katie Cabell Muse and Mrs. Cornelia Branch Stone, of Texas; Mrs. A. B. White, of Tennessee; and Mrs. Daisy McLaurin Stevens, of Mississippi.

The convention opened Wednesday morning, November 8, with some three hundred delegates present. A pleasant interruption followed the opening exercises in the introduction of the Dallas Guards, the only organization of its kind in Texas. Several prominent Confederates were introduced to the convention during the morning, among them being Judge C. C. Cummings, of Fort Worth, who brought the greetings of Gen. K. M. Van Zandt, commanding the Trans-Mississippi Department, U. C. V. who was not able to appear; Gen. Felix Robertson, of Crawford; and Maj. H. W. Graber, of Dallas. The venerable widow of Dick Dowling, hero of Sabine Pass, was also introduced to the convention.

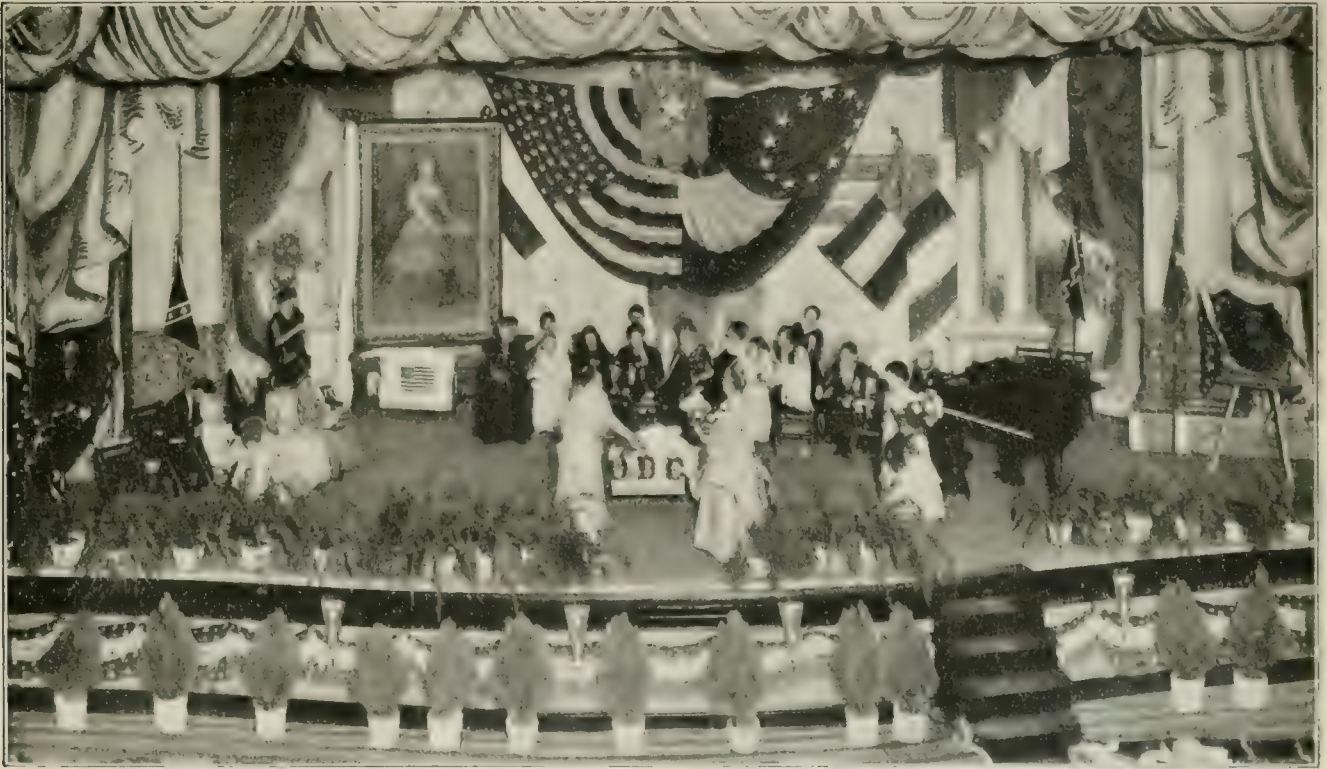
The morning session was taken up with committee reports, Mrs. R. T. Skiles, of Dallas, giving that for the Credentials Committee, of which she is chairman. She was followed by Sister Esther Carlotta, as Chairman of the Rules and Regulations Committee, whose report was very comprehensive.

After luncheon at the Scottish Rites Cathedral as guests of the Dallas Chapter, the delegates reassembled for the memorial service in honor of the distinguished dead of the year. This was presided over by Mrs. Daisy McLaurin Stevens. Tribute was paid to the memory of Mrs. Virginia Faulkner McSherry, ex-President General, by Miss Jennie S. Price, President of the West Virginia Division; to Mrs. John H. Reagan, Honorary President General, by Mrs. Joseph B. Dibrell, former President of the Texas Division; to Mrs. Magnus S. Thompson, of Washington, D. C., Honorary President General, by Mrs. Alexander B. White, ex-President General; to Mrs. Ridsen T. Bennett, Honorary President of the North Carolina Division, by Mrs. F. A. Williams, Recording Secretary General; to Mrs. Lucy Green Yerger, ex-President Mississippi Division, by Mrs. S. E. F. Rose, ex-President Mississippi Division. Mrs. James Henry Parker, of New York Division, read the tribute to the Daughters of the Confederacy. Following the reading of these tributes came the beautiful ceremony of placing flowers on the cross, each Division President placing a red and white carnation in memory of the departed.

The regular order of business began with the reading of the President General's report, in which special attention was directed to the efforts that had been made to secure the return of the cotton tax illegally exacted of the South in the sixties, and Mrs. Odenheimer urged that the united efforts of all Confederate organizations be exerted in that interest, as it is only by coöperation that anything can be accomplished. She also stressed the importance of preserving historical records and told of what is being done in caring for Confederate graves. The work of the Monument Committee was commended and the relief work of the organization especially referred to. She also called attention to the meeting of the veterans in Washington in the spring of 1917 and urged that all coöperate in making that a notable occasion. It is desired that veterans appear in Confederate uniforms, and Chapters are asked to furnish uniforms for those veterans not able to procure them. Her report was received and approved with a rising vote.

RECOMMENDATIONS BY THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.

1. That a Chapter or Division cannot have as a member of its Advisory Council or Advisory Board any one who is not a member of the United Daughters of the Confederacy.
2. That honorary officers or honorary members cannot hold executive office or vote.
3. That the Third Vice President General have under her consideration the uniting of the Chapters of the Children of the Confederacy and bringing them into closer connection with the United Daughters of the Confederacy.
4. That the business of the meetings would be facilitated by the attendance of a parliamentarian at our annual conventions.



SCENE ON STAGE ON HISTORICAL EVENING OF THE DALLAS CONVENTION JUST AFTER UNVEILING THE PORTRAIT OF MISS RUTHERFORD.

(Photo by Babcock & Hobbs, Dallas.)

The most important business of the convention came up Thursday morning in the report of the Executive Board on the impeachment charges preferred against Mrs. Odenheimer, President General, by the Baltimore Chapter. This report, completely exonerating Mrs. Odenheimer and declaring that G. W. Emmerich, whose record had been questioned, was a loyal Confederate soldier and entitled to his cross of honor, is given in full following the convention notes, that the matter may be thoroughly understood. The report of the Executive Committee also reinstated the Chapter at Gainesville, Fla. (See page 536.)

The first business of the afternoon session was the election of officers, which brought in a number of new officials, these being as follows: Mrs. W. C. N. Merchant, of Virginia, succeeding Mrs. F. M. Williams as Recording Secretary General; Mrs. Arthur Walcott, of Oklahoma, Corresponding Secretary, succeeding Mrs. W. F. Baker; Mrs. Eugene Little, of North Carolina, follows Mrs. C. B. Tate as Treasurer General; Mrs. J. Norment Powell, of Tennessee, is Registrar General, succeeding Mrs. Orlando Halliburton; Mrs. S. E. F. Rose, of Mississippi, becomes Historian General in place of Miss Mildred Rutherford; Mrs. E. T. Sells, of Ohio, succeeds Mrs. John W. Tench as Custodian of Crosses of Honor; while Mrs. F. A. Walke, of Virginia, follows Mrs. W. K. Beard as Custodian of Flags and Pennants. The new officers were called to the platform and introduced by the President General. The President and Vice Presidents General were reelected.

Following the election of officers, the President General introduced Gen. Bennett H. Young, Past Commander in Chief U. C. V., who made a talk outlining the plans for the Jefferson Davis Memorial at Fairview, Ky., the birthplace of President Davis, which was procured by the Jefferson Davis Home Association some years ago and greatly improved. It is now

proposed to erect thereon a monument in the form of an obelisk some three hundred and fifty feet high, which will be the second highest memorial in the world and an impressive and distinguishing structure. Maj. George W. Littlefield, of Austin, Tex., has recently become interested in this and has pledged his assistance in making it one of the most noted memorials in the country. At the conclusion of General Young's address Mrs. T. J. Latham, of Memphis, Tenn., made a voluntary contribution of \$500 to the fund; Mrs. Jacksie Daniel Thrash, of North Carolina, pledged \$100, and other individual contributions brought the amount to \$1,000; while the organization as a whole pledged itself to raise \$10,000 as its contribution to this great memorial.

While the U. D. C. organization is not in any sense political, much interest was manifested in the Presidential election this year, and the first business on Friday was the sending of a telegram of congratulation to President Wilson upon his reelection.

The report of the Shiloh Monument Committee, through Mrs. A. B. White, Chairman, brought the glorious news that all needed funds were on hand or pledged. The three prizes offered in raising the money were awarded as follows: To the Mary Latham Chapter, of Memphis, Tenn., the bust of Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston for raising the largest amount of money of any Chapter by October 10, the sum being \$410.20, and to the Tennessee Division, for raising the largest amount of money (\$1,496.46), was given the bas-relief frieze of General Johnston; another frieze went to the New York Division for the largest amount *pro rata* for each member. Mrs. White received the thanks of the convention for her zealous work as chairman of this committee, and the members of the Tennessee Division presented her with a handsome silver dish.

The corner stone of the Shiloh monument was laid with Masonic honors on November 4, and the unveiling will be set for some time next spring. It would have been completed this fall but for labor troubles in the bronze foundry where it is being cast. The movement for this monument originated with the Shiloh Chapter, of Savannah, Tenn., in 1900, under the leadership of Mrs. J. W. Irwin, and the fund secured was turned over to the U. D. C. when this became the work of the general organization in 1905; so this monument has been under way for some sixteen years. The cost is \$50,000.

The report of the retiring Historian General, Miss Rutherford, showed that a vast amount of historical literature had been sent out during the year, including her addresses on "The South in the Building of the Nation," "Jefferson Davis and Abraham Lincoln," and "Wrongs of History Righted." "I hate to say good-by," she said, "but I hope to meet you again in the history circles. I think they will enable me to meet the young people, to go into the schools, and to touch those who are not already interested in the Southern cause." On motion of Mrs. S. E. F. Rose, the new Historian, it was decided that Miss Rutherford should continue to send out the historical pamphlets. A fund of \$612 was pledged toward the publication of her last address, "The Civilization of the Old South," given on Historical Evening. The Oak Cliff Chapter, Dallas, gave \$100 to this fund.

Mrs. John W. Tench, Custodian of Crosses, reported the bestowal of 1,690 crosses during the last year and a total of 5,000 during the three years she held office. Her book of records, containing the names of those who have received these crosses, will be placed in the Museum at Richmond.

The \$100 scholarship in Columbia University, offered through Mrs. L. R. Schuyler, of New York City, was awarded to Harold R. Blake, Principal of the Oakwood School at Dayton, Ohio, for his essay on "The Compromises of the Constitution." Mrs. Schuyler announced for 1916-17 a ten-dollar prize for the best essay on one of the following subjects: "The Peace Convention of 1861," "The Foreign Policy of the Confederate States," and "The Siege of Vicksburg and Its Strategic Importance." It must not exceed eight thousand words and must be filed before March 1, 1917.

The Chairman of the Committee on Education, Mrs. Mary B. Poppenheim, of Charleston, S. C., reported ten additional scholarships, as follows: The Fleet School scholarship, value \$400, given by Mrs. J. T. Beal, Arkansas; the Converse College scholarship, value \$100, given through Miss Armida Moses, of South Carolina; the Randolph-Macon Academy scholarship, value \$100, given by J. E. B. Stuart Chapter, Staunton, Va.; the Elizabeth Mather College scholarship, value \$110, given through Mrs. L. M. Bashinsky, of Alabama; the Sophia Newcomb College scholarship, value \$100, given by Dr. Dizon, through Miss Poppenheim; the Lucy Cobb Institute scholarship, value \$190, given by Miss Brumby through Miss Poppenheim; the Southwestern Presbyterian University scholarship, value \$50, given through Mrs. L. M. Bashinsky; two scholarships in Trinity College, value \$40 each, given by Miss Annie Jean Gash, of Pisgah Forest, N. C., and the Meridian (Miss.) College scholarship. The U. D. C. now maintain forty-five scholarships, valued at \$6,535, through the general organization; while the scholarships offered by the State Divisions total over five hundred, with a value of \$58,663.

Mrs. A. W. Halliburton, Registrar General, reported the addition of 6,435 names during 1916, bringing the total membership of the organization to 93,849.

As Custodian of the U. D. C. Official Pin, Mrs. L. M. Bashinsky, Second Vice President, reported the sale of four hundred and ninety pins during the year, with a profit of \$779.

The invitations from different cities wanting the convention for 1917 were given at the Saturday morning session, and Chattanooga, Tenn., was selected as the next meeting place. Other cities extending the invitation were: St. Louis, Mo., Asheville, N. C., and Birmingham, Ala.

After the report of Mrs. Cornelia Branch Stone, chairman, pledges were taken to meet the debt on the Arlington monument, which was announced as being \$3,500. About half of this was subscribed from the floor, and the convention voted to it \$300; the balance was then very generously subscribed by Mrs. James H. Parker, of New York City. The wiping out of this debt created great enthusiasm.

The report of Mrs. A. McC. Kimbrough, of Mississippi, on the fund for the memorial window to the women of the South in the Red Cross Building at Washington, D. C., showed a balance of \$3,000 due. More than half of this was raised by individual and Chapter subscriptions, including an appropriation of \$1,000 from the general treasury. The bill in the House to properly recognize the services of Clara Barton was heartily indorsed.

The Trader Fund, which was created to meet the necessities of Mrs. Ella K. Trader in her old age, was given an appropriation of \$1,200 per year during her lifetime, this to be sent her in monthly payments of \$100. Thus will be made happy the last days of one who gave of herself and her means without stint to the cause of the Confederacy.

HONORARY PRESIDENTS GENERAL.

Mrs. J. E. B. Stuart, of Virginia, and Mrs. John P. Hickman, of Tennessee, were made Honorary Presidents General.

HISTORICAL EVENING.

The feature of the Thursday evening entertainment was the brilliant address on "The Civilization of the Old South" by the retiring Historian General, Miss Mildred Rutherford, which was delivered before an appreciative audience. In closing Miss Rutherford urged the importance of unbiased histories for the schools and libraries, that the children of the South may not be given the wrong impression of the causes of the War between the States. Following the address, a life-sized portrait of Miss Rutherford as a young girl was unveiled on the stage, and she was the recipient of many handsome floral offerings from her Division and other friends. The new Historian General, Mrs. S. E. F. Rose, of Mississippi, was introduced and made a short talk, in which she announced the winner of the Rose loving cup, which goes to the Division submitting the best essay for the year on a subject of Confederate history. Mrs. Luella Stiles Vincent, of Dallas, carried off that honor for her Division, the subject of her essay being "The Misrepresentations of Jefferson Davis in History and Fiction." The previous successful contestants were: Miss Marie Louise Ayer Vandiver, South Carolina, 1913; Mrs. Eleanor Malloy Gillespie, Tennessee, 1914; and Mrs. Dora Thompson Sifford, Arkansas, 1915.

The Raines banner of merit, offered for the finest collection of historical papers, was awarded to the South Carolina Division on the fine work of Mrs. Carrie McC. Patrick, of Anderson.

A new custom was instituted at this convention in the presentation of a beautiful banner to the Children of the Confederacy doing the best work during the year. This was offered by the North Carolina Division and was won by the Bethel Heroes Junior Chapter, of Rocky Mount, N. C.

Historian General's Page.

To the United Daughters of the Confederacy: It is with sincere appreciation and joy that I salute you as Historian General for 1917—appreciation for the high honor you have just conferred upon me by electing me your Historian General, thereby expressing your confidence in me; joy for the great privilege that is mine of working with you and for you in all that tends to advance our sacred work.

In accepting this great honor at your hands, I am not unmindful of its responsibilities; but with your coöperation all obstacles can be overcome. So to the United Daughters of the Confederacy everywhere I give the Macedonian call: "Come over and help me." While we cannot expect to excel the splendid work of Miss Rutherford, we can maintain the high standard she has set and follow the path she has pointed out. Conservation of history is the duty of each passing generation. Let us do our part in our day and generation. Take for your watchword this year "Preparedness." "Know your history" and be prepared at all times to be an able exponent and defender of Southern history. I shall prepare as speedily as possible an outline for historical study for 1917; but as the CONFEDERATE VETERAN comes out a month in advance, I am sending a brief outline for the January program and ask that you give your thoughts to the study of the lives of these immortal Southern heroes. If possible, arrange for public exercises for January 19, so as to reach a large number, and make a special effort to have the children present.

Hoping for a year of great advancement and interest in our historical work, cordially your Historian General,

MRS. S. F. F. ROSE

U. D. C. PROGRAM FOR JANUARY, 1917.

LEE AND JACKSON.

"Of those who having joined the choir invisible their deeds do yet live after them."

January 19, 1916, the one hundred and ninth anniversary of the birth of Robert Edward Lee.

January 21, 1916, the ninety-second anniversary of the birth of Thomas Jonathan (Stonewall) Jackson.

Appreciation of these two immortal heroes of the Confederacy.

Public memorial services to be arranged by each Chapter.

Appropriate readings: "The Sword of Lee" (Father Ryan), "Last Words of Stonewall Jackson."

Music: "How Firm a Foundation!" (Favorite hymn of both Lee and Jackson.)

C. OF C. PROGRAM FOR JANUARY, 1917.

1. What do you know about Robert E. Lee?
2. What did he say to his soldiers in his farewell address?
3. Where did he spend the last years of his life?
4. Where is he buried?
5. Tell of his faithful horse, Traveler.
6. How did General Jackson obtain the sobriquet "Stonewall"?
7. Who gave it to him?
8. Where did he teach before the war?
9. Where is he buried?
10. Repeat his last words.

Read "Stonewall Jackson's Way."

Music: "Dixie."

From what poem is the following quotation selected, and who is the author?

"But on that day in Lexington
Fame came herself to hold
His stirrup while he mounted
To ride down the streets of gold."

ROBERT EDWARD LEE. BORN JANUARY 19, 1807.—The fatherland of Sidney and Bayard never produced a nobler soldier, gentleman, and Christian than Gen. Robert E. Lee.—*London Standard*.

STONEWALL JACKSON. BORN JANUARY 21, 1824.—Fearless and strong, self-dependent and ambitious, he had within him the making of a Napoleon, and yet his name is without spot or blemish. From his boyhood onward until he died on the Rappahannock he was the very model of a Christian gentleman.

"Even as he trod that day to God, so walked he from his birth, In simpleness and gentleness and honor and clean mirth."

—Col. G. F. R. Henderson.



MRS. HERBERT M. FRANKLIN, OF TENNILLE, GA.

Picture taken in an old-fashioned corner of her home, "The Colonnades," with its Confederate and Revolutionary relics. Mrs. Franklin is President of the Georgia Division, U. D. C., and headed the delegation to the General Convention at Dallas.

The report of the Dallas convention is from notes furnished by Mrs. Fannie Ransom Williams, former Recording Secretary General, and from the notes appearing in the Dallas News.

REPORT OF COMMITTEE OF INVESTIGATION

OF CHARGES BROUGHT BY BALTIMORE CHAPTER, No. 8, U. D. C., AGAINST MRS. FRANK G. ODENHEIMER. COMMITTEE APPOINTED BY EXECUTIVE BOARD, UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY, AT DALLAS, TEX., MONDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1916.

Whereas on Monday, November 6, 1916, we, the undersigned, were selected by the Executive Board of the United Daughters of the Confederacy to constitute a committee to carefully examine and weigh a protest from the Baltimore Chapter, No. 8, against certain action of the Maryland State Division Convention and against Mrs. F. G. Odenheimer as President of the Maryland Division, U. D. C., and against two decisions of the President General of the United Daughters of the Confederacy; and whereas the committee was composed of seven members, two selected by Mrs. Odenheimer, two selected by the representatives of the Baltimore Chapter and three selected by the Executive Board, U. D. C., the arrangements for the appointing of the committee being made by Mrs. F. M. Williams, Recording Secretary General, ranking officer of the Executive Board after the President General when the committee was appointed (the President General not acting in the premises, as the question touched herself); and whereas the Baltimore Chapter, No. 8, U. D. C., in its protest asked the consideration of the said protest and its charges either in open convention or before a "committee appointed for the purpose"—therefore be it

Resolved, That the committee begs to submit the following report to the Executive Board of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, Mrs. L. M. Bashinsky, Second Vice President, presiding, meeting in the city of Dallas, Tex., November 6, 1916, at 11:45 P.M.:

Madam Chairman: The committee met behind closed doors, the chairman having first received from Mrs. F. M. Williams, Recording Secretary, all papers submitted in evidence by Mrs. F. G. Odenheimer, Mrs. A. W. Mears, and the Baltimore Chapter, No. 8.

The chairman instructed the committee that, in approaching the investigation of the matter intrusted to it, the members must divest themselves of all feeling of personal friendship for any person concerned in the result and even of all feeling of official loyalty to Mrs. Odenheimer as President General as such and must examine, weigh, and report upon the evidence from a purely impersonal standpoint. In no other way could the committee reach a just decision.

The papers submitted were carefully read in detail, every one not duplicated being thoroughly examined. The duplicates were compared closely, conflicting evidence was finally sifted, and a note made by the secretary of the committee of all points not perfectly clear.

Mrs. Walter W. Preston, Past President of the Maryland State Division, Mrs. F. G. Odenheimer, also Past President of same, and Mrs. Samuel T. Brown, State Recorder of Crosses for the Maryland Division and delegate from Baltimore Chapter, No. 8, U. D. C., were separately requested to meet the committee in session and give answers on these points as well as to make any additional statements which they might desire to make. The committee then reexamined the papers in the light of the evidence given by these ladies separately, and after this review of the evidence, before formulating its findings, the members of the committee answered affirmatively on roll call to the question: "Have you a clear and understanding grasp upon the evidence submitted?"

The findings of the committee are as follows:

Sections and Subsections of the Protest.

1. The committee finds the reference to Mrs. F. G. Odenheimer as "acting" President of the Maryland Division an error. Mrs. Odenheimer was duly elected President of the Maryland Division, U. D. C., in 1914 and continued to be such until her successor had been elected, in November, 1915. Her election to the office of President General in October, 1915, did not vitiate her title to the office of President of the Maryland State Division, as there is no constitutional provision prohibiting a member of the United Daughters of the Confederacy from holding the two offices at the same time.

The committee further finds the charge of holding the election of officers of the Maryland Division on an illegal date to be not sustained by the evidence. Mrs. Preston, Past President of the Maryland Division, testifies that the date was changed, by due and legal amendment to the Division constitution, from December 7 to the third Tuesday in October; and Mrs. F. G. Odenheimer testifies that as President of the Maryland Division she received notice that at the last meeting of the Division prior to her going to the San Francisco General Convention, U. D. C., in October, 1915, the meeting for election was deferred until after her return, and she was empowered to call it at the earliest date practicable after her return from California. Under this authorization she called the State meeting for November 16, 1915. The committee finds this to have been within the scope of her authority as President of the Maryland Division.

2. (1) The committee finds that the clause quoted from the U. D. C. constitution, "No woman shall cast more than one personal vote," does not apply to Division conventions unless repeated in the constitution of the Division and that it is not repeated in the Maryland Division constitution. They find further that the constitution of the Maryland Division explicitly gives a vote to the Division President apart from any vote she may hold as a Chapter delegate.

(2) This count is valueless, as no one is obliged to follow the example of any one else, whether that example be good or bad.

(3) The committee finds no conflict between the U. D. C. constitution and the constitution of the Maryland Division.

(4, 5) The committee finds no evidence that the proxy votes cast by Miss May Sellman or her votes as President of her Chapter were illegal. They find further that if all votes challenged by both sides in the Division presidential election had been eliminated the result of the election as declared would not have been changed, and that if leniency were shown toward the matter of irregular votes its preponderancy was toward the side which lost the election as declared.

(6) The committee finds no evidence to sustain the charge that the election was declared a tie when it was not a tie.

(7) The committee further finds that the constitution of the Maryland Division explicitly gives to its Division President the casting vote in the event of a tie vote, in addition to her vote as Division President, and parliamentary law sustains this principle. The committee finds no evidence that Mrs. F. G. Odenheimer ever claimed a vote on her office as President General as being effective in the convention of the Maryland Division and that her reference to supposititious votes as State Monument Directors was for the sake of illustration merely.

3. That on account of the lateness of the hour when the vote on the President's election was declared a tie Mrs. Odenheimer as President of the Maryland Division declared a

recess in the meeting of November 16, 1915, and adjourned it until November 23. The committee finds, further, that this adjournment was taken after due discussion had settled the date on which to reassemble to the satisfaction and understanding of all present, which included delegates from all Chapters present in the convention, full notice being thus given. No ten days was possible in a week's interval, nor was it constitutionally required for an adjourned meeting. The meeting on November 23 the committee finds, therefore, to have been a legal meeting and competent to complete the election of Division officers.

4. The committee finds that the evidence does not sustain the statement that Mrs. A. W. Mears "resigned" her office as President of the Maryland Division, but it shows that she merely temporarily suspended herself from its full duties until the Confederate veterans could bear witness to the loyalty of her father's Confederate record.

5. That the committee finds the calling of a State meeting of the Maryland Division on July 19, 1916, over the signatures of four Chapter Presidents instead of over the signature of the Division Corresponding Secretary was irregular and to be regretted; but it also finds that as few as three Chapters could require the meeting of the State Division and that the reasons given for the method of calling were weighty and deserving of consideration.

6, 7. The committee finds no evidence to sustain the charge against Mrs. Odenheimer of having the meeting conducted in "an arbitrary and tyrannical manner," nor that of having dominated the meeting through the presiding officer, Mrs. W. W. Preston. The power of rendering decisions when asked is inherent in the office of President General, and Mrs. F. G. Odenheimer was strictly within her prerogative in rendering the two given in the meeting of July 19, 1916. The committee further finds no evidence that Mrs. Odenheimer invited any outsiders to this meeting. The men present were three Confederate veterans, who came to bear testimony to the loyal Confederate record of Mrs. Mears's father, a lawyer to advise on legal points if necessary, a stenographer to take official proceedings (a copy of which is before the committee), and Mr. A. W. Mears. The committee finds no evidence to sustain the charge that Mrs. Adelbert W. Mears is not the duly and lawfully elected President of the Maryland Division, U. D. C.

The committee would summarize its conclusions as follows:

1. Having carefully and conscientiously examined the evidence submitted, read every paper closely, heard with impartial attention the verbal testimony of the ladies who have come before the committee, and weighed and compared the conflicting statements, the committee finds the charges against Mrs. Frank G. Odenheimer without foundation in the evidence as given in full.

2. The committee finds Mrs. Adelbert W. Mears to have been duly elected President of the Maryland Division, U. D. C.

3. The committee finds Mrs. F. G. Odenheimer, President General U. D. C., to have been absolutely within the scope of her powers in rendering on July 19, 1916, the decisions which have been questioned by Baltimore Chapter, No. 8.

4. The committee, having also carefully examined and scrutinized all papers submitted in evidence on the question of the Confederate record of Mr. George Washington Emmerich, which papers included attested statements and letters from Confederate veterans of high standing and unquestioned integrity, as well as records obtained from the Adjutant Gen-

eral U. S. A., finds the charges against the loyalty of the said George Washington Emmerich to be without foundation in fact and unsustained by any proof whatsoever. The committee further finds the said papers to prove that Mr. Emmerich was a faithful and gallant Confederate soldier, fully entitled to his cross of honor from the United Daughters of the Confederacy, and that any statements to the contrary are a grievous and unwarrantable injustice to the memory of a brave and loyal son of the South, who gave her true and steadfast service in her time of need.

After careful and conscientious consideration of the sections and subsections of the protest and charges submitted by Baltimore Chapter, No. 8, making reference during such consideration to the papers submitted in evidence and to the shorthand notes made by the secretary of the committee during the testimony of Mrs. Preston, Mrs. Odenheimer, and Mrs. Brown, and after painstaking and detailed examination of every point involved and of all evidence bearing upon each of same, the committee submits the foregoing report as correct, just, and impersonal, to the best of its knowledge and belief.

Respectfully,

SISTER ESTHER CARLOTTA, S. R.,
Past President Florida Division, Chairman;
MRS. A. A. CAMPBELL,
Past President Virginia Division;
MRS. N. W. MUIR,
Past Treasurer Kentucky Division;
MRS. CHARLES ROBERTS,
Kentucky Division;
MRS. J. T. BEALE,
President Arkansas Division;
MISS JENNIE S. PRICE,
President West Virginia Division;
MRS. J. NORMENT POWELL,
President Tennessee Division.

We, the undersigned members of the Executive Board, U. D. C., in regular session assembled in Dallas, Tex., November 7, 1916, with Mrs. L. M. Bashinsky, Second Vice President, presiding, unanimously adopted the above committee report as the report of the Executive Board, U. D. C.

MRS. L. M. BASHINSKY,
Second Vice President General U. D. C.;
MRS. LULA LOVELL,
Third Vice President General U. D. C.;
MRS. C. B. TATE,
Treasurer General U. D. C.;
MRS. W. F. BAKER,
Corresponding Secretary General U. D. C.;
MILDRED LEWIS RUTHERFORD,
Historian General U. D. C.;
MRS. AGNES HALLIBURTON,
Registrar General U. D. C.;
MRS. F. M. WILLIAMS,
Recording Secretary General U. D. C.

If but the world would give to some
The crumbs that from its table fall,
'Twere bounty large enough for all
The famishing to feed thereof. —Father Tabb.

INCIDENTS OF SERVICE WITH THE CHARLESTON LIGHT DRAGOONS.

[Reminiscences of Albert Rhett Elmore, private in the Dragoons, sergeant major 7th South Carolina Regiment, Hagood's Brigade, lieutenant 1st South Carolina Regular Infantry, Rhett's Brigade.]

In the year 1863, about the 25th of August, a detail of six men was made from the Charleston Light Dragoons for courier duty at Fort Wagner, near Charleston, N. C. In order to comprehend the duties of these men and the fearfully fiery ordeal through which they passed, it is necessary to give a brief description of the location of the fort and the surrounding grounds.

Morris Island is a long, narrow strip of land lying nearly parallel with the mainland, ending in a point about half a mile from Fort Sumter, called Cummings Point. On this point was built Battery (or Fort) Gregg, between which and Fort Sumter, on the one side, and Fort Moultrie, on Sullivan's Island, on the other, were the entrances to Charleston Harbor. Fort Sumter stands like a grim sentinel in the middle of the channel, commanding both sides and with power to make certain destruction of any vessel attempting either passage. It is built upon an artificial bank made of oyster shells, lime, and stones; is octagon in shape, built of brick. Its walls, probably thirty feet high and twenty thick, rise majestically out of the ocean itself, and the wild waves wash and dash against its very walls. The possession of Fort Sumter, therefore, was, in Federal estimation, the "open sesame" to the city of Charleston, and to them the possession of Morris Island meant the reduction of the grand old fort. History has already told the story of their great mistake and how, even after they had taken Morris Island and turned their land batteries and the concentrated forces of their monitors upon her and crumbled her brick walls into dust, she still stood, as impregnable as the Rock of Gibraltar, defying them to come and take her, climbing day by day higher and higher upon the roll of fame.

On Morris Island, three-quarters of a mile from Battery Gregg, was situated Fort Wagner, an earthwork of great strength, with wings, or high breastworks, extending to the marsh on the one side and the ocean on the other. Along these wings, where the men were comparatively unprotected, the casualties in the latter days of our possession were fearful. Memory fails to recall the names of the first detail except two. One of these was Alex R. Taylor, of Columbia, a boy of seventeen, a gallant and noble youth. For many years he has been sleeping beneath the sod in the old Taylor family burying ground in Columbia. After escaping all the dangers of the battle fields, upon many of which he bore a conspicuous part, he fell a victim, just after the close of the war, to country fever upon the eve of his wedding and was buried in his wedding suit. Alex was a great favorite with all, generous and brave to a fault. He was wounded in the leg by a fragment of shell while on duty at Morris Island. Later, when the Charleston Light Dragoons, as Company K, 4th South Carolina Cavalry, went to Virginia and, as a part of Gen. M. C. Butler's command, took part in all of General Hampton's battles, young Taylor was detached as special courier to General Butler and did his duty like a man, being especially relied upon when danger was greatest. Upon one occasion, while carrying a dispatch in the battle of Trevilian Station, his horse was killed under him. He was a noted and beautiful rider and would never ride anything but a good horse. Being on foot, he was soon captured. Never can I forget the delight

we all experienced the next day when "Little Alex," riding a Yankee horse, with his tail twisted to one side, came into camp, expressing his supreme disgust for "Twist Tail," as he called him, and vowing that he would ride him only until he could either buy or capture "a horse fit for a gentleman to ride." The best part of it was that Twist Tail's former rider, a full-fledged Yankee cavalryman, was trudging along on foot while Alex, in the Yankee's saddle, pistol in hand, was marching him in to the provost marshal. He had managed to make his own escape and then, without arms even, seeing this fellow approaching, secreted himself in the bushes and, stepping out suddenly, grasped the bridle of the horse, demanded the soldier's surrender, disarmed him, and took his horse and at the point of his (the Yankee's) own weapon marched him out of his own lines and landed him safely in a Confederate prison. Could anything have been more gallant?

After the battle of Trevilian Station, General Hampton made for the "White House," on the Pamunkey River, it being a large base of supplies for the Federal armies. As well as I can remember, it was on the 14th or 15th of June when at good daylight we charged the Yankee picket post. (Let me say here that in this little fight the Dragoons had dwindled, by wounds and deaths and capture, to three men, all privates, your humble servant being one of the three. I think Willie Fishburne was another, but am not sure, and who the third one was I cannot remember.) On Saturday, May 28, at Haw's Shop, we carried into action thirty-six men; we left nine dead on the field and nine more wounded, just half. On Monday, May 30, at Cold Harbor, or Frazier's Farm, we took twenty-eight into the fight; again were half of our devoted little band taken—fourteen killed, wounded, and missing. At Trevilian, on the 12th of June, we were halved again; out of twelve, six killed and wounded, three dead on the field. The Dragoons had been annihilated.

As we charged in column, General Butler and staff and couriers leading, we took the picket completely by surprise. In my mind's eye I can now see the Yankees standing around their camp fires drinking buttermilk, while an ambulance with two immense tin cans stood near, showing where their supply came from. Cups and canteens were dashed to the ground, Winchesters and Spencers snatched up, and their "crack, crack" joining in with the reports of our boys' revolvers made things lively for a few minutes. In this little fight young Taylor, on Twist Tail, again performed a gallant deed. (I got it from his own lips at the time as soon as the firing ceased.) The affair with the picket was soon ended, and a furious cannonade opened from all their batteries and gunboats. Fortunately for us, they shot too high, their shells and grapeshot tearing away the limbs of trees, but doing us no harm. Our entire command, however, was withdrawn by General Hampton some distance back, where we were kept mounted in line waiting for developments.

It was while thus waiting that Alex Taylor galloped up on a beautiful bay mare, handsomely rigged, the saddle having a nice little cavalry valise attached to it. Ah! how vividly I recall his bright face as he exclaimed: "Doc [a pet name he had for me], I've got my horse. Ain't she a fine one?" "That she is," I replied; "but, Alex, what did you do with Twist Tail?" "O," he said, "I turned him loose. I was afraid that if I brought him out too they would make me give my mare up as the property of the government. And now, say, let's see what this fellow had in his valise." Soon the articles were drawn forth: the photograph of a pretty young girl, some letters, a few articles of wearing apparel, and a dark

morocco writing case for use in camp. "Ah!" said Alex, "I will send this home to mother."

Young Taylor had selected this mare while under fire, taking his pick of all the horses tied around the picket camp. He told me that just before he got the mare he saw a Yankee take deliberate aim and fire at Gen. M. C. Butler, not more than twenty steps distant, and miss him, and that as the Yankee threw another cartridge into the breech of his gun he with his pistol shot him before he could aim again. It is probable that this shot of Alex's saved the General's life. I do not think that General Butler was ever made aware of this incident; but I know it to be true, for Alex related it to me immediately afterwards, and I never knew him to state anything but truth.

And now for the sequel. Alas for human hopes! Twist Tail declined to remain with his former comrades. He had become a Confederate, and when our command retired he retired also, and when we went into camp, lo! at General Butler's headquarters Twist Tail appeared and called for his oats. I blush to state that immediately a special order was issued to young Taylor to bring up his captured mare and to deliver her to the proper authorities (?) and to get his own horse again. I forbear commenting further, nor will I say what became of the mare; there are those still living who know. I shall only add that Alex Taylor obeyed the order, but declined positively ever to recognize Twist Tail again. He went out into the country and bought a fine horse. Twist Tail was given by him to Benny Bostick, who rode him shortly afterwards to his own death, he being killed in the next fight, I believe, in which the company became engaged. Benny was a noble boy, still in his teens, and died like a man.

One other of our first detail to Fort Wagner was Josiah Bedon. No braver knight ever buckled on his sword to fight for his country than poor "Old 'Siah Bedon," as his friends loved to call him. One of nature's noblemen, a high-toned Christian gentleman, modest and unassuming, never shirking a duty, a warm friend of my brother, much older than myself, he was a man whom to know was to admire. He too sleeps beneath the sod, the green grasses and sweet clover of old Virginia blooming over the battle field of Haw's Shop. Unknown is his grave, but upon the heart of every one who ever knew him is engraved that proudest of all epitaphs, "Dead upon the battle field."

On the first day of September the second detail of the Dragoons, consisting of six men under Sergeant Holland, left Charleston to relieve Detail No. 1. This party was made up of volunteers for this dangerous duty. Memory fails to recall the names of the devoted six except myself and John Harleston, nicknamed by us "Pirate," a distinction conferred on him for the gallant part he took upon the first privateer of the war, the Savannah, which went out from Charleston and was soon captured. Old John and the rest of her crew were thrown into a Yankee dungeon and sentenced to be hanged as pirates, and nothing but the firm stand of President Davis and the assurance of immediate and double retaliation saved the neck of our gallant Pirate and gave back to the Confederacy a brave soldier, a cultivated and refined gentleman, a boon companion, and a zealous friend.

The headquarters of our detail were at Battery Gregg, one man being continually kept on duty at Battery Wagner. I remember well one night when, our signal corps having interpreted the Yankee code of signals, we were notified that at a certain hour of the night Battery Gregg would be assaulted, and simultaneously an attack in rowboats with hand

grenades and scaling ladders would be made on Fort Sumter. The troops were all busy preparing for the reception of the Yankees, when I noticed the Pirate running around and begging for a musket. I said to him: "Why, John, old fellow, what have you got to do with a musket? You are a courier and have nothing to do but carry dispatches." He replied: "My neck has already been too d— near a halter, and I have already tasted too much of a Yankee prison to take any chances on this thing. I would rather die on the top of this battery, gun in hand, than to go there again." The assault was made, a futile effort easily repulsed; but the Pirate was on top, gun in hand, and nobly did his part.

We arrived at Battery Gregg on Tuesday, September 1; and on the following Sunday Morris Island was evacuated. During those six days Battery Wagner was subjected to the concentrated fire of the land batteries and the fleet and experienced one of the most fearful and terrific bombardments of the war. Fort Gregg was occasionally complimented with a shell or two.

One day, all being pretty quiet at Gregg, I went out of the bombproof to the top of the battery. I had borrowed a spy-glass, and, having climbed up on a ten-inch columbiad, I was sitting a-straddle of the gun and watching the 300-pound Parrott shells from the monitors as they buried themselves in the solid wall of Sumter and, exploding, rained showers of brick, mortar, and iron into the sea. I was much interested until I was spied by a land battery on James Island and perhaps taken for an officer. A light Parrott gun was evidently fired at me direct, for the peculiar whish of the shell, so well (and only) known to those who have heard it, as it passed close enough for me to feel the wind of it was a sufficient intimation that I was the object of special attention; and if not already in the wrong box, I soon would be unless I changed my base. It is needless to say that I required no second invitation to "vamoose the ranch."

The bombproofs at Gregg were nothing more than square excavations under the batteries, walled on the sides and overhead with heavy timbers and open to the rear. On another occasion I was sitting in the mouth, or opening, of one of them when I heard the heavy thud of a shell as it fell on the battery overhead; and a second more and it had rolled from the top of the battery, and with another thud the huge iron ball (a 300-pounder) lay in the sand almost within reach of me, the fuse frizzing and frying and emitting sparks like the wick of a boy's firecracker on a Fourth-of-July morning. It was the cleanest, shiniest cannon ball I ever saw. We all threw ourselves flat on the ground. Seconds appeared hours as we waited for the explosion, knowing full well that we could not all escape; and yet we did, for the fuse went out. A merciful God, he who takes care of the fatherless and the widow, took care of the soldier. Walking then, as it were, in the "valley of the shadow of death," he was with us. After the fuse went out, an ordnance sergeant took a bayonet, unscrewed the top, and poured enough powder out of it to have made the average South Carolina boy happy for a dozen robin seasons.

How different the fate of a sergeant of the 1st Regular Infantry the next day! Snipes, I think, was his name, a tall, handsome man with dark hair and side whiskers. He was standing outside of the bombproof watching the shells as they fell thick and fast into poor old Wagner. All at once I heard him exclaim: "Look out, boys! Yonder it comes, smoking like hell!" The next moment he was lying on the sand, his lifeblood ebbing fast from a fearful wound in his

side, cutting him almost in two. The shell fired from the Ironsides had exploded as he spoke, and a huge fragment had given him his death stroke. He was tenderly lifted and brought into the bombproof, but knew himself to be beyond human aid. His tender messages to his wife and little child delivered to his captain were very touching. He was a brave man and died like a soldier.

Our duties were the carrying of dispatches between Gregg and Wagner, each making the perilous trip in his turn. Imagine, if you can, a ride of more than one-half, perhaps three-quarters, of a mile right down the open beach, exposed all along to the terrific fire of grape, canister, and shell from the entire fleet, to which add the special compliments of Yankee sharpshooters with telescopic rifles, and you have a faint idea of the courier's dangers. These races we had frequently to make at night, with no other light than the stars of heaven and that of the bursting shells. Often would the tired, worn-out horse plunge into a hole torn up by some bursting shell, falling perhaps, but struggling again to its feet and again renewing the race for life. The nearer you were to Battery Wagner, the heavier the fire and the greater the danger. It was like entering or leaving the very mouth of hell itself.

When our detail arrived, there were some four or five horses for us to ride; but day by day they became less and less, until on the day we left the island, I believe, there was but one left living. This was a little gray mare, whose tail had been completely cut off near her body by a piece of shell. Many a soldier who served through that week will remember the noble little mare that, with the dreadful wound, weakened by loss of blood, and fearfully disfigured, did duty for the Confederacy to the last. She was ridden by me in carrying the very last dispatch between the two forts. And she was, I think, the last horse left alive on the island and passed with it into the hands of the enemy.

Apropos of the last dispatch, I shall relate a singular coincidence. Several years ago, while on a train going to Micanopy, Fla., I entered into conversation with a gentleman who lived near Micanopy, having gone there since the war. He incidentally mentioned that he was trying to collect data for a Major Gilchrist, who was, or intended, writing a history of the bombardment of Wagner and its evacuation. He told me his name was J. D. Johnson and that he commanded a company in a South Carolina regiment which was on duty in Wagner during the bombardment and at the time of its evacuation. There was a certain link in the chain of Major Gilchrist's narrative which he had been requested to supply, but had never been able to do so. It was why the guns when the battery was evacuated had not been spiked and why the battery had not been blown up. He remembered that just before the troops marched out of the battery a courier had been dispatched to Fort Gregg for rat-tail files, but he supposed that he had been killed or would not face the fire to return. He remembered perfectly well that the courier rode a gray mare with her tail shot off and that he was almost a boy, his upper lip just beginning to shade with down, with dark hair and eyes. I asked him if he thought he could recognize the man. "Look into my face," said I; "for I was that courier, and I can supply your link. The courier did return, for God took care of him; but he brought no rat-tail files, because there were none at Gregg to be had. This accounted for not spiking the guns." Captain Johnson at once traced the resemblance of the boy to the heavily mustached and bearded man and gave me a hearty grasp of the hand. I then told him why I thought the battery had not been blown up. Capt. C. C. Pinckney and

Lieutenant Marzyck were commissioned to perform the service, and I was the last man except these two to leave the fort. I learned afterwards that they fixed the fuses to the magazine and fired them; but they must have been defective and gone out, as the magazine failed to explode. Lieutenant Marzyck gave me his overcoat with the request that I take it over to Charleston.

After my return from Fort Gregg with the last dispatch, Col. L. M. C. Keit, who was in command, having no further use for me, let me shift for myself; hence my presence there after all the troops had marched out. I remember that a great desire struck me to see the inside of the hospital, and I walked into it for a look. Ghastly, not a living thing in it but myself, it represented truly "the bivouac of the dead." The bodies of the poor fellows who had been taken in there, mortally wounded, to die, lying around thick, with piles and heaps of legs and arms, made a ghastly photograph upon my senses and memory which will never be effaced while life lasts. I turned my back upon it, and, seeing a lot of double-barreled shotguns lying around, I picked up one at random and left the fort, to make my way as best I could back to Fort Gregg, Cummings Point, where the steamer was waiting for the last Confederates on the island. Those shotguns had been taken there to be used with buckshot, as more effective at short range, in case of an assault. The one I picked up I sent home as a souvenir, and when Sherman took Columbia his soldiers took this gun from my mother's home and beat it to pieces against a post.

Just a faint description of the bombardment as we left the island. As I said before, the signals of the Yankee code had been interpreted. General Beauregard knew that at nine o'clock the battery would be assaulted, that he could hold it no longer, and that to resist would be only a useless sacrifice of life. The Yankees had approached the fort by building parallels until they were within twenty-five yards of the battery. This was Sunday night, September 6, 1863. During the day an immense United States flag had been planted in twenty steps of our battery. It was Lieut. Bob Miller, I believe, of the 1st Infantry, who begged to be allowed to take a squad and dash out and get the flag. It would have been madness; hence the request was refused, and the sun went down with the Stars and Stripes waving defiantly within twenty steps of us and only waiting until after the shades of night should fall to be planted on Wagner itself. It would have been, though, in a deluge of blood had not our humane general seen that all had been done that brave men could do to hold the fort and and that the time had come to save life.

The evacuation was ordered to take place as soon as the cover of darkness was over us. The troops all marched out, but many a poor fellow was left weltering in his blood on the sandy beach between Wagner and Gregg, struck down on the way to safety.

Looking back at Wagner, having made my way in safety to Gregg, the scene was terrible and magnificent. To cover an assault, artillery fire is always doubled; and for every shot that had been fired at old Wagner there were now two. The Ironsides belched forth huge sheets of flame from her broadsides. The monitors, ranged around in a semicircle, added their lights to the magnificence of the scene. And from the land batteries, "louder than the bolts of heaven, far flashed the red artillery." The lighted fuses of the mortar shells, like little shooting stars, each describing the arc of a circle, cut the heavens in every direction, a veritable reproduction of a meteoric shower, grand and sublime, a fitting tribute to "man's

inhumanity to man." The shells bursting high in the air, mingling their sparks, as it were, with the lights of heaven, the terrible and continuous roar of a hundred guns, the ten-inch columbiad, the heavy mortars, to which were added the peculiar rifle crack of the Parrott guns and "scream" of its shells, all went to make a scene the grandeur and awful effect of which is beyond the power of man to describe. But hark! all of a sudden, in a second, the scene was changed; comparatively all became as still as the grave. The hour of assault was at hand. We who, familiar with the manner in which such things were managed, were watching from the deck of the fleeing steamer knew that old Wagner was being for the first time desecrated by the Yankee tread. In our mind's eye we saw them as, brave men though they were, rushing over the parapets, they met only those who were left dead in the trenches. "The pleasures of hope" had vanished; the star of Battery Wagner was set forever, and never again would it shine in the Confederate constellation; but, rising in history, it will shine there forever, a monument to the courage, endurance, and valor of the Southern soldier.

There was with us in the fort an old captain of ordnance. He was from Texas and had been commissioned for gallantry upon the field of the First Manassas. He was a tall, lanky old fellow, his hair white with age, and in appearance a typical Davy Crockett. He was known to us only as "Old Texas." I never knew his name. On the top of the earthworks were placed sandbags for the protection of our sharpshooters before the bombardment became too heavy for them to use their guns. These bags were arranged so as to have portholes between them. In the latter days of the siege to darken one of these holes was a sure invitation to a Yankee sharpshooter, who, with his telescopic sights, could plump his bullet through it at every pop. One day Old Texas, curiosity getting the better of his discretion, was just about to darken one of the portholes with his countenance to take a peep when he was warned not to do so. He replied that he could take care of himself and began (cautiously, however) to take his peep. He had just about gotten one eye to the hole, when "zip" came the bullet, and Old Texas was minus just the lobe of his left ear. I was told that a similar experience befell Colonel Colquitt, of the 6th Georgia, afterwards the distinguished Governor and United States Senator of that State. The Colonel, however, was more fortunate than Old Texas; for he lost only the palmetto cockade which pinned up the side of his broad black felt hat.

A shell had made a breach in our works which had to be repaired. A detail was made for the purpose and placed in charge of Major O'Brien, engineer on Beauregard's staff. The work was so perilous that one man was detailed to work at a time and only for five minutes. I have heard of many instances of the premonition of fate, but the one I am about to relate is the only one that ever came under my immediate observation. One poor fellow, when his turn came, seemed paralyzed with fear. To Major O'Brien's order to take the spade, to the taunts of cowardice, to the threat of the bayonet, his only reply was: "Major, I can't do it." At last the Major (a dark, tall man, as brave as Julius Cæsar), out of all patience, said: "Well, sir, every man here must and shall do his part; but I will compel no man to do that which I will not do myself. I will work this five minutes; you, sir, shall work the next if I have to put you at it with the point of the bayonet." He stepped out, grasped the spade, and in the presence of his men did his full five minutes' work. Stepping back under cover, he again ordered the man out. The poor fellow, pale

and trembling, pleaded in vain for another respite. At the point of the bayonet, literally, he was forced out. In sheer desperation he grabbed the spade and, placing his foot on it, was about to push it into the ground when a shell exploded near, and the poor fellow fell, a headless trunk, too dead to know what hurt him.

In the battle of Frazier's Farm, or Cold Harbor, the Dragoons, with Captain Foster's company, were the last to be put into the fight. We had been so fearfully cut up at Haw's Shop that I think General Butler would have been glad to favor us here; but it could not be, for with two brigades we were fighting a whole corps. We were dismounted, our horses left under cover of a heavy pine timber, and we charged through an open field to a wide lane between us and the field beyond, planted in wheat just beginning to ripen, it being early in June. In this lane, along the wheat field fence, our men stood and engaged the enemy.

It is needless to say that before we knew it we were badly whipped. E. L. Wells, John Chisolm, Dick Martin, and Tom Durant were some of the boys whom I remember particularly as being near me. I remember Wells, a cousin of the Hegers, of Charleston, S. C., standing up in the road and crowing like a chicken while the bullets were flying fast. Soon afterwards Willie Fishburne was sent to inform us that everything was in retreat and to get out as fast as we could. As we leaped the fence to run across the field to where he left our horses, poor Jimmie Bee was shot through the knee right by me. I saw John Chisolm trying to help him off the field, but he was forced to leave him. His leg was amputated by the Yankees, from the effects of which he died in a Federal hospital. Just above me, in the corner of the rail fence, I saw a Confederate squatting with his gun to his shoulder, poked through the fence, and full cocked. I thought it strange that he did not pull the trigger or make any motion to run when we were all getting away as fast as we could. Upon closer notice I found that he had been killed, shot through the head in the very act of firing. Death had been so instantaneous that he still retained his position and grasp on his gun, which through the rails of the fence steadied the body as it had been last in life.

Running across the open field, we gained the cover of the heavy pine timber. Just in the edge of this timber was a small branch which, when swollen by the rains, had washed out a gulch about six feet deep. I plunged into this gulch to gain protection from the shot and time to rest. Here I found others of my companions slaking their thirst from the muddy little stream. I thought I was completely exhausted and exclaimed: "Boys, I can run no longer; I shall stay here and be captured." Just then a fellow from some other command rolled into the ditch with the exclamation: "If any of you can get out of here, you had better do it; for them is nigger troops and ain't a-giving no quarter." A sense of the ridiculous strikes me as I recall the sudden energy which this remark infused into the tired bodies of those who thought they could run no more. In a moment every man of us was scrambling out of that ditch and again into the race for life and liberty. I was ahead of Dick Martin when I heard him say: "I have given out; I can't run any more." I turned back, caught him by the hand, and pulled him along, and together we reached a place of safety.

This was late in the evening. After dark as much of the whole command as could be gotten together was drawn up in line and a strong detail of one hundred or two hundred men counted off for picket duty. Not more than a quarter of a mile, maybe not so far, was a long lane between two high

fences. At the end of the lane a few men had been left on duty as pickets until the detail could be made to relieve them. Night had set in, and it was very dark. The column marched down this lane, and when they reached the end of it they were mistaken for Yankees and fired upon. I distinctly saw the flash of their guns, and then began a stampede which was terrible to listen to and fearful in its results. Men and horses were trampled to death and lost. J. M. Howell (poor old "Malley"!), after getting out of the stampede, wandered in the darkness into the hands of the enemy and spent the rest of the war in the stockades of Point Lookout. Here also A. B. Phillips, of our company, received injuries which eventually terminated in death. Never can I forget the ridiculous appearance of that gallant soldier and accomplished gentleman, July Pringle, always the very pink of neatness, as he reached us the next morning, horseless, hatless, with a white handkerchief tied over his head to protect him from the rays of the sun. I heard General Butler on this occasion tell an amusing anecdote of Waring Boone. To know Boone was to love him. A man of infinite jest, his sense of humor could not be restrained even in the face of the greatest danger. Poor fellow! he fell in our next battle at Trevilian, another noble sacrifice to our country's cause. After the stampede, as General Butler was riding around gathering up the men and trying to inspire them with confidence, he spied a figure in the darkness seated on the top of a fence. He called out: "Who is that?" "It's me," replied the figure. "Who is me?" asked the General. "Me, Boone," was the reply. The General, knowing Boone well, said: "What are you doing there, Boone?" "Well, General," said he, "I have just made a masterly retreat."

I should have said that the report of the trooper when he "scared" us out of the ditch about the nigger troops was a draw on his distorted imagination. We had been fighting a whole corps with only two brigades, which accounted for our being so badly whipped. I mention this incident merely to illustrate the dread that the Confederate always felt of ever falling into the hands of the brutal negro soldiery.

Apröpos of this, I shall tell a little story which long, long afterwards I heard an old soldier tell as we gathered around the camp fire. It was told of a Confederate cannoneer. When Grant sprang the mine at Petersburg and the Crater was charged by a division of negro troops, "they came like an avalanche, with white troops behind them, and until our men could recover from the shock and demoralization of the explosion they were forced to give way." The gunner in question said: "I had the cannon rammer in my hand. On the end is always the swab to wipe out the gun. I had just performed this duty when I had to run. Forgetting to drop the rammer, I threw it over my shoulder and started to run." The swab was made of sheepskin and was, of course, black with powder. Using the graphic language of the gunner himself: "I tell you, boys, every time I looked back and saw that black, woolly thing I took it for a nigger's head, and I d— nigh ran myself to death." However, history tells how our brave troops turned, retook the works, and filled Grant's Crater with the bodies of those same dead niggers.

Quite an interval takes us to the 27th of October. Haw's Shop, Frazier's Farm (or Cold Harbor), Trevilian, Reams's Station, and other battles had robbed the Dragoons of many, very many noble comrades. Around the camp fires were missed many familiar faces; but the return of furloughed men, recovered from sickness or wounds, still gave to the Dragoons food for war. On the 27th of October we were in camp on

the Boydton plank road near Hatcher's Run, between Petersburg and Weldon. That morning we were awakened just at the crack of day by the firing of our pickets as they were run in. My servant, who rejoiced in the geographical cognomen of "Africa," in great alarm rushed to our fly and roused us by asking MacWragg in the most excited manner: "Ith dem gunths, Mr. MacWragg?" My brother-in-law, Col. Thomas Taylor, of Columbia, S. C., who was aid-de-camp to General Hampton, told me this story of Africa. It occurred after Sherman had taken Columbia, and we were being driven ahead of him through the upper part of the State. I had then been appointed by President Davis, who was a personal friend of my father and mother, as second lieutenant in the 1st South Carolina Regular Infantry; but, being cut off from my command, I had volunteered for the time being on General Hampton's staff. At Doko I had been ordered by the General to return to Columbia, gather all the information I could, and join him where and when I could. Of course I could not take Africa with me, but left him with Colonel Taylor, mounted on a little mare of mine.

On the march a few days afterwards a creek very much swollen from rain was reached. There was nothing to do but to swim it. The general and staff plunged in and were soon on the other side. Colonel Taylor looked back, to see the "Chasseur D'Afrique" coolly sitting on my mare with a decided aversion to taking the water. "Why don't you come, boy?" called Colonel Taylor. "No, thir, Marth Tom, no, thir; I can't thwim." "Come on, sir," called the Colonel, "or, d—you, I'll shoot you." "No, thir, Marth Tom, don't shoot me; I can't thwim." In another moment he had leaped from the mare's back, turned her head into the stream, giving her a crack with a whip, and the brave little mare soon stood on the opposite shore, but without any "nigger." The Colonel in great wrath yelled to some soldiers, "Shoot the d— rascal"; but with "No, thir, Marth Tom," Africa disappeared in the bushes. They never expected to see him again, being satisfied that he had turned back into the arms of the Yankees. Judge of the Colonel's surprise when, awhile later, happening to cast his eyes behind, whom should he see on the little mare, riding along as big as life, but Africa himself. "Where the devil did you come from?" inquired the Colonel, not yet altogether in a good humor. "No, thir, Marth Tom, I can't thwim; but dith nigger kin beat a coon crawlin' a log." It is needless to say that the faithful fellow was soon again in the good graces of "Marth Tom," that he served me faithfully to the end, and still occupies a warm place in my memory and regard.

Soon "boots and saddles" was sounded by the bugler, and we were mounted and on the go. Our regiment, the 4th Cavalry, was thrown out as mounted skirmishers; but until three o'clock that evening we did not fire a gun. Two prisoners were taken. They were Dutch and could not speak a word of English. I remember the light that spread over their faces when July Pringle, who had been educated in Europe and spoke German fluently, addressed them in their own language. Later on in the day I was sent with a dispatch to General Hampton and found him at his headquarters in a large field. The battle was raging all around, and the peculiar "zip! zip!" of the Minie balls was a familiar sound before I reached him. He gave me a verbal order to Lieutenant Colonel Stokes to bring our regiment up at once. Having delivered this order, I fell into line with my company. I remember that I was suffering with a fearful sick headache; and my friend, William A. Boyle, advised me to go to the rear. I knew that if I

did it would be attributed to a different motive, so I went on into the fight. We charged the Yankees out of a skirt of woods and, forming our line along an old fence row, became actively engaged with the enemy at not more than one hundred and fifty yards distance, they occupying the edge of the woods on the other side of the field. Shug Bellinger, Tim O'Brien, a man from Captain Calhoun's company, and I grouped together behind a good-sized oak tree. Tim had been wounded at Haw's Shop and was but lately returned to the command. A little before sundown Tim was again wounded, shot in the shoulder. I heard him exclaim to Lieutenant Harleston, who was just in the rear of us, "Lieutenant, I've got it again," and then made his way to the rear. But a short time afterwards a bullet tore away Bellinger's coat sleeve between the elbow and shoulder and shattered the arm of Calhoun's man a little in the rear of him. It was late in the evening when Willie Fishburne came down the line distributing ammunition and told Lieutenant Harleston that General Hampton's orders were to hold the line at all hazards; that Mahone had gone around in the rear, and we would soon hear from him. A little later, and on the left of the line above us the Rebel yell announced that "Little Billy" was at work. I had heard musketry before; but then, tired and sick as I was, I thought as the long, unbroken roll continued, above which we could plainly hear the hurrahs of the troops, it was the sweetest music I ever listened to. In the excitement of triumphant battle we entirely lost sight of the fact that it was music full of death and destruction to the fond hopes of many a hearth being made desolate and that to many a happy home the return of a loved one, in blue or gray, would be looked for in vain.

In front of us until some time in the night a straggling shot and the whistle of a bullet told that "the foe was still sullenly firing." We won the fight, but at a fearful sacrifice. Col. R. J. Jeffords, of the 5th Cavalry, lay dead on the field; Lieut. Preston Hampton, the friend and companion of all my days, was no more; and our noble old chieftain, General Hampton, had seen both his sons shot down before his eyes—Preston killed and Wade Hampton, Jr., shot through and through. They were both with him as aids. The former was his regular aid; and Wade, who was on Gen. Joseph E. Johnston's staff, was visiting his father. Maj. Theodore P. Barker, his adjutant general, had also been fearfully wounded, shot through the hips.

It was a cold October night, and a drizzling rain had set in. I requested permission from Lieutenant Harleston to retire, being really for the time very sick. I made my way back to the house where General Hampton had his headquarters, only to find it deserted except by a few teamsters, with whom I spent the night. In the morning I set out to find my command. My way lay directly through the battle fields. I passed hundreds of dead soldiers and saw no sign of life until I reached an old broken caisson. Under it had crawled two wounded Yankees. Each had a leg broken, and they were jabbering in broken English and Dutch. They begged me to hunt up the ambulance corps and get them to come to their relief, which I did. The men, however, said: "Our own men first; Yankees afterwards." I was sorry for them, but could not aid them. Some distance farther on I was attracted by seeing something white in a heavy pine sapling thicket. Riding up, I found a camp cot. The pillow was as white as snow, while the blankets and everything about it were beautifully clean and nice. Upon it lay, pale with suffering, a fair-haired youth of seventeen or eighteen, with light complexion, delicate features, and as he opened them the softest blue eyes I ever

looked into. My heart went out to this poor boy lying so pale and helpless. His first word was that of all wounded soldiers—"water." I sprang from my horse and put to his lips my canteen, which I left with him. He then asked me if our ambulance corps were taking up the wounded and made the same request the others had. I had to tell him that it would be useless to try to get them, as I had already been refused. "Ah!" said he, "then it will make but little difference; for if I am not attended to soon, I cannot live." I asked him then where he was shot, and he replied: "My knee is shattered." He spoke like a man and a soldier, with not a word of complaint. When our command passed that way the next day, I again went to his cot, to find the soldier's battles forever over, for "he lay like a warrior taking his rest, with his martial cloak around him." His blue eyes were wide open, looking pleadingly to Heaven for that relief which had been denied him by the cruel fate of war.

After the fight on the 27th we returned to and occupied our same camp. The fight had raged right through it. The other troops were there engaged, our command, as before stated, having left it early in the morning. The next day a fellow from some other company in the regiment was taking his horse to water. Riding along about twenty steps in front of my little tent fly, his horse's feet sank into some soft earth. Examination showed that the earth had been freshly disturbed and the pine straw raked thickly back over it. "I wonder if a Yankee ain't here, boys," exclaimed he. "Better dig and see," replied some one. "I think I will," said he. "The fellow may have on a pair of boots, and my old ones," sticking forward a foot partially covered with a worn-out Confederate brogan, "have about done their do." He commenced to grapple. Soldiers are never covered deep. Soon a foot was found, slowly pulled up out of the earth, giving a shake to get the dirt off, and, to the fellow's delight, it was found to be incased in a good cavalry boot with a brass spur on it. To find the other foot and draw the boots from the feet of the dead Yankee was but the work of a moment. With the exclamation, "By golly, boys, I've got 'em!" he coolly pitched his old shoes into the hole, drew the boots onto his own feet, mounted his horse, after throwing a little dirt back to fill up the hole, and made off to the creek to water his horse with as perfect an air of satisfaction as if he had gotten a pair of pump-soled boots free of cost from a first-class ante-bellum shoe store.

Many decades have passed on the leaden wings of time since together we rode in the light of battle. Many noble comrades since the end of strife have crossed the river and joined the host in the great beyond. I often think of that beautiful poem which so touchingly describes "The Phantom Host" of noble Confederates who had laid down their lives upon the altar of their country, and in my imagination pass in phantom array the names and faces of the Middletons, the Robinsons, Pocher, Fairley, Miles, Prioleau, Lining, Huger, O'Hear, Bedon, Vanderhorst, Bee, Ravenel, Phillips, and many others whose names are familiar to all those who knew the Charleston Dragoons and all of whom are now at rest.

But the dead repine not; their ashes are as free from heat as our sorrow should be. The record is made up; the symmetrical shaft (in Magnolia Cemetery) in the midst of live oaks and on the border of the blue waters points unerringly to the azure sky. The story of life and death is chronicled; and for these Dragoons, as for the Confederate everywhere and at all times, there is and shall be the silent sympathy of love.

FRESH SOLDIERS.

BY W. E. DOYLE, TEAGUE, TEX.

Some years ago I wrote the following bloodless war story for Dr. S. O. Young, Adjutant of the Galveston Camp, U. C. V., and I think some other of the "boys" might enjoy reading it. It is not as thrilling and bloody as some of the boys experienced, yet it is a truthful war story. My early experience as a soldier illustrates how little inexperienced soldiers may sometimes be trusted.

In 1864 Capt. W. L. Trenholm commanded two companies of cavalry on the coast of South Carolina, his command being known as Trenholm's Squadron. In April of that year this squadron was ordered to Richmond to form a part of the 7th South Carolina Cavalry, to be commanded by Col. A. C. Haskell. We arrived in Richmond early in May and went into camp on the Military Road about four miles northeast of that city. When the regiment was formed, Trenholm's Squadron composed Companies A and G. About two-thirds of these companies consisted of young boys, and I was a private in Company G. Our third lieutenant was W. G. Hinson, of Charleston. After we had been in camp two or three days, Sergeant Duncan took about six of us to do picket duty at Mechanicsville. During our stay there we killed no Yankees, saw none, and heard none; but on returning to our camp we felt like veterans. After resting a day or so, ten or twelve men (rather boys) of Company G were put under command of Lieutenant Hinson for a dashing reconnaissance. I was one of this gallant band, and we moved out northwest on the Military Road to where it intersects the Richmond and Mechanicsville road. There we took the latter road north, crossed the Chickahominy, and went up the long red hill to Mechanicsville; thence in a northeasterly direction for about five miles. As we were about to pass a house near the road, we were hailed by some ladies who were standing on the piazza. On reaching the yard gate three beautiful young ladies and their mother met us with a good supply of fried chicken and biscuits, it being about noon. We remained mounted, and the ladies kept up a lively conversation while we were eating. They were delighted to learn that we were South Carolinians and assured us that they were proud to meet and feed some of South Carolina's chivalrous cavaliers. When informed that we were going out about Cold Harbor to hunt up some Yankees, they expressed great joy and satisfaction, saying they knew we would not let any Yankees come near their premises. After eating we rode on, and Virginia's beauties stood and gazed at South Carolina's cavaliers as long as we were in sight, Lieutenant Hinson being at the head of the column and I at the rear.

After going about a mile we came to where there were dense forests on both sides of the road. Silence pervaded our ranks. I did not ask any of my comrades what they were thinking about, but at all events we were not thinking of Yankees. Thus we moved on when, as suddenly as a thought and without seeing or hearing anything so far as I know to this day, the head of the column, as if by magic, reversed and started back so quickly and so fast that I was thrown in the rear; but being in such a great hurry, I stayed at the heels of the horse in front of me. Thus began the quickest and the fastest retrograde movement made on either side during the whole war. When we passed the house where the young ladies were, our speed was so great that it took two of them to say, "Here they come" and "There they go." The ladies doubtless thought South Carolina's cavaliers rode race horses

and that ten thousand Yankees would be on in a few seconds. My recollection now is that I possessed composure of mind enough to feel sheepish as I passed the young ladies on what could but be to them the most earnest, sudden, and swift return soldiers ever made.

During this remarkably precipitous charge to the rear none looked back, so far as I know; I did not. After simply flying half a mile or so past the house we checked up, but I do not know why or how. Lieutenant Hinson then ordered us to the right; and we went out into the woods about fifty yards from the road, dismounted, and lay down on the ground, expecting (I suppose) to see the Yankees run by us. In this we were disappointed, however; and after the lapse of fifteen or twenty minutes we remounted, rode back into the road, feeling glad that the Yankees did not get us, and went on back at leisure and in silence to camp. I never did know what report Comrade Hinson made of this great military movement; but, to our surprise, the Richmond papers said nothing about it, and it caused no stir in Lee's army.

This ludicrous flight was caused by lack of experience rather than want of courage. A short time subsequent to this we had our first experience at Second Cold Harbor, and after that we had not only to see the Yankees, but to be shot at before we ran, and not often then did we run.

The 7th South Carolina, the Hampton Legion, and the 24th Virginia composed Gary's Brigade of Cavalry, and it did its duty well to the last. The 7th South Carolina proved to be one of the best regiments in the service. Lieutenant Hinson was one of its best and bravest officers, and he stood with Gary and Haskell under the big chestnut tree at Appomattox when the finale came and the Stars and Bars were furled forever.

JEFFERSON DAVIS.

BY W. K. M'COY.

"The man and the hour have met." (Yancey.)

O man of the hour, we hail thee to-day,
Though we crown thee with cypress instead of the bay,
Which 'twere meet that our hands round thy brow should
entwine

And which in the ages to come shall be thine.
We bring our poor guerdon of praise for thy name,
For failure with honor, for defeat without shame;
For thy patience and faith, though pursued to the end
By the malice of foe and false judgment of friend;
For the prison's dark days, where for those thou hadst led
All the fury of hell was poured out on thy head;
For thy lonely old age, secluded, apart,
The woe of thy country engraved on thy heart.

Is there purified sight in the realm of the soul?
May the free-soaring spirit read the future's dark scroll
And see thy place high in the Temple of Fame,
Where garlands of laurel shall circle thy name!
Canst thou gaze down the aisles of the ages unknown
And behold thy loved Southland come into her own
And know the good land, which thy foes would enslave,
Shall again be the home of the free and the brave?
What though to poor mortals thick clouds intervene,
If thy satisfied spirit may view the fair scene
And, perchance, from the star-guarded ramparts above
Thou mayest tenderly smile on the land of thy love?

MILITARY OPERATIONS OF THE LOWER TRANS-MISSISSIPPI DEPARTMENT, 1863-64.

BY P. S. HAGY, ABINGDON, VA.

The Confederate veteran of to-day, environed as he is by old age and with the indelible impression of vivid events of which he was a part impressed on his mind, in thought has much to do with the past. With a few exceptions, age has eliminated him from the councils of State. He is beyond the life of commercial activity and is incapable of enduring the hardships of labor. Therefore he is an idle, animated body with a mind that ruminates and dwells much on what have been leading events in his past life.

I appreciate the impossibility of describing an event of such magnitude as a battle or campaign so that my views will coincide in all points with those of others who had as good an opportunity of seeing and knowing what was taking place. With the hope that the reader will understand that I am relating events as I saw them, I undertake to place before him a part of Confederate history little understood even to-day by the public.

BACK TO VIRGINIA.

In January, 1861, after a stay of eight years in Texas, I came back to my father's home in Virginia and found that I had come from a section where practically all were for secession into one where there was strong opposition to it.

When the War between the States began, I enlisted in Company F, 37th Virginia Infantry, as a twelve months' volunteer. During my service with this company I became acquainted with the mountains of West Virginia, Stonewall Jackson's ways in the Valley of Virginia, and the treatment of a prisoner in Federal hands at Fort Delaware. All of which forced me to agree with a certain definition of war attributed to Gen. W. T. Sherman.

After I was exchanged in the summer of 1862 at Richmond, I was given an unsolicited discharge on account of unhealed wounds and was furnished transportation to my Texas home. Three months later I became a member of Company F, 1st Texas Cavalry, a volunteer for the war. This was a mounted infantry regiment armed with Enfield rifles, under command of Col. A. Buchell.

During the year 1863, as the State of Texas was nearly drained of her sons, called to the defense of other parts of our beloved Southland, much apprehension was felt for his safety. There were signs at some point on the coast of an early attack by the Federal navy to open the way for the landing of troops who were crowded on the transports that frequented the coast. The Federals had captured Galveston on October 8, 1862, and the indications were that they would use this as a base in their invasion of the State. This plan was frustrated, however, by Gen. J. B. Magruder, at the time in command of that military district. Annoyed by the occupation of the principal seaport by the Federals, on January 1, 1863, he retook the city by a brilliant assault and captured a quantity of supplies.

COAST DEFENSES.

After this success General Magruder determined to put the coast in as good condition of defense as the means and time would allow. At this time Corpus Christi, Indianola, Port Lavaca, and many other ports were open and almost unprotected. In accordance with this plan a fort was begun on the Texas side of Sabine Pass early in August, and on the 20th it was occupied by the Davis Guards, a gallant company of forty-two Irishmen, under the command of Capt. F. A. Odium.

General Magruder collected all the troops he could and quartered them in cantonments at the different points where he expected an attack. Our doubts as to where the enemy would strike were dispelled early in September by their attack on Fort Griffin, at Sabine Pass.

At the time of the attack the fort, which was only a mud structure, was incomplete, one of the forty-two Irishmen defending it was sick and in the hospital, and Captain Odium was absent, Lieut. R. W. Dowling being in command. The armament consisted of two 32-pounders, two 24-pounders, and two 24-pound mountain howitzers. These last two were put in position on the night of the 6th of September.

Early on the morning of the 7th the enemy's fleet and transports began to assemble in the waters outside of the Pass. That night a large number of vessels, loaded with General Franklin's infantry corps, came up on the outside in plain view of the fort.

Apprised of the overwhelming odds, General Magruder sent an order to spike the guns, blow up the fort, and retire to Taylor's Bayou and attempt to hold the enemy in check there. This order Lieutenant Dowling and his men received, but resolutely declared that they would fight as long as there were men enough left to man a gun. On the morning of the 8th the gunboats and transports began crossing the bar. The gunboats, led by the *Sachem* and the *Granite State*, proceeded upstream, firing on the fort as they advanced. Lieutenant Dowling and his men held their fire until the gunboats had come within range and then opened fire on the *Sachem*. At the second round a ball from one of the 32-pounders entered her steam chest and caused an explosion, creating great havoc and badly scalding many of her men. Many of them jumped overboard, and those who were not drowned swam to the Louisiana shore and were picked up by the transports. The *Sachem* out of the war, the fire was then directed against the *Granite State*, which was soon put out of commission. Meanwhile the *Clifton*, of eighteen guns, carrying the commodore's flag, had taken a position in the western channel near the Texas shore, so close to the fort that the guns could not be depressed enough to bear on her without digging away some of the earthwork of the fort. This was done at great risk, and such a fire was directed against the boat that fifty of her crew were disabled. Judging from the first that there was a large force in the fort and fearing utter destruction, the commander raised a white flag. Lieutenant Dowling then requested them to send a boat to the fort, which was done, and he, with a small escort, went on board and received the surrender of the boat and its crew of one hundred and fifty men. The *Sachem* then surrendered, and the *Granite State* withdrew in a badly crippled condition. One of the transports was so badly crippled that it was lost soon after it crossed the bar. The rest of the fleet retired and took up its position outside the Pass.

General Magruder had become aware of the enemy's intention to attack the Pass a few days before the battle and had ordered several regiments to Beaumont and to the Pass. The 1st Texas Cavalry arrived at the Pass the day after the battle.

The scene presented to us on our arrival was inspiring in the highest degree. This little fort, situated in an uninviting locality, a mile below the small town, with not a house or a fence within half a mile, had sheltered the men who had done a deed of valor unparalleled in the annals of war. They had killed fifty-two, captured over three hundred, had two fine gunboats tied to the wharf, had crippled another, so injured a transport that it was lost, and were holding off a large fleet with all of General Franklin's army corps of eleven thousand

men on board. This was all done without losing a man or spilling a drop of blood on the Confederate side, and all this was done, too, with guns discarded by the United States government as obsolete. One of them was thrown off of its platform and put out of commission by the recoil at the first fire.

CONCENTRATION OF TROOPS.

Troops were rapidly concentrated at the threatened point, and by the 10th of the month there were about twenty-five hundred in the vicinity of the Pass. General Magruder arrived soon after; and as the enemy's fleet still lingered outside the sound and seemed loath to leave in the face of such insignificant opposition as they saw, he decided to hold a review of his forces for their benefit. Choosing ground well down toward the Pass suitable for his purpose, he marched his little army around in a circle, using every means in his power to deceive the enemy as to its numbers. The cavalry was marched around in regiments and while out of view dismounted and sent around again as infantry. The artillery changed their horses after each round so as to appear as a new battery on the next. Such was the deception that the next New Orleans papers that we got gave Magruder's army at Sabine Pass as twenty-five thousand men. The fleet lingered only a short time and set sail for New Orleans.

This ended any further attempt to effect a landing on the Texas coast during that year, and we spent the time watching the Louisiana as well as the Texas coast until we went into winter quarters at Neblett's Bluff, where we built palm houses for the winter.

The spring of 1864 found the Confederacy beleaguered on all sides and her means of support rapidly ebbing away. General Grant's policy of attrition was evidenced in her armies, and, outside of some providence, the end could be seen. Yet there was no relinquishment of the cause. This year found the true Confederate at his post with a heart as full of devotion to the principles that first moved him as it was in 1861. He had become seasoned to the occupation that led him through toil, danger, and privation. He understood the art of war perfectly; he could be defeated, but the idea of panic had become antiquated with him; his flank could be turned—what of it? It was made to turn, and when such occurred he would readjust his lines and show the enemy a new front. He was neither a soldier of fortune nor of vandalism. His life, even in adversity, showed the sunshine and respect in his heart that he had for his fellow man, traits so often shown to his fallen foe. When history is truly written, the Confederate soldier will then be rightly placed, and the world will better know what feelings of love of country and for what principles he was contending, the power of which raised his value as a soldier and stood him in the effulgent light as a true patriot.

DEATH GRAPPLE.

Armies were advancing, and the death grapple was at hand. This was to be a year of irreparable waste to the Confederacy. Her men were all in the field or swelling the ranks of her foes. More than four hundred and fifty-five thousand of them were in the opposing armies.

"We are getting ready for big blows," wrote Gen. W. T. Sherman to Rear Admiral D. D. Porter, regarding the Red River expedition in the spring of 1864. An army well appointed, provided with every equipment that money could procure for their comfort, assisted by a powerful fleet of gunboats to convey them on their way and provide easy subsistence in case of need, was coming up Red River and another

through Arkansas, both converging to meet at Shreveport and make that a common base for their operations against Texas. In her depletion it looked as if her doom was certain and that she would become, as her sister States in the Trans-Mississippi Department, prostrated at the feet of her foes.

Gen. N. P. Banks, who had gained some notoriety in the campaigns in the Valley of Virginia, was at the head of over thirty thousand soldiers advancing up Red River, and with him was a large fleet to give him aid from the river. To his discredit and that of his soldiers, he allowed them to deplete the people of the country through which he marched. Property of all descriptions, much of it useless and cumbersome, was taken from the rich and poor alike. Household goods, female apparel, horses, wagons, negroes, and whatever else the country held, were taken and their homes and even the outbuildings burned.

The only force available to oppose the invasion of this vast army was Gen. Thomas Green and his brigade of horse, who killed and captured a good many of them and damaged their forage trains along their line of march. Gen. Richard Taylor, in command of the Louisiana military district, collected what troops he could. Many of them were on their road from Texas and were concentrating near Shreveport. Several Texas regiments were approaching from different parts of the State. On the 5th of April the 1st Texas Cavalry arrived at Sabine Crossroads, where it rested till the evening of the 7th. It was then ordered to proceed down the Natchitoches road to relieve General Green's brigade, that had been contesting the advance of the enemy for several days. His position was reached that evening after his men had gone into camp for the night, and the 1st Texas assumed the duties he and his men had been performing for some time.

At an early hour the next morning the enemy began operations with infantry and cavalry. They knew the Confederate position and threw forward a strong skirmish line against videttes stationed across their path. These opposed their advance until ordered to fall back. From this time on during the morning the regiment interposed at all favorable points, until about noon it was ordered to form column in the road, and, moving in this formation for half a mile, it reached the battle ground of Mansfield.

CONFEDERATE LINE.

The Confederate battle line was established in the edge of a wood in front of which was a field about twelve hundred yards long by eight hundred wide. The road from Natchitoches to Sabine Crossroads ran through this field, dividing its length into about equal parts. The field fence was torn down and improvised breastworks made of the rails, behind which lay a strong battle line of infantry.

General Smith (at least it was so reported) had determined to give battle here. The General's idea was to draw the enemy farther into the country and farther away from their gunboats in the Red River before engaging them. Be that as it may, it afforded the troops, who had been so ruthlessly driven back during the morning, the deepest pleasure to see this battle line and feel the spirit of comradeship that drew them in heart to each other.

The formation of the line, as decided upon by General Taylor, was Walker's Infantry, with two batteries, on the right of the road, facing Pleasant Hill, forming our complete right wing. On the left Mouton's two brigades and two batteries formed the center, extending from Walker's left, and as

Green's men came in they dismounted and took position on Mouton's left. A regiment of horse was posted on both the roads parallel to the main road. DeBray's Cavalry and McMahan's Battery were held in reserve. The dense forest prevented the use of artillery, except one or two pieces, which did excellent service. As reported by Taylor, the entire strength of the Confederates was 5,300 infantry, 3,000 cavalry, and 500 artillery, aggregating 8,800 men. The 1st Texas Cavalry, having been pretty well exercised in the morning, was assigned to guard the parallel road on the right, which the enemy could use if they attacked our right flank. General Taylor had been forced to form these lines hurriedly, as many of the troops had come from points miles away that morning. The Confederate left and center were destined to stand the greatest part of the conflict.

DELAYED ATTACK.

The enemy delayed their attack and were vigorously attacked by Green's dismounted men and a few small commands on their right and by General Mouton's troops in the center. The fighting soon became very heavy, when General Taylor ordered forward his entire line, which, in crossing the open field, sustained a terrific discharge of grape and canister from the enemy's batteries posted in the edge of the timber. General Walker attacked their left and after a sharp fight captured their artillery and many prisoners and broke their left flank, which joined in confusion with the center and right. The disorder was communicated to their immense train, and it was practically abandoned to the Confederates, who had already taken the artillery, a number of prisoners, and a number of small arms. The Confederates pursued the Federals with great vigor as they fell back to Mill Creek, from where they had started that morning. One division of the 13th Army Corps and General Lee's eight thousand cavalry had met their Waterloo and were in no mind whatever to lengthen the distance between them and their gunboats.

REFUGEES RE-FORMED.

The refugees re-formed on the eastern bank of Mill Creek, where they found the 19th Army Corps drawn up on the high ground. General Taylor in his book, "Destruction and Reconstruction," says: "Near sunset the 19th Army Corps was met, drawn up in line of battle, on the eastern side of the creek, and a sharp battle occurred, Walker, Green, and Polignac leading their men, who had become wearied in pursuit." The location of the 19th Corps was not seen—indeed, its presence was not known—by the Confederates until they fired on the pursuers. They had taken position on the crest of the high ground and along an orchard or field fence and were screened from view of the oncoming Confederates by a thick growth of pine between them and the creek.

General Bee says: "Then, moving rapidly, we crossed Seven-Mile Creek, following up what was reported to me as a routed foe, but at once encountered the 19th Army Corps of the Federal army, who, not having come up in time to take part in the action at Mansfield, was now fresh and well posted on the crest of the hill surrounding the creek. Owing to the road's being blocked by the captured trains, our troops of the different arms became intermingled; but imbued by the proper spirit, acting as one organization, infantry and dismounted cavalry charged the enemy's lines and maintained their ground until night put an end to the most severe action of the day."

It was now dark. The duties of the Confederates during

the day had been onerous, and to protract the operations further, unless the enemy took the initiative, would have imposed an unnecessary hardship on them. When the enemy ceased firing, the Confederates encamped on the ground where they were, with the expectation of the renewal of the battle the next morning.

Early in the morning of the 9th it was discovered that the enemy had retreated during the night and that nothing was in front of us except a number of the dead and wounded they had abandoned. As soon as the troops could get breakfast the pursuit was renewed, resulting in the capture of a number of prisoners. We passed many burned and burning wagons, showing that the panic was still on and had been communicated to the 19th Army Corps. Early in the forenoon we came upon the enemy in battle array at the little village of Pleasant Hill, eighteen or twenty miles from the Mansfield battle ground and on the direct road from there to their gunboats in Red River, which were still thirty-six miles away.

BATTLE OF PLEASANT HILL.

The battle of Pleasant Hill was a display of the manhood of the Western men. A. J. Smith's ten thousand men were from the Northwestern States. They were men as much inured to the strenuous life as the men they were pitted against, but were without the incentive that moves men to action. General Banks's army was composed of thirty-one or thirty-two thousand well-equipped soldiers, and only a fraction of them had been truly defeated. It was so improbable that it seemed presumptuous on the part of General Taylor and his subordinates to think of making headway against this force with his little army of less than twelve thousand five hundred men of all arms. Many of them were poorly armed, some of them, in fact, having received their arms from those captured the day before.

It was a late hour in the day before all the Confederate troops arrived. The Missourians and Arkansans under Gen. Thomas Churchill on the night of the 8th had camped at Keatchi, a little village halfway between Mansfield and Shreveport and about twenty-five miles from Pleasant Hill. Leaving their camp at three o'clock on the morning of the 9th, they reached Pleasant Hill at three o'clock that afternoon, wearied by their twelve-hour march and with their ranks so broken by straggling that it required an hour or more for all of them to reach the place. Gen. C. J. Polignac, who, on the death of General Mouton at Mansfield, had been placed in command of his two brigades and had united them with his own, was early on the ground with his men. Churchill's troops as they came upon the ground were placed on the right, opposing A. J. Smith's Federals, drawn from the 16th and 17th Army Corps. Walker, Polignac, and Bee formed the left wing and center, connecting with Churchill on the right.

IN A TIMBERED SECTION.

The operations of the right wing under General Churchill were in a timbered section with a heavy undergrowth, which concealed the presence and movements of opposing bodies of men. In a move to take position on the enemy's left a disconnection of his troops occurred, and advantage of it being taken by the enemy came near causing disaster. The troops stood their ground manfully, but it was difficult to retrieve the error. Churchill's troops were driven back about a mile and lost between three and four hundred prisoners and three pieces of artillery before night put an end to the conflict. They had been contending with much the best troops in the Federal army in that engagement.

The Confederate left wing fared much better. The Federal right was driven back fully as far as was Churchill and their lines badly shattered. They lost several hundred prisoners, several pieces of artillery, a quantity of small arms, and two hundred and fifty wagons, horses, and mules. When night ended the conflict, the ground was strewn with the dead and wounded of both sides. The Federals retreated during the night, a fact which was not known to the Confederates until next morning, and before relief could be given to their wounded they underwent much suffering.

The battle of Pleasant Hill was neither a victory nor a defeat, as far as the actual result on the ground could be considered, but the final results from it were of great benefit to the Trans-Mississippi Department. It relieved the country of a threatened calamity in the subjugation of the part that had not been overrun and relieved the Confederate armies so they could encompass and destroy Gen. Frederick Steele, who was coming down through Arkansas with a strong Federal force to assist in the conquest of Texas.

CAMPAIGN AGAINST STEELE.

After the battle of Pleasant Hill it became necessary for General Taylor to divide his army for the purpose of overcoming the force under Steele, and on the last day of April he was met at Jenkins's Ferry, on the Sabine River, defeated, and driven from the country.

During the campaign against Steele there was no cessation of the operations against Banks and his army, and the retreat and pursuit went on. After the battle of Pleasant Hill one-half of the Confederate army was sent to aid General Price in his operations against Steele, while the other half, composed of Bee's and Green's cavalry brigades, an infantry division, and one or two small regiments of home guards, followed Banks and his army, which had retreated on the night of the battle, toward their water protection at Grand Ecore.

The duties of the pursuers were arduous. It was important that the enemy should not know the size of the force following them, and so the Confederates kept up great activity to keep the Federals in doubt and uncertainty as to their numbers.

When the Federals reached Grand Ecore, there were two courses open to them—one to extend their ascent of the river up to Shreveport and capture the city, the other to leave the country they had spent so many lives and so much money to subjugate and under the protection of their gunboats go back the way they had come. This was the course they adopted. Had they tried the former, it would have cost the Confederacy great loss of life in opposing them, would have probably saved Steele from destruction if carried out with energy, and the two armies united should have been sufficient to subjugate that entire part of the Confederacy.

On their retreat the Confederates, not exceeding six thousand, followed them closely, captured and burned several of their transports, doing them much injury, and proving that their gunboats were almost at the mercy of a land battery of infantry. General Green was killed three days after the battle of Pleasant Hill in an attack on the boats, but, as a rule, they did the Confederates little damage; while from the high banks and the bushy country along the river they were at the mercy of the land batteries and ambuscades of infantry, so that it was almost necessary for the army to convoy them. At Monett's, Natchitoches, and Old River skirmishes of some

magnitude occurred, but the fight was almost continuous till Alexandria was reached.

CROSSING THE BAR.

On account of the low stage of water in the river quite a number of their boats could not cross the bar, which interfered with navigation here on account of their draft. It was thought by the Confederates that the boats would either have to be abandoned or destroyed, and it was reported that this was decided on when an engineer in the army developed the plan of building a dam nearly all the way across the river and forming enough water through the remaining space to float the boats over. The dam was finished in a fortnight, and the boats floated over all right.

The condition of the Federal army by the time they were ready to leave Alexandria was becoming precarious. Their forage trains had been cut off and captured. The river was so well guarded that but little could be expected from supplies sent from below. Both food and ammunition were growing scarce. General Majors had captured several boats loaded with necessary supplies at David's Ferry, twenty miles below Alexandria, together with a large number of prisoners. Majors gave the Federals much annoyance and caused them heavy losses on the lower river.

The Federal army, having been delayed over a fortnight on account of their gunboats, got them over on the 12th of May and commenced anew their retreat down the river. They were again set upon by the Confederates both on the river and on the road. Taylor says: "At Avoyelles Prairie the enemy were constantly attacked in front, rear, and right flank." This was not the exception, but a fair statement of what occurred on the entire retreat until they arrived at Simsport, on the Atchafalaya River, the 18th of May.

Before the Federals crossed over, being under the protection of a large fleet of gunboats, they offered the Confederates battle on Yellow Bayou. In this engagement the Federals were victors, two or three regiments of the Confederates losing quite heavily in men and officers. Among the latter was the gallant Colonel Stone.

CLAIM VICTORY.

General Banks during his entire retreat claimed that he was victorious in every contest. Regarding the battle of Pleasant Hill, he says: "The battle on the 9th was desperate and sanguinary. The defeat of the enemy was complete, and his loss in officers and men was more than double that sustained by our force." Again he says: "The enemy was driven from the field. It was as clear a rout as it was possible for any army to suffer." It would be interesting to know why he was running away from such glorious victories and failing to secure their fruits.

Admiral D. D. Porter seems to have a different opinion. I quote from a letter he wrote General Sherman on April 14, five days after the battle of Pleasant Hill. It reads: "The army here has met with a great defeat, no matter what the generals try to make it. With the defeat has come demoralization, and it will take some time to rearrange and make up the deficiency in killed and wounded. The whole affair has been seriously mismanaged. It was well we came up, for I am convinced that the Rebels would have attacked this broken army at Grand Ecore had we not been here to cover it. I do not think our army would be in condition to resist them. I confess that I feel a little uncertain how to act. I could not leave this army now without disgracing myself forever,

and when running a risk in their cause I do not want to be deserted. One of my officers has already been asked if we would not burn our gunboats as soon as the army left, speaking as if a gunboat was a very ordinary affair. I inclose two notes I received from Banks and Stone. There is a faint attempt to make a victory out of this, but two or three such victories would cost us our existence."

General Taylor's losses in killed, wounded, and missing were close to twenty-five hundred. That of the Federals was much larger. Their loss in prisoners was twenty-eight hundred; and twenty pieces of artillery, a large number of small arms, several hundred wagons, ambulances, horses, mules, and all kinds of army paraphernalia were captured by the Confederates.

THE BATTLE OF DINGLES'S MILL, FLA.

BY W. H. GARLAND, FERNANDINA, FLA.

General Potter, of the Federal army, left Georgetown, S. C., with five thousand regular troops—infantry, cavalry, and artillery. When we got the news of his approach to the town of Manning, we knew that he would go through Sumter, the town being in a small way a supply depot, and the Presbyterian church there had been turned into a hospital. About sixty-five of us convalescent wounded Confederate soldiers made up our minds that we would dispute his passage through the town and district, as the county was then called. Lieutenant McQueen, of Sumter, son of the Presbyterian minister, and Lieutenant Pomfrey, of New Orleans, who were on sick leave, organized two gun crews out of the sixty-five volunteers. We found two brass howitzers and one iron piece, which had been condemned. The iron piece was so badly rusted that we could not use it; but the two brass pieces, though in very bad condition, we cleaned so that we could use them. We also found some shells, some of which had fuses, and those that had not we could use as solid shot. The ladies in the town made bags in which to put the powder.

So, with a few rifles, on Saturday morning we went down three miles from town to Dingles's Mill, on the road to Manning. The mill pond was wide and large and the swamp below the mill quite wide, dense, and boggy. Some men who were born and lived all their lives near the swamp said it "would not float a blanket, it was so soft." The side of the pond on which we were was low and flat, an open field without any natural protection for us; but on the side that General Potter occupied the bank of the stream rose up to quite a hill, and the bank and hill were covered with large oak trees. This gave the enemy a great advantage. We threw up two breastworks, one in the middle of the road, commanded by McQueen, and the other on the edge of the field; but these breastworks only protected our legs. I was with Lieutenant Pomfrey in the field and held the vent of the gun, which was the only thing I could do, as I had lost my left hand the year before at City Point when Beauregard whipped "Beast" Butler.

On Sunday morning, April 9, 1865, word was brought to us that Potter had left Manning and was coming on the road where we were. We then tore up the planking of the bridge, but could not remove the stronger pieces, as they were large trees bedded in each bank of the stream and had been hewn flat. There were, I think, ten of them, and a man could have run across any one safely with ease. Some one burned the mill house so as to prevent Potter filling it with sharpshooters. It was about three o'clock in the afternoon when Potter drove in our pickets. Just as they began firing on them I heard the

church bells in town ringing for afternoon service. In a very short time we saw the bluecoats crowding the hill on the opposite side of the milldam, and it was very shortly after that the enemy opened fire on us. We replied to them promptly. The gun where I was fired the first shot from our side. Having no fuse for the shell, we fired it as a solid shot. Near the top of the hill on the side of the road was the shell of a stump through which this first shot of ours went, leaving a round hole. After the fight was over that night, we learned from the Yankees that this first shot of ours killed five and wounded several others, and if it had gone a little lower it would have killed General Potter, as it passed just over his head.

Potter did not attempt to charge us in front over the causeway, but kept up a continual fire with his artillery and rifle-men that filled the woods on the top of the hill. We replied with our two guns for about two hours, when I happened to look down the swamp to our right and rear and saw the Yankees jumping over the fence into the field a little over a quarter of a mile from us. There were several hundred in the field forming in line, and they were still coming over the fence. I said to Pomfrey: "Lieutenant, look at the Yankees down there." He at once ordered the gun to be wheeled around to fire on them, and at the same time he ordered all the men of the gun crew to get behind the corner of the breastworks, saying: "As soon as we fire they will pour a volley into us." I was the last man to get around the corner. As soon as I cleaned the muzzle of the gun he gave the order to fire. I was in the act of kneeling as Pomfrey raised up to see the effect of our shot, when the Federals fired a volley, and a ball struck him in the forehead. As he fell his head struck my breast. This last shot of our gun killed fifteen or twenty of the enemy. Lieutenant McQueen was also killed just at this time. A shell tore his shoulder out. We were now flanked, vastly outnumbered, and both our officers were killed. It was useless for us to attempt to continue the fight, so we at once retreated; and as the horses belonging to the guns had run away when the fight began, we had to leave the guns.

Potter stayed several days in town, and when he left, about a week or ten days after the fight, I visited the scene. Where the enemy crossed the swamp there were fifteen or more of their dead lying in the field. They had been buried in very shallow graves, and the camp followers of Potter's army had dug them up and completely stripped them. They seemed to be Germans.

Two men from Manning went down to see the fight. One was an Englishman by the name of Thompson, who had a drug store, and the other was an old man, a contractor, whose name I have forgotten. They got over on our right, where they thought they would be out of danger; but when the enemy crossed the swamp they were cut off, so they tied their handkerchiefs to sticks and said: "We have not been fighting; we surrender." But the men of Potter's army replied, "D— you, we will surrender you," and at once shot them. Mr. Bee, a refugee from Charleston, a man about eighty years old, lived on the edge of town with his two daughters. During the night of the day Potter entered the town some of the same men, soldiers, went to Mr. Bee's home and demanded drink. He told them that he had only some wine, which was up in the attic; they could go up there and get it. They made him go with them. His daughters heard much noise up there; and after waiting a long time for their father to come down, they went up to look for him and found him stabbed to death and the soldiers lying there in drunken sleep.

THE DIFFERENT POINT OF VIEW IN BATTLE.

BY W. W. GIST, CEDAR FALLS, IA.

I read with interest Mr. Shapard's article on Spring Hill and Franklin in the *VETERAN* for March, 1916. The viewpoint often explains the apparent difference in statement. I have heard Federals claim that the works at Franklin were strong; others have said that they were low and afforded scant protection. Both were doubtless right in giving what they actually saw. Mr. Shapard evidently made his observation at a different hour from the one I had in mind. He questions my statement that our division was spread out in a semicircle on the east side of the town. If I were sure that the readers of the *VETERAN* would reread Judge Young's article in the *VETERAN* for January, 1908, I would not add a word. His diagram of the battle field confirms my statement, and he seems to have gone over the records carefully and tries to give the exact situation.

Stanley had but one division at Spring Hill, numbering 5,689 men. Judge Young says that the Confederate effective force on the field was 25,021. Stanley had between 800 and 1,000 vehicles of all kinds at Spring Hill to protect. He could not send those on to Franklin, because the Confederate cavalry was looking for that very movement, and his force was too small to divide and afford protection to the road and guard the train to Franklin. Mr. Shapard evidently thinks that the artillery I mentioned was the battery we had out in front near our advanced line. The artillery I referred to was parked on an elevation near the depot at Spring Hill, and it did most effective work, as was noted at the time. Many think that the skillful use of that artillery deceived Hood as to the size of the army present and made him hesitate. But that dispute belongs to our brothers on the other side. We have disputes enough of our own. That division was not only on the east side of the village, but remained there till nearly daylight the next morning. The Confederates were so close that we could see them standing around their camp fires. They seemed to be only about half a mile away, but our fevered imagination may have brought them closer than the reality. The rest of our corps and the 23d Corps marched along the pike in our rear toward Franklin. Near daybreak our division, without the sound of bugle or drum or the rattle of a musket, moved back to the road and formed the rear guard in the retreat.

I have received a number of letters from Confederates that confirm my statements. When we differ, it seems fair to believe that we are speaking of different points or different hours. One letter from a local preacher is especially worthy of mention in connection with Spring Hill and Franklin also. This man says that one regiment of my brigade had repeating rifles. I never heard this statement from the Confederate side before. He was near enough to our troops to note this fact. The 28th Kentucky had seven-shooters and under Colonel Boone did most effective work.

Mr. Shapard thinks I am mistaken as to the situation near the Carter house at Franklin. The difference of statement comes partly from speaking of two lines of works. I speak of a second line of works; he evidently has in mind the first line of works. My statement was a little indefinite, and I would not attempt to state the exact situation as to the works in that region. My observations were mostly at night, and I did not get to visit the battle field on our return, two weeks later. Mr. H. P. Figuers, in his interesting article in the *VETERAN* for December, 1914, says that after the works were completed short arms, fifteen or twenty feet in length, were constructed at right angles with the works. I do not recall

such, yet I did not move along the works at all. Mr. Park Marshall, in a diagram of the works as he saw them as a boy, makes a second line of works beginning east of the pike and running west of the locust grove. He does not show that this finally joined the first line, but I imagine it did. When the first line was completed, much of the artillery and many of the wagons had not yet arrived. An opening was left at the pike so they could enter. To protect this opening a second line of works was made, beginning just east of the pike and extending beyond the smokehouse at least. I doubt whether the line went much beyond the grove. When our line broke, it was carried back of the second line of works, and most of us went back as far as the rear of the Carter house, as I said in my article. I suppose those two lines of works were three or four rods apart. Then came the famous charge of Opdyke, and we joined in it, or they joined us. It is mentioned in all the official reports of the battle and in every account I have read.

Mr. Shapard says that neither Opdyke nor any one else made a charge. The charge was certainly made, and that was the time and place that General Gordon and seventy of his men were captured. Then the battery was retaken when the Confederates were getting ready to fire it. Mr. Shapard is evidently speaking of the first line of works, in which he took refuge. I stood behind that second line of works from half past four till about eleven o'clock, and of course I know what I am speaking about. I may be mistaken as to the number of charges. The firing generally began east of the pike and ran along the line west. After the firing ceased a number of times Confederates in little groups asked to surrender, and we told them to drop their guns and come over. Some of them came over so close to me that I might have touched them with my left hand. This second line of works was held until nearly midnight, when we retreated. Yes, friend Shapard, there were many Federals in that line, and we were anxious to receive all that came. We preferred to have an unarmed Confederate in the rear rather than an armed one in front. The Confederate whose letter I have mentioned confirms my contention. He says the right of his regiment rested on the pike. So we must have been nearly opposite in the fight. He was probably a little to my left. He says he was called upon to surrender. Being ready to do this, he placed his blanket on his gun as a flag of truce, but it was mistaken for a flag and riddled with bullets.

The report of Colonel Capers, of the 24th South Carolina, tends to confirm my contention as to charges on our works. I quote a short passage from this interesting report: "Gist's and Gordon's Brigades charged on and reached the ditch of the work, mounted the work, and met the enemy in close combat. The colors of the 24th were planted and defended on the parapet, and the enemy retired in our front some distance, but soon rallied and came back in turn to charge us. He never succeeded in retaking the line we held." (He evidently refers to the first line of works.) Another part of the report confirms my statement that charges were made after the first assault. It reads: "About 10 or 10:30 Lieut. James A. Tillman, of the 24th, led his own company (I) and men from other companies of the regiment in a charge against the enemy over the work and captured the colors of the 97th Ohio Volunteer Infantry and took some forty prisoners." The 97th Ohio was in the same brigade as my own regiment, so this incident occurred near where I was.

An officer of the 72d Illinois, of Opdyke's Brigade, writes me that his regiment was lying in reserve just north of the

Carter house. When the firing began in front, his men seized their guns and faced south. They tore down a strong picket fence that stood there and rushed toward the works without orders. Owing to the obstructions, including the Carter house and the fences, it was necessary for Opdyke to move the most of his brigade east to the pike and beyond before they could advance to the attack. Opdyke always contended that there was but one line of works. Perhaps he came to the front, where there was but the single line. I labored under that impression myself for a time. I wonder whether friend Shapard has not been laboring under the same mistake. This, it seems to me, is the chief reason that we appear to differ in our statements. He was not fighting behind a line of works, and I on the other side. I was behind a different line of works some three rods away. Cannot some kind friend at Franklin determine just how far apart these two lines were?

CORROBORATES DR. GIST'S STATEMENT.

Mr. Park Marshall, who was born and lived in Franklin until 1896, was a boy of nine years at the time of the battle. He has given that conflict much study and corroborates Dr. Gist's statements. In a late letter he writes:

"Mr. Shapard was evidently with the Confederates holding their side of the Federal main line, which they held all night at that point. He seems to think that there was no line of works to the rear (north) of the Federal main line, which explains why he thought Dr. Gist's statement incorrect. Dr. Gist refers to an interior line to which Opdyke's men advanced after the Federals had been driven over and past it. From Mr. Shapard's article he overlooked the existence of this interior line and supposed that Dr. Gist meant to say that the main line was retaken there, as it was at some other places.

"The interior line began about twenty-five feet east of the pike and ran west, crossing the pike; then there was a gap for wagons to pass by turning to the west margin of the pike; then this line ran west nearly straight, though the main line bore northwest, thus converging; but the interior line was not long enough to touch the main line, it being probably two hundred yards long. This interior line was ten or fifteen feet south of the Carter house and, I think, sixty feet back of the main line. It was made of earth and material from a barn and picket fence which the troops tore down and was not as high or strong as the main line. In this line was a battery a little west and back of the main line at the smokehouse, firing over the main line; also two guns were brought to it at the pike from the reserve artillery. I have heard Confederates say they fired from the main line at the heads of Federals at this line, which showed in silhouette because of the fire in the town. The dead were piled like cordwood in the little Carter yard, having been killed in the movement past the corner of the house in going forward to this interior line. Col. Moscow Carter was a very accurate man, a surveyor, and he made a careful map of this place, which can be seen in General Cox's book on the battle of Franklin.

"On the east of the pike the main line was retrenched, changing from west to northwest, then west again on the west side. It was in this retrenched line of about one hundred feet that the Kentucky battery held its position. In this portion there were four or five traverses facing toward the Carter house; they were only two and a half feet high, as I remember. Mr. Figuers is the only other person who has mentioned anything of this kind. Just in front of the works, between the pike and the locust thicket and not ten feet from the works, was an old circular horse mill floor, the high edge of which

looked down on the works from about four feet above. I remember distinctly how the splinters from shots from the works stood out on the other side of this floor. I have never seen any one who remembered this object distinctly. I believe it had been brought from an old mill which stood at Wagner's line, but they did not have time to get it over the works or to break it up for use."

COL. HUGH GARLAND—CAPTURED FLAGS.

BY J. K. MERRIFIELD, ST. LOUIS, MO.

In his book, "The Battle of Franklin, Tenn.," Col. R. W. Banks, writing of the charge the Confederates made on the works, says: "Officers and men with their regimental colors lay thick upon the field from the abatis in front of the works, where Featherstone's and Adams's men were piled, in some instances, seven deep on one another in the outer ditch, to the rifle pits, where lay the manly form of Col. Hugh Garland, of Cockrell's Brigade, who was the first killed in French's Division as it crossed the rifle pits."

In the March edition of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN is an article written by Capt. Joseph Boyce, of St. Louis, a captain in the 1st Missouri Confederate Infantry, in regard to the death of Col. Hugh Garland and about the flag of the 1st Missouri Infantry being planted on the works. Both are wrong. There is no man living who knows better than I where Col. Hugh Garland fell. Colonel Garland, as well as the flag of his regiment, went down about fifty feet in front of the works and not in the outer ditch of the works, as Colonel Banks says. The flag of the regiment went down about the same time. Colonel Garland was not killed when he fell, but was wounded in the knee, and had he been taken off the field at once he doubtless would have recovered; but in the many charges made after he fell he received his death wounds.

The reason I can write so positively about it is because I jumped over the works after Cockrell's Brigade had melted away and ran to the place where I saw the 1st Missouri flag go down, took it from the staff, and put it in my pocket. Colonel Garland lay close to his flag. He said to me: "Soldier, will you pull the bodies of these men off of me?" (The dead and wounded in heaps had fallen on him.) I did as he asked me to do and put a body under his head, so it might have a rest. He then said: "Please unbuckle my sword belt; it is hurting me." I asked him where he was wounded, and he said, "In the knee." He then asked me if I would give him some water. I leaned forward so the canteen would reach his lips, and while he was enjoying the water another Confederate line was advancing; so I ran to the works, carrying the sword, belt, and flag with me. For corroboration reference can be made to Capt. J. M. Hickey, of Washington, D. C., who was a captain in the 6th Missouri and lay badly wounded within six feet of Colonel Garland and saw me do just what I have stated. A sister of Colonel Garland, Mrs. Meems, of Seattle, Wash., now has the sword which I took from him on that terrible field of battle. She has had a handsome monument erected to the memory of Colonel Garland in Bellefontaine Cemetery, St. Louis, and every Decoration Day (May 30) my wife and I take a basket of cape jasmine (a Southern flower) and carnations and roses and a dozen flags; and there is no burial mound that looks any prettier than that where lies gallant Colonel Garland under our flowers.

Colonel Banks writes as if Generals Adams and Feather-

stone made the charge after General Cockrell did. Dear old General Cockrell and I talked the battle of Franklin over many times during his lifetime. He told me that no braver soldier nor finer man than Col. Hugh Garland ever lived. He also told me that while his men were in line waiting to go forward in the charge General Featherstone came walking up to him and said: "General, if I get a horse to ride, may I go in this charge with you?" Upon being asked where his brigade was (not knowing he had been in the previous charge), he answered with tears streaming down his face: "Most of them are on that field ahead of you, either dead or wounded, and your brigade will meet the same fate if you charge." General Cockrell then told him he had suffered enough and would not accept his offer to go in.

Now, as to General Featherstone's headquarters flag, the man who carried that flag certainly was a brave man. His horse was shot a short distance ahead of the works. He came forward on foot to the top of the works, flag in hand. He was shot, pitched forward, and as he fell I grabbed the flag, took it off the staff, put it in my pocket, and have it now in a frame on the wall in my house in St. Louis. Our dear departed friend, S. A. Cunningham, came to my home to see this flag. He took the hands of my wife in his own and, with tears streaming down his cheeks, said: "Madam, you have the most sacred home to me in the city of St. Louis with that flag hanging on the wall." Mr. Cunningham was a friend of ours for twenty years. The soldiers of the South lost a great friend when he was called from earth. The flag of the 1st Missouri I sent to Chicago, and during the great fire there it was destroyed.

I was a member of Company C, 88th Illinois Volunteer Infantry, 2d Board of Trade Regiment, of Chicago, Ill., and was in Opdyke's Brigade at Franklin. It was this brigade that had been on rear guard all day and had filed through the works and formed a line across the pike between the cotton gin and Carter House. We had our guns stacked and were ready to make coffee when, like a thunderbolt out of a clear sky, on looking up we saw the line breaking in front of us. We were at once ordered forward and retook the works in the most desperate fighting we ever saw, bayonets, butts of guns, pistols, swords, shovels, axes, picks all being used to gain the mastery. We succeeded in retaking the works with considerable loss, and all of the Confederates who got inside the works alive were put behind the cotton gin out of range of the firing. Then began a series of charge after charge to break our lines, but they failed. The loss of the South must have been more than was ever known, as I have it from records that sixteen hundred and forty men were buried on the field; and it is always estimated that four men are wounded to one killed, so the loss must have been terrible. On the Northern side the loss was small in comparison. Van Horn's "History of the Army of the Cumberland" says: "Never in the history of the world's wars did so few men save an army as Opdyke's Brigade did at Franklin, Tenn., November 30, 1864."

I have often thought what would have happened if Hood had whipped us at Franklin. There would have been nothing in his way of marching on to Nashville, Louisville, Cincinnati, and even Chicago. The Army of the Potomac would have had to send a corps of men to intercept Hood, as all the men engaged at Franklin would have been killed or captured if the Confederate charges had been successful. Therefore great credit should be given Opdyke's Brigade for saving the day at Franklin.

THE RIGHT OF SECESSION.

[From an address by Prof. W. C. Wright at Eatonton, Ga., on Memorial Day, April 26, 1916.]

It seems to me that there is no more fit occasion than Memorial Day on which to review facts of history relative to the War between the States and to instill into the minds and hearts of the sons and daughters of the Confederacy the principles for which our fathers and grandfathers fought and in vindication of which our mothers and grandmothers lived and worked and all but starved.

The colonists were descended from the champions of self-government in England and loved liberty too well to give up their rights; hence in the Constitutional Convention of 1787 the advocates of State rights outnumbered those who favored a centralized government. Concessions and compromises were made on minor points, but the sovereignty of the State was never for one moment compromised. Otherwise ratification of the Constitution would have been impossible.

New York, Rhode Island, and Virginia entered with their acts of ratification the assertion of the right of secession, and the validity of their ratifying acts has never been questioned from that day to this.

The fathers of the republic, who were present at its birth, solemnly and repeatedly affirmed that the Union was not an absorber of the rights of the States, but a defender of them. The Union was a union of political societies upon the basis of the Constitution, and Mr. Washington, voicing the sentiments of Mr. Hamilton, said: "The acts of the larger society not pursuant to the acts of the Constitution are acts of usurpation."

Thomas Jefferson, author of the Declaration of Independence, said: "The States may withdraw their delegated power."

Madison, "maker of the Constitution," said: "The States themselves must be judges whether the bargain has been preserved or broken."

Chief Justice Chase, Secretary of the Treasury in President Lincoln's Cabinet, said: "If a State should withdraw and resume her powers, I know of no power to prevent it."

Edward Everett, the great Massachusetts statesman and nominee for the presidency in 1860, said: "To expect to hold fifteen States in the Union by force is preposterous."

Mr. Davis himself in 1860 introduced in the Senate State sovereignty resolutions, one clause of which read: "In the adoption of the Federal Constitution the States adopting the same acted severally as free and independent sovereigns." And this was adopted by a vote of thirty-six to nineteen, the Senate thus solemnly setting seal on the constitutional views of Mr. Davis.

Mr. Webster in his last great speech at Capon Springs said: "I repeat that if the Northern States refuse willfully and deliberately to carry into effect that part of the Constitution which respects the restoration of fugitive slaves, and Congress provides no remedy, the South would not longer be bound to observe the compact. A bargain cannot be broken on one side and still bind on the other side."

Horace Greeley three days before South Carolina seceded said that "the Declaration of Independence justified her in doing so."

But the North and East in 1861 called us rebels and traitors because we dared leave the Union, when they themselves were violating the Constitution and denying us rights guaranteed by the Constitution.

Let us note for a while their own record in the matter of secession and how insignificant were the incidents they thought would justify them in seceding.

In 1786 Massachusetts declared that "if Jay's negotiations for closing the Mississippi for twenty-five years could not be adopted it was high time for the New England States to secede from the Union and form a confederacy by themselves."

In 1796 a voluntary and concerted withdrawal of the States north of the Potomac was advocated by disunionists from North and East.

From 1796 to 1800 and later Federalist leaders in Connecticut set on foot and continued "an open propaganda for the dissolution of the Union."

In 1796 Governor Walcott, of Connecticut, said: "I sincerely declare that I wish the Northern States would separate from the Southern the moment the election of Jefferson shall take place."

Governor Plumer, of Massachusetts, distinctly affirms that "in 1805 the purpose of New England leaders was to dissolve the Union."

John Quincy Adams published that a plot was formed in 1803-04 to separate from the Union because of the purchase of Louisiana.

In 1809 Massachusetts declared that "the embargo act was not legally binding on our citizens."

The Essex Junto was formed in 1810, and its prime object was the dissolution of the general government and a separation of the States.

In 1811, when a bill was introduced for the admission of Louisiana as a State, declarations were made in the North and East that if the bill passed "the bonds of union would be virtually dissolved, and should be, amicably, if they can; violently, if they must."

In 1814 the Hartford Convention, made up of delegates from all the New England States, because of her hostility to the War of 1812, met and planned separation from the Union.

New England gave aid to the enemies of our country during the War of 1812, and in attacks on our fortifications by the English blue lights were held out along the shore by our own countrymen of New England as signals to our enemies, and that for the simple reason that New England opposed the War of 1812.

In 1845 John Quincy Adams declared that the annexation of Texas would justify a dissolution of the Union and would lead to that result.

In 1844-45 the legislatures of Massachusetts and other New England States resolved that they were not bound to recognize the annexation of Texas and deliberated on the matter of "throwing" themselves back on their rights as independent States."

From the recorded facts of history we are led to the conclusion that the North felt that she would be justified in leaving the Union unless navigation were discontinued on the Mississippi River for twenty-one years, or if Louisiana should be admitted as a State, or if Texas be annexed, or if Thomas Jefferson be elected President, or if war were declared with England in 1812, or if the embargo act were not repealed. And yet she denied the right of the South to secede when the North herself had broken the compact that bound us, proclaiming from the hilltops: "The Union is a lie. Let us up with the flag of dissolution." "The Constitution of our fathers is a mistake. Let us tear it in pieces and make a better one."

Now let us see if the South was justified in leaving the Union.

According to Mr. Webster, the compact broken on one side was not binding on the other.

Garrison, the great abolition leader, had but recently in a

Fourth of July oration burned the Constitution, thus showing his contempt of it, and Phillips had said: "Let us tear it in pieces and make a better one."

John Brown, a half-mad fanatic, raised an insurrection against slavery and the government and attacked Harper's Ferry, sending arms to slaves that were expected to join him. The abolitionists openly declared their approval of John Brown's course and passed strong resolutions of indorsement, tolling bells in his honor and speaking of him as "the martyr." Horace Greeley said: "History will accord an honorable niche to old John Brown." And Emerson said: "John Brown's body is as glorious as the cross."

The people of the South were given to understand that if they continued to exercise their constitutional rights and hold slaves thereafter they might expect arson, rapine, and murder with the full approval of the abolitionists.

Henry Ward Beecher, the great Northern preacher, declared from his pulpit that "Sharp's rifles were better than Bibles," and that it was "a crime to shoot at a slaveholder and not hit him."

Joshua Giddings, a great leader in Ohio, said: "I look forward to the day when the black man shall wage a war of extermination against the whites, when the master shall see his dwelling in flames and his hearth polluted; and though I may not mock at their calamity, yet I shall hail it as the dawn of a political millennium."

The Helper book was issued as a campaign document in which appeared such statements as these: "Slaveholders are more criminal than murderers" and "The negroes will be delighted to cut their masters' throats."

Senator Wilson, of Massachusetts, said: "It is the duty of the Northern people to incite the slaves to resistance."

"Uncle Tom's Cabin" was a woeful misrepresentation of the relationship existing between the master and the slave, written for the sole purpose of firing the Northern heart.

When Mr. Seward and Mr. Sumner in the United States Senate denounced the decision of the Supreme Court in the fugitive slave law; when Mr. Lincoln was elected President on a sectional platform which declared that the decisions of the Supreme Court were not binding on the country; when we were denied the right to carry our slaves into the territories; when personal liberty laws were passed throughout the North; when runaway slaves, contrary to law, were not returned to us, but were constantly stolen from us by the underground railway; when slaves were incited to insurrection; when press and pulpit and people North disregarded their obligations to the government and trampled upon our rights; when our Northern brothers were singing "John Brown's body lies moldering in the grave"—then the great, sturdy, rugged manhood of the South asserted itself, and the bloody War between the States was on.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

My motherland! Thou wert the first to fling
Thy virgin flag of freedom to the breeze,
The first to front along the neighboring seas
The imperious foeman's power;
But long before that hour,
While yet in false and vain imagining,
Thy sister nations would not own their foe
And turned to jest thy warnings.

—Paul Hamilton Hayne.

RECOLLECTIONS OF PERRYVILLE.

BY W. H. DAVIS, CUERO, TEX.

I do not recall ever having seen a detailed account of the battle of Perryville, Ky., or the personal reminiscences of any individual of that, as I think, very unnecessary but desperately hard-fought fight. General Bragg had left Gen. Leonidas Polk in command of sixteen thousand men on the open, undulating plain just west of Perryville on October 7, 1863, with instructions that if General Buell did not move on him by daylight the next morning to precipitate the battle himself. General Bragg then went to Harrodsburg to meet Gen. Kirby Smith, who was coming down from Richmond, Ky., with his corps. That night General Polk called his brigade commanders to his headquarters in council of war, and they decided not to bring on the battle at the hour designated by General Bragg, but to await the action of General Buell. The two armies were drawn up in battle line confronting each other like two chicken cocks, both ready to strike should either one make a hostile demonstration, the lines being from three hundred to three hundred and fifty yards apart.

On the afternoon of October 7 Capt. J. R. Lester, commanding Company B of the 4th Tennessee Battalion, under Maj. J. R. Davis, with his company, to which I belonged, was sent from our extreme right to find out General Buell's exact position. We had not proceeded more than two hundred yards over a considerable hill and had reached the foot of the western slope when we met a company of about our number, all dressed in new Confederate uniforms, wearing sabers and regulation brass Yankee spurs. Our respective captains saluted each other, while their horses' necks were lapped. The captain with the new uniform asked our chief, "To what command do you belong?" and he received the reply: "To Wheeler's command, Wharton's Brigade." Our captain then asked him, "To what command do you belong?" to which an evasive reply was given. During this colloquy the men of the respective companies advanced to the right and left of their respective commanders, their horses' noses touching. Their sabers and spurs gave the little game away, and as quick as thought our captain yelled out: "Boys, they are d—Yankees; turn loose your six-shooters!" No quicker was this said than it was done. We emptied a volley into them, killing and wounding more than half their number. As the sham captain wheeled his horse to escape, Captain Lester shot him in the back, but it did not knock him out of the saddle. The whole troop quickly followed him, with us in hot pursuit. We got eight or ten more before running into a hornets' nest on the main line of Buell's left wing, where we received a baptism of fire and beat a hasty retreat.

On the morning of the 8th the sun rose bright and clear into a cloudless sky and shone over the hottest day I ever experienced. The two armies occupied the same positions as at nightfall the day previous. From where our brigade lay, on the extreme right of the line, we could see both lines distinctly to the extreme left. About eleven o'clock General Polk rode up to where General Wharton was standing in front and center of our brigade, giving him the usual salute and asking for a courier to take a dispatch to General Bragg at Harrodsburg. The courier was off in a jiffy with General Polk's injunction: "Do not let any grass grow under your horse's feet." General Bragg returned with the courier, who conducted him to General Polk, and he found him still talking to General Wharton. After the usual salutation, General Bragg said to Polk: "General, why are you not fighting as I instructed?" Polk replied: "I am occupying an offensive de-

fensive position, sir." "Strange position to occupy," and, turning to Wharton, Bragg asked: "Where are your men, General?" "Here we are, General, at your command." "Then charge that line in front of you," and he started down the line, putting the troops into the fight brigade after brigade until the whole line was engaged. The line in our front consisted of a battery of twelve-pounder howitzers and a brigade of infantry lying down behind it. Our bugler sounded "Mount!" and in quick succession "Charge!" At that we went full speed directly against that battery, double-shotted with grape and canister. We had reached to within twenty yards of the guns when the line of infantry arose and poured a volley into us, shattering our line, killing a number of our horses, and emptying numerous saddles. We retired quickly to our original position, re-formed, and made a second assault, again being repulsed.

We went back to our former position, and after re-forming General Wharton rode to the front and center of the brigade, pulled off his hat, and said: "Boys, never let it be said that our flag went down in defeat." We are going to take that battery this time and run roughshod over that line of infantry and shatter it in pieces. Soldiers, do your duty." Our bugler again sounded "Charge!" and grim determination was visible on the face of every man in that command. Away we went again to the final assault to do or die. The field was strewn with dead and wounded men and horses; but we continued an apparently fearless onslaught, killing the gunners of the battery and Gen. J. S. Jackson between two of the pieces, and drove headlong over the infantry troops, utterly shattering their formation. As soon as we could check our horses we wheeled about and again rode over them, leaving the ground blue with their dead and wounded. The infantry troops beat a retreat, leaving the battery in our possession. The battle raged fiercely from this time until 9 P.M. From our position we could see both lines waving to and fro like the trail of a snake. The fighting was incessant until 8 P.M., when the battle became more furious, and the troops of both armies seemed to concentrate to cover the spring. General Cheatham said to General Polk: "Let me sidestep my command to the left, and I will have that spring in twenty minutes." "Do as you suggest," said General Polk. We again touched elbows with General Cheatham and went to the first assault with his command. By 9 P.M. we had the spring and had driven General Buell nearly two miles, when our lines were halted on account of sheer exhaustion. After resting a few minutes, we retired to the spring, it being the only water on the whole field. It was down in a cave, to which only one man was accessible; hence we established a line of men from the surface of the ground to the water, passing down canteens, which were filled and returned in like manner. It was a slow process, but we were all finally watered.

About midnight our infantry abandoned the field and headed for Harrodsburg, leaving General Wheeler's command on the field to cover their retreat. A portion of General Morgan's command occupied the extreme left, commanded by Gen. Basil Duke, I believe. No man ever experienced such a night of torture as we did listening to our wounded comrades, prostrate on the hot earth, crying for water. The litter corps worked without cessation throughout the night conveying the wounded off the field.

We lay on the battle field nearly the whole of the 9th, and about nightfall we headed for Harrodsburg. General Wheeler did not allow the infantry army to be molested, and it was never in battle line again until it reached Murfreesboro, Tenn.

Why General Bragg thought it necessary to fight that battle has remained a mystery to me. If it was to retard the movement of General Buell, General Wheeler could have accomplished that and avoided leaving 4,800 of our men on that bloody field. General Buell had 57,000 men, and we beat him with 16,000. With the aid of Gen. Kirby Smith, we could have driven him across the Ohio River.

LIGHTENING THE GLOOM OF PRISON LIFE.

BY CAPT. S. E. KIEROFF, ALAMO, TENN.

Reports from the war front in Europe give an immense toll of prisoners captured at almost every engagement. I have wondered how these motley crowds of men of every known tongue mix together behind prison bars without strife among themselves.

All this reminds me of a few years in one of Uncle Sam's special "hotels" built for a specific purpose on a little island out in Lake Erie, where he gathered together all of his recalcitrant citizens that he could catch and stuffed them in those wooden boxes built out on that bleak little island which once belonged to a Mr. Johnson. There were just sixteen acres from coast to coast, three miles east of Sandusky. He built thirteen of those boxes, sixteen feet high, twenty-three feet wide, and one hundred and twenty feet long, facing each other on an avenue of grass and weeds; then he put partitions all through each box and two floors, one above the other, and the upper he called the second floor; then he put three partitions on the upper floor and called them upstairs rooms; on the lower floor he put three partitions, making four rooms, and each of these rooms had to hold about fifty men. Then he put up in each room about twenty-five bunks. They were three-story bunks. A square post ran from the rafters above to the first floor, with cleats just two feet long from these posts to an upright scantling on the side of the house, then two twelve-inch planks just eight feet long nailed to these cleats, with a rough plank at each end so that the fellow on the other bunk couldn't kick you on the head. Did we have downy feathers to sleep on? Well, to some extent, barring the feathers, for the planks were pine and had considerable down on them; they had never been planed, but were just as they came from the sawmill.

The first night I got there one of the prisoners asked me to bunk just over him on the middle tier. I took it; and as it was reasonably warm weather, I slept quite well. I took my shoes off, wrapped my army blanket around me, put my coat under my head, turned over with my face to the wall, looked through the cracks between the upright planks, and watched the shimmer of the moon on the silver crest of the lake. It was a beautiful scene to one who was at ease, but I only gazed in deep thought of loved ones hundreds of miles South—the mother with her little prattling babe in her arms at home in deep solicitude concerning her companion, she knew not where. It was a beautiful night, a beautiful scene to the eyes; but there was a dull, aching heart seemingly in solitude, save now and then for the sound of the sentinel's cry, "Half past nine o'clock! All's well! Lights out!" as he walked to the parapet on the outer wall, twelve feet above its base. Soon slumber slipped her magic veil over our eyes and moved us over to sweet dreamland, there to mingle among her enchanted scenes of merry phantasies and faces; but the night quickly passed, and morning broke with its sunshine and hope. The bunk was hard, but two years of an active army life had accustomed me to hardships greater than this night; for here we had a roof, but there we had nothing but the canopy above

us, whether clouds or stars. We learned to sleep there; we slept here.

We had six acres in an oblong square in which to exercise or amuse ourselves. Among this great crowd were many who took matters as they came philosophically and turned dungeons into lighthouses. We couldn't mope long; something was spoken that would set the crowd to laughter and merriment. Night after night we sat up with as merry a crowd as could be found anywhere, with jests and jokes, until the sentinel cried the hour of half past nine, "Lights out," and then if you didn't put out the candle some of the crowd would do it for you.

In the winter nights we had a large wood stove in the middle of the room, with four benches on each side and end of the stove long enough to seat about twenty men around the stove at one time. We had men there from all over the South, with a full crowd every night around that stove, while a larger crowd were in their bunks trying to sleep. But scarcely a night passed that the crowd around the stove, who called themselves "Too Hoos," ever let those in their bunks sleep. Though the lights were out, a little firelight creeping out of some crevice in the stove or door would make it possible for one to discern their bodies. Col. Jack Brown, from Georgia, one night arose and notified the ancient order of "Too Hoos" that by inalienable rights since ancient days by lineage he would hereafter occupy the office of "Grand Boo Hoo" of the ancient and honorable order of "Too Hoos," and therefore his edicts would henceforth be stronger than those of the Czar of Russia; that when he commanded, it must be done or death; that when he spoke, it was the law. Then all of them gathered around him in a noisy hubbub, but not loud enough to be heard by the sentinel outside, and commended him for his high and honorable and ancient office. Capt. J. A. Peeler, of Florida, a lawyer by profession and a speaker of some genius and notoriety, arose and said: "Grand Boo Hoo, I desire to notify all of the members of this great and ancient society that a lady friend has informed me that she is sending me a large, fine, and luscious cake, which will be here in a few days, and I hereby notify all the members of this honorable and ancient order that they alone are invited to be present and partake of it; but the flotsam and jetsam of this room who occupy the bunks shall not eat." The night came, and the anxious crowd were seated around the stove. The cake was brought out from a secret box under his bunk. It was dark. I heard him say: "Whose hand is that I feel on my cake? I felt somebody's hand, and one piece of the cake is gone." Then he passed the plateful of pieces to those around the stove, with a little speech to each, and set the plate on a little table behind him, with the remaining pieces of cake in it. In a few seconds he felt for another piece for himself, but the plate was empty, and a dozen hands were feeling in the dark for a piece, but all was gone. So Peeler did not get the second piece of his own cake. It was after twelve before we could sleep for the merriment of the evening.

"There are silver linings to every cloud;" and though prison bars may lock a crowd of young soldiers from the ranks of an army, there are many things to inject rays of sunshine into the gloom of prison life; and thus we may, to some extent, understand the conditions that surround the thousands who are prisoners of to-day in the Eastern war zone, pining over the gloomy forebodings of failure or for those left far behind at home, waiting patiently for tidings of the absent soldier husband, brother, or lover.

DISINTEGRATION OF LEE'S ARMY.

BY JOHN C. STILES, BRUNSWICK, GA.

In the fall of 1864 General Lee wrote President Davis as follows: "I have the honor to call your attention to the alarming frequency of desertions from this army, as many as fifty-six from one corps alone in three days, and I believe that the main cause of desertion is on account of lack of food."

General Grant wrote later to Stanton: "Deserters from the enemy are on the increase. Ninety-one arrived in the last twenty-four hours, and their testimony is that more go home than come within our lines. Twenty-seven came with their arms from one company alone, and they say an entire company will come over to-night."

The "Official Records" give a list of very nearly all of these deserters, their regiments, and in a great many cases their names. All of the Southern States that had soldiers in Lee's army were represented, and they were not all enlisted men, by any means. The drifting away began in August, when one hundred and fifty were reported to have gone over to the enemy, one hundred and eighty in September, one hundred and seventy-one in October, three hundred in November, and four hundred in December. The real flitting began, however, after the holidays, and they went so strongly and regularly that I shall not attempt to give the number, but will mention only the rush days when more than forty were reported. They went as follows: Forty-five, fifty-four, fifty-seven, seventy-four, seventy-six, seventy-nine, ninety-one, one hundred and fourteen, and finally the greatest number reported in twenty-four hours was one hundred and seventy-two. General Grant says the deserters claimed that more went home than came over, so it is easy to understand how the Army of Northern Virginia disintegrated.

The bulk of these people claimed that they were of Northern birth or proclivity and had been conscripted and forced into the Confederate army, but others acknowledged that they could not stand the pressure of starvation and exposure; hence their abandoning the "sinking ship." While a great many refused to take up arms against their late comrades, to their lasting shame at least one thousand of these renegades were formed into a regiment called the 1st United States Volunteers. Realizing that if they were caught by the Confederates they would be exterminated, Grant had them sent to the Northwest Department to fight Indians under John Pope, who had been sent to Minnesota to cool off after the Second Manassas campaign.

This general writes of these "gallant" men as follows: "While there are some good men amongst the Rebel deserters, there are many desperate characters who do not hesitate at the commission of any crime or outrage and desert whenever they have a chance. I have now between two hundred and three hundred here, and it requires about an equal number of good men to guard and keep them in order. Many are outspoken traitors who do not attempt to conceal their sentiments."

I will add that nothing else could have been expected from this gang.

This article is not written as a reproach to the weak-hearted who couldn't stand the pressure, as there is no doubt whatever that the great majority have bitterly repented since that time, but merely to call attention to the conditions under which General Lee was laboring and to the heroism of those immortals who, like the famous three hundred, of whom Tennyson wrote,

"Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die,"

chose to stay to the bitter end and take "pot luck" with "Marse Robert."

A NEAR TRAGEDY.

BY R. T. BEAN, WICHITA, KANS.

I think it was early in November, 1862, that a company of Morgan's Regiment, having been cut off from the main command down in Central Kentucky, was making its way to Virginia through the eastern part of the State. After leaving Mt. Sterling, the way led through what is known as the mountains, and the rugged country and rocky roads were revelations to us who had always lived in the blue-grass section, with its growth of timber unequaled in any other State.

It was in Letcher County that the incident occurred which I am about to relate. This county borders on the Virginia line, and the mountains were higher and more precipitous than we had yet seen, the valleys so narrow that they hardly deserved the name, and the roads so steep and rocky that it seemed a mockery to call them such. Rocky cliffs, hundreds of feet in height, often jutted out on or over the roadways we were traveling, and at one particular spot one cliff, for height and roughness, seemed to be king of all. As we drew opposite this I remarked to my companion, Butler Bourne, who was riding on my left, that the cliff was a splendid place for a bushwhacker to get in his work. I had hardly uttered the words when "Bang!" went a gun, and I was sure Mr. Bushwhacker was on hand and ready for business. In our immediate rear were Billy Patton and a soldier by the name of Bachman, the latter mounted on a buckskin-colored horse. At the crack of the gun Bourne and I at once pulled our horses to the right, facing the cliff, I with my pistol ready for action and Bourne with his gun in hand ready for any dangers that might arise. Bachman was the only really active man in the party and stood not upon the order of his going, but simply "went." It is not necessary for me to state that the buckskin made the time of his life, and at every jump his rider was yelling at the top of his voice: "Some tam bushwhacker shot me! Some tam bushwhacker shot me!" With both arms and legs at work, full express speed was made.

Bachman was the only man who broke ranks, and while that streak of yellow was heading for the Pound Gap and Virginia some one called out: "Where did he shoot you, Bachman?" Without looking either to the right or left, he called back, "If he didn't shoot me, he shot my horse"; and without waiting for an examination of wounds to himself or horse, he continued to whoop it up eastward at his two-forty gait. Had moving-picture shows been as numerous then as now, a film caught of that scene would have been a fortune.

While sitting on my horse watching for developments I happened to glance at Patton's gun and thought I detected some smoke. At once I called his attention to it, and sure enough it was his gun that had caused all that excitement, not to mention the horse race. Patton's gun was hung around his neck, and in crossing a small drain in the road his horse had jumped it rather than step across. In jumping the gun "jumped also," and the hammer caught in his coat pocket as it came down, exploded the cap, and fired the load under Bachman's horse. When the facts became known, it was quite a relief to all of us save one. The glory of a hero was not his; in fact, it was to the contrary. Of the four who were the active men in that "tragedy," three have crossed over the divide that separates time from eternity. I alone remain.

WITH JACKSON AT SECOND MANASSAS.

BY THEO. HARTMAN, LITTLE ROCK, ARK.

What is here set down occurred on the last day of the second battle of Manassas. With other comrades of my company (A, 14th Tennessee Infantry), I was on picket duty covering the front of our regiment. We were stationed in the edge of some woods just across a railroad embankment, upon which no ties or rails had ever been placed. Our position was on the extreme left of our army, and we were engaged in sharp-shooting with the enemy's pickets, some fifty or sixty yards away in the same body of timber.

My post was at the left of our line, and I had fortified it by placing a large tree immediately in front of me to protect my center, so that I might the better protect my right and left flanks. It was about 3 P.M. when I heard a horse approaching from my right along the graded roadbed. Upon looking around I saw General Jackson on his old claybank, unattended by an aid or courier. As he neared me and was about to pass on I halted him, saluted, and said: "General, this is our extreme left; the enemy is right out there." He returned my salute and asked: "To what command do you belong, and where is your colonel?" I told him; he again saluted and rode off in the direction I pointed.

On resuming my watch my next tree comrade (Cornelius Mehigan, now living in Clarksville, Tenn.) said to me: "Some d— bluecoat has found my position and shot at me several times, but I can't locate him." "I will help you find him." I lay down so as to get a better view under the branches, saying: "Mehigan, stick your head out and draw his fire, and I will watch for your enemy." "No, I'll be d— if I do," he replied. I then told him to put his cap on the end of his gun and let it show at the side of the tree; "and if he 'bites' at it, I may be able to locate him." He did so, and the fellow "bit" all right. He was behind a tree just large enough to cover him when he stood erect, but in stooping over to shoot he exposed a portion of his body most serviceable in a sitting position. As he deliberately rested his gun against the tree and proceeded to draw a bead on Mehigan's cap, I trained my rifle on the exposed portion of his anatomy aforesaid and sent a bullet through it. He dropped his gun and made a record jump, both for height and distance, and lit running. Comrade Mehigan shouted: "Begorrah, you gave him a sixty-day furlough! He will have to eat off the mantel for a while."

Let us see what my talk with our beloved general had to do with what soon followed. An hour or so after he rode off to find our colonel (Forbes) we heard the report of a single cannon, seemingly two miles away. In a short time our brigade came up in line of battle and pushed forward into the woods. We soon came into an open field and about one hundred yards from another body of woods on our left, marking the field limits on that side. In front of us on the summit of a gentle slope, a quarter of a mile away, was a light field battery, which promptly saluted us with grape and canister. We started for that battery on a run, and when about halfway to it there arose in the edge of the wood to our left a full regiment of bluecoats, and they started to take us in on the flank. We were in a very critical position surely—a battery in front and a fresh full regiment on our flank. We were "ambushed," as one of the boys expressed it. There was great confusion in our ranks on the left, and before we got orders to run the bluecoats performed one of the most brilliant and inspiring feats I ever witnessed on the field of battle. Suddenly they formed "fours left," as if on parade, and started

out on the run. That was our second surprise, and we didn't try to stop them; but we did stop that battery.

But what made the boys in blue run? Why, it was the result of my talk with General Jackson, as I will show you.

After our brigade passed into the woods, Thomas's Brigade was moved to our left and was slightly behind us in the alignment; and when the Yanks started for us his men struck them in the flank, and they immediately showed their rear, discretion, and sprinting ability. This extension of our left was ordered by General Jackson after he learned from me just where his left ended. He doubtless knew the lay of the land in our front better than any one else. This desire to see personally after his troops when being placed in line of battle finally cost him his life. I am tempted to follow this charge to its conclusion, as it was thrilling and dramatic.

After the capture of the battery, our lines re-formed, and we proceeded cautiously, meeting no opposition until dark. We were in battle front in the open field, going up a sharp incline, when we saw a dark line come between us and the horizon just over the crown of the ridge. We halted, and the word was quietly passed along to kneel and be ready to fire. The dark line was allowed to come to the top of the ridge, within easy gunshot, before they were challenged: "Halt! What command is that?"

"Who are you that ask? Show your colors."

"Our colors are up. Show yours."

"Here they are."

While this parley was going on between the officers of the two forces General Thomas, on our left, rode close enough to satisfy himself that they were Federal troops and shouted: "Men, they are enemies!" There was no time to say "Fire!" Two thousand rifles spit fire and sent as many bullets at the dark line on the ridge. Somebody shouted "Charge!" and up we went as fast as we could. The smoke going in our direction about as fast as we moved made it quite gloomy, almost dark. We had not proceeded far when some of our mounted officers almost rode us down in their effort to stop us. When order was restored, we found ourselves close to a large two-story frame house, lighted up, the enemy's field hospital, surrounded by large trees and filled with wounded soldiers. Our two brigades had lost touch with the others on our right, and our commanders fornted us in a hollow square and ordered us to sleep on our arms. We were not easily wooed to dream-land by the groans of the poor fellows in the big house near by. Perhaps I had my "forty winks." In the early morn I was awakened by a gentle rain. As soon as it was light I walked out to see how many Yanks we had killed when we fired without orders. I found the place where they had stood marked by a thousand new Belgian rifles loaded, but not a single dead or wounded soldier. Well, a bullet is a small thing, after all, and I am now glad we did not kill any of those raw Dutchmen. Quite a number came out of the numerous little thickets after it was broad daylight, jabbering any and everything but English, and surrendered.

Our interpreter said they told him they had been in this country but a few months and were substitutes—that is, hired by loyal patriots (?) who did not believe in fighting for their country.

By illustrating the horrors of war as conducted at times by Pope, Sheridan, Sherman, and Hunter, the "renegade Virginian," we can better understand why the war cannot be forgotten by those who suffered under it.—*Matthew Page Andrews.*

THE IMPRISONMENT OF SIDNEY LANIER.

JAMES A. CALLAWAY, IN MACON TELEGRAPH.

Lanier is so interwoven with thoughts of music and poetry that one ceases to remember he was a Confederate soldier, suffering the hardships of war and, more than that, the horrors and sufferings of prison life at Point Lookout, Maryland.

Just graduating from Oglethorpe University, near Milledgeville, he heard the tocsin of war calling him to the front and joined the Macon Volunteers, which became a part of the 2d Georgia Battalion, serving first at Norfolk. Lanier was a gifted flutist, and in those early picnic days, "gay days of mandolin and guitar and moonlight sallies on the James," Lanier with his flute was the joy of the occasions.

After participating in the Seven Days' Battles around Richmond and Malvern Hill, Lanier and his brother Clifford and two friends were transferred to the signal corps and attached to Major General French's command. The service as scouts along the James was dangerous and onerous; it was hard riding and required courage. The Virginia folk, when possible, had him as guest and were delighted with his flute songs. Lanier then sang on the flute as he did in after years with the quill.

In December, 1864, Lanier was assigned as signal officer to the blockade runner Anna. But his vessel was captured by the United States steamer Santiago de Cuba, and Lanier was carried to that dismal prison, Point Lookout, a damp and unhealthy spot. Damp prisons had a fascination for Federal commanders. Camp Morton was damp, and so was Johnson's Island. The guards at Point Lookout were negro soldiers; the tents old bell style; in each tent sixteen to twenty men. The floors were the damp ground, no planks or straw, no dry place to sleep on, no wood allowed for fire. The winds from Chesapeake Bay had full play. Such were the prison quarters of this man, so delicately framed. Here on that damp ground was laid the foundation of that malady which brought him to an early grave. He had concealed his flute in his coat sleeve, and it was his solace in prison and a joy to his fellow comrades.

Lanier suffered for rations, especially under the order for retaliatory measures. Dr. John A. Wyeth in his book, "With Saber and Scalpel," gives an account of the suffering of Confederate prisoners under the "retaliatory orders." Those "retaliatory orders" have a strange history. The Confederate government, having no medicines for the sick, offered as a free gift fifteen thousand of the emaciated Federal soldiers in Andersonville Prison as an act of charity, to save life, not to destroy it. Federal ships in November, 1864, came to Fort Pulaski and took away the fifteen thousand Federal prisoners, bringing, however, not a single old "Reb" to his home.

These fifteen thousand prisoners on arrival in the North were placed in groups and photographed. These pictures were in every paper and magazine and were exhibited from pulpits. The people were so aroused that they demanded "retaliatory" measures, and the War Department issued orders severe indeed. The rations, already limited, were cut to starving proportions. Ours was the most fatal gift recorded in history.

Lanier secured his release from that awful prison pen through some gold which a friend concealed in his mouth. He left prison emaciated to a skeleton. On his voyage to Fortress Monroe an incident occurred which was a fit climax to his terrible prison life and career as a soldier.

A Southern lady, an old friend, and her little daughter were on the same vessel which bore Lanier. By mere chance

they learned that Lanier was down in the hold of the boat dying. Permission was given to minister to his necessities. The lady had some brandy and quinine. She said: "I hastily took the flask of brandy and hastened down below, where we were led to the rude stalls provided for cattle, but now crowded with poor human beings. There in that horrible place dear Sidney Lanier lay wrapped in an old cotton quilt, his thin hands tightly clenched, his face drawn and pinched, his eyes fixed and staring, his poor body shivering as if in a spasm of pain. My little daughter, Lilla, fell at his side, kissing him and calling: 'Brother Sid, don't you know me? Don't you know your little sister?' But no recognition came, no response. I poured some brandy into a spoon and gave it to him. It gurgled down his throat—no effort to swallow. I repeated the stimulant several times before any sign of resuscitation. At last he turned his eyes slowly about until he saw Lilla, and he murmured: 'Am I dead? Is this Lilla? Is this heaven?' The colonel permitted us to take him to our cabin. I can see his fellow prisoners now as they crouched and assisted to pass him over their heads, for they were so packed that they could not make room to carry him through. Along over their heads they passed the poor, emaciated body, so shrunk with prison life and benumbed with cold. We got him into clean blankets, but he was so nearly frozen that he could not endure the pain from the fire. We gave him more brandy and hot soup, and he lay quiet until after midnight. Then he aroused and asked for his flute and began playing. As he played the first few notes you should have heard the yell of joy that came up from his shivering and wretched comrades down below. The flute notes told the story that their comrade was alive and could touch his flute into song. O that tender, soft music! Can we ever forget it? The colonel and I and Lilla sat there weeping. The soft, gentle music overcame us; and as he strengthened, the strains of music, responding to his warmth and hopes, came like liquid melody from his magic flute."

"Music is love in search of a word," is what Lanier used to say. On this occasion it was love translated into music, so happy over his good fortune to find Lilla and her mother, who rescued him as by a miracle.

He reached home from prison, arriving in Macon on March 15, 1865. Then, like all returning soldiers, he began that battle, seeking something to do. Of his trials and vexations, each day his malady making deeper inroads on his vital powers, there is no use now to speak. Of these the world knows. But his prison life has been forgotten.

O those hard "retaliatory measures" ordered by popular demand, under misapprehension, how many fell victims to those measures! What a fatal gift was our fifteen thousand emaciated! We did it to save life. Fifteen thousand Confederates fell victims to this fatal gift. We did it to save life; the retaliatory orders were issued to destroy life. How providential that on the same vessel with Lanier were Lilla and her mother and that flask of brandy!

"So he, Heaven-taught in his large-heartedness,
Smiled with his spirit eyes athwart the veil
That human loves too oft keep closely drawn.
So hearts leaped up to breathe his freer atmosphere,
And eyes smiled truer for his radiance clear,
And souls grew loftier when his teachings fell,
And all gave love.
Aye, the patience and the smile
Which glossed his pain; the courtesy;
The sweet, quaint thoughts which gave his poems birth!"

OUR GALLANT DEAD—CAPT. WILLIAM HAYMOND TAYLOR.

BY C. C. HART, HAZELWOOD, W. VA.

On Shaver's Fork of Cheat River, near what is now known as the "Burned House," on the 19th of February, 1837, William Haymond Taylor was born. Here in the shadow of the towering Alleghanies, amid the interminable forests or beside the limpid waters, he lived, played, wandered, and toiled through childhood, youth, and early manhood. Here he first knew the exquisite pleasure of a happy home; here he first tasted sorrow in the death of a beloved mother. As a child he was kind and obedient; as a youth affectionate, thoughtful, and studious; as a man earnest, courteous, and moral, stern in duty. And so, living and growing from the helpless infant to the strong man, he grew and expanded in the hearts of kindred and friends until he had entwined about him the affections of father, brothers, sisters, and companions, as the ivy entwines its clinging tendrils around the sturdy oak, thus rendering himself one of the most popular young men of his community.

He was thus living in his quiet, happy rural home, an honest tiller of the soil, surrounded by his loved ones, when the tocsin of war, reverberating through and over his native mountains, startled him from his dream of happiness and called him to the stern realization of the fearful ordeal through which his beloved country was to pass. Naturally calm and dispassionate, he studied the situation long and earnestly and finally determined to link his destiny with that of the South. He had been educated to look upon the Southern people as his people and felt it to be his duty with them to stand or fall. His determination was no sooner taken than he threw all his energy into the cause he espoused with all the gallantry of his nature to fight the battles of his country. He at once organized a cavalry company, composed mostly of young men from Randolph and Tucker Counties, which, early in 1862, was mustered into service as Company A, 18th Virginia Cavalry. Although his company was to him as his family and each member his personal friend, yet he seemed born to command and soon raised it to a standard of excellence that was recognized and appreciated by his entire brigade.

Captain Taylor was essentially a brave man and entered the Southern army actuated by motives of pure patriotism coupled with a sense of duty, and upon a score of desperately contested battle fields he led his noble company to glorious victory or honorable defeat. Upon such fields as New Market, New Hope, Charleston, Williamsport, Winchester, and many others, in personal daring and warlike achievements he gave lasting reasons for the faith that was in him. At Winchester on the 19th of September, 1864, he sealed with his lifeblood his devotion to his country's cause, yielded his young life as a sacrifice upon the shrine of his country's altar and to the truth of the honesty of his own convictions, and passed away expressing a firm reliance upon Him who doeth all things well, the God in whom he had trusted from his early youth. Thus he lived and thus he died, leaving behind him sorrowing loved ones whose consolation it was to think that among all those who perished amid the crash of that war there fell no braver, truer, nobler brother and son than he.

Col. Alexander Monroe has paid fitting tribute to Captain Taylor in the following: "I was intimately associated for three years with the boys of Randolph and Tucker and can frankly say that I never met with a braver or more generous people. They possessed all the estimable and essential qualities of the good soldier. They were brave, honest, and kind; they com-

posed Company A of my regiment and were commanded by Capt. William Haymond Taylor, and a braver company never drew saber. It is fair to presume that the character of the men was to some extent shaped by the example of their captain, who surely possessed all the nobler qualities of the heart which adorn the soldier, the friend, and universal favorite of the brigade. Whenever a desperate charge was to be made requiring unflinching bravery and discretion, Company A was always selected. And now, after almost half a century, it seems to me, when memory turns back to those scenes, that I can see Captain Taylor's knightly form as he reins up his charger and hear his command, 'Forward, Company A!' or see him dash to the front, with his black plume waving in the breeze, and again hear him command, 'Company A, charge!' Then as they dashed upon the enemy a yell peculiarly their own burst forth, and their charge was well-nigh irresistible. But, alas! we see that manly form no more. On the 19th of September, 1864, just before Winchester, in the beautiful Valley of Virginia, in the midst of a terrific battle, confronted by ten times our number, while gallantly leading his brave boys, the leaden missile of death struck him. I marked the track of the messenger of death, saw him reel, and vainly attempted to catch him as he fell. In a moment his brave boys had dismounted and were beside him, determined to rescue or die with him. It was, however, impossible to remove him, and, at his request and my command, they left him where he fell on his last battle field, but enshrined in the soldier's wreath of glory. I was afterwards informed that he was kindly treated by the enemy and carried to a private house near by and thence to Winchester, where he died shortly afterwards. I have felt it to be my duty to contribute my humble mite to the memory of a gallant officer and his brave boys; and although the bouquet I offer is fringed with the cypress and willow, I hope you can see above them all the little forget-me-nots."

Peacefully he sleeps in the cemetery at Winchester awaiting the last roll call. Strangers deck his grave with flowers, while absent loved ones in unison join in a requiem of love for the brother who has gone before and hopefully await the reunion when they too shall have crossed over the river and are resting under the shade of the trees that beautifully grow on the other shore.

A PRAYER.

[Written at Memphis July 26, 1864, by a mother for her son, aged fifteen.]

God bless my darling, venturous boy
Where'er his feet may stray;
God bless the sacred, righteous cause
For which he went away;
God bless the little arm round which
My wristlet went not tight,
Strengthen it, Lord, till it become
A David's in the fight.

So young, so bright, so fair, so brave,
To thee our God above
I leave the charge to shield and save
The idol of my love.
One more to battle for the right
Of freemen to be free,
That hero's heart and childlike form
I dedicate to thee.



"You think of the dead on Christmas Eve,
Wherever the dead are sleeping;
And we, from a land where we may not grieve,
Look tenderly down on your weeping.
You think us far; we are very near,
From you and the earth though parted.
We sing to-night to console and cheer
The hearts of the broken-hearted.
The earth watches over the lifeless clay
Of each of its countless sleepers,
And the sleepless spirits that passed away
Watch over all earth's weepers."

PROF. E. H. RANDLE.

E. H. Randle, A.M., LL.D., educator, scientific writer, and Christian gentleman, a typical representative of the Old South, died at his home, in Hernando, Miss., on September 27, 1916. He was born in Tennessee in 1830; hence he had reached the ripe age of eighty-six years. His active life was devoted to school work, except while serving his Southland under that great cavalry leader, Bedford Forrest. Nearly fifty years of his life were devoted to school work in such places as McKenzie and Ripley, Tenn., Paducah, Ky., and Byhalia and Hernando, Miss. He was not only a successful educator, but an author well known in the scientific world. The books published by him are: "Plurality of the Human Race," "Characteristics of the Southern Negro," and "Antagonism of Forces in Nature." He was a contributor to the Memphis Commercial-Appeal, also to religious, medical, and legal magazines, and was a member of the American Society for Scientific Research.

Professor Randle was a member of the Methodist Church and was always ready to advance the cause of Christ, and by his daily walk and conversation he was a benediction to those with whom he came in contact. His students had forceful evidence of his goodness of heart and his constant effort to lead them in the right paths. He leaves a wife, daughter, and three sons, the latter being residents of Paducah, Ky., Yazoo City, Miss., and Chattanooga, Tenn.

CAPT. JOHN HARRIS.

Another grand old soldier has stacked arms, answered his last roll call, and passed over the big divide between now and then. Capt. John Harris was born May 5, 1841, and died at his plantation, near Larkinsville, Ala., August 23, 1916, aged seventy-five years. He enlisted in the Confederate army when the first gun was fired and was always on the firing line to the close of the war. He never seemed to be so much at himself as when in the thickest and hardest fighting—always in front, but was never wounded during the whole war.

Captain Harris married soon after the war and became one of the best and most useful citizens in his county. He reared a large family; and some of them, with the mother, still live at the old home. He came of two grand old Southern families, such as his descendants can feel proud of and the kind that is almost extinct. Peace to his ashes! F. B. GURLEY.

J. S. McMATH.

J. S. McMath died suddenly at his home, in Denton, Tex., May 4, 1916. He often said he hoped that when God called him home he would be feeling unusually well and he would go without a moment's warning, which he did.

Comrade McMath was born near Duck Hill, Carroll County, Miss., August 8, 1841. He joined Stamford's Battery in 1862, was promoted chief of caisson, and on the battle field at Resaca, Ga., he was promoted to gunner. He participated in many battles: Shiloh, Perryville, Ky., Murfreesboro, Chickamauga, Missionary Ridge, and was in Johnston's campaign through Georgia. In one battle he was the last man to leave his gun, and he was then covered with the blood of the many comrades who had been shot down near him. Few would have remained there so long. He was a consecrated member of the Baptist Church and was always in attendance when health permitted. He was married in 1867 to Miss Lizzie Scruggs. To them were given twelve children, nine of whom are living. He was twice married. Those who knew Brother McMath best loved him most. He moved to Denton County in 1873 and had lived there ever since, and he died an honored member of Sul Ross Camp, U. C. V., of that place. In accordance with his wish, he was buried in his Confederate gray. He loved the VETERAN and always read it.

CAPT. J. PAYNE JOHNSTON.

Capt. J. Payne Johnston, foremost citizen of Amory, Miss., passed into rest eternal at his home there on July 17, 1916. He was born in Troup County, Ga., September 13, 1841, and in June, 1861, he enlisted as a private in Company D, 35th Georgia Regiment. For his gallantry in the Seven Days' Battles around Richmond he was made sergeant major in 1862. After the fight at Petersburg, in 1864, he was made captain and was in command of his company when mustered out at



CAPT. J. P. JOHNSTON.

Appomattox. In 1867 Captain Johnston located near Pontotoc, Miss., and engaged in farming and teaching. He was elected tax assessor of Pontotoc County in 1875 and served two terms; he also served two terms as sheriff, beginning in 1879. In 1886 he was engaged to secure the right of way for the K., C., M. & B. Railroad, then in contemplation, and was thus connected for nine years, serving as land and industrial agent for the company. He assisted in

laying off the town of Amory and was a real power in the foundation of the little city in which he lived, loved so well, and worked for until his death. He was made its mayor in 1897, and for twelve years he served and did much to place Amory among the best towns of Northeast Mississippi.

In 1868 Captain Johnston was married to Miss Elmira L. Simmons, who survives him with one daughter. At an early age he united with the Methodist Church and was a faithful member during his long and useful life. He was also a loyal member of the Masonic fraternity. He met the full requirements of life and died lamented by all who knew him.

RANDALL DUCKWORTH BERRY.

Comrade Randall D. Berry was born in Portland, Dallas County, Ala., on the 27th of December, 1842. He enlisted in Company A, 4th Alabama Infantry, at Selma in April, 1861. The company was known as the Governor's Guard, commanded by Capt. Thomas J. Goldsby. In the first battle of Manassas he was wounded in the right hand and discharged. Reënlisting in the same company in January, 1862, he served all through the Peninsular campaign, taking part in the battles of West Point, Seven Pines, Gaines's Mill, White Oak Swamp, Chickahominy, and Malvern Hill. He was wounded at Seven Pines and also at Malvern Hill and was again discharged on account of a severe wound in the knee. Again he enlisted in the same company during the Maryland campaign and took part in the battle of Sharpsburg. On the way to Winchester he was again discharged. He then assisted in raising a company of infantry, which was afterwards Company D, 62d Alabama Infantry, and was elected lieutenant. His old wound became so inflamed that he was on crutches until the close of the war and disabled through life. However, he took part in the battle of Selma, Ala., during Wilson's raid, when the town was captured and burned in April, 1865.

After the war Comrade Berry was a member of the city council of Selma, a member of the legislature, and Democratic elector from the State of Alabama in 1897; and he practiced law there for many years. He was at one time Commander of Camp Jones, No. 317, U. C. V., and a constant attendant on its meetings to within a short time of his death. He was a man of fine intellect and a high order of culture and a genial companion. He died at his home, in Selma, on June 30, 1916, and was buried with the honors of the Camp in Live Oak Cemetery.

[D. M. Scott, Active Assistant Adjutant General Alabama Division, U. C. V.]

M. R. ROCHELLE.

M. R. Rochelle died at Hohenwald, Tenn., October 6, 1915, at the age of seventy-three years. He was born April 10, 1842, in North Carolina and went to Tennessee with his parents, who settled in Lawrence County, where they remained until the War between the States. Comrade Rochelle then enlisted in the Confederate army, serving in Company C (Davenport's company), 32d Tennessee Regiment, Col. Edward C. Cook, of John C. Brown's brigade. He was taken prisoner at Fort Donelson and was seven months in Camp Morton, at Indianapolis, Ind. He was then exchanged at Vicksburg.

Comrade Rochelle was a member of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church. He was buried with Masonic honors in the cemetery at Hohenwald, Tenn. He lived as became a man and died in full faith of the resurrection. His second wife survives him, with one son, T. J. Rochelle, of Riverside, Tenn., and a daughter, Mrs. M. F. Thompson, of Hohenwald.



R. D. BERRY.

WILLIAM C. GEIGER.

William Churchman Geiger, son of Franklin T. and Octavia R. Geiger, was born in Staunton, Va., November 30, 1844. When he was six years old, his father died, leaving three sons dependent upon their mother, who taught school for their support. He also taught in the blind asylum at Staunton for many years.

When the war came on, William Geiger, with his two brothers, applied for enlistment in the Confederate army. He was retained for the service of the State and had charge of the government stores and arsenal at Staunton, which supplied munitions for the armies operating in Northwest Virginia. With others, he was organized into a company known as the Staunton Artillery, or the Raid Guard, which was drilled for service under Captain Balthis. Several times they were called out to repel threatened raids; and in December, 1863, they encountered severe weather at Buffalo Gap, from which they suffered intensely. His company was regularly commissioned by President Davis. The only member now living is Newton Argenbright, Clerk of the County Court at Staunton, Va.

William Geiger joined the Stonewall Camp of Confederate Veterans at Staunton and was awarded the Southern cross of honor. On August 24, 1871, he married Fanny Crosby Churchman, who died several years ago. After the war he continued his work at the blind asylum until his eyesight failed. He then lived on his farm until his house burned, in 1904. Failing health preventing further work, he spent his latter years with his son, Dr. J. C. Geiger, at Huntington, W. Va., where he died February 15, 1916. He was a member of the Presbyterian Church and afterwards of the Emmanuel Protestant Episcopal Church. Though hindered by difficulties, he faithfully aimed to perform his duties to his God, his family, and his State, and was a good soldier of Jesus Christ. Camp Garnett thus honors his memory.

[Rev. J. K. Hitner.]

DAVID G. TILLY.

David Green Tilly was born in Stokes County, N. C., November 16, 1834, and departed this life on July 9, 1916. At the age of eight years he went to Mountain City, Tenn. In 1860 he was married to Miss Elizabeth Barbara Duff. He served in the 6th North Carolina Cavalry during the War between the States. In September, 1865, he removed to Illinois. He was a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and for several years served as Sunday school superintendent in Clay City, Ill. He was also a member of the Clay City Lodge, A. F. and A. M., and had obtained the honor of Past Master. Having no children of his own, he took an orphan boy and girl and reared them to manhood and womanhood. Comrade Tilly was of generous and sympathetic nature and worthy to be classed with the upright. He is survived by his wife, three brothers, and one sister.

DANIEL OPPENHEIMER.

Daniel Oppenheimer was born in Burgkumstadt, Bavaria, November 22, 1836, and died in San Antonio, Tex., December 7, 1915, at the age of seventy-nine years. Comrade Oppenheimer enlisted as a private in Company I, 10th Texas Cavalry, at Rusk, Tex., in 1861 and was promoted to first lieutenant of his company at Corinth in May, 1862. This company served the greater part of the war in the Tennessee Army in Ector's Texas Brigade. Mr. Oppenheimer was well known throughout the brigade in which he served.

[Tribute by J. A. Templeton, Jacksonville, Tex.]

REV. JAMES Y. OLD.

We, as members of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, are again called upon to record the going of one of those defenders of the South whose memories are dear to us. One by one the heroes of that struggle which racked and nearly wrecked our beloved country are leaving us. We have to part with them, for they are to be the connecting links that bind us to a past to which we can but cling most fondly. One of those gallant ones a short time ago passed from our midst. Rev. James Y. Old, who came to our town a few years after the great war, was born and reared in Virginia, near the city of Norfolk. When quite a young man, almost a youth, he responded to the call to defend the rights of his country and enlisted in the 15th Virginia Cavalry, commanded by Col. C. R. Collins. His company was commanded by Capt. John F. Cooper. Mr. Old did his duty as a soldier and patriot, and at one time during the campaign in Northern Virginia he acted as scout for Gen. Robert E. Lee. His life was spared, and some years after the war he again enlisted as a minister of the gospel in a war where there is no discharge till the great Chaplain says: "Come up higher." He has answered that call, leaving his wife, the companion of his youth, and three sons, useful citizens of our town.

[Committee: Mrs. C. W. Hollowell and Mrs. Edison Carr, Elizabeth City, N. C.]

MRS. ELIZABETH CARUTHERS NEWSON.

In the ranks of the U. D. C. there was none more ardently faithful than Mrs. Elizabeth Caruthers Newson, who passed away at her home, in Huntsville, Ala., on September 11, 1916. Mrs. Newson was a Tennessean by birth, a descendant of brave pioneers who settled in this section soon after the Revolutionary War. Her uncle, Robert L. Caruthers, was War Governor of Tennessee, and her father, Robert Caruthers, was a noble patriot. She grew to womanhood in Nashville and was noted not only for her beauty, but also for her charming intellectual endowment.

Mrs. Newson was an enthusiastic Daughter of the Confederacy, and it was largely through her untiring efforts as President of the Virginia Clay Clopton Chapter at Huntsville that a monument was erected to the Confederate soldiers of Madison County, Ala. At the time of her death she was First Vice President of the Alabama Division, and she had also served as State Chairman of the Gettysburg Monument Fund, devoting faithful efforts for three years to that sacred trust. The passing of this noble woman was fittingly noted in resolutions of respect and sympathy by her Chapter, U. D. C., and Twickenham Town Chapter, D. A. R., of Huntsville.

Mrs. Newson was born in the strenuous times just after the war, the critical period of Reconstruction, and she inherited the fearless heart, the undaunted spirit of her parents. Of her it may be truthfully said: "Patriotism burned like a holy fire on the altar of her heart." From earliest childhood she was imbued with the spirit of the cause for which her people had fought. Her love and loyalty to the beloved Southland was the inspiration of her life.



MRS. E. C. NEWSON.

CAPT. G. W. PEACOCK.

The brave soul of Capt. George Washington Peacock answered the last roll call with the same courage and strength of spirit as when in young manhood he had answered at Appomattox. His old comrades speak of his valor and say he was a good soldier and that throughout his seventy-seven years of life "he fought a good fight." Before the war he had joined the Washington Rifles and was mustered into the Confederate service on March 18, 1861, as a member of Company E, 1st Georgia Regiment. His bravery won promotion for him, and in April, 1862, he was elected first lieutenant of Company B, 12th Georgia Battalion. He was severely wounded at Cedar Creek on October 19, 1864, and was at home on furlough when Sherman went through that section. Lieutenant Peacock had captured a Yankee soldier and turned him over to Wheeler's Cavalry, and later he was captured by a band of Sherman's men. As he had been wounded, he asked leniency of the officers in command, but was sentenced to be shot the next day. That night as they were encamped near Riddleville he made his escape while the guards were asleep. The next day he hid under the large root of a tree and saw the Yankees searching for him. As soon as his strength permitted he rejoined his company and served to the close of the war. He and his relative, Capt. B. S. Boatright, were together throughout the war, and now of the thirty members of their company only Captain Boatright survives.

Captain Peacock was a member of Camp Graybill, U. C. V. Though during late years he had lived in Augusta, he always attended the meetings of the Camp. He was always present on Memorial Day to clasp hands with his old comrades and to be cordially welcomed by the Daughters of the Confederacy, to whom he was always a friend. He will be greatly missed at these patriotic meetings, but his comrades will look forward to a happy reunion in the great beyond.

A. E. CARTER.

At the regular meeting of Camp W. H. T. Walker, No. 925, U. C. V., Atlanta, Ga., on October 9, 1916, the committee on memorial to Comrade E. A. Carter submitted the following:

"Comrade Carter was born December 16, 1845, and entered the War between the States in August, 1863, in the 1st Georgia Cavalry and remained in the service until the close of the war. He filled many positions of honor and trust in civil life after his return home. He was a man loved by all his friends and comrades. He died August 1, 1916, after an illness of over two years. Comrade Carter was as true in war as he was in peace.

"Resolved, That in the death of Comrade Carter our Camp loses one of its most useful and valued members. The grim monster death has robbed a home, a community, and this Camp of one of its brightest jewels. We miss his kind and gentle admonitions and deeply mourn our loss.

"Committee: T. H. Kennon, R. M. Thompson, W. D. Harris, J. A. Pittman."

PROF. W. J. SPILLMAN.

Prof. W. J. Spillman, of Company H, 35th Mississippi Infantry, Col. W. S. Barry commanding, died at his home, in San Antonio, Tex., September 3, 1916, at the age of seventy-five years. He was wounded at Corinth, captured at Vicksburg, and served gallantly through all the campaigns of his command in Mississippi, Georgia, and Tennessee. One of nature's noblemen has passed away.

MAJ. WILLIAM HENRY SCANLAND.

Maj. William Henry Scanland died August 30, 1916, in Shreveport, La., survived by his wife and seven children, also one brother. He was born at Grand Gulf, Miss., January 7, 1842. His grandfather was a Virginian, his father a Kentuckian, and his mother a Mississippian. He lost both parents at an early age, and in his eleventh year he and his brother began work in the printing office of the Caddo Gazette. The Bossier Banner was established by him at Bellevue on July 1, 1859, and, with the exception of the four years of war, he never missed an issue. His editorials were classics of the highest order. His paper never compromised with evil, and in his fifty-seven years of newspaper work he exerted an influence for good over three generations.

In 1861 young Scanland was among the first to volunteer in defense of his country, first with the "Bossier Boys" and later serving with the Bossier Cavalry from April, 1862, to May, 1865, when he was paroled. His service was under Generals Marmaduke, Hardee, VanDorn, Hebert, Armstrong, Cosby, and Forrest. After the war he resumed publication of the Bossier Banner, removing it in 1891 from Bellevue to Benton, La., and during the ten years of the South's darkest history he fought as well and as wisely for his State as he had fought for his country. He was honored by the citizens of his parish, having represented them in both houses of the legislature, as parish treasurer for sixteen years, and as superintendent of public education for twelve years. In Confederate circles he was honored by being on the staffs of succeeding Commanders of the Louisiana Division, U. C. V. He was also Assistant Quartermaster General on the staffs of Commanders in Chief Gordon and Young and had just received an appointment on the staff of Gen. George P. Harrison, ranking as major.

"We think of him still as the same. I say
He is not dead; he is just away."

[A memorial from his friends of the R. J. Hancock Chapter, U. D. C., Benton, La.]

DEATHS IN CAMP AT VICTORIA, TEX.

The William P. Rodgers Chapter, No. 44, U. D. C., sends a list of members of W. R. Scurry Camp, No. 516, of Victoria, Tex., who have died during this year, as follows:

Charles Schwartz, February 28; B. F. Williams, Company A, 6th Texas Cavalry, April 15; James Smith, Buchel's Regiment of Texas Cavalry, May 24; James A. McFadden, Fly's Battalion of Texas Cavalry, June 25; Albert Ward Noble, Company A, Waller's Battalion, Sibley's Brigade, September.



MAJ. W. H. SCANLAND.

ROBERT F. ALEXANDER.

Robert Fulton Alexander was born April 17, 1836, at Owenton, Ky., and had reached his early manhood when the first dissensions between the North and South began, culminating early in 1861 in the call to arms of both sections of the country.

While on a business visit to Charleston, S. C., he was a witness to the bombardment of Fort Sumter, beginning the four years of war in the South. He returned to his home and assisted in organizing a company of cavalry, of which he became a lieutenant. The company was embodied in the 4th Kentucky Regiment and served under Gen. John H. Morgan until the end of the war, by which time Lieutenant Alexander had attained to his captaincy. This command formed a part of President Davis's escort in his flight from Richmond to Washington, Ga., when he left them, so as to facilitate his escape to the seacoast.

After a visit to his old Kentucky home, Captain Alexander went to Texas and settled near Marlin, in Falls County, and then engaged in land-surveying and farming. In the early nineties he removed to San Antonio and took up the real estate business, and, becoming interested in politics, he was a member of the city council during a reform movement at that time.

He was an active member of the Albert Sidney Johnston Camp, No. 44, U. C. V., and affiliated with the Masonic Lodge of Marlin. As his father had been one of the pioneer Baptist preachers of Kentucky, he kept up his membership in that faith during his lifetime. After a trying illness of several months he passed away on the morning of May 6, 1916, and was laid to rest amongst those comrades who had gone before.

CARSON T. ORR.

Carson T. Orr departed this life on September 27, 1916, at the home of his son, William H. Orr, in Mt. Pleasant, Tenn., after an illness of several weeks. He was born near Lynnville, Tenn., February 19, 1845, and enlisted in the Confederate army on March 20, 1863, when only eighteen years of age, joining Gordon's company, E, 11th Tennessee Cavalry, under Forrest, and served throughout the entire war, being paroled May 10, 1865, at Gainesville, Ga. After the war he returned to his old home, in Giles County, Tenn., where he continued to live until several years ago, when he moved to Mt. Pleasant. He is survived by his wife and nine children.

Mr. Orr was an interesting talker, and his accounts of the various incidents of his war experiences were of special interest. He was familiar with the organization of the Ku-Klux Klan in Giles County. The burial was at Arlington Cemetery, in Mt. Pleasant, the funeral services being held at the Cumberland Presbyterian church, of which he had been a devout member for many years. It was attended by many Confederate veterans, some of whom were honorary pallbearers.

JOHN DABNEY COSBY.

John Dabney Cosby, aged seventy-six years, died at his home, in Abingdon, Va., on the 3d of October, 1916. He was among the first to volunteer from Washington County, becoming a member of Company K, 37th Regiment of Infantry, commanded by Col. Samuel V. Fulkerson. After the disastrous campaign in West Virginia in 1862, Mr. Cosby, by sickness, became disabled for infantry service and was then transferred to Company D, 1st Virginia Cavalry, and was a member thereof until the surrender at Appomattox Court-house. He leaves a widow and one daughter.

D. J. HYNEMAN.

D. J. Hyneman, born in 1845, near Corinth, Miss., was descended from a long line of Southern ancestry. During his long and useful life his home was in Corinth, where he died on September 30, 1916. He was ever true and loyal to the South and her people. Enlisting in the 12th Mississippi Cavalry, Company H, in 1862, he fearlessly and gallantly discharged every duty as a soldier. Because of his intelligence, courage, and the trust reposed in him by superior officers, he was often appointed on delicate and dangerous scout duty. As sheriff of his county and as a merchant for fifty years, his reputation was untarnished. In 1869 he was married to Miss Eugenia Polk, daughter of Col. C. P. Polk, who was a



D. J. HYNEMAN.

nephew of President James K. Polk, of Tennessee. Of their five daughters, three survive him—Mesdames Armstrong, Elgin, and Young. Comrade Hyneman was a devout member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, for many years.

[Tribute by G. W. Bynum.]

TURNER BYNUM.

Turner Bynum was a native of Chatham County, N. C., where he was born in 1841. The family removed to Mississippi in 1852, and his home was in that State from boyhood. His death occurred in Corinth on July 27, 1916.

There were seven Bynum brothers in the Confederate army. Thomas, the oldest, served in a Texas regiment. With five brothers, William, Mark, George, Joseph, and Nat, Turner Bynum enlisted in April, 1861, in the 2d Mississippi Infantry. He served in the Army of Northern Virginia from the first battle of Manassas to Gettysburg, where he was captured and spent the rest of the war in prison at Fort Delaware. Only two of these brothers now survive—George W. Bynum, of Corinth, in his seventy-eighth year, and Mark W. Bynum, who is nearing the eighty-second milestone.

Turner Bynum was a man of integrity and honesty of purpose, a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, charitable and liberal to the poor. He was never married.

JAMES F. SYKES.

J. W. Morrison, W. L. McKee, and Tam Brooks, committee for the Camp at Hillsboro, Tex., report the loss of a comrade, James F. Sykes, a member of Company H, 14th North Carolina Infantry, Hagood's Brigade, during the War between the States, who died on April 19, 1916, at the Confederate Home in Austin, Tex. He was born in North Carolina August 20, 1847. He entered the Confederate service at the age of seventeen years, remaining until the close of the war, being then a prisoner at Point Lookout, Md. He went to Texas in 1871, engaged in the profession of teaching school, and was a prominent educator during most of the time prior to his death. He was a citizen of Hillsboro for several years before entering the Home. That Comrade Sykes was a good soldier is shown in his record as a citizen of Texas.

DR. JAMES H. SHANNON.

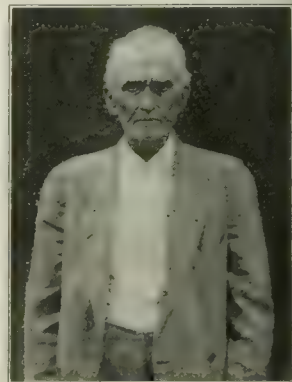
Report of the death of Dr. James H. Shannon, of Saco, Me., comes as a great surprise and sorrow to the VETERAN, for he had been its good friend and well-wisher for many years. In the VETERAN for September appeared an interesting letter from him in regard to a visit to Canada, telling how he played off as a "young" recruit for the Canadian troops. He was proud of his good health and strength, and death was kind to him in coming without the illness that so often precedes it. He had been working about his home place shortly before being stricken with paralysis while sitting in a chair. He survived but a few minutes.

Dr. Shannon belonged to a family widely known in that section of Maine and had passed a great part of his life in Saco. He was born at Providence, R. I., in 1841, the son of Charles T. and Jane Stanwood Shannon. In 1861 he enlisted in the 5th Maine Infantry, one of the celebrated regiments of the service, and served in the Union army to the close of the war. He rose to the rank of captain and did staff duty in connection with some of the big battles in which his regiment participated. A part of the time he was in Tennessee, and he stayed in Nashville just after the war and was organist in one of the churches. He was a skilled player of the organ and piano and had also composed music.

Some years after the war Dr. Shannon took up the study of medicine and graduated in 1884 from the Jefferson Medical College of Philadelphia. He then went to Saco, Me., which had since been his home. He was always actively interested in matters pertaining to the War between the States and belonged to a number of military organizations of veterans. He was well informed on war history and had written considerably on the subject; his reminiscences were very interesting. His wife, three sons, and a daughter survive him.

NICHOLAS TUBB.

Nicholas Tubb was born in Monroe County, Miss., on February 17, 1841, and died at his home, near Quincy, within a few miles of the place of his birth, on April 11, 1916. He was among the first to enlist in his county, joining, with eleven kinsmen of the same name, Company E, 14th Mississippi Regiment. He served throughout the war, taking part in the hardest-fought battles of Tennessee, Alabama, and Mississippi without receiving any serious wounds. It was notable of this family of soldiers not to evade or shirk a duty or abandon a friend. As an illustration his brother, Dr. John Tubb, on returning from a furlough, found the great battle of Shiloh raging. Not knowing the location of his company, he attached himself to another and fought throughout the battle.



NICHOLAS TUBB.

Of pure and noble manhood, Nicholas Tubb lived a thoroughly Christian life. He loved his fellow men and was loved and respected by them. As a reward for his service to his country and in appreciation of his honesty and integrity his county elected him to the office of treasurer, which he held for the four years just prior to his death. He is survived by several sons and daughters.

THOMAS WILLIAM JETT.

After more than a year of declining health, death relieved the sufferings of Thomas W. Jett on February 1, 1916. When the war began, in 1861, he was clerking in Westmoreland County, Va., and with little delay he joined a cavalry company which later became Company C of the 9th Virginia Regiment. He was by disposition and temperament admirably suited to the service. During the early months of the war, while in service on the Potomac, he practiced as a marksman and became very proficient as a sharpshooter. In the stirring engagements in which he took part it rarely happened that his courage, coolness, and effective marksmanship failed to draw the blood of the foe. It was remarkable that one found so often in the front and so often exposed to danger escaped bodily injury. His only wound was received at Brandy Station on the 11th of October, 1863, when he was injured in the foot and was for several months disabled thereby.

On returning home after the surrender he assumed the life of a farmer and began the struggle for a support on his native sod in Northumberland. He married Miss Flora Alice Haynie in 1866, and surviving him are four sons and a daughter, also an adopted son. In 1863 Comrade Haynie united with the Methodist Church and was a consistent and exemplary member for more than fifty years. His character was exemplified in his high sense of the dignity and claims of citizenship. In the spirit of the dying words of one of his kinsmen, as inscribed on an old tomb near his home, "With a pillar of cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night we will pass over the river in victory and in triumph," our comrade passed over the river to his rest and crown.

W. A. McCURDY.

On February 20, 1916, at his home, in Lewisburg, Tenn., W. A. McCurdy departed this life at the age of seventy-four years. Surviving him are his wife and one son, H. K. McCurdy, of Tracy City, Tenn.

Comrade McCurdy early enlisted in the Confederate army and served in it faithfully and bravely until the close. In the early summer of 1861 he joined what was afterwards Company, D, 4th Tennessee Cavalry (Starnes's), and served with that command until May 9, 1865, when he was paroled at Washington, Ga. He then returned to his home, in Marshall County, and had lived there ever since. His character as a soldier included those sterling qualities of firmness, steadiness, fortitude, steadfastness, endurance, resolution, and other noble qualities that make the real man. After the war he followed peaceful pursuits in the same quiet, unassuming way that had characterized him in war, always exercising an influence for good. He was a pillar of strength in his Church (Methodist) and always sought what he thought was the best and purest in politics. He was never ambitious in the sense of political preferment or self-glory. Industrious, honest, truthful, he chose the better part in life and leaves a name to be honored and cherished by his family and friends as above anything to be desired.

[From resolutions of respect and sympathy prepared by a committee composed of W. W. Walker, R. L. Phillips, and T. C. Black.]

In the sketch of John H. McClinton, appearing in the November number, page 510, it should have been stated that his death occurred at his home, in Monroe City, Mo. His widow has since removed to New York City.

THOMAS BOMAR VESEY.

Thomas B. Vesey, son of John and Sarah B. Vesey, was born at Gallatin, Sumner County, Tenn., on July 28, 1834, and died at West Point, Miss., on August 10, 1916.

Mr. Vesey enlisted early in 1861 in a company formed at Aberdeen, Miss., which was later made a part of the 20th Mississippi Infantry, C. S. A. With this regiment (after serving in the campaigns in Mississippi) his company was sent to Joseph E. Johnston's army, then at Resaca, Ga.; and he served with this army continuously until the battle of Nashville, where he was captured and remained in prison to the close of the war.

After the war Mr. Vesey settled in Rome, Ga., and conducted a mercantile business there for many years, until some twenty-five years ago, his health failing, he sold out his business and had since lived on the modest competency he had acquired. He was a consistent member of the Baptist Church from early manhood. He was never married.

There were six brothers in this family who served in the Confederate army, and all came out alive and whole. Only one now survives, M. L. Vesey, of Memphis, Tenn.

CAPT. JOHN H. SHIELDS.

Capt. John H. Shields died at his home, in Wichita, Kans., on the 6th of November, 1916, and was laid to rest among those of his family who had preceded him into the spirit land. He was born in Madison, Morgan County, Ga., on June 8, 1844; so his life had rounded out more than the allotted span.

Captain Shields enlisted in the Confederate army July 1,

1861, and was attached to Cobb's Legion. He was with Longstreet in all the big battles around Richmond and also at Gettysburg and Chickamauga. At the close of the war he removed with his family to Clinton, Ky., and published a weekly paper there until 1885, when he went to Kansas and again entered the newspaper business with the Weekly Democrat at Wichita. In 1913 he received the appointment of postmaster of the city and continued in that office until his death. As an official he gave eminent satisfaction. The large attendance at



CAPT. JOHN H. SHIELDS.

his funeral testified to the esteem in which he was held. Among the many handsome floral offerings was one in the form of a Confederate battle flag, which attracted much attention. Captain Shields was very active in organizing the Confederate Camp at Wichita, the only one in Kansas, which he had continually served as Adjutant. At the close of the war he joined the Baptist Church and had been a faithful and zealous member since.

SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS

ORGANIZED IN JULY, 1866, AT RICHMOND, VA.

OFFICERS.

Commander in Chief, Ernest G. Baldwin, Roanoke, Va.
Adjutant in Chief, N. B. Forrest, Biloxi, Miss.

CONFEDERATE VETERANS AND SONS, ATTENTION!

BY W. E. BROCKMAN, DIVISION COMMANDER DISTRICT OF
COLUMBIA, S. C. V.

Elaborate plans are now being developed for the entertainment of the visitors in Washington on the occasion of the next annual Reunion of the Confederate Veterans and Sons, to be held in the national capital in May, 1917.

"Veterans First" is the slogan that has been adopted by the Reunion Committee for that occasion. The line of gray is fast thinning, and it is a matter of only a few years when there will none be left. The Confederate veterans have left us, their sons, a priceless heritage of honor, truth, courage, fidelity, and that spirit of American freedom that so burned in their breasts at King's Mountain, at Cowpens, at Sumter, at Spottsylvania C. H., and at Manassas and Gettysburg.

An appeal has been issued by the Commander in Chief of the Sons of Veterans to all Sons of the Southland to organize and work with that same spirit of independence as when our fathers bravely answered the call of arms in 1775 and 1861.

There are two distinctive lines of work in the Sons of Confederate Veterans' organization. One is that of relief to the needy veteran and the widow and orphan. Another, which is far-reaching in effect and influence, is the education of the present and the future generations as to the important principles that caused our fathers to give their lifeblood in 1861-65.

A historical course has been mapped out by the general organization whereby a true and correct history of the South and of the United States may be placed before the entire country. Some would be surprised if told that but few of the glorious deeds of the Southland are even mentioned in the majority of histories used throughout the country, yet it is the truth. Shall we, the sons of these grand old sires, permit the desecration of our fathers' memories in this manner? God forbid!

What, then, shall we do? First, we must organize, for in organization there is strength. We must affiliate with the general organization and coöperate in the great work that is before us. Every son of the South is needed for this work. Shall we, the sons of Virginia, North and South Carolina, or any other State, sit idle in this great exigency? The South is again the mother of the President of the United States, and we have little to fear and much to hope for from such a man as Mr. Wilson. It was men of this character that made our State and national government an example of pure Democracy and self-government that has been a revelation to the entire world.

General Harrison, Commander in Chief U. C. V., Mr. Ernest G. Baldwin, Commander in Chief of the Sons, and Adjutant in Chief Nathan Bedford Forrest on a recent visit to Washington announced that over one hundred and fifty thousand visitors are expected to attend the next Reunion. Five hundred rooms, in addition to the entire mezzanine floor, have been engaged at the Willard Hotel for the Reunion

headquarters. A parade has been arranged to form in front of the United States Capitol and march to the White House, there to be reviewed by President Wilson and his Cabinet, the United States House and Senate, and the diplomatic corps. Thus will Confederate soldiers, who tried so hard to capture the national capital in 1861-65, on this occasion have the opportunity to march down Pennsylvania Avenue to the executive mansion in the Confederate gray and under the Stars and Bars and be cordially greeted by the chief executive of our nation.

It is for the Sons to get busy and make this the greatest demonstration of the Southland that has ever been held. The Sons expect to have ten thousand men in Confederate uniform, with their own band composed of Sons of Veterans, and will march as escorts to the veterans. So prepare to invade Washington. We will be ready for you and will receive you with open arms and with hearts that beat as one to the sound of "Dixie" and "The Star-Spangled Banner."

THE CAUSES OF THE WAR BETWEEN THE STATES.

BY ARTHUR H. JENNINGS, LYNCHBURG, VA.

[This essay was awarded second prize in the Latham Prize Contest for Sons of Confederate Veterans, 1916. Mr. Jennings was former Commander of Garland Rodes Camp, S. C. V., of Lynchburg, and is a member of R. E. Lee Camp, No. 1, S. C. V., of Richmond, Va.]

Four hundred years ago in that part of "Merrie England" where are situated the counties of Nottingham, Lincoln, and York lived a band of dissenters who, though loyal to the king, were rebels against the authority of the Established Church. They were called Puritans.

In that far day, as some gay Cavalier and Churchman cantered along those winding lanes upon his gayly bedecked steed and was scowled at from the roadside by one of those stern-faced religionists, there were sown the seed which developed into fruit in our War between the States three centuries later.

The causes that led to this war were many. Some were direct, others collateral; but the one deep underlying cause of the war was the difference in temperament and the differing points of view upon all subjects of the people North and South and the jealousy of the North, particularly the New England Puritan element, for the easy-going and luxury-loving Cavalier element of the South.

The Puritan conscience was ever a troublous thing, allowing its possessor no rest and boding ill for those whose views or modes of living were at variance with the stern and harsh tenets which were supposed to govern the lives of the Puritans. Burning of witches and abolitionism may seem far apart, but the same causes operated in both cases. It was fanaticism, a determination to make others believe and live as they did and at any cost; that was the ruling motive in both instances.

It is not a far cry from Cotton Mather, denouncing witchcraft and those who did not believe in witchcraft, with the Indian slave girl Tituba at his side, and sending to horrible deaths or to torture and prison over two hundred innocent people, to Henry Ward Beecher, standing in his pulpit, a Winchester rifle across his Bible and a mulatto slave girl at his side, pouring out his invectives against the slaveholders and arousing to action and bloodshed the passions of the North.

Slavery was not the direct cause of the war; the South would not have fought to preserve slavery. In the adult white male population of the South not one man in every six owned

even one slave. Nor was slavery held in the North to be a crime against either God or man until long after the slaves were found to be unprofitable in the North and had been sold South and the profit of this transaction safely stowed away in Northern pockets, where it remains to this good day. Only then was the enormity of slavery brought forward as a public question and abolitionism began to raise its ugly head.

The South protested against slavery; Virginia legislated against slavery thirty-two times; Georgia and the Carolinas legislated against it previous to 1760. The Historian General of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, Miss Rutherford, says: "Thomas Jefferson's original draft of the Declaration of Independence had a protest against the slave trade; and John Adams, of Massachusetts, advised that it be stricken out." Georgia was the first slave State to legislate in opposition to the slave trade, while Massachusetts was the first State to legislate in favor of it. Slavery was as surely forced upon the Southern States as was opium upon China and for the same reason—money.

As new territory came into the Union through conquest and purchase, and as much of this territory lay geographically where Southern influence would naturally dominate, the Northern fear of the growth of Southern power grew, and Northern jealousy increased. The Louisiana Purchase in 1803 was viewed with disfavor in the North. The conquest of Mexican territory and the admission of Texas into the Union increased Northern uneasiness and jealousy. The right of States to withdraw from the Union was early brought into

play. In the beginning of the nineteenth century, when a Southern man and slaveholder was President of the United States and the Louisiana Territory was secured from Napoleon by purchase, Massachusetts threatened to secede, and Josiah Quincy favored it. The South wanted war with England in 1812 to secure the freedom of the seas, but New England was opposed to it and threatened to secede from the Union if war with England was declared. Massachusetts, jealous of Southern power, again in 1820 threatened to secede if Missouri was admitted into the Union as a slave State. The right of these States to threaten secession and to carry these threats into effect was never questioned; it was universally recognized. It was only when the South at a later period sought to exercise the same right that the right was disputed and the cry of "rebellion" raised at the North.

The differences between the sections multiplied with the passage of time. Free labor at the South and paid labor at the North operated to the advantage of the South. Tariff bills were passed by the manufacturing North which were oppressive to the agricultural South. The breach widened.

The attitude of the North before the war was one of dictation; that of the South was resistance to outside dictation and interference. The North waged a war of invasion and coercion; the South one of self-defense and resistance to invasion and coercion. When Lincoln was elected, representing to the Southern mind the rise to supreme power in the Union of those elements in the North most determined to defy the Constitution, to coerce the South, and to force that section to live by rules of conduct laid down in despised abolition councils, then the South sought safety and peace by withdrawing apart from these disturbing elements.

South Carolina seceded; other Southern States rapidly took the same steps. Virginia, with a love for the Union, which she had been so largely instrumental in creating and fashioning and preserving, made desperate efforts to stay the storm. To make the Union possible she had given from her own body the extensive territory of the Northwest. Her sons, Washington, Jefferson, Patrick Henry, Marshall, and others, had already figured in the formation and preservation of the Union. "Without her," says Thomas Nelson Page in his book, "R. E. Lee, the Southerner," "no Union would have been formed, and without her no Union would have been preserved during the early decades of its existence." Only when coercion was used and invasion threatened did Virginia exercise her constitutional rights and secede, drawing the sword in defense and not in attack. South Carolina, standing on her right to withdraw from a compact which she had helped to formulate, a right previously asserted to be theirs by those States which were now denying it to her, demanded of the Northern government that its troops be withdrawn from her territory. Lincoln promised a commission sent to negotiate these subjects that no reinforcements or supplies should be sent to the troops of the North holding Fort Sumter while these questions were being debated.

Violating this pledge, Lincoln secretly started both supplies and reinforcements toward Fort Sumter in a fleet of several vessels. Undoubtedly this was the first blow struck in the war; it was the first act of war. In the face of this treachery South Carolina in self-defense attacked and reduced Fort Sumter before the reinforcements and supplies could arrive. At once throughout the North the cry was raised that the flag had been fired upon, and troops were started South to coerce and punish that section and force it back into the Union. The die was cast, and the contest began.



MRS. CHARLES WITHERS SUMPTER, OF CHRISTIANSBURG, VA.

Mrs. Sumpter was sponsor for the 4th Virginia Brigade, S. C. V., at the Birmingham Reunion. She is First Vice President of the Virginia Division, U. D. C.

Confederated Southern Memorial Association

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MRS. JOHN E. MAXWELL.....	<i>Treasurer</i>
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MISS DAISY M. L. HODGSON.....	<i>Recording Secretary</i>
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1105½ Broad Street, Augusta, Ga.	
MRS. J. ENDERS ROBINSON.....	<i>Corresponding Secretary</i>
113 Third Street South, Richmond, Va.	
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1045 Union Avenue, Memphis, Tenn.	



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Next Convention to be held in Washington, D. C.

JUNIOR CONFEDERATE MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION OF NEW ORLEANS.

BY MRS. J. G. HARRISON, RECORDING SECRETARY LADIES' MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

On March 26, 1896, there was organized in New Orleans, La., a Junior Confederate Memorial Association designed to be a successor of the Senior Association and heir to its property, the Confederate monument in Greenwood Cemetery, the crypt, and surrounding ground. Mrs. D. A. S. Vaught was the first President, and it was during her administration, in 1898, that the Juniors collected the sum of one hundred dollars, with which they purchased a beautiful hand-painted historic scroll of Louisiana. This scroll was placed in a frame of Louisiana oak, handsomely carved, and presented to the Louisiana Room in the Confederate Museum at Richmond, Va.

Miss Elizabeth Borland became President in 1900 and in March, 1902, was succeeded by Mrs. H. Blackman Turner. Prior to this date only girls were elected to membership, but upon the recommendation of the President of the Senior Association, Mrs. W. J. Behan, boys up to sixteen years of age were admitted. The Association then took on new life, the membership increased, and great interest was taken in Memorial Day exercises. The Central Committee of the Jefferson Davis Monument Association of Richmond, Va., having offered a handsome gold medal to be awarded to the child selling the greatest number of "Davis buttons," a friendly rivalry was begun among the Juniors, each one striving for the prize. As a greater incentive the President of the Ladies' Memorial Association, Mrs. W. J. Behan, communicated with Gen. J. B. Gordon, then Commander in Chief of the United Confederate Veterans, requesting him to present the medal to the successful candidate during the New Orleans Reunion to be held in 1903. A prompt reply was received from him, sending words of encouragement to the children in their patriotic and laudable efforts to honor the memory of the President of the Southern Confederacy and said: "If my health permits, I shall be glad to comply with your request." The possibility of being thus honored stimulated the children to greater zeal, and as a result the Junior Confederate Memorial Association closed the contest some time before the date fixed and sent on to the Treasurer of the Jefferson Davis Monument Association in Richmond, Va., the sum of \$200 acquired through the sale of "Davis buttons." Miss Estelle M. Hodgson was the fortunate winner of the prize, having sold over one thousand buttons. The medal, which represented the Confederate flag suitably inscribed, was presented by Gen.

John B. Gordon in a few complimentary words at the fourth annual convention of the Confederated Southern Memorial Association, of which the Juniors form a part.

At the annual meeting held March 19, 1904, Mrs. Charles Zapata received the appointment of President. Realizing that the life of an association depends upon its activity, Mrs. Zapata, a most zealous worker, proposed that the Juniors take as their work for the coming year the placing of a stained-glass window in Memorial Hall, this window to represent the great seal of the Confederacy. The children received the proposition with great enthusiasm, delighted to know that they could give this proof of their love for the cause for which their fathers and grandfathers had sacrificed life and fortune. To the accomplishment of this patriotic purpose an entertainment committee was formed, with Mrs. H. H. Marks as chairman. Several entertainments were given, which swelled the fund. At last success crowned the efforts of these young patriots, and the final details of ordering the window was intrusted to the window committee.

It was on Saturday, March 2, 1907, just two years after the proposition was made by Mrs. Zapata, that the unveiling ceremonies of this beautiful memorial took place in Confederate Memorial Hall, New Orleans. This rose window is a device representing an equestrian portrait of Washington (after the statue which surmounts his monument in the Capitol at Richmond), surrounded with a wreath composed of the principal agricultural products of the Confederacy—cotton, tobacco, sugar cane, corn, wheat, and rice—and having around its margin the words, "The Confederate States of America, twenty-second February, eighteen hundred and sixty-two," with the following motto, "Deo Vindice." Gen. J. A. Chalaron, Secretary of the Louisiana Historical Society, a lamented Commander of the Army of Tennessee Department, U. C. V., was the orator of the evening. A beautiful program was rendered, and Mrs. W. J. Behan closed the impressive exercises with an address to the Juniors.

Mrs. Hickey Friedrichs was the next appointee as President, and she still presides. On the 31st of May, 1915, the Juniors presented to the Louisiana Room in the Confederate Museum at Richmond, Va., a bronze bust of Gen. P. G. T. Beauregard, mounted on a handsome pedestal. Capt. John Lamb, member of Congress from Richmond, Va., presented this gift to the room, and Capt. James Dinkins, of New Orleans, accepted it, telling of the distinguished soldier of the Crescent City, who had figured so conspicuously in the service of the Southern cause. The hearts and hands of the Juniors are still faithful in their work, and greater and more patriotic deeds are being planned for the future.

ANNUAL ADDRESS BY THE HISTORIAN OF TEXAS DIVISION, U. C. V.

[The R. E. Lee Camp of Fort Worth, Tex., was the first to appoint a Historian, and Judge C. C. Cummings received the first appointment. Later the Texas Division, under Gen. K. M. Van Zandt, created this office, and Judge Cummings was the first appointee and has continued in the office. He was a member of Barksdale's Brigade, A. N. V., and was in the battles of his command from First Manassas till wounded at Gettysburg when serving as sergeant major of the 17th Mississippi Infantry.]

In 1816, a hundred years ago, the first movement began toward the return from America to Africa of the liberated slaves. In this year was formed the African Colonization Society under the initiative of Southern slaveholders. It was approved by Jefferson and materially advanced by Henry Clay, James Madison, and James Monroe. Many Northern philanthropists gave it moral and material aid. This society secured a concession of part of the province of Guinea, on the west coast of Africa, and in 1822 formed a colony and called it Liberia and the capital Monrovia, for President Monroe, who gave it valuable aid.

In 1847 the colony advanced to the dignity of a negro republic after the plan of the United States, but with the proviso that only negroes should be its officers. It is a coincidence that the Monroe Doctrine was promulgated in 1822, having for its aim the fostering care over the struggling republics to the south of us against unlawful encroachments on these by European powers.

Liberia has a coast line of about three hundred and fifty miles, the length of that of Texas on the Gulf of Mexico, and an area near that of the State of Mississippi, forty-three thousand square miles. Its terrain gradually ascends for about twenty miles till it reaches undulating uplands extending some two hundred miles inland. The soil is fertile, well watered and timbered, and is very prolific in tropical fruits. Its principal exports are coffee, cacao, kola nuts, and many other tropical products. It has an even temperature, ranging from seventy-five to eighty-five degrees. Its government has adopted a system of grants to actual settlers for homestead purposes similar to that which so rapidly peopled the State of Texas.

Great Britain has during the world war now raging acquired the bulk of the German possessions in Africa, and the time is favorable for the United States to acquire additional territory there for African colonization. Our government has within its bounds eleven million negroes, all of whom are crowded into the thirteen original slave States, except about a million in the North, and race friction is yearly growing more frequent; local race segregation is being tried in many localities, which is but temporary.

In Liberia, as in all tribal communities, there was friction among the different tribes at first, which retarded its growth till 1894, when the several chiefs met at Monrovia and formulated a working basis of peace among themselves, which operated so as to secure confidence of capitalists abroad; and in 1911 Americans advanced the Liberian government two and a half million dollars, which righted its finances and placed it on a practical basis. Of course the bondholders will overlook their holdings to see that the investment is safe. This loan was on a population of 2,500,000, of which 18,000 are the descendants of American freed slaves.

History is philosophy teaching by example; and when we

turn to the tenth chapter of Genesis we see where Father Noah got tired of trying to have his three sons live in peace together, and he then divided the known world among the three. To Ham he assigned Africa; to Shem, Asia; and to Japheth, the elder, he gave a double portion by the right of primogeniture, and Europe and the isles of the sea fell to his share.

This was the first attempt at race segregation. But race amalgamation followed between Shem and Ham on the plains of Mesopotamia. They built great Babylon and the Tower of Babel, and race friction followed and confusion of tongues, and they were dispersed. The second experiment of race segregation, being under divine guidance, yet obtains. We read that in the midst of this race mixture the divine voice called Abraham into a strange country and separated his seed from the rest as a witness for all time of the steady influence of the one God over all pagan gods. After undergoing bondage under Ham for a time about equal to the bondage of Ham with us, Shem came out into the Promised Land. Now in the great war going on in Europe we expect to see the world again divided as old Father Noah did at first, and each son must return to his own—Shem back to the Promised Land, Ham back to Africa—all under the supervision of Japheth, whom Father Noah decreed should be so enlarged.

Another attempt of amalgamation was made by Japheth; and confusion ensued, as it ever must in race mixture. Japheth when he crossed over to his portion in Europe divided, and a part of him trekked westward over the Himalayan Mountains of Western Asia, amalgamated with lower forms of life, stagnated into castes, and so remains to-day nonprogressive. The other part traveled to the northwest of Europe and has ever refused race mixture, but now stands out as the great white race which dominates the civilization of the world.

The South took up Ham as a savage and through slavery has lifted him to his feet as a man. If he is the man he is claimed to be, he will hearken to the cry of 150,000,000 of his kind and go over and help them.

VETERANS IN UNIFORM.

Capt. Dabney M. Scales, of Camp No. 28, U. C. V., and Company A, Uniformed Rank, C. V., Memphis, Tenn., writes: "At a meeting of this Camp and company the subject of Confederate uniforms was fully discussed, and it was the sense of the meeting that all veterans attending the Reunion in Washington should be appropriately uniformed. Fifty-six years after First Manassas the Confederate forces will invade Washington. We shall meet there many veterans of the other side, their sons and daughters; and this organization appeals to comrades to show themselves worthy of the cause by preserving a soldierly appearance. The uniform need not be expensive, but it should be historically characteristic, neat, and well-fitting. Let all go in company formation (under arms) and maintain that dignity and manly bearing which reflects credit upon the cause for which we stand. There is an official uniform for all veterans (those not belonging to any organized company), and it is not expensive. Another thing: a man makes himself as old as he feels. Let us hold up our heads, step out, and make ourselves as young as when we started for Washington in 1862."

"ABOLITION OF SLAVERY STARTED IN THE SOUTH."

BY DR. Y. R. LE MONNIER, NEW ORLEANS, LA.

Under the above caption in the *VETERAN* for September, 1916 (page 411), I read that "the States of Virginia, Kentucky, and Tennessee were engaged in practical movements for the gradual emancipation of slaves" (George Lunt, of Massachusetts), and following that, "T. J. Randolph proposed in the Virginia Assembly a plan for the emancipation of the negroes in 1832."

The first negro slaves were landed in America about 1620, when a Dutch ship sold nineteen of them in Virginia. But Massachusetts had already previous to this sold in the West Indies twenty Indian warriors, prisoners of war, who proved a failure as slaves. And the last slaver was a Massachusetts ship, the *Nightingale*, owned and manned by Boston people, captured by a Southerner, Capt. John Julius Guthrie, of the United States sloop of war the *Saratoga*, on April 21, 1861, at the mouth of the Congo River, on the west coast of Africa, with nine hundred slaves on board. They were liberated and the ship burned. This was after the surrender of Fort Sumter and the Baltimore riot, consequent upon the passage of the 6th Massachusetts Regiment through that city. (See Archives of the Navy Department, Washington, D. C.)

In 1750 the colony of South Carolina proclaimed against slavery, in 1775 Virginia rebelled against it, then Georgia. These colonies not only condemned the slave trade, but at a public mass meeting passed a resolution requiring the governors of the colonies to inform the mother country, England, of this fact. In course of time the answer came that slavery, which was such a paying institution to the crown, was ordered reestablished, and the governors of the colonies were commanded to enforce the order of the king, their master; otherwise others would be sent to enforce it.

Thus it will be seen that the South always was against this abominable institution, kept up by order of the king on account of the money there was in it. After our independence, in 1776, the slave trade was kept up, in violation of the law, by the Northeastern Puritans, and particularly the Boston people. The Marquis of Lothian, a Scotchman, as the result of his researches, said that out of fifteen hundred American slave traders only five were from the South.

The above is only a *grosso modo* account of this very important question in which the Northeast, and not the South, had so much to do in carrying it on after we became an independent country. Ten per cent of the slave trade was in the hands of the Dutch, twenty per cent was carried on by Spain, thirty per cent by England, and finally by the Northeastern States.

CONFEDERATE HOMES.

BY HON. CLAY SHARKEY, JACKSON, MISS.

In the November number of the *VETERAN* J. O. Bradfield, writing of the Confederate Homes of Texas, unwittingly makes a misstatement in saying that "Texas is the only State that bars none." The Home for Confederate veterans, their wives and widows, at Beauvoir, the last home of our only President, Jefferson Davis, admits all worthy Confederate veterans, with their wives or their widows, if married prior to 1895. Mississippi Sons of Confederate Veterans bought the old home of Jefferson Davis, and the U. D. C. of Mississippi maintained this Home until 1904, when the State made appropriations for its maintenance. It is situated on the Gulf

of Mexico, on either side the thriving cities of Biloxi and Gulfport, and, with an electric car line running along the front, for a few cents the inmates can have a pleasant ride along this beautiful shore. The Home has every conceivable convenience—electric lights, artesian water, steam laundry, as well-equipped hospital as any in the State, a chapel for all denominations, and an assembly hall for amusements or reading. A law places the management under six directors appointed by the Governor, "who shall be members of the Confederate Veterans' Association or Sons of Confederate Veterans' Association of Mississippi." A happier Home cannot be found, nor one more liberally provided for, than Beauvoir. The only requirements are that "the applicant must be needy, have honorably served in army or navy of the Confederacy, and at the time of application a resident of Mississippi."

OUR LAST MEETING.

BY MAJ. T. H. BLACKNALL, CHICAGO, ILL.

Perhaps it will be of interest to know how an old Confederate major of eighty-four years felt at the last reunion of the blue and gray in Oakwoods Cemetery, Chicago. This is the largest and most beautiful cemetery in the city. It contains eight hundred acres, handsomely inclosed, its grounds like a well-kept lawn, with artificial lakes and fountains, walks and driveways, and with trees, flowers, and vines among the thousands of costly monuments and tombs. Near the center of this grand cemetery the people of Chicago gave four acres in which to place the handsome Confederate monument, which stands fifty feet high, its pedestal surmounted by a bronze Confederate soldier, with gun, standing at parade rest. The base on which the monument rests is twelve feet square, and on each side is a large bronze tablet giving the names, regiments, and States to which belonged the thousands of Confederate soldiers now resting under a velvet carpet of living green. The entire cost of grounds and monument was \$78,000.

It was a touching sight to witness veterans of the blue and gray march around the monument and scatter flowers, while the band softly played "The Last Rose of Summer." It was a scene long to be remembered and brought to me thoughts of the final reunion of those who had once faced each other in battle.

The blue and the gray on the banks are waiting

To cross over the silent river between;

The grass on one side is trampled,

That on the other is green.

Over there under the green all are united,

All strife is forgotten, and all wrongs are righted.

SERVICE OF ROBERT COLEMAN.—J. A. Turpin, of Waterproof, La., makes the following inquiry: "Robert Coleman, of Church Hill, Miss., a friend of mine, with his brother, Frank W. Coleman, attended the Military Institute at Nashville, Tenn., having for their professors Bushrod Johnson and Alexander P. Stewart, who were afterwards Confederate generals. Graduating in 1860, Frank Coleman served as lieutenant in Darden's Mississippi Battery of Artillery, Bushrod Johnson's Brigade, Army of Tennessee; and Robert Coleman was commissioned as drillmaster and assigned to Camp Moore, a recruiting camp, near New Orleans, La. Later he went into active service as lieutenant or captain and was killed in the battle of Iuka, Miss., in July, 1862. I should like to learn the particulars of his death and burial, also the company he was with and his rank, for the benefit of his relatives living near this place."

BOOK REVIEWS.

BRAVE DEEDS OF CONFEDERATE SOLDIERS. By Philip Alexander Bruce. Published by George W. Jacobs and Company, Philadelphia. Cloth, illustrated, \$1.50 net.

The story of the men in gray is the story of courage. Confederate annals are replete with incidents of personal daring. In making this collection of the "Brave Deeds of Confederate Soldiers," Mr. Bruce has drawn upon facts of record and thus imparts to these stories historic value as well as thrilling interest. The book is the last in a series devoted to the exploits of the American private soldier. It was intended primarily for the older boys of the present, yet will be none the less interesting to those who were the "boys" of the Confederacy. In the introductory chapter are reviewed the conditions of old Southern life, showing that the training in outdoor life which obtained in that section—in riding, hunting, and other sports of the day—naturally tended to develop those traits which make a people noted for daring and personal courage. It is not surprising, then, that the Southern soldier should have been imbued with that adventurous spirit which made him dare and do to the wonderment of the world. In this volume are stories of private and chief, nor does the author neglect to record the courage of "at least one daughter of the Confederacy," Belle Boyd, the famous Southern spy, who rendered such invaluable aid to Confederate arms as to call forth the thanks of the immortal Jackson. Morgan, Mosby, Pelham, "the boy artillerist," and others of less renown figure among the leaders whose wonderful daring is here recorded; while the gallantry of the cadets at New Market, adventures of scouts, etc., show the private soldier, individually and collectively, a worthy actor in the great drama of war. Mr. Bruce has dedicated his book to his English friend, Gerald Smythe, Esq., whom he calls "the best Confederate of them all," for his interest and sympathy in the Southern cause and his profound admiration for our heroes in gray. This book would be a splendid gift for Christmas for "boys of all ages." See advertisement in this number.

BRIEF HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES. By Matthew Page Andrews. Lippincott, 1916.

This history, prepared for elementary schools, as the author's larger history was for high schools, is by a teacher of large experience in teaching and of profound research in investigating the history of our country. It accomplishes, as its predecessor does, the most difficult task the historian can undertake—writing a history for schools.

Some of the excellent points of these histories, in contrast with many school histories of our country, are the following:

1. Accurate statement of facts. No pains have been spared to set forth the events of our life as a people just as they actually occurred, from the first settlements of the colonies, through all the vicissitudes of peace and war, up to the present year.

2. These facts are told in an easy, flowing style, of readable English. It is no dry chronicle of events, for they are presented in colors of life, vividly told as a most interesting story that appeals to the imagination as well as to the intellect of the young student.

3. It is a continuous story. It is not broken up by episodes, however interesting, which have little to do with the development of the country. It is a record of those things of chief importance in the life story of a great and progressive people,

from the struggles of the hardy pioneers to the position of one of the great world powers of the present day.

4. It is a well-balanced history. Its proportions are adjusted so as to present clearly the relations to each other of those great facts which determined the policy of the government and shows how in the crises of our national life certain great principles were at stake and in conflict and which principles triumphed.

5. Once more, it is an impartial history. It gives due credit to every section of our common country for what it has done, and the facts are stated without criticism of the motives of the actors. The chief purposes and objects of the various parties and sections are presented as they themselves stated them. This is the most difficult thing to do, especially for a historian whose life has been passed amid the conflicts of partisan politics. The South has had great reason to resent the way most school histories have ignored the very great part she took in the winning of this land, in the formation of the government, and in the administration of it while it was making its place among the nations of this earth. These histories have too often misrepresented and maligned the South and her institutions, and especially her motives in the great War between the States, 1861-65.

This history, written by a Virginian of New England ancestry, gives credit to the South for the ability of her statesmen and leaders, the splendid courage of her soldiers, the purity of her family life, and the kindness of her domestic institutions. At the same time it also gives credit to the North for those sturdy virtues which have done so much in the advancement of our material interests. I can most heartily commend both of these histories as the fairest I know.

JAMES H. MCNEILLY.

BOYS WANTED.—While I was in command of scouts in South Carolina in February, 1865, a boy, whose name I have forgotten, came to my camp and asked to stay with me, and he remained until the surrender of Johnston's army. On the march one night he went to sleep and lost one of my horses that he was leading. Another boy, a member of a New York regiment, captured by my scouts near Cheraw, S. C., begged that he be not sent to prison, offering to cook for me or do anything else except to fight. He remained with me until it was known that we would surrender and doubtless left for fear that he would be taken as a deserter. I would be pleased to hear from both of these "boys" or to meet them at our Reunion in Washington next spring. JOHN H. LESTER, Jackson, La., Captain Company E, 7th and 6th Alabama Cavalry.

PROUD OF HIS RECORD.—A. Schoppard was born in Germany July 11, 1834, and came to the United States in 1858, locating at Spartanburg, S. C., from which place he enlisted in the Confederate army in May, 1861, as a member of A. H. Foster's company, 5th South Carolina Regiment, Jenkins's Brigade. With this command he served throughout the war, surrendering at Appomattox. As he says, he "didn't have a thing to fight for, not even a wife, and could not speak the English language"; but he is proud of his record as a Confederate soldier. He went to Texas in 1880 and settled near Bartonville, Denton County, and has lived there ever since, a highly respected citizen. He is now eighty-two years old and would be glad to hear from any of his comrades of the sixties. His address is Argyle, Tex., Route 1.

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N. F. Davis, of Barstow, Cal., wants to hear from members of Company H, 11th Regiment, Second Brigade, Missouri Volunteer Infantry.

WANTED.

Information regarding the family or heirs of T. J. Harrison, who enlisted in Capt. W. H. Smith's company, Gregg's Regiment, Texas Volunteers, at Marshall, Tex., in October, 1861. This company was afterwards a part of Bailey's Regiment of Infantry as Company A, 7th Texas Infantry. He was captured February 16, 1862, at Fort Donelson and was exchanged September 20, 1862, near Vicksburg, Miss.

Also the same information as to T. J. Harrison, second lieutenant Company C, Granbury's Consolidated Brigade, and paroled at Greensboro, N. C., in April, 1865.

Address information to William L. Thompson, Box 88, Beaumont, Tex.

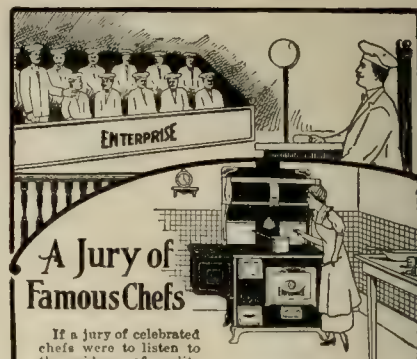
T. W. Sikes, of Bentonville, Ark., is anxious to hear from some member of Wheeler's Escort, which was detailed from the 4th Alabama, Colonel Clanton's regiment. Mr. Sikes was a volunteer aid of General Wheeler's staff on scouting duty under command of Captain Reece, who was succeeded by Captain Anderson.

C. W. Leake, of Abilene, Tex., is trying to secure a pension for Richard Henry Rittenbery, who served with Company C, Wall's Tennessee Regiment of Cavalry, General Morgan's brigade. Mr. Rittenbery is in needy circumstances, and any information of his service will be gladly received.

WANTED—The names and addresses of any surviving members of Companies A, D, H, and K, of the 7th Texas Cavalry, C. S. A.; also the names of any survivors of Company I, 13th Texas Infantry, and of Brown's Regiment, the 35th Texas Cavalry. Address Thomas J. Baten, Beaumont, Tex.

L. G. Phillips, 102 Sherman Avenue, Mansfield, Ohio, would like to hear from some member of Wade's 1st Missouri Battery with whom he soldiered in the Trans-Mississippi Department and Army of Tennessee from 1862 to the close of the war.

Dr. Hu B. Mahood, Box 139, North Emporia, Va., wants to know where he can secure "In Vinculis," by A. M. Keiley, of Petersburg, Va., and "Recollections of a Surgeon of Mosby's Command," by Dr. Montiero, of Richmond, Va.



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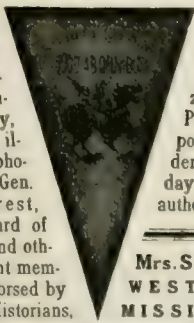
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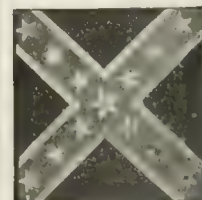
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